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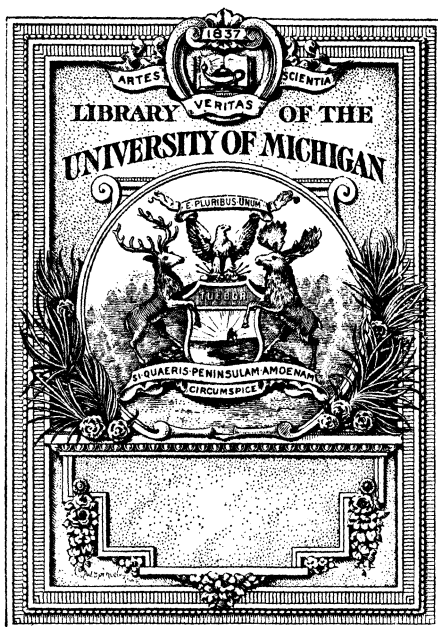
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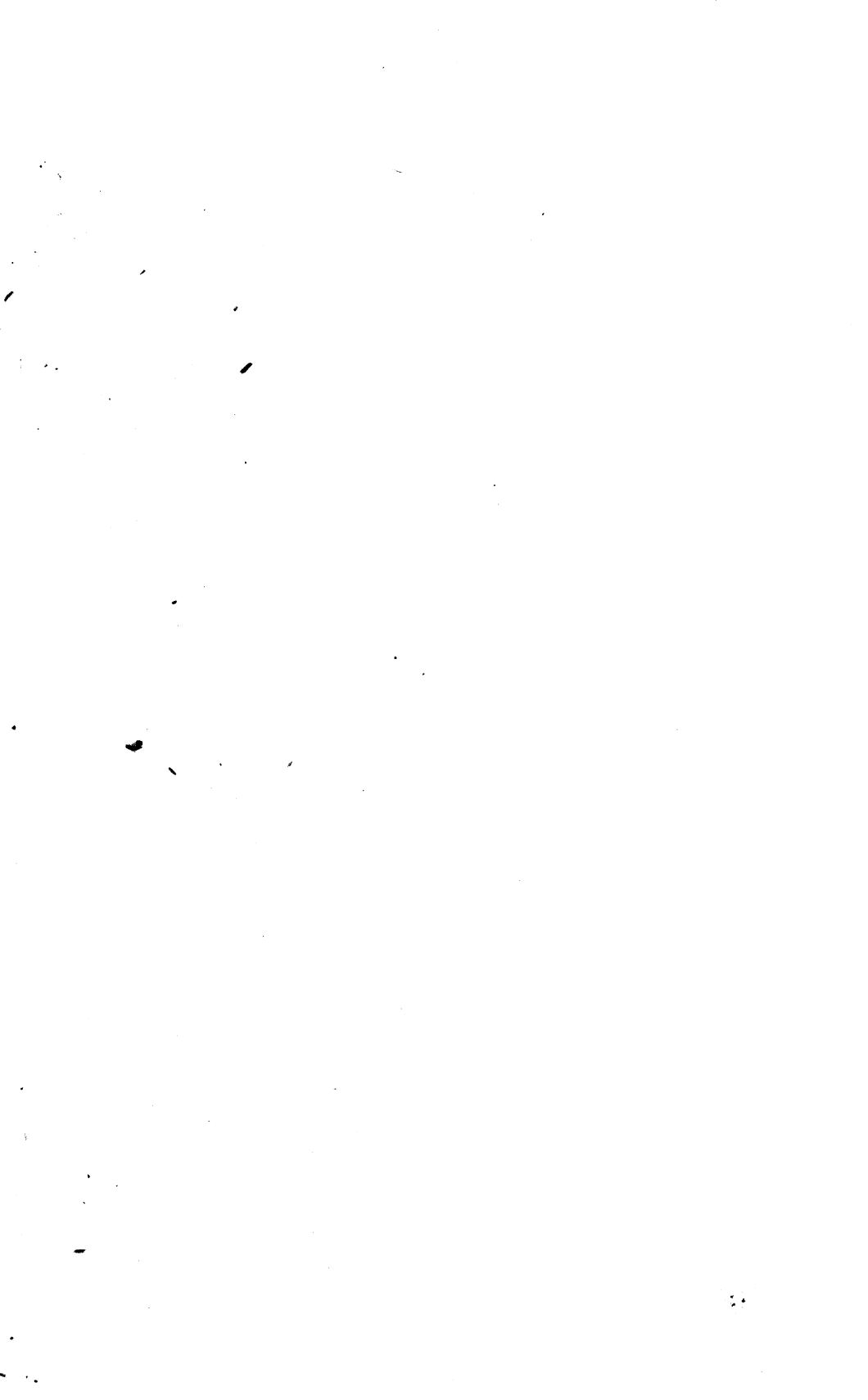
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"THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL"

CHRIST AND ST. JOHN IN INFANCY.

*From the painting by Murillo, in the Museo del Prado, Madrid.  
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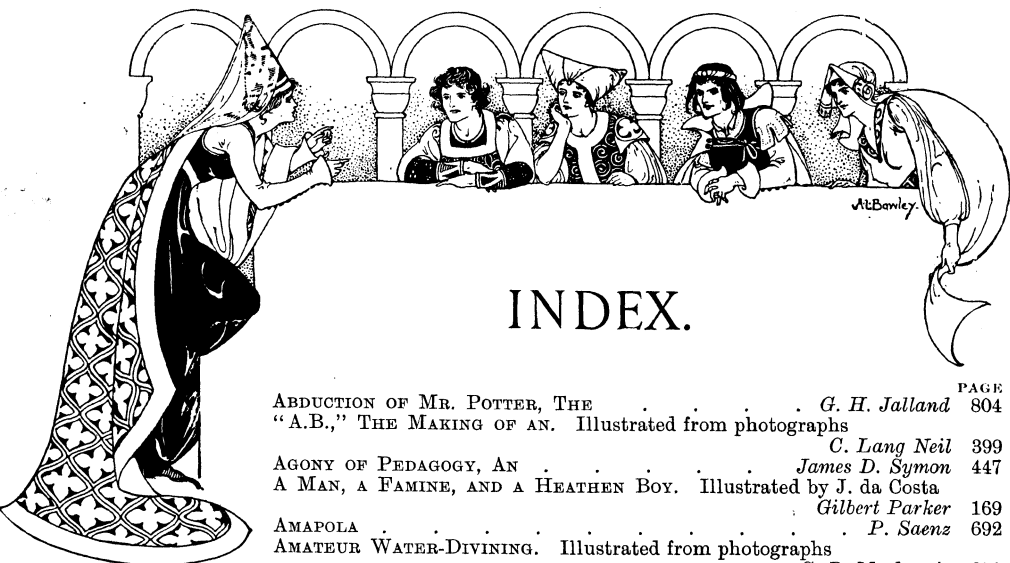
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# A SAHIBS' WAR.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.\*



PASS? Pass? Pass? I have one pass already, allowing me to come from Kroonstadt to Eshtellenbosch, where the horses are, where I am to be paid off, and whence I return to India. I am a—trooper of the Gurgaon Rissala (cavalry regiment), the One Hundred and Forty-first Punjab Cavalry. Do not herd me with these black Kaffirs; I am a Sikh—a trooper of the State. The Lieutenant-Sahib does not understand my talk? Is there *any* Sahib on this train who will interpret for a trooper of the Gurgaon Rissala going about his business in this devil's devising of a country, where there is no flour, no oil, no spice, no red pepper, and no respect paid to a Sikh? Is there no help? . . . God be thanked, here is such a Sahib! Protector of the Poor! Heaven-born! Tell the young Lieutenant-Sahib that my name is Umr Singh; I am—I was servant to Kurban Sahib, now dead; and I have a pass to go to Eshtellenbosch, where the horses are. Do not let him herd me with these black Kaffirs! . . . Yes, I will sit by this truck till the Heaven-born has explained the matter to the young Lieutenant-Sahib who does not understand our tongue.

\* \* \* \* \*

What orders? The young Lieutenant-Sahib will not detain me? Good! I go down to Eshtellenbosch by the next *terain*? Good! I go with the Heaven-born? Good! Then for this day I am the Heaven-born's servant. Will the Heaven-born bring the honour of his presence to a seat? Here is an empty truck: I will spread my blanket over one corner thus—for the sun is hot, though not so hot as our Punjab in May: I will prop it up thus, and I will arrange this hay thus, so

the Presence can sit at ease till God sends a *terain* for Eshtellenbosch. . . . The Presence knows the Punjab? Lahore? Amritzar? Attaree, belike? My village is north over the fields three miles from Attaree, near the big white house which was copied from a certain palace of the Great Queen's by—by—I have forgotten the name. Can the Presence recall it? Sirdar Dyal Singh Attareewalla! Yes, that is the very man; but how does the Presence know? Born and bred in Hind, was he? O-o-oh! This is quite a different matter. The Sahib's nurse was a Surtee woman from the Bombay side? That was a pity. She should have been an up-country wench; for those make stout nurses. There is no land like the Punjab. There are no people like the Sikhs. Umr Singh is my name, yes. An old man? Yes. A trooper only after all these years? Ye-es. Look at my uniform, if the Sahib doubts. Nay—nay; the Sahib looks too closely. All marks of rank were picked off it long ago, but—but it is true—that is not common cloth such as troopers use for their coats, and—the Sahib has sharp eyes—that black mark is such a mark as a silver chain leaves when long worn on the breast. The Sahib says that troopers do not wear silver chains? No-o. Troopers do not wear the Arder of Beritish India? No. The Sahib should have been in the Police in the Punjab. I am not a trooper, but I have been a Sahib's servant for nearly a year—bearer, butler, sweeper, any and all three. The Sahib says that Sikhs do not take menial service? True; but it was for Kurban Sahib—my Kurban Sahib—dead these three months.

\* \* \* \* \*

Young—of a reddish face—with blue eyes, and he lilted a little on his feet when he was pleased, and cracked his finger-joints. So did his father before him, who was Deputy-Commissioner of Jullundur in my father's

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time when I rode with the Gurgaon Rissala. *My father?* Jwala Singh. A Sikh of Sikhs—he fought with the English at Sobraon and carried the mark to his death. So we were knit as it were by a blood-tie, I and my Kurban Sahib. Yes, I was a trooper first—nay, I had risen to a Lance-Duffadar, I remember—and my father gave me a dun stallion of his own breeding on that day; and *he* was a little baba, sitting upon a wall by the parade-ground with his ayah—all in white, Sahib—laughing at the end of our drill. And his father and mine talked together, and mine beckoned to me, and I dismounted, and the baba put his hand into mine. Eighteen—twenty-five—twenty-seven years gone now, Kurban Sahib—my Kurban Sahib! Oh, we were great friends after that! He cut his teeth on my sword-hilt, as the saying is. He called me Big Umr Singh—Buwwa Umwa Singh, for he could not speak plain. He was only so high, Sahib, from the bottom of this truck, but he knew all our troopers by name—every one . . . And he went to England, and he became a young man, and back he came, liting a little in his walk, and cracking his finger-joints—back to his own Rissala and to me. He had not forgotten either the speech or the customs. He was a Sikh at heart, Sahib. He was rich, open-handed, just, a friend of poor troopers, keen-eyed, jestful, and careless. *I* could tell tales about him in his first years. There was very little he hid from *me*. I was his Umr Singh, and when we were alone he called me Father, and I called him Son. Yes, that was how we spoke. We spoke freely together on everything—about war, and women, and money, and advancement, and such all.

We spoke about this war, too, long before it came. There were many box-wallas, pedlars, with Pathans a few, in this country, notably at the city of Yunasbagh (Johannesburg), and they sent news in every week how the Sahibs lay without weapons under the heel of the Boer-log; and how big guns were hauled up and down the streets to keep Sahibs in order; and how a Sahib called Eger Sahib (Edgar?) was killed for a jest by Boer-log. The Sahib knows how we of Hind hear all that passes over the earth? There was not a gun cocked in Yunasbagh that the echo did not come into Hind in a month. The Sahibs are very clever, but they forget their own cleverness has created the *dak* (the post), and that for an anna or two all things

become known. We of Hind listened and heard and wondered; and when it was a sure thing, as reported by the pedlars and the vegetable-sellers, that the Sahibs of Yunasbagh lay in bondage to the Boer-log, certain among us asked questions and waited for signs. *Wherefore, Sahib, came the long war in the Tirah!* This, of course, Kurban Sahib knew, and we talked together. He said, "There is no haste. Presently we shall fight, and we shall fight for all Hind in that country round Yunasbagh." Here he spoke truth. Does the Sahib not agree? Quite so. It is for Hind that the Sahibs fight this war. Ye cannot in one place rule and in another bear service. Either ye must everywhere rule or everywhere obey. God does not make the nations ringstraked. True—true—true!

So did matters ripen—a step at a time. It was nothing to me, except I think—and the Sahib sees this, too?—that it is foolish to make an army and break their hearts in idleness. Why have they not sent for the men of the Tochi—the men of the Tirah—the men of Bunar? Folly, a thousand times. *We* could have done it all so gently—so gently.

Then, upon a day, Kurban Sahib sent for me and said, "Ho, Dada, I am sick, and the doctor gives me a certificate for many months." And he winked, and I said, "I will get leave and nurse thee, Child. Shall I bring my uniform?" He said, "Yes, and a sword for a sick man to lean on. We go to Bombay, and thence by sea to the country of the *Hubshis*" (niggers). Mark his cleverness! He was first of all our men to get leave for sickness and to come here. Now they will not let our officers go away, sick or well, except they sign a bond not to take part in this war-game upon the road. But *he* was clever. There was no whisper of war when he took his sick-leave. I came also? Assuredly. I went to my Colonel, and sitting in the chair (I am of that rank for which a chair is placed when we speak with the Colonel) I said, "My child goes sick. Give me leave, for I am old and sick also."

And the Colonel, making the word double between English and our tongue, said, "Yes, thou art truly *Sikh*"; and he called me an old devil—jestingly, as one soldier may jest with another; and he said my Kurban Sahib was a liar as to his health (that was true, too), and at long last he stood up and shook my hand before the Adjutant-Sahib, and bade me go and bring



"He stole himself a horse at a place where lay a new and very raw rissala."



my Sahib safe again. My Sahib back again—aye me!

So I went to Bombay with Kurban Sahib, but there, at sight of the Black Water, Wajib Ali, his bearer, checked, and said his mother was dead. Then I said to Kurban Sahib, "What is one Mussulman dog more or less? Give me the keys of the trunks, and I will lay out the white shirts for dinner." Then I beat Wajib Ali at the back of Watson's Hotel, and that night I prepared Kurban Sahib's razors. I say, Sahib, that I, a Sikh of the Khalsa, prepared the razors! But I did not put on my uniform while I did it. On the other hand, Kurban Sahib took for me, upon the steamer, a room in all respects like to his own, and would have given me a servant. We spoke of many things on the way to this country; and Kurban Sahib told me what he perceived would be the conduct of the war. He said, "They have taken men afoot to fight men ahorse, and they will foolishly show mercy to these Boer-log because it is believed that they are white." He said, "There is but one fault in this war, and that is that the Government have not employed us, but have made it altogether a Sahibs' war. Very many men will thus be killed, and no vengeance will be taken." True talk—true talk! It fell as Kurban Sahib foretold.

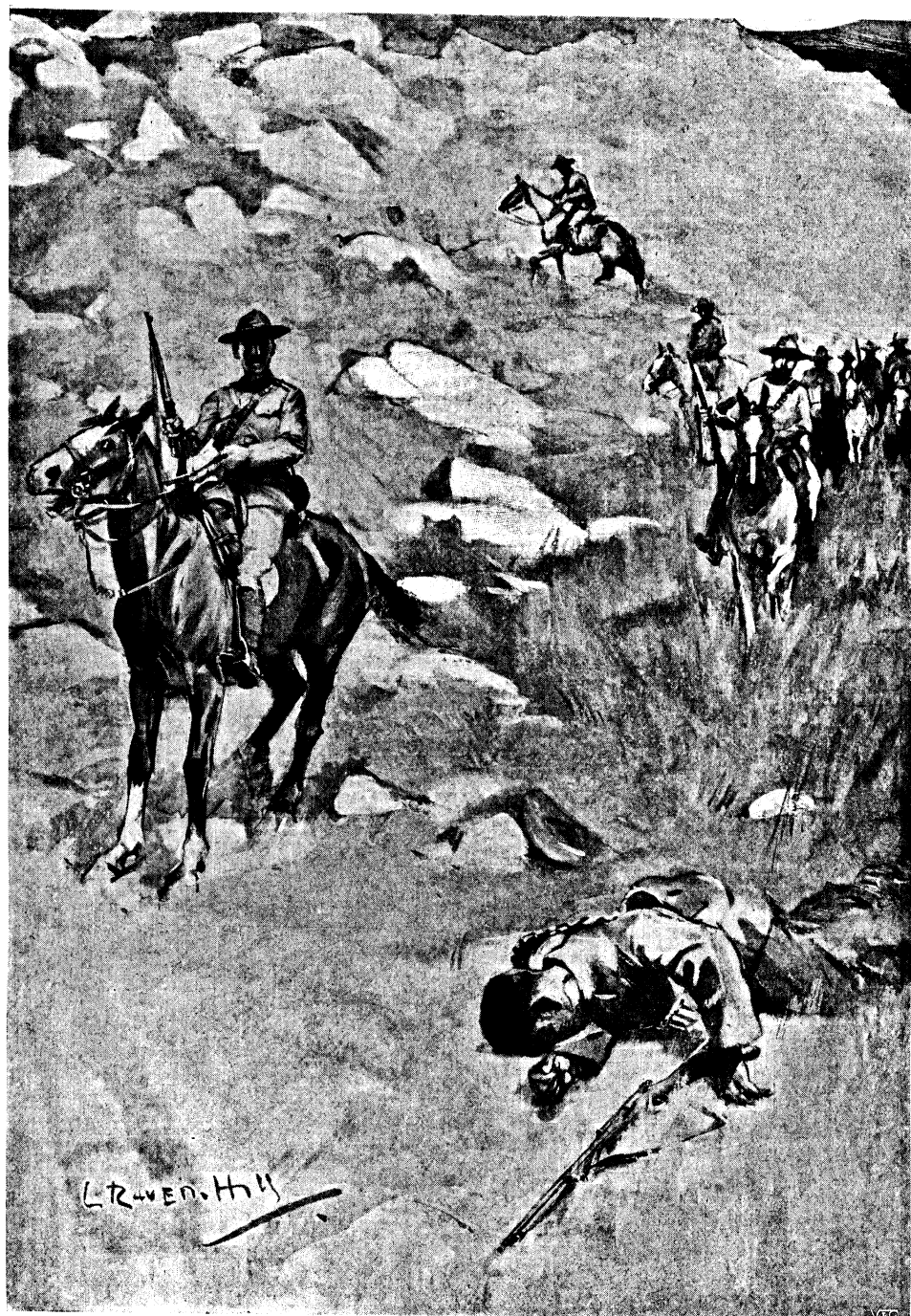
And we came to this country, even to Cape Town over yonder, and Kurban Sahib said, "Bear the baggage to the big dak-bungalow, and I will look for employment fit for a sick man." I put on the uniform of my rank and went to the big dak-bungalow, called Maun Nihâl Seyn, and I caused the heavy baggage to be bestowed in that dark lower place—is it known to the Sahib?—which was already full of the swords and baggage of officers. It is fuller now—dead men's kit all! I was careful to secure a receipt for all three pieces. I have it in my belt. They must go back to the Punjab.

Anon came Kurban Sahib, lilting a little in his step, which sign I knew, and he said, "We are born in a fortunate hour. We go to Eshtellenbosch to oversee the despatch of horses." Remember, Kurban Sahib was squadron-leader of the Gurgaon Rissala, and I am—Umr Singh. So I said, speaking as we do—we did—when none was near, "Thou art a groom and I am a grass-cutter, but is this any promotion, Child?" At this he laughed, saying, "It is the way to better things. Have patience, Father." (Aye, he called me father when none was by.) "This war ends

not to-morrow nor the next day. I have seen the new Sahibs," he said, "and they are fathers of owls—all—all—all!"

So we went to Eshtellenbosch, where the horses are; Kurban Sahib doing the service of servants in that business. And the whole business was managed without forethought by new Sahibs who had never seen a tent pitched or a peg driven. They were full of zeal, but empty of all knowledge. Then came, little by little from Hind, those Pathans—they are just like those vultures up there, Sahib—they always follow slaughter. And there came to Eshtellenbosch some Sikhs—Muzbees, though—and some Madras monkey-men. They came with horses. Puttiala sent horses; Jhind and Nabha sent horses; all the nations of the Khalsa sent horses; all the ends of the earth sent horses. God knows what the army did with them—unless they ate them raw. They used horses as a courtesan uses oil—with both hands. These horses needed many men. Kurban Sahib appointed me to the command (what a command for me!) of certain woolly ones—*Hubshis*—whose touch and shadow are pollution. They were enormous eaters; sleeping on their bellies; laughing without cause; wholly like animals. Some were called Fingoes and some, I think, Red Kaffirs, but they were all Kafirs, filth unspeakable. I taught them to water and feed and sweep and rub down. Yes, I oversaw the work of sweepers—a *jemadar* of *mehtars* (headman of a refuse gang) was I, and Kurban Sahib little better, for five months. Evil months! The war went as Kurban Sahib had said. Our new men were slain and no vengeance was taken. It was a war of fools armed with the weapons of magicians. Guns that slew at half a day's march, and men who, being new, walked blind into high grass and were driven off like cattle by the Boer-log! As to the city of Eshtellenbosch, I am not a Sahib—only a Sikh. I would have quartered one troop only of the Gurgaon Rissala in that city—one little troop—and I would have schooled that city till its men learned to kiss the shadow of a Government horse upon the ground. There are many *mullahs* (priests) in Eshtellenbosch. They preached the Jihad against us. This is true—all the camp knew it. And most of the houses were thatched! A war of fools indeed!

At the end of five months my Kurban Sahib, who had grown lean, said, "The reward is come. We go up towards the front with horses to-morrow, and, once away, I shall be too sick to return. Make ready the



"He did substitute for one of their troop-leaders, one long day in a country full of little hills."



"Be still. It is a Sahibs' war."

baggage." Thus we got away, with some Kaffirs in charge of new horses for a certain new regiment that had come in a ship. The second day, when we were watering at a place without any sort of a bazaar to it, slipped out from the horse-boxes one Sikandar Khan, that had been a *jemadar* of *saises* (head-groom) at Eshtellenbosch, and was by service a trooper in a Border rissala. Kurban Sahib gave him big abuse for this desertion; but the Pathan put up his hands as excusing himself, and Kurban Sahib relented and added him to our service. So there were three of us—Kurban Sahib, I, and Sikandar Khan—Sahib, Sikh, and *Sag* (dog). But the man said truly, "We are far from our homes and both servants of the Raj. Make truce till we see the Indus again." I have eaten from the same dish as Sikandar Khan—beef, too, for aught I know! He said, on the night he stole some swine's flesh in a tin from a mess-tent, that in his Book, the Koran, it is written that whoso engages in a holy war is freed from ceremonial obligations. Wah! He had no more religion than a sword-point picks up of sugar and water. He stole himself a horse at a place where there lay a new and very raw rissala. I also procured myself a grey gelding there. They let their horses stray too much, those new regiments.

Some shameless regiments would indeed have made away with *our* horses on the road. They exhibited indents and requisitions for horses, and once or twice would have uncoupled the trucks; but Kurban Sahib was wise, and I am not altogether a fool. There is not much honesty at the front. Notably there was one congregation of hard-bitten horse-thieves; tall, light Sahibs, who spoke through their noses for the most part, and upon all occasions they said, "Oah Hell!" which, in our tongue, signifies *Jehannum ko jao*. They bore each man a vine-leaf upon their uniforms, and they rode like Rajputs. Nay, they rode like Sikhs. They rode like the Ustrelyahs! The Ustrelyahs, whom we met later, also spoke through their noses a little, but they were tall, dark men, with grey, clear eyes, heavily eyelashed like camel's eyes—very proper men—a new brand of Sahib to me. They said on all occasions, "No fee-ah," which in our tongue means *Durro mut* ("Do not be afraid"), so we called them the *Durro Muts*. Dark, tall men, most excellent horsemen, hot and angry, waging war as war, and drinking tea as a sandhill drinks water. Thieves? A little, Sahib.

Sikandar Khan swore to me; and he comes of a horse-stealing clan for ten generations; he swore a Pathan was a babe beside a *Durro Mut* in regard to horse-lifting. The *Durro Muts* cannot walk on their feet at all. They are like hens on the high road. Therefore they must have horses. Very proper men, with a just lust for the war. Aah—"No fee-ah," say the *Durro Muts*. They saw the worth of Kurban Sahib. They did not ask him to sweep stables. They would by no means let him go. He did substitute for one of their troop-leaders who had a fever, one long day in a country full of little hills—like the mouth of the Khaibar; and when they returned in the evening, the *Durro Muts* said, "Wallah! This is a man. Steal him!" So they stole my Kurban Sahib as they would have stolen anything else that they needed, and they sent a sick officer back to Eshtellenbosch in his place. Thus Kurban Sahib came to his own again, and I was his bearer, and Sikandar Khan was his cook. The law was strict that this was a Sahibs' war, but there was no order that a bearer and a cook should not ride with their Sahib—and we had naught but our uniforms. We rode up and down this accursed country, where there is no bazaar, no pulse, no flour, no oil, no spice, no red pepper, no firewood; nothing but raw corn and a little cattle. There was no battle, as I saw it, but a plenty of gun-firing. When we were many, the Boer-log came out with coffee to greet us, and to show us *purwanas* (permits) from foolish Generals who had gone that way before, certifying they were peaceful and well-disposed. When we were few, they hid behind stones and shot us. Now the order was that they were Sahibs, and this was a Sahibs' war. Good! But as I understand it, when a Sahib goes to war, he puts on the cloth of war, and only those who wear that cloth may take part in the war. Good! That I understand. But these people were as they were in Burma, or as the Afridis are. They shot at their pleasure, and when pressed hid the gun and exhibited *purwanas*, or lay in a house and said they were farmers. Even such farmers as cut up the Madras troops at Hlinedatalone in Burma! Even such farmers as slew Cavagnari Sahib and the Guides at Kabul! We schooled *those* men, to be sure—fifteen, aye, twenty of a morning pushed off the verandah in front of the Bala Hissar. I looked that the Jung-i-lat Sahib (the Commander-in-Chief) would have remembered the old days; but—no. All the people shot at us everywhere, and he issued proclamations say-

ing that he did not fight the people, but a certain army, which army, in truth, was all the Boer-log, who, between them, did not wear enough of uniform to make a loin-cloth. A fool's war from first to last; for it is manifest that he who fights should be hung if he fights with a gun in one hand and a *purwana* in the other, as did all these people. Yet we, when they had had their bellyful for the time, received them with honour, and gave them permits, and refreshed them and fed their wives and their babes, and severely punished our soldiers who took their fowls. So the work was to be done not once with a few dead, but thrice and four times over. I talked much with Kurban Sahib on this, and he said, "It is a Sahibs' war. That is the order"; and one night, when Sikandar Khan would have lain out beyond the pickets with his knife and shown them how it is worked on the Border, he hit Sikandar Khan between the eyes and came near to breaking in his head. Then Sikandar Khan, a bandage over his eyes, so that he looked like a sick camel, talked to him half one march, and he was more bewildered than I, and vowed he would return to Eshtellenbosch. But privately to me Kurban Sahib said we should have loosed the Sikhs and the Gurkhas on these people till they came in with their foreheads in the dust. For the war was not of that sort which they comprehended.

They shot us? Assuredly they shot us from houses adorned with a white flag; but when they came to know our custom, the widows sent word forward by Kaffir runners, and presently there was not so much firing. *No fee-ah!* All the Boer-log with whom we dealt had *purwanas* signed by mad Generals attesting that they were well-disposed to the State. They had also rifles not a few, and cartridges, which they hid in the roof. The women wept very greatly when we burned such houses, but they did not approach too near after the flames had taken good hold of the thatch, for fear of the bursting cartridges. The women of the Boer-log are very clever. They are more clever than the men. The Boer-log are clever? Never, never, no! It is the Sahibs who are fools. For their own honour's sake the Sahibs must say that the Boer-log are clever; but it is the Sahibs' wonderful folly that has made the Boer-log. The Sahibs should have sent us into the game.

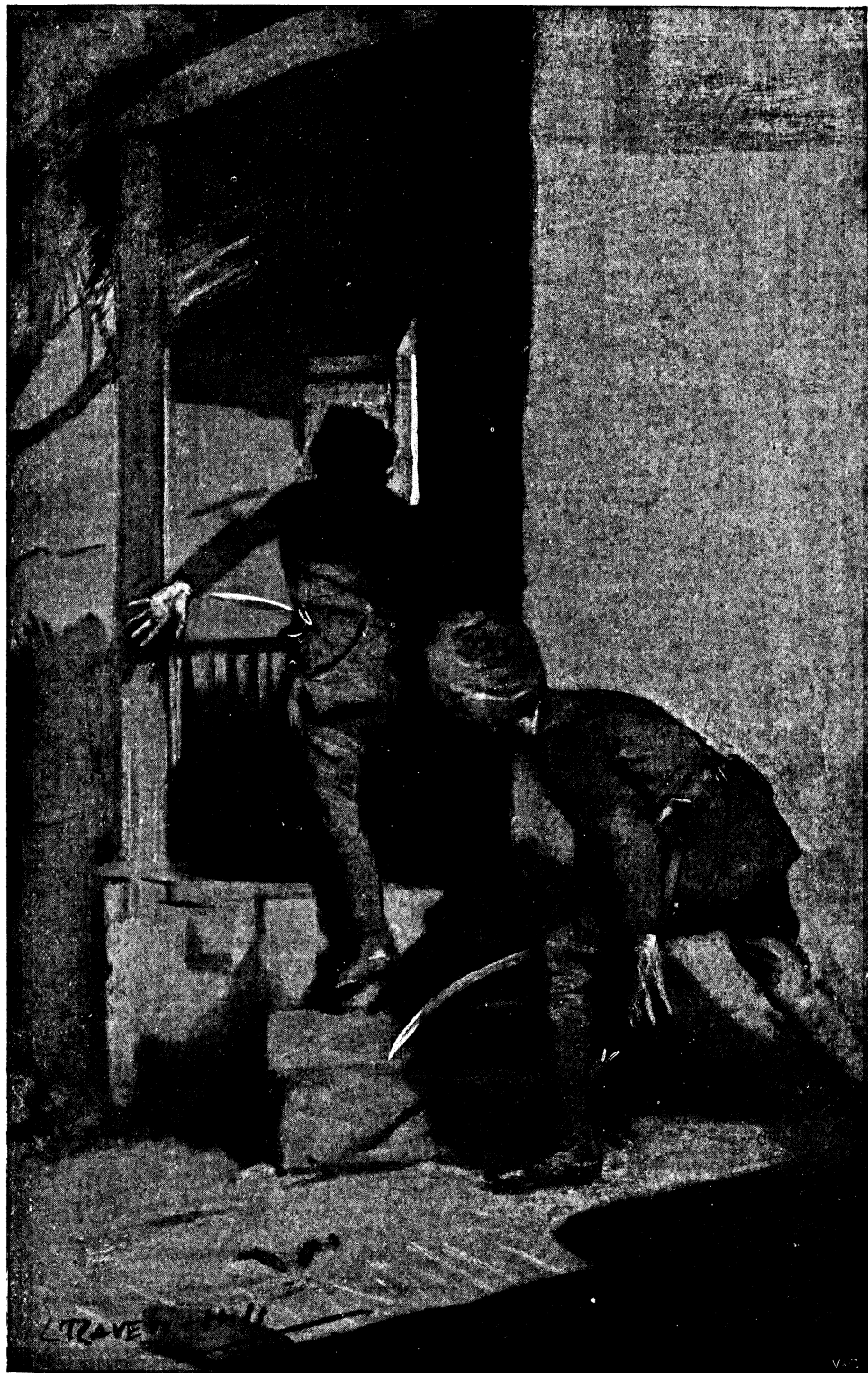
But the *Durro Muts* did well. They dealt faithfully with all that country thereabouts—not in any way as we of Hind should have dealt, but they were not altogether fools.

One night when we lay on the top of a ridge in the cold, I saw far away a light in a house that appeared for the sixth part of an hour and was obscured. Anon it appeared again thrice for the twelfth part of an hour. I showed this to Kurban Sahib, for it was a house that had been spared—the people having many permits and swearing fidelity at our stirrup-leathers. I said to Kurban Sahib, "Send half a troop, Child, and finish that house. They signal to their brethren." And he laughed where he lay and said, "If I listened to my bearer, there would not be left ten houses in all this land." I said, "What need to leave one? This is as it was in Burma. They are farmers to-day and fighters to-morrow. Let us deal justly with them." He laughed and curled himself up in his blanket, and I watched the far light in the house till day. I have been on the Border in eight wars, not counting Burma. The first Afghan war; the second Afghan war; two Mahsud Waziri wars (that is four); two Black Mountain wars, if I remember right; the Malakand and Tirah. I do not count Burma, or some small things. I know when house signals to house.

I pushed Sikandar Khan with my foot, and he saw it, too. He said, "One of the Boer-log who brought pumpkins for the mess, which I fried last night, lives in yonder house." I said, "How dost thou know?" He said, "Because he rode out of the camp by another way, but I marked how his horse fought with him at the turn of the road; and before the light fell I stole out of the camp for evening prayer with Kurban Sahib's glasses, and from a little hill I saw the pied horse of that pumpkin-seller hurrying to that house." I said naught, but took Kurban Sahib's glasses from his greasy hands and cleaned them with a silk handkerchief and returned them to their case. Sikandar Khan told me that he had been the first man in the Zenab valley to use glasses—whereby he finished two blood-feuds cleanly in the course of three months' leave. But he was always a liar.

That day Kurban Sahib, with some ten troopers, was sent on to spy the land for our camp. The *Durro Muts* moved slowly at that time. They were weighted with grain and forage and carts, and they greatly wished to leave these all in some town and go on light. So Kurban Sahib sought a short cut for them, a little off the line of march. We were twelve miles before the main body, and we came to a house under a high and bushed hill, with a nullah, which they call a *donga*, behind it,





"We went down to the house and looked through the windows."

and an old sangar of piled stones, which they call a kraal, before it. Two thorn bushes grew on either side of the door, like babul bushes, covered with a golden coloured bloom, and the roof was all of thatch. Before the house was a valley of stones that rose to another bush-covered hill. There was an old man in the verandah—an old man with a white beard and a wart upon the left side of his neck; and a fat woman with the eyes of a swine and the jowl of a swine; and a tall young man deprived of understanding. His head was hairless, no larger than an orange, and the pits of his nostrils were eaten away with a disease. He laughed and slavered in his beard, which was yellowish, and he sported before Kurban Sahib. The man brought coffee and the woman showed us *purwanas* from three General Sahibs, certifying that they were people of peace and goodwill. Here are the *purwanas*, Sahib. Does the Sahib know the Generals who signed them?

They swore the land was empty of Boer-log. They held up their hands and swore it. That was about the time of the evening meal. I stood near the verandah with Sikandar Khan, who was nosing like a jackal on a lost scent. At last he took my arm and said, "See yonder! There is the sun on the window of the house that signalled last night. They can see it clearly from here," and he looked at the hill behind him all hairy with bushes, and sucked in his breath. Then the idiot with the shrivelled head danced by me and threw back that head, and regarded the roof and laughed like a hyæna, and the fat woman talked loudly, as it were, to cover some noise. After this I passed to the back of the house on pretence to get water for tea, and I saw fresh horse-dung on the ground, and that the ground was cut with the new marks of hoofs; and there had dropped in the dirt one cartridge. Then Kurban Sahib called to me in our tongue, saying, "Is this a good place to make tea?" and I replied, knowing what he meant, "There are over many cooks in the cook-house. Mount and go, Child." Then I returned, and he said, smiling to the woman, "Prepare food, and when we have loosened our girths we will come in and eat"; but to his men he said in a whisper, "Ride away!" No. He did not cover the old man or the fat woman with his rifle. That was not his custom. Some fool of the *Durro Muts*, being hungry, raised his voice to dispute the order to flee; and before we were in our saddles, many shots came from the roof—from rifles thrust

through the thatch. Upon this we rode across the valley of stones, and men fired at us from the nullah behind the house, and from the hill behind the nullah, as well as from the roof of the house—so many shots that it sounded like a drumming in the hills. Then Sikandar Khan, crouching low, said, "This play is not for us alone, but for the rest of the *Durro Muts*," and I said, "Be quiet. Keep place!" for his place was behind me, and I rode behind Kurban Sahib. But these new bullets will pass through five men arw! We were not hit—not one of us—and we reached the hill of rocks and scattered among the stones, and Kurban Sahib turned in his saddle and said, "Look at the old man!" He stood in the verandah firing swiftly with a gun, the woman beside him, and the idiot also—both with guns. Kurban Sahib laughed, and I caught him by the wrist, but it was his fate. The bullet passed under my arm-pit and struck him in the liver, and I pulled him backward between two great rocks atilt—Kurban Sahib, my Kurban Sahib! From the nullah behind the house and from the hills came out Boer-log in number more than a hundred, and Sikandar Khan said, "*Now* we see the meaning of last night's signal. Give me the rifle." He took Kurban Sahib's rifle—in this war of fools only the doctors carry swords—and lay belly-flat to the work, but Kurban Sahib turned where he lay and said, "Be still. It is a Sahibs' war," and Kurban Sahib put up his hand—thus; and then his eyes rolled on me, and I gave him water that he might pass the more quickly. And at the drinking his spirit received permission. . . .

Thus went our fight, Sahib. The *Durro Muts* were on a ridge working from the north to the south, where lay the main body, and the Boer-log lay in a valley working from east to west. There were more than a hundred, and our men were ten, but they held the Boer-log in the valley while they swiftly passed along the ridge to the south. I saw three Boers drop in the open. Then they all hid again and fired heavily at the rocks that hid our men; but our men were clever and did not show, but moved away and away, always south; and the noise of the battle withdrew itself southward, where we could hear the sound of big guns. So it fell stark dark, and Sikandar Khan found a deep old jackal's earth amid rocks, into which we slid the body of Kurban Sahib upright. Sikandar Khan took his glasses, and I took his handkerchief and some letters and a certain thing which I knew hung round his



"It was a very pretty stroke."



neck, and Sikandar Khan is witness that I wrapped them all in the handkerchief. Then we ate a biscuit together, and lay still and mourned for Kurban Sahib. Sikandar Khan wept till daybreak—even he, a Pathan, a Mohammedan! All that night we heard firing to the southward, and when the dawn broke the valley was full of Boer-log in carts and on horses. They gathered by the house, as we could see through Kurban Sahib's glasses, and the old man, who, I take it, was a priest, blessed them, and preached the holy war, waving his arm; and the fat woman brought coffee, and the idiot capered among them and kissed their horses. Presently they went away in haste; they went over the hills and were not; and a black slave came out and washed the door-sills with water. Sikandar Khan saw through the glasses that the stain was blood, and he laughed, saying, "Wounded men lie there. We shall yet get vengeance."

About noon we saw a thin, high smoke to the southward, such a smoke as a burning house will make in sunshine, and Sikandar Khan, who knows how to take a bearing across a hill, said, "It is the house of the pumpkin-seller whence they signalled." And he prayed to God that the *Durro Muts* would not return until we had accomplished our vengeance. It was a high smoke, and the old man, as I saw, came out into the verandah to behold it, and shook his clenched hands at it. So we lay till the twilight, foodless and without water, for we had vowed a vow neither to eat nor to drink till we had accomplished the matter. I had a little opium left, of which I gave Sikandar Khan the half, because he loved Kurban Sahib. When it was full dark we sharpened our sabres upon a certain softish rock which, mixed with water, sharpens steel well, and we took off our boots and we went down to the house and looked through the windows very softly. The old man sat reading in a book, and the woman sat by the hearth; and the idiot lay on the floor with his head against her knee, and he counted his fingers and laughed, and she laughed again. So I knew they were mother and son, and I laughed, too, for I had suspected this when I claimed her life and her body from Sikandar Khan, in the discussion of the spoil. Then we entered with bare swords. . . . Indeed, these Boer-log do not understand the steel, for the old man ran towards a rifle in the corner; but Sikandar Khan prevented him with a blow of the flat across the hands, and he sat down and held up his hands, and I put my fingers on my

lips to signify they should be silent. But the woman cried, and one stirred in an inner room, and a door opened, and a man, bound about the head with rags, stood stupidly fumbling with a gun. His whole head fell inside the door, and none followed him. It was a very pretty stroke—for a Pathan. Then they were silent, staring at the head upon the floor, and I said to Sikandar Khan, "Fetch ropes! Not even for Kurban Sahib's sake will I defile my sword." So he went to seek and returned with three long leather ones, and said, "Four wounded lie within, and doubtless each has a permit from a General," and he cracked his joints and laughed. Then I bound the old man's hands behind his back, and unwillingly—for he laughed in my face, and would have fingered my beard—the idiot's. At this the woman with the swine's eyes and the jowl of a swine ran forward, and Sikandar Khan said, "Shall I strike or bind?" She was thy property on the division." And I said, "Refrain! I have made a chain to hold her. Open the door." I pushed out the two across the verandah into the darker shade of the thorn trees, and she followed upon her knees and lay along the ground, and pawed at my boots and howled. Then Sikandar Khan bore out the lamp, saying that he was a butler and would light the table, and I looked for a branch that would bear fruit. But the woman hindered me not a little with her screechings and plungings, and spoke fast in her tongue, and I replied in my tongue, "I am childless to-night because of thy perfidy, and *my* child was praised among men and loved among women. He would have begotten men—not animals. Thou hast more years to live than I, but my grief is the greater."

I stooped to make sure the noose upon the idiot's neck and flung the end over the branch, and Sikandar Khan held up the lamp that she might well see. Then appeared suddenly, a little beyond the light of the lamp, the spirit of Kurban Sahib. One hand he held to his side, even where the bullet had struck him, and the other he put forward thus, and said, "No. It is a Sahibs' war." And I said, "Wait a while, Child, and thou shalt sleep." But he came nearer, riding, as it were, upon my eyes, and said, "No. It is a Sahibs' war." And Sikandar Khan said, "Is it too heavy?" and set down the lamp and came to me; and as he turned to tally on the rope, the spirit of Kurban Sahib stood up within arm's reach of us, and his face was very angry, and a third time he said, "No. It is a Sahibs'

war." And a little wind blew out the lamp, and I heard Sikandar Khan's teeth chatter in his head.

So we stayed side by side, the ropes in our hand, a very long while, for we could not shape any words. Then I heard Sikandar Khan open his water-bottle and drink; and when his mouth was slaked he passed to me and said, "We are absolved from our vow." So I drank, and together we waited for the dawn in that place where we stood—the ropes in our hand. A little after third cockcrow we heard the feet of horses and gun-wheels very far off, and so soon as the light came a shell burst on the threshold of the house, and the roof of the verandah that was thatched fell in and blazed before the windows. And I said, "What of the wounded Boer-log within?" And Sikandar Khan said, "We have heard the order. It is a Sahibs' war. Stand still." Then came a second shell—good line, but short—and scattered dust upon us where we stood; and then came ten of the little quick shells from the gun that speaks like a stammerer—yes, Pompom the Sahibs call it—and the face of the house folded down like the nose and the chin of an old man mumbling, and the fore-front of the house lay down. Then Sikandar Khan said, "If it be the fate of the wounded to die in the fire, I shall not prevent it." And he passed to the back of the house and presently came back, and four wounded Boer-log came after him, of whom two could not walk upright. And I said, "What hast thou done?" And he said, "I have neither spoken to them nor laid hand on them. They follow in hope of mercy." And I said, "It is a Sahibs' war. Let them wait the Sahibs' mercy." So they lay still, the four men and the idiot, and the fat woman under the thorn tree, and the house burned furiously. Then began the known sound of cartouches in the roof—one or two at first; then a trill, and last of all one loud noise and the thatch blew here and there, and the captives would have crawled aside on account of the heat that was withering the thorn trees, and on account of wood and bricks flying at random. But I said, "Abide! Abide! Ye be Sahibs, and this is a Sahibs' war, O Sahibs. There is no order that ye should depart from this war." They did not understand the words. Yet they abode.

Presently rode down five troopers of Kurban Sahib's command, and one I knew spoke my tongue, having sailed to Calcutta often with horses. So I told him all my tale, using bazaar-talk, such as his kidney of Sahib

would understand; and at the end I said, "An order has reached us here from the dead that this is a Sahibs' war. I take the soul of my Kurban Sahib to witness that I give over to the justice of the Sahibs these Sahibs who have made me childless." Then I gave him the ropes and fell down senseless.

My heart was very full, but my belly was empty, except for a little opium. They put me into a cart with one of their wounded, and after a while I understood that they had fought for two days and two nights. It was all one big trap, Sahib, of which we, with Kurban Sahib, saw no more than the outer edge. They were very angry, the *Durro Muts*—very angry indeed. I have never seen Sahibs so angry. They buried my Kurban Sahib with the rites of his faith upon the top of the ridge overlooking the house, and I said the proper prayers of my faith, and Sikandar Khan prayed in his fashion and stole five signalling-candles, which have each three wicks, and lighted the grave as if it had been the grave of a saint. He wept very bitterly all that night, and I wept with him, and he took hold of my feet and besought me to give him a remembrance from Kurban Sahib. So I divided equally with him one of Kurban Sahib's handkerchiefs—not the silk ones, for those were given him by a woman; and I also gave him a button from the coat, and a little steel ring of no value that Kurban Sahib used for his keys, and he kissed them and put them into his bosom. The rest I have here in that little bundle, and I must get the baggage from the hotel in Capetown—some four shirts sent to be washed, for which we could not wait when we went up-country—and I must give them all to my Colonel-Sahib at Sialkote in the Punjab. For my child is dead—my baba is dead! . . .

I would have come away before; there was no need to stay, the child being dead; but we were far from the rail, and the *Durro Muts* were as brothers to me, and I had come to look upon Sikandar Khan as in some sort a friend, and he got me a horse and I rode up and down with them; but the life had departed. God knows what they called me—orderly, *chaprassi* (messenger), cook, sweeper. I did not know nor care. But once I had pleasure. We came back in a month after wide circles to that very valley. I knew it every stone, and I went up to the grave, and a clever Sahib of the *Durro Muts* (we left a troop there for a week to school those people with *purwanas*) had cut an inscription upon a great

rock; and they interpreted it to me, and it was a jest such as Kurban Sahib himself would have loved. Oh! I have the inscription well copied here. Read it aloud, Sahib, and I will explain the jests. There are two very good ones. Begin, Sahib.

IN MEMORY OF  
WALTER DECIES CORBYN,  
*Late Captain 141st Punjab Cavalry,*

The Gurgaon Rissala, that is. Go on, Sahib.

TREACHEROUSLY SHOT NEAR THIS PLACE BY  
THE CONNIVANCE OF THE LATE  
HENDRIK DIRK UYS,  
*A Minister of God,*  
WHO THRICE TOOK THE OATH OF NEUTRALITY,  
AND PIET, HIS SON.  
THIS LITTLE WORK

Aha! This is the first jest. The Sahib should see this little work!

WAS ACCOMPLISHED IN PARTIAL  
AND INADEQUATE RECOGNITION OF THEIR LOSS  
BY SOME MEN WHO LOVED HIM.

*Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*

That is the second jest. It signifies that those who would desire to behold a proper memorial to Kurban Sahib must look out at the house. And, Sahib, the house is not there, nor the well, nor the big tank which they call dams, nor the little fruit-trees, nor the cattle. There is nothing at all, Sahib, except the two trees withered by the fire. The rest is like this desert here—or my hand—or my heart. Empty, Sahib—all empty!



THE ANGEL CHOIR.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

*Reproduced from the Print by the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Co.*



THE STAR  
OF  
BETHLEHEM.

By R. DUDLEY.

## CHRISTMAS WITH THE BLACK-AND-WHITE ARTISTS.

By F. KLICKMANN.

FOR many an artist, as still for many a student of Art, Christmas pictures were for centuries summarised in the Nativity. The Old Masters found one of their chief sources of inspiration in the glad solemnity of the Birth of Christ. This was the natural outcome of the fact that in the Middle Ages, Art, in every form, was dominated to a considerable degree by the ecclesiasticism which was the chief educational force of the times. Moreover, Christmas, being a great feast of the Church, was deemed too sacred a theme to admit of other than serious treatment at an artist's hands.

The wheel of Time has wrought much

change in this respect, however—not that the religious symbolism of the season is less regarded in modern days than in the past; rather, it strikes a broader, deeper note in all men's hearts, which finds expression, not solely in homage to the Holy Babe, but likewise in a goodwill and charity extended to mankind in general, and more especially to childhood. For Christmas is essentially the Children's Festival; and for this reason, gaiety, brightness, and innocent merriment have all been pressed into its service, and these qualities, to a considerable extent, find an echo in the pictures of the day.

The direct lineal inheritors of the mantle



"ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY."

By BEATRICE OFFOR.



of those old Nativity painters are not the black-and-white artists of modern pictorial journalism, but the more limited class of painters, such as Von Uhde, Müller, Feuerstein, our own Burne-Jones, Strudwick, and Fellowes-Pryne, and others, of whom there is no need to speak here, since the subject of their art was dealt with at some length in a former Christmas number of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE. But the great field that is open to black-and-white work has led some of our modern illustrators likewise to experiment with the sacred subject of the Nativity. Witness, for example, the picture by Miss Beatrice Offor which we reproduce, or "The Star of Bethlehem," by Mr. Dudley. For the most part, however, secular subjects are preferred by the black-and-white fraternity, as being more in keeping with the non-serious character of the ordinary Christmas magazine and newspaper.

Broadly speaking, these secular subjects may be classed under definite heads. First and foremost are pictures dealing with decorations of one sort or another. These may be said to exhibit a phase of the religious feeling that is inseparable from the season, dealing as they frequently do with the adornment of the church and the subsequent service on Christmas morning. Mr. Hal Hurst's picture, "A Christmas Hymn," represents a thoroughly English scene, and



"DANCING AT EIGHT." •

BY WAL PAGET.

is a good example of this type of picture. Closely allied with these are the ever-popular home and fireside scenes, wherein all are busily engaged, from the oldest to the youngest, in putting up the holly and mistletoe which are expected to play so conspicuous a part in the all-pervading fun and frolic. This subject is one that lends itself peculiarly to a conventional decorative treatment, such as is here represented by an illustration of Miss A. L. Bowley's to a familiar old English rhyme. In this connection there has of late years been a marked



FATHER CHRISTMAS IN A FIX

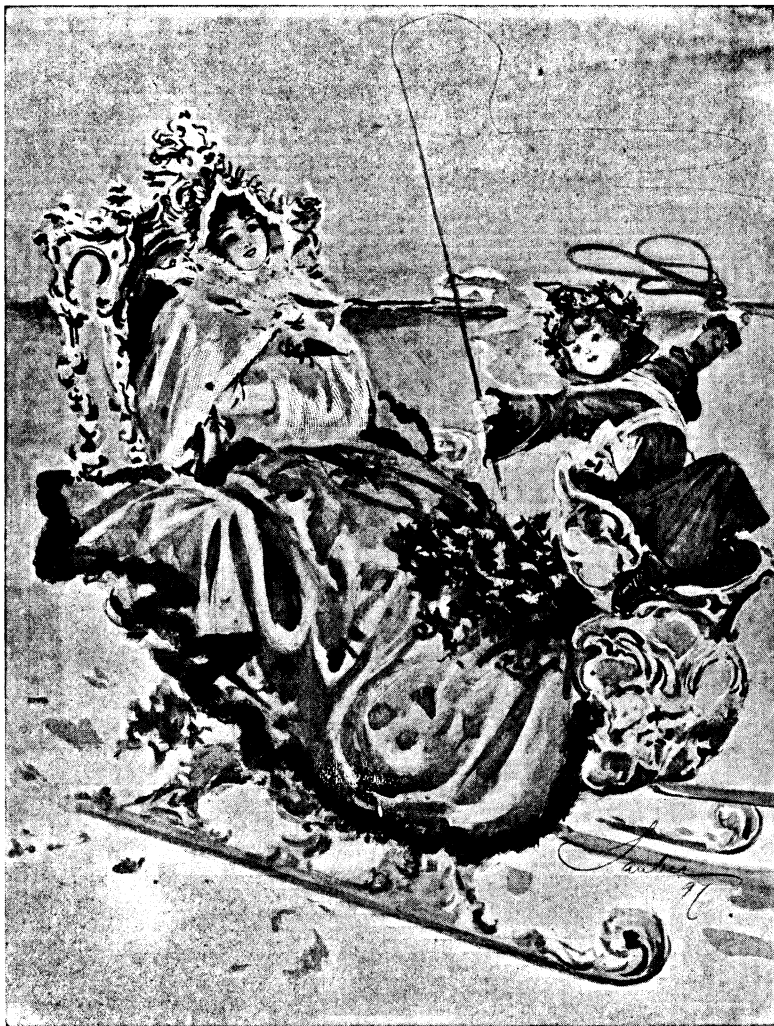
By A. FORESTIER.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD."

By S. E. WALLER.





A CHRISTMAS FANCY.

BY R. SAUBER.

tendency to lay Herrick or some other Jacobean poet under tribute for a theme.

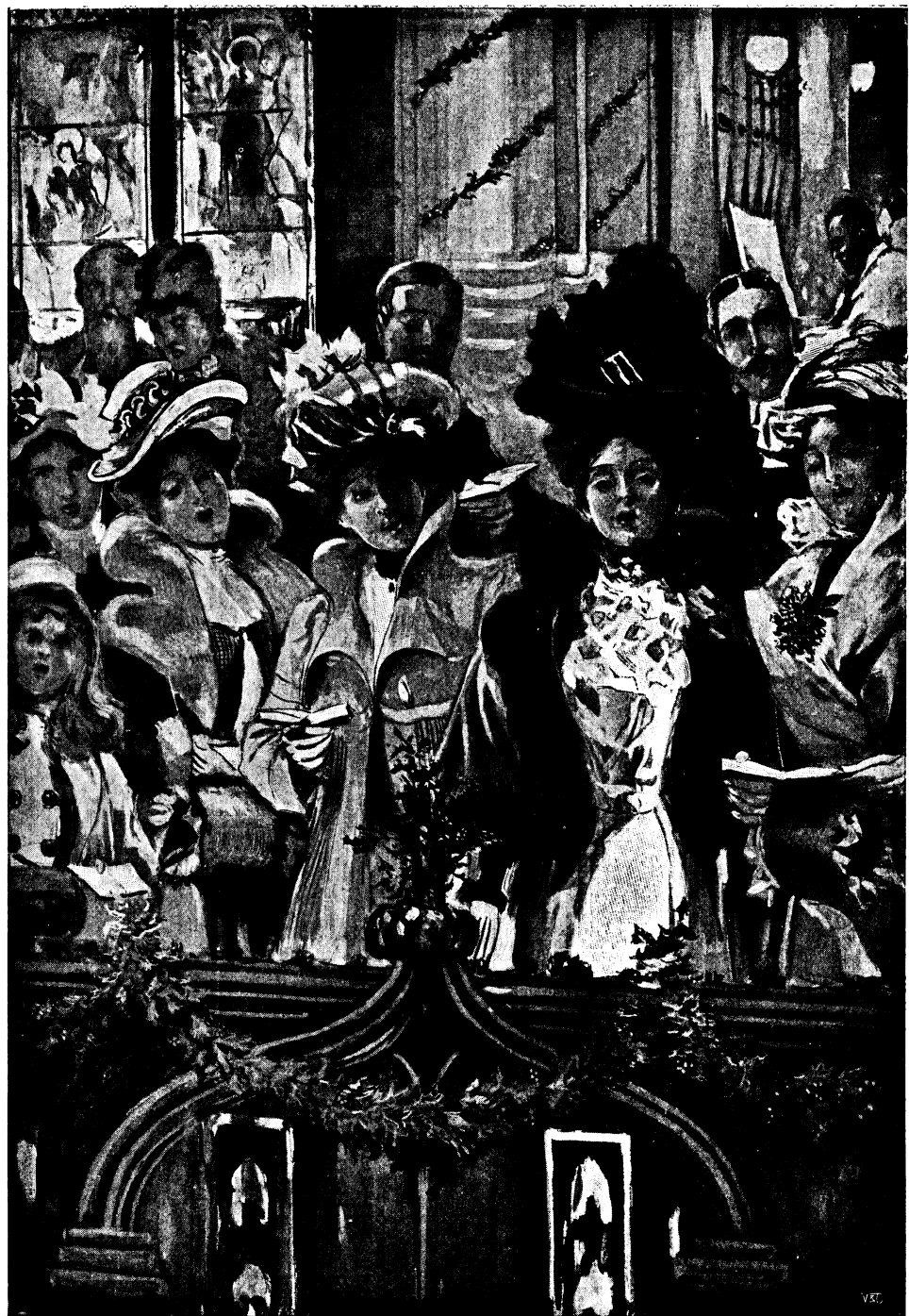
The pictures which, next to church and home scenes, find most favour with the great winter holiday public are those representing actual Christmas customs, and particularly those associated in our minds with those questionably "good old times"—the revels and junketings, coaches and Yule-logs—anything, in fact, that will serve to transport one mentally to that bygone age when people apparently had more hilarity of spirits and general joviality than we have nowadays, and more time for systematic merry-making than the rush of modern life allows. But though these things are endeared

to us pictorially and in theory, when it comes to actual practice we object to being disturbed out of our brief night's sleep by the weirdly untuneful performances of some local band, that is chiefly remarkable for its lack of balance in the matter of instruments and its blatant erraticism as to time and key. Likewise do we make a point of denouncing in our most forceful terms the so-called carnivals, in aid of sundry objects, which are let loose from time to time on districts inhabited by peaceful and order-loving citizens. Yet, despite this modern preference for staid reticence in real life, the noisiest of *al fresco* orgies and the most unmusical-looking waits are hailed with delight when they appear in the "Double Number."

In this, as in so many other aspects of life, it is

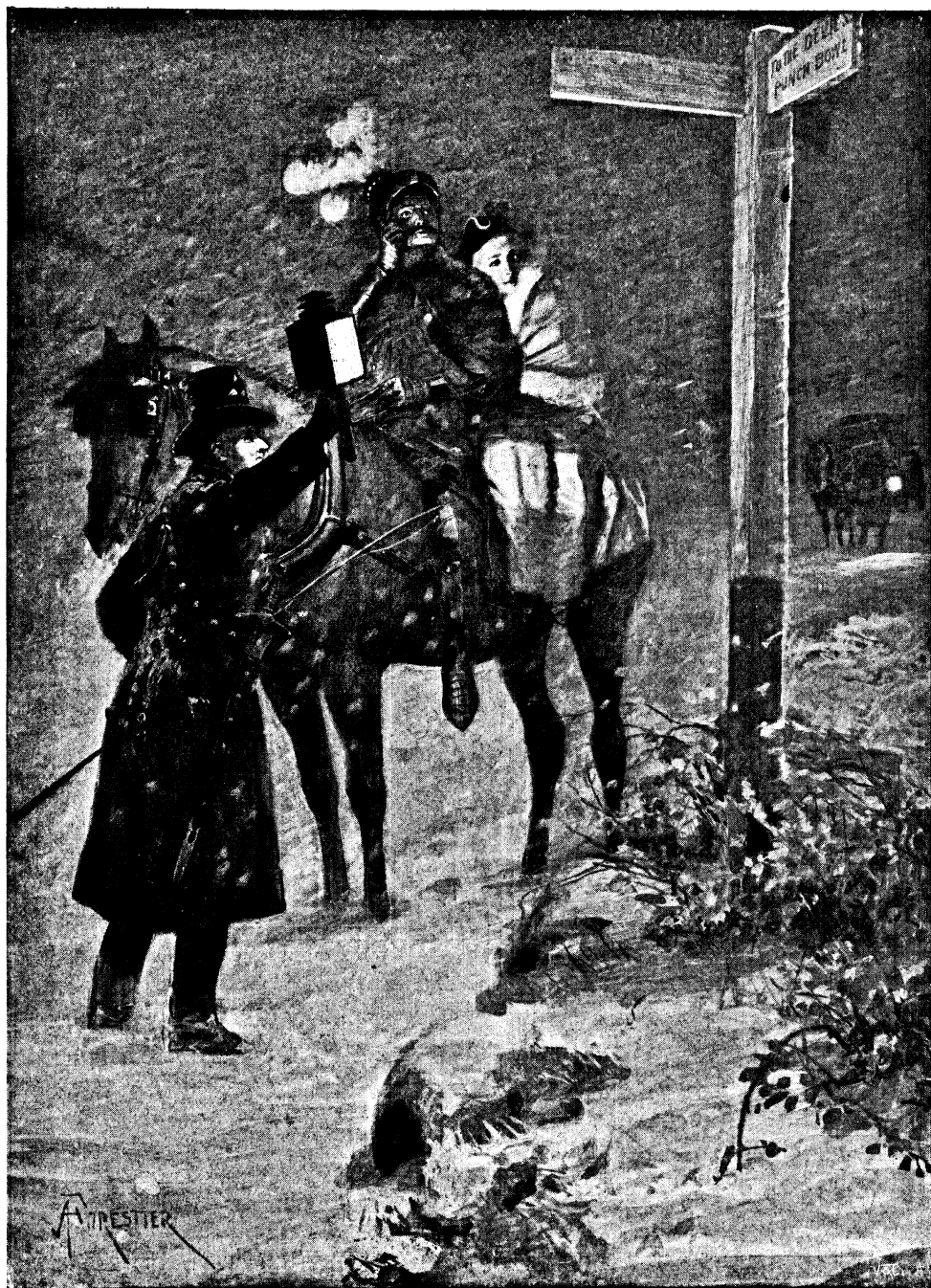
undoubtedly a case of the attraction of opposites.

"An Old-Time Christmas Revel," by Mr. Walter Wilson, here reproduced, out-carnivals anything we have had in aid of our perennial "War Funds," or in celebration of a "Relief." This particular drawing represents a special incident of a far-away century which is worth recording. "In 1440," runs the legend, "one Captain John Gladman, a man ever true and faithful to God and the King, and sportive withal, made public disport with his neighbours at Christmas. He traversed the town on a horse as gaily caparisoned as himself, preceded by the Twelve Months, each dressed in character.



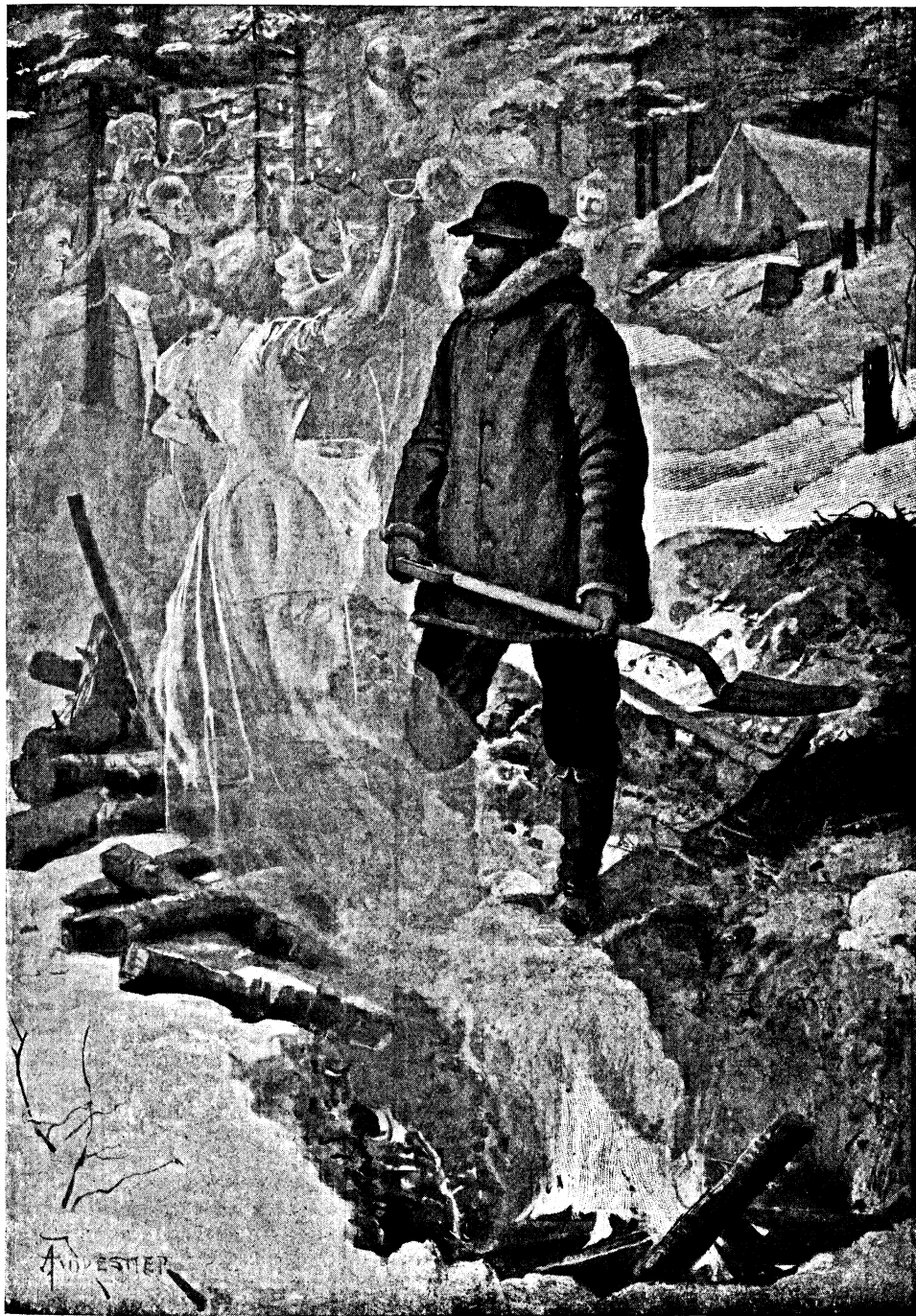
A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

By HAL HURST, R.I.



THE BREAKDOWN ON THE WAY TO THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

By A. FORESTIER.



A CHRISTMAS DREAM AT KLONDYKE

By A. FORESTIER.



After him crept the pale, attenuated figure of Lent, clothed in herring skins, and mounted on a sorry horse whose harness was covered with oyster shells—a hint of the fast that ever tracks the feast in the rhythm of the life of body and spirit."

Prominent among the Christmas traditions that are being constantly dealt with by the modern pencil and brush is that ever-youthful antiquity, Santa Claus. For the sake of the small persons who now appear to follow contemporary magazines and newspapers with as much assiduity as their elders, no Christmas pumber can be considered complete without this historic individual in one guise or another. And in deference to the same youthful preferences, that national and indigestible concoction, the Christmas pudding, must also figure, either piecemeal or whole, in all illustrated periodicals that are to meet with domestic approval. Trivial as this subject would appear to be to the outsider, it has been selected, and dealt with most sympathetically, by several artists of high repute—notably Mr. Robert Sauber (whose picture, "Mixing the Christmas Pudding," was reproduced in a previous volume of this magazine), Mr. Cecil Aldin, and Miss Fannie Moody, whose clever treatment of the same



A REAR ATTACK.

BY A. FORESTIER.



STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

BY FANNIE MOODY.

idea is included in this article. And while on this theme, one may call attention to the popularity of pictures dealing with "good cheer" in general, as well as with pudding in particular. Even an artist like Mr. De Lacy, who usually devotes his brush to nautical scenes of water, wind, and weather, has allowed himself some slight latitude in his "Christmas in the Roadstead," wherein it may be observed that a couple of geese (and other inspiring details) relieve the monotony of the ordinary blameless salt junk and water.

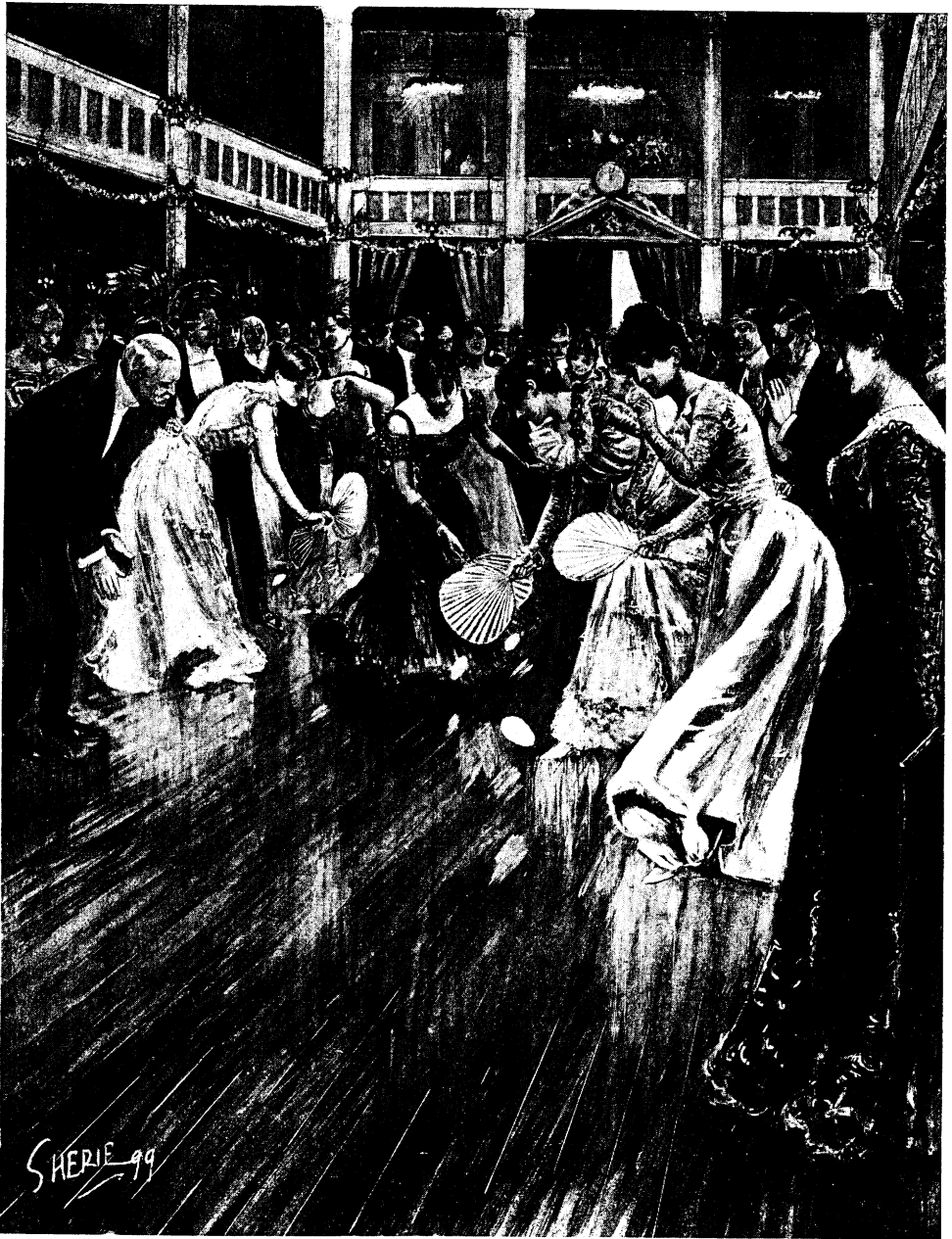
In further evidence of the sceptre of the Child which rules us, old and young alike, at Yuletide, whereas in former times it was the orthodox thing to depict a moated grange, with a robin of abnormal proportions in the foreground, or a Christmas ghost taking its annual outing—a promenade in the panelled corridor of the afore-said grange—we have now glimpses of anything but ghostly annual visitors, relations who are more up-to-date than the shadowy ancestress with a past. Now the ghost is given a respectable burial to make room for the youngsters, unto the third and fourth generation, who, buoyant with spirits that no holiday in after-life can conjure up,



HOLLY & IVY, BOX & BAY,  
PUT IN THE CHURCH ON  
CHRISTMAS DAY.

(OLD RHYME)

VTC



THE CHRISTMAS PARTY · A LADIES' FAN RACE. BY E. SHERIE.

*Every lady is provided with a paper disc, each of a different colour. The object is to propel these discs from a starting-point by means of fanning. The papers get mixed up, and the futile efforts to make any headway, often experienced, cause endless fun.*

romp and prank about by day, and when evening draws on apace are joined by other children of larger growth, their united efforts resulting in an atmosphere of "unrest" such as no self-respecting, delicately nurtured ghost would tolerate for a moment. One

of the best exponents of this aspect of Christmas is Mr. S. Begg, who manages to catch most accurately not only the active revelry, but also the really humorous element that is so much in evidence on these occasions. Mr. Sherie's "A Ladies' Fan Race" exem-



"ORANGES AND LEMONS." By S. BEGG.

plifies a similar idea, showing how, for the time, the elders forget to be dull and decorous, amusing themselves with juvenile games as heartily as any of the children.

Another very popular subject with artists at this time of the year is the humour that is always to be found, we are told, in the misfortunes of others. This, again, is a form of Christmas recreation that is more honoured

in theory than in fact. The favourite form of Christmas misfortune seems to be peril by land and breakdowns in general. The origin of this marked preference apparently lies in the fact that so many people are travelling at this particular season, and the traditional wintry weather, at any rate in the good old times before the roads had come under the paternal notice of the County Council and



THE TOURNAMENT. By S. BEGG.



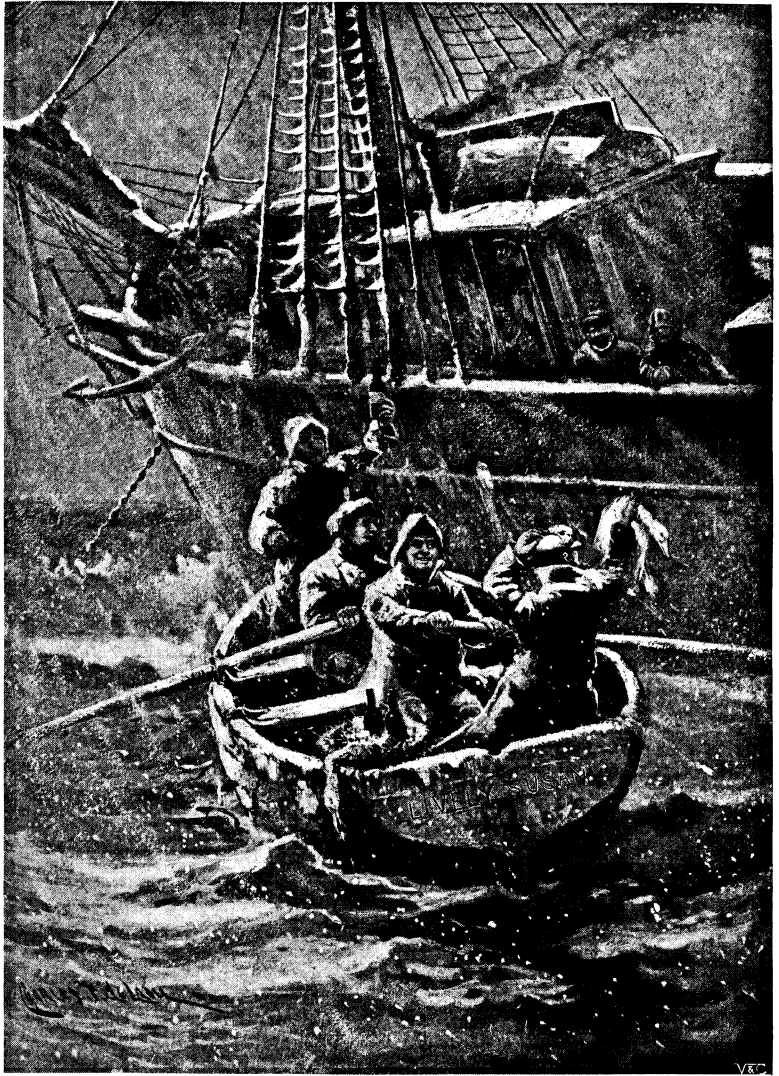


AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS REVEL. BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

similarly enterprising public bodies, more often impedes the traffic than furthers it. By a poetic licence, these incidents are generally thrown back a century, and one has but to quote such names as Randolph Caldecott, Hugh Thomson, and Cecil Aldin, to call to mind a gallery of quaint and clever studies of this theme.

And these pictures suggest another point. Although one would imagine that the happiest inspirations would be forthcoming within doors, rather than without, at the time of year when Winter stands at the gate "wagging his white and shaggy beard, like an old harper chanting an old rhyme: 'How cold it is! how cold it is!'" yet it will be found that the larger proportion have an outdoor *mise en scène*—not with the mild, uncertain climate of the present-day Noël, either, but set in the hard, old-fashioned wintry weather, wherein it was the usual thing for the winter snow to lie "full knee-deep" over the land. Even the Yule-log itself is more often illustrated in its transition stage, being hauled along the road by a band of lusty retainers, than in its more "grateful and comforting" *finale*, spluttering on the ancestral hearth.

But while Christmas artists give us the cheery and buoyant side of the festive season, they do not forget that for some it is a time of memories rather than of actualities; and to others there is an ever-present sense of loss.



CHRISTMAS IN THE ROADSTEAD. BY CHARLES DE LACY.

All over our land there are hearts trying to hide an ache, and all over the world there are men whose thoughts will bridge thousands of miles, and centre on some one home that holds for each all the brightness of his universe. For this reason, Mr. Forestier's picture of the lonely Klondyke miner, seeing in the smoke of his desolate fire the Christmas party in the Old Country, touches a note of Christmas sentiment that will never die out so long as the great annual festival is observed—a reminder of the far-reaching claims of humanity and the love sent down from God to man.

# THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.\*

SECOND SERIES.

No. I.—THAT CRAZE FOR MOHAIR.



O tell you the truth, Tom," said Hophni Asquith, "if there had been only myself to consider, I should have cut the chapel altogether, and gone regularly to church. I don't mean to

say that I have your ambition, but I do want to rise. I think every man ought to do his best to rise. But Louisa won't have us trying to take our place with the church people yet. She says we should only be cold-shouldered if we did try."

"Then," snapped Tom, "she should see to it you didn't get cold-shouldered. Louisa would do with a lot of pulling together."

Hophni's square red whisker bristled. "I don't think that's deserved, Tom. After we compounded with the creditors, of course Louisa and I had to slip back again socially a bit. But since we've started making big money once more, I'm sure you'll seldom see Louisa without a thousand pounds' worth of diamonds on her, and in the street she always wears the most expensive clothes that are to be got in Bradford."

"She looks it. Now don't get angry with me, lad. I'm an outside critic, and so I see things that you miss. Besides, Louisa and I were mates when she was a mill-girl and wore clogs on her feet and a shawl over her head, and I was just Tom's Son and hadn't a surname. You can't get over historical facts, Hophni. Because my father was a forgetful creature who chose to go through life under the name of Tom, I found when he died that no one remembered what else he was besides Tom. Tom the Collier was the nearest I could get. Well, Collier is a

very good surname, but for Bradford use just then I did not think it would do. It seemed to smack too much of the soil—or, to be more accurate, the subsoil. So by natural evolution we got Thompson, which was simple and definite, and to which one seemed to have a certain amount of title."

"I don't see what you are driving at."

"Why, this. If you aren't born with what you want, the only alternative is to get it by other means. Now, Louisa hasn't a bit of notion of dressing herself."

"Hang it man! but she has! I tell you she gets the most expensive clothes that are to be bought in Bradford."

"But that's not dressing well."

"If you think," said Hophni rather viciously, "that Miss Mary Norreys dresses well, I flatly disagree with you. Louisa has said time after time she wouldn't be seen out of doors in the shabby old things that girl wears."

Tom laughed. "I know when you mean. Louisa saw her, did she, on the Thursday morning in last week? That's the only day she has been in Bradford for the last month and a half. The weather was wet, and she had on a short walking skirt of Harris tweed and a boxcloth coat. They were both well-cut, and she carried them well. By goy! Hophni, have you no eyes? Can't you see how splendidly that girl carries her clothes?"

"You seem to be pretty accurately posted in her movements."

"I am," said Tom simply, "and you know why."

"Still, you don't make me believe that she dresses well."

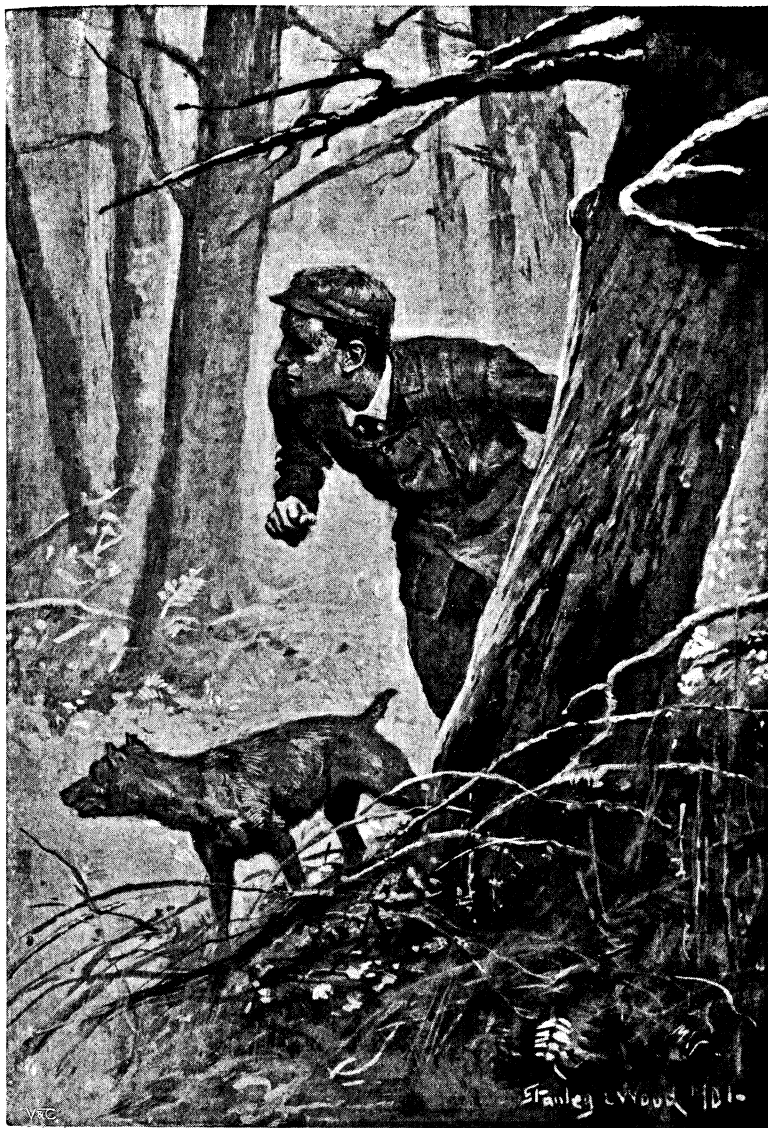
"I'll prove it to you one of these days most convincingly. Will you give me credit for having a keen nose for money-making?"

"Aye, lad. We can agree there. I'll back you against all the world for that."

"Very well, then. You'll perhaps think better of my judgment when I tell you that the firm of Thompson and Asquith is going to back Miss Norreys' taste for all it is worth."

"How do you mean?"

\* Copyright, 1901, by Cutcliffe Hyne, in the United States of America.



"Their attitude of simple wayfarers dropped from them."

"She goes up to London for the Season; perhaps you know?"

Hophni Asquith showed interest. "I didn't know. So those are London clothes she wears, are they? I see what you are getting at, Tom. I suppose we could weave Harris tweed as well as anyone else if there's going to be a run on it."

"There isn't. Now, lad, you see where your limitations come in. You can imitate; and, once give you a hint, you're as sharp as any man living to take it up if there's money in it. But you're like Louisa. You won't

look far enough beyond Bradford. And also you're like Louisa in having rank bad taste in dress. Now, I've beaten you there. I was born with no taste; but I've seen that taste was a valuable asset if it is your business to manufacture the wherewithal to gratify it; and so I have made it my occupation to acquire taste. Don't you suppose I'm wasting my time when I'm walking about the streets of London, and Paris, and Vienna, and Brussels, between appointments. I'm not. I'm looking at the women's clothes."

"And seeing which is the prettiest dressed?"

"Nothing of the kind. Fashion isn't prettiness. I mark the ones who are rigged out in the height of the fashion, and I've been training myself to deduce from them what the next fashion will be which catches on."

"First you've ever told me about it."

"I haven't talked about it before, because I was only an amateur at the game. I observed and observed, and puzzled and deduced. I stared into dressmakers' windows and chummed with a good many of the dressmakers themselves. I stood them dinners and talked clothes with 'em. Y'know, cookery and wines are two things I'm rather an expert on. Wonderful what a lot of information a judicious dinner sometimes gets you, Hophni. And then when I'm in cities where the women go in for dress, I look in at four or five theatres a night to see what

they have got on. I'm a great patron of the drama, and I never sat through so much as half a play in my life."

"You shame me with the amount of work you put in, Tom."

"Nothing of the kind. If a man is so constituted by Nature that he only needs four hours' sleep in the twenty-four, he must fill in time somehow."

"Well, I'd rather you worked that way than poached."

Mr. Thompson grinned. "Can't poach in London, lad, or in Brussels. So I use my eyes there for money-grubbing. When I started trying to predict coming fashions, I was usually wrong. By degrees I got more into the hang of the thing. And now, by gosh! I'm going to put my last sixpence and my last inch of credit on it, that I've got my finger exactly on next season's fabrics."

"It's a risk."

"It isn't. It looks risky, I'll grant you. But I've taken full care to get at the back of my facts, till I've brought the thing to a mathematical certainty. If you want a final clincher, here it is. Miss Norreys is notoriously one of the best dressed women in London, and she agrees with my prediction, and, what's more, she's influence enough to see that it comes off to a nicety."

"What! She lets you make use of her, and the pair of you are not even engaged?"

"We are not engaged. But we have an understanding, and when the time comes we shall marry. Things aren't quite ripe yet. The Norreys are county people, and they don't understand trade. The only securities Mr. Norreys recognises are Land, and perhaps Consols. I don't agree with him, but I understand his standpoint and his limitations, and I'm open to fall in with them to a certain extent. I'm not going to marry Miss Norreys in spite of his teeth, though I believe she would come to me. I'm going to see Mr. Norreys give me his daughter with a willing hand, and for that purpose I'm going to buy a big estate in the country and settle it on her. Thank Heaven I can pay for other people's fancies as well as my own!"

Hophni pulled doubtfully at his square red whisker. "It would cramp us a good deal if you take much money out of the business. But perhaps you mean buying the place and getting a big mortgage on it?"

"Neither the one nor the other. In fact, I shall put more money into the business, and so will you. I buy no land to hang a mortgage on it, either. That wouldn't be playing the game. You and I will have a

quarter of a million at the lowest estimate to divide by this time next year, and I can quite draw what I want out of that."

"You're getting into big figures."

"I prefer them. I can't niggle, Hophni; haven't time. Bradford will call it gambling, because they haven't seen how it's been worked up to, and can't see how it's done. They'll copy us when the boom comes, and then it will be too late. They'll probably drop money in trying to follow. Some of them may pick up a little, and I'm sure they will be welcome to it. We shall have the cream, and by the time they start imitating, it will be time for us to drop that line and be manufacturing for the fashion that will be next to follow. Grasp?"

"Quite. What's this fashion going to be? Merinos, I suppose."

"Merinos be hanged! They're just beginning to wear merinos again now, and all Bradford will be making merino pieces as fast as they can turn them out. We're making merinos ourselves, and we're going to stop."

"But what about all those new looms? They haven't paid for themselves yet."

"Break them up. We can afford to take scrap value for them. We shall want every inch of room that can be got in the shed to weave alpacas and mohairs."

"Mohair! Why, man, mohair is about dead! There's hardly a price quoted for it. The mohair manufacturers are nearly all burst or cutting their losses and going out of that business. The mohair spinners make dolls' hair, but precious little else just now. If your theory was in any way correct, surely someone would have an idea of it besides yourself? Come, Tom, we all know you are a right clever chap, but you mustn't set up for having more brain than all the rest of Bradford put together."

Tom's great square jaw began to protrude. "Why not in this instance? There's no mystery about how it was done. I've worked the thing out from the very foundation, and nobody else has, that's all. Somebody's got to be first in everything, and that's the place I've marked out for myself all along. There's no use being modest over the matter. If you aim low, you'll never get high. If you aim high, and mean to get there, you'll probably do it. The thing isn't half so difficult as it looks."

"I wish," said Hophni Asquith, with a sigh, "I'd your confidence; and then——"

"Don't you worry, lad. You've a mind for detail that's a mind in a million. I

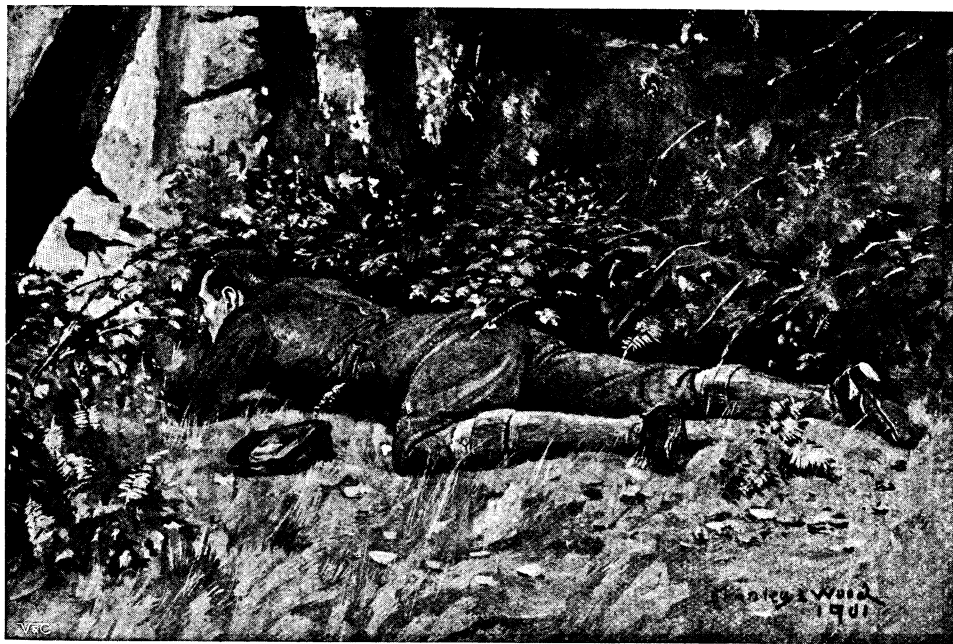
couldn't stay in the mill day after day for the year on end, as you do. I've just got to be out in the open air, or I'd burst. I've a lot of primitive man in me somewhere, and it will come out. So you see, what one lacks the other has, and that means we're exactly fitted as partners. What we've got to do now is to get hold of all the mohair we can for cash as far as it will go, and credit after that, and at the same time keep the market low and unsuspecting. We shall want every penny we can raise and borrow for that. I'd like to have our own top-making concern, and our own spinning-frames, and a dye works, besides the manufacturing and merchanting businesses. But we can't afford that yet,

ing's been bad lately, like everything else. We could do it just now pretty cheap."

"No. Can't afford it. We shall have to waste that black dyer for the present. Every penny must go for mohair and the new looms. Now, then, that's settled. What are you going to do for the week end?"

"Stay here in Bradford. You know I never miss chapel on Sundays, Tom, now we have got on our feet again, and can afford it."

"You're a mirthless creature. I know your style. You'll think over this new scheme and worry it out till the mill starts again on Monday morning. It's no use telling you to empty your head of business occasionally, and give your mind a holiday on



"Tom could see down the fringed aisles of the undergrowth."

though I guarantee we have all the lot within three years from now. It's going to be such a fat time for us, Hophni, as was never dreamed of. But for the present we must get our combing done on commission, and the yarn spun on commission, too, and must put out the dyeing as we want it. It's a dead pity about the dyeing. I know a black dyer we could get cheap just now who's the best man in England. You could give that chap fifty shades of black, and he'd dye them all absolutely accurate."

"I think we could manage a small dye-house at a squeeze; or, at any rate, I know of two or three we could get interests in. Dye-

that line, because you don't know how, and you won't try to learn. Well, good-bye, lad, for the present, and don't go straight home and tell Louisa that presently she'll have to give up black satin for morning wear and take to black alpaca. Remember, we've got to keep this scheme absolutely dark, or we'll have the mohair market flying up before we've begun to touch it.—Come along, Clara.—But all the same, you must tone down Louisa's taste in dress. She's a drag on us as she is."

Tom went out then, and a scarred she-dog of doubtful breed emerged from an unobtrusive corner of the office and followed him



through the door. This particular Clara—whose official name was Clara's-Clara's-Clara—had a fine genius for self-effacement. When Tom was in Bradford, she followed him about in his quick walks from place to place, keeping to the middle of the roadways for the most part, waiting for him against opposite kerbstones when he went into offices, but pestering him never. Every now and again Tom would snap his fingers, and Clara would come up, accept a quick pat on the side of the jaw, and then drop back to her station ten yards away. When Tom was away from Bradford, and she was off duty, she amused herself by fighting. But it was when the primitive man in her master came uppermost, and he left business behind him and took to the woods and the moors, that Clara's enjoyment of life reached its zenith.

Mongrel, Clara's-Clara's-Clara was according to kennel-book niceties, but her breeding was the result of thought and much careful selection. The original Clara, now deceased, had been a genius in her way; the daughter, Clara's-Clara, had a talent for poaching operations that has seldom been surpassed; but this granddaughter, Clara's-Clara's-Clara, had reached a pitch of perfection in the illicit pursuit of game that was far more than human. Even Mr. Thompson himself was almost satisfied with her, and he was a man never contented with anything short of the very best.

They went out that Saturday, Clara and Tom, the first stage of their journey, in a first-class carriage of a railway train; and thereafter took to the road, putting behind them a steady five miles to the hour. Clara trotted along, with nose to ground and tail adroop, the picture of homely incapacity.

A twelve-mile stretch brought them to some covers which had a reputation for being more keenly preserved than any other shooting country in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Their attitude of simple wayfarers dropped from them with the quickness of a conjuring trick. Here was enjoyment of the most exquisite, and they prepared to get their fill of it.

The woods were hung with the last rags of their autumn draperies, and the cover was scanty, but poaching man and poaching dog dissolved into them invisibly before they were a dozen yards from the road. They trod with all delicacy, so as to leave no tracks; they trod, too, with such exquisite niceness as never to send abroad the crackle of a breaking twig or the rustle of crunching leaves.

Deer can move noiselessly like this in a

cover when they choose, and, on occasion, so can the pheasant and the rabbit, but for man and dog the art must be laboriously learnt, and even then it is only some rare fellow and here and there some favoured cur that can acquire it in anything like perfection. But a poacher Tom had been born, a poacher (on off-days from more dry affairs) he remained through sheer love of the trade, and it was his pride to work himself up to the top of the poaching class. He was well equipped for the climb. He had a nimble brain and an appreciative eye, a tireless body and a prodigious memory. He had learned the knack of observing the ways of the woods and the moors, and the ways of the things that peopled them. Perhaps, too, his ancestry helped him, and his instincts for falling into touch with these wild things were more keen than those of men descended from more highly civilised stock.

The wood was, as has been said, most strictly preserved, and formed, in point of fact, part of the estate of Mr. Norreys, though leased by that gentleman to another to supply the chronic deficit of his purse. Norreys and Tom were very good friends, though they disagreed about the destiny of Miss Mary Norreys. They were both keen sportsmen, and though their methods were essentially different, each had a toleration for the other's tastes, and if Tom was clever enough to pick up pheasants under the keepers' noses without getting caught, or earning a charge of shot in the legs, Mr. Norreys was pleased enough that he should do it. At any rate, the game was calculated to brighten up the keepers.

Twice that afternoon Tom and Clara dissolved into the landscape on the near approach of one of the patrolling watchers, and everywhere they went the clumsy trails of the game guardians were fresh and easily readable. It was a most appetising cover to poach.

At last, however, they came to a spot which Tom thought would nicely fill his purpose. It was a piece of ground between two rides, which had been cleared by a windfall. The heavier timber of the uprooted trees had been carted away, but the branches remained, stacked into heaps to make shelter for the pheasants, and a yard from one of these Tom set up a snickle of thin and carefully rusted piano-wire. The braekens of the wood had drooped and flattened with the autumn frosts till they lay for the most part on the ground as a rich brown carpet; and against the background of these, the brown wire snare was wholly invisible.



"Clara came and grinned through the edge of the cover."

Next came the ground-baiting. In one pocket Tom had some Indian corn, in another some Valencia raisins, which are the two greatest delicacies known to the pheasant palate. Now, Tom was a bit of a gourmand himself, and more than a bit of a cook. He was an adept at the invention of dainty dishes for men—and also, it appeared, for pheasants. There is an art in these things. He split each raisin carefully down half of

one of its edges and inserted a yellow grain of corn into its interior—surely the most luscious beakful ever offered to a pheasant's gobble.

Then he laid them in place. Three of the stuffed raisins, built into a little pile, stood on the faggot side of the snare; a train of six led across the open to the edge of the cover.

Clara watched these preparations with



intelligence, and when they were ended she went off by herself deeper into the wood. Tom dived out of sight amongst some brambles to see her work. But, keen though his eyes were, of Clara herself he caught no further view. Still, presently there was evidence that she was attending strictly to business. Lying with face close to the ground, Tom could see down the fringed aisles of the undergrowth the pheasants beginning to move, jerkily, foolishly, with outstretched heads and beady eyes. Clara was driving them most scientifically. A pheasant in cover will never rise on to the wing so long as it is not hustled from behind too rapidly. The excellent pheasant has learnt that it is never shot at on the ground, and so it very naturally far prefers to run.

Clara kept the birds on the move, slowly, persistently, never making the mistake of over-eagerness and frightening them into the air. It was clever beating for any dog unaccompanied. But now came genius. Some eight or ten birds were moving before her, and if these were driven into the clearing, one might get caught, but the rest would be badly scared. That would be untidy work, of which Tom, as a neat-minded poacher, would not approve. So Clara deliberately set about cutting one bird after another away from the mob, till at length when the opening was reached, one gorgeous-plumaged cock alone remained.

The bird trotted out into the open, very beautiful and somewhat troubled. It was vaguely alarmed by some slight disturbance which had been moving in the wood behind. Then its quick, bright eye fell on one of the stuffed raisins, and there was a gulp, and a gobble, and a chattering crow of astonished delight. Caution flew. Nothing so entirely delightful had ever passed that pheasant's palate before. Gobble! down went number two. Gobble! number three. And then! Ah! never mind these scattered ones. They

will do for afterwards. There is a whole heap of raisins on ahead!

There was a quick, straggling run, head down, tail extended. Then there was a fine cock pheasant with two fat raisins in its beak and a wire snickle tightly round its neck beating at the landscape with vain spurs, and fanning up the brown fern spores with ineffective wings.

Clara came and grinned through the edge of the cover whilst Tom slew his game and spread more of the irresistible stuffed raisins, and then back she went deep into the wood again to drive up another victim. Three more birds they got in this way, and were disturbed only once. A patrolling under-keeper came perilously near the line of drive. But Tom imitated the bleat and stampede of



"'Mary!' he cried."

a frightened sheep, and the yap of a pursuing dog, and this most uncommon occurrence was quite enough to draw away that simple under-keeper on a non-existent scent.

Finally, with two brace of fine pheasants in the inside skirt pockets of his coat, and a very wet and complacent Clara at his heels, Tom worked his silent way to the upper edge of the wood, and climbed over the boundary wire. The rough bent-grass of the lower moorland lay beyond, and he walked up over it, keeping to the gullies so as not to show upon a skyline. Finally, with infinite caution to make sure he was not watched or followed, he came to a tunnel-mouth of some old lead-workings, and after Clara had sniffed carefully and declared them unoccupied, he left the open air and stepped off briskly into the darkness.

The way was wet, black, and narrow, fanned by a damp air, suspicious with the sounds of water dropping into pools. But Tom held along his path with the confidence of an accustomed tenant, and presently turned, climbed a dozen rough steps, and halted.

He fumbled for a minute and found a bottle, and from that extracted matches and a candle. When the wick yellowed out into flame, there was displayed a cubical, irregular cave of some three yards each way, and the entrances to two tunnels which led off into blackness. A light air passed through it and fanned the candle flame.

Here had once been a "pocket" of lead ore in those distant days when the mine had supported workers. Mr. Thompson, with his troglodytic tastes, derived from those collier ancestors, had found the place and furnished it with dried bracken laid over heather, and here, when so inclined, he could retire in primitive seclusion. He was no regular visitor; months would sometimes pass without his coming to this earth; but latterly he had been pretty constant in his appearances, and it was curious that this assiduity should be coincidental with the residence of Miss Mary Norreys at her father's house in the neighbourhood.

On this particular autumn afternoon Tom hung up the two brace of fresh birds on the pegs in the wall of one of the galleries which formed his larder, and examined with care the other brace which was there maturing. He chose with satisfaction a fine plump hen bird that had hung exactly the right length of time to reach its gastronomic perfection. Then, after he had lit a fire of wood and peat at the entrance to the gallery which took the outdraft, he plucked and prepared

the pheasant for cooking. When it was ready, he took from his pocket a handful of chestnuts, which he peeled and cut small, and a couple of bunches of red ripe rowans, which he bruised amongst the chestnuts, and with this mixture he stuffed the pheasant. Then he pinned up the flap of skin with a splinter of wood, fitted the bird with a liberal breast-plate of bacon from his stores, and hung it up in front of the fire.

Tom's roasting jack was primitive, but effective. He had found a heavy iron corve-wheel amongst the other unconsidered *débris* of the disused mine, and had suspended it from one axis by a string from the roof of his cave. Another string, with a noose at the end, depended from its lower axis, and on this hung the roast. With a good smart turn, this wheel acquired momentum, which it stored up in the form of torsion in the string, till momentum was lost. Then the string would start it back in the other direction.

For a dripping-pan, a shallow biscuit-tin stood against the ashes, and with a crude tin spoon twisted out of the lid, Tom basted his roast with affectionate care.

But if, on occasions like these, he was very much primitive man, still there were points where civilisation had begun to bite more deeply into him. He possessed a plate now, and set it to warm in front of the fire. A knife and fork, too—silver fork—were turned up from under the fern. And instead of the stone jar of beer, which used to form his usual adjunct to these feasts, he produced a bottle of burgundy of curious vintage from some nook in one of the galleries, and set it to air at a nicely judged distance from the blaze.

In the middle of this cookery, Clara, the uncomely, had jumped up to her feet, had gone to the in-take gallery entrance, and had stood there bristling and working her nose and ears. She uttered no trace of whimper or growl, as that was not Clara's way, but she took care that Tom should see her, and Tom drew his own deductions.

"Shepherd on the moor, old girl. But he won't come in here. Too much afraid of ghosts. You can go out and prospect, if you like. I know you won't let yourself be seen."

Clara dissolved off silently into the darkness, being there one instant and gone the next, according to her habit, and Tom attended strictly to his bird. When Mr. Thompson cooked, he put his whole mind to it, with the result that his dishes always attained a surprising perfection.

But his culinary operations were broken off now with something of suddenness. A murmur made itself heard down the tunnel through which Clara had vanished, which presently resolved itself into footsteps. Tom jumped up from his knees with a remark that was not altogether a prayer for the welfare of the invader, and prepared to jump over his fire and make an exit down the gallery which carried the smoke.

A voice stopped him—a voice which came from far away between rocky walls, "Tom! oh, Tom!" And then, as he gave no answer, through sheer desire to hear the voice again, the voice went on, "Mr. Thompson, may I come in?"

Tom picked up the candle in its clay socket and held it high in the gallery's mouth for a beacon. "Mary!" he cried, "Mary, why do you come here?"

"I'll let you know, when I am there," said Miss Norreys threateningly.

"But how did you find your way?"

"Clara brought me. Clara has some notions of civility, if other people have not?"

"Clara's a treacherous young person. First time she ever gave me away."

At this point Clara came out of the gallery into the firelight, and tied herself into knots, and showed two sets of well-groomed teeth. "There, you see," said Tom to Miss Norreys, who followed, "you've seduced away my dog from me, and she's extremely doubtful as to what's going to happen next. Clara's a very clever animal, and generally knows to an inch what's in the wind. But at the present moment—look at her, Mary, writhing and grinning there—she thinks she's in for a first class licking, and 'pon my word, I think she deserves it."

"Make me somewhere nice to sit down on," said Miss Norreys, and Tom pulled together some bracken into a heap. "I'll stay and dine with you, Tom, thanks. What have you been doing to that pheasant, you gourmand, to make it smell so good? And burgundy put down to warm! Tom, never prate to me about your savage tastes again. I can foresee a French *cordon bleu* in the establishment that is to be, if your wife is going to have anything like a comfortable time of it with you."

"I say," replied Tom stolidly, "you know you ought not to be here."

"But I am here, and that's the main thing. Put another plate down to warm, Tom. I see you have only one there. Aren't you going to give me chipped potatoes as well? And bread sauce?"

"There's only biscuit to eat with it. You ought not to be here, you know, Mary. And besides, there is only one plate and one knife and fork."

"Then I shall take them, and, as a punishment for your inhospitality, you must eat with your fingers. Tom, I'm not a person that goes in for crying, but if you don't amend your manners, there will be tears or something in about another minute. I can tell you, it took a big wrench to one's pride to come here at all."

"You know quite well why I keep away from you."

"I never see you at all except across a street, and even then you won't cross over to speak to me. It isn't exactly proper treatment from the man one's engaged to."

"I'm not engaged," said Tom grimly. "I told you straight out I was not going to be engaged till I was in a proper position to marry."

"And yet you threatened all sorts of horrible things to anyone else who chose to take a fancy to me."

"Oh, yes, and I quite meant all I said."

"Then it seems I'm to remain a miserable spinster during my lord's pleasure."

"About that—I hope it won't be much longer now."

"I see. Well, if this is your idea of courtship, I must say it is more original than amusing. Is the pheasant nearly done, Tom? What's that that makes it smell so good?"

"Never mind the pheasant. You mustn't stay here. I'll see you home, or, at any rate, well along your way."

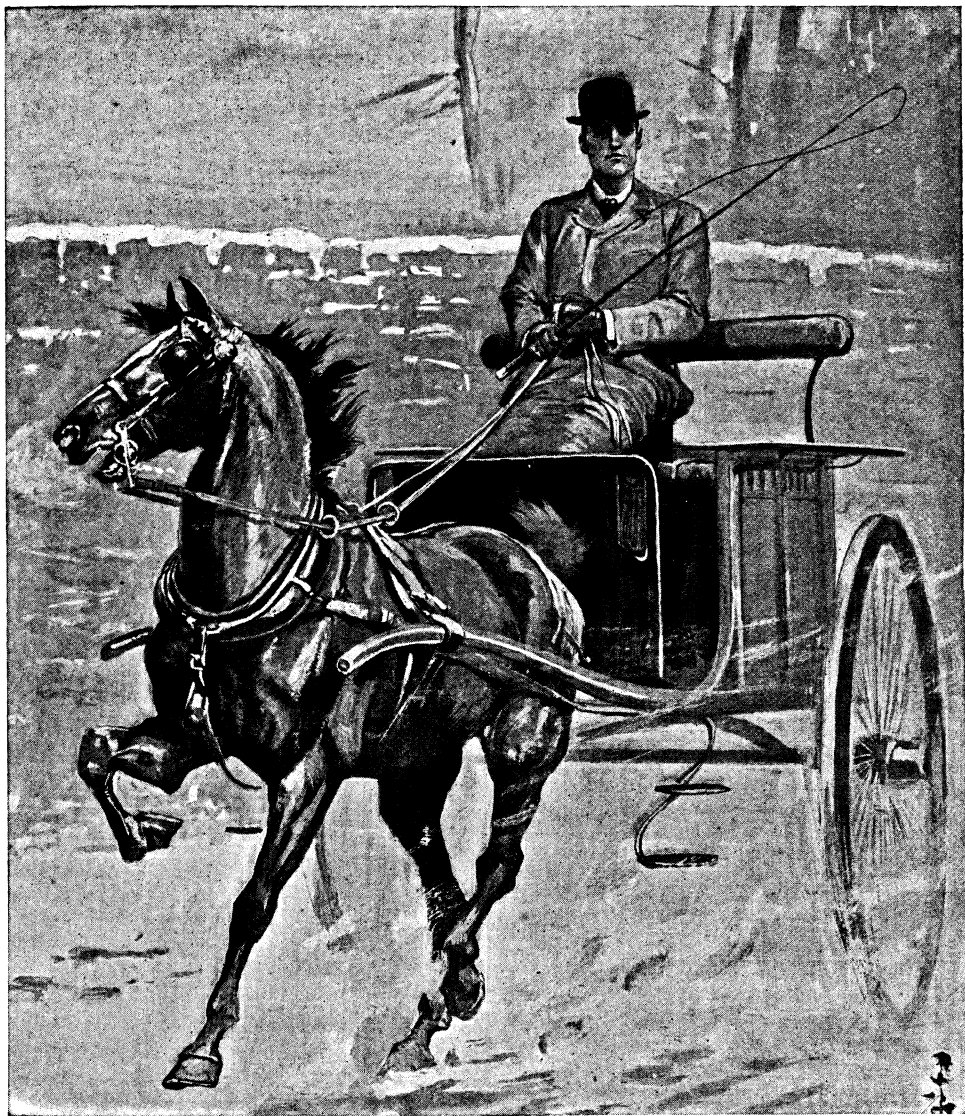
"You greedy boy! I believe you want it all for yourself. Well, you're not going to have your own way just for once. Here I am, and here I dine. Do you still keep that ridiculous stuffed trout that we first made acquaintance over? I think you ought to hand that trout and its glass case along to me."

"I offered it to you once, and you wouldn't have it. Now you'll have to wait till 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow.'"

"You talk so glibly of marriage, and you haven't even proposed to me yet."

"I'll propose to you, Mary, dear, in due form when the time comes, if you want it. I'm not ready yet. I think I shall be soon. But I'm not going to marry till I can settle on you an estate as big as your father's on your wedding-day. That's where my pride comes in."

She turned and faced him with eyes that



"A dog-cart brought Tom up over the frozen drive."

shone suspiciously, and a little spurt of passion. "And do you think you have a monopoly in pride? Do you think I would marry you at all if I didn't care for you? Do you think you could buy me just as you buy one of your abominable bales of wool, if only you offer a full market value?"

Tom stooped on one knee and kissed her hand. "I know you care for me, dear, and I know, too, you understand how dearly I love you. But it's the difference of the positions we are in that makes the trouble. You come of an old county family, and it is

your duty not to marry beneath you. I am nobody, except what I make myself. It's the future I look to. If we married now, all your own class would look down on you. No, don't deny it, dear; you know they would. But, presently, I shall have made what everyone will call success. I shall have money; I shall have land, with every prospect of more to follow. People forgive much to success. I don't think they would dare to be cool with you then."

"No. They would say I married you for your money."

"If you will continue to look at me when

we are married, my sweetheart, as you are looking at me now, I don't think people will have any doubt about our real reasons, unless they are stone blind. Oh! Mary, darling, don't make it harder than it is to keep away from you. I think of you a hundred times a day, and just long to hold you in my arms and watch you let out that secret through your eyes. Do you think I'm ice? I'm only doing what is right. Don't make it harder for me, darling, than it is already!"

"I suppose I am selfish, Tom."

"You're not. You're perfection. I won't have my future wife abused."

"It seems," she said with a little rueful laugh, "that my will has got to give way to yours, Tom, and so I must bide my lord's good time. But there's one thing," she flashed, "that I will not be cheated out of, and that's my dinner. When Clara led me in here, she fairly wriggled with hospitality."

"You shall eat part of a pheasant," said Tom heartily, "such as seldom comes to the tooth." He took the bird away from the fire, unpinned its bacon armour, and carved away one breast and the oyster pieces from the back. The fragrant steam of the meat and the chestnuts and berries filled the place deliciously. He set a tumbler of burgundy beside her, and stood back to watch her eat, feasting himself on her eyes.

"When I go out to dinner, Mr. Thompson, my host eats, too."

"I'm getting all I want, thanks."

"And doesn't make—or look—ridiculous compliments, unless I happen to be engaged to him."

"Oh! have you been engaged to many people, then?"

"That's my secret. But you said just now very plainly that I wasn't engaged to you, so unless I'm to understand that you've changed your mind——"

"Not at all," laughed Tom hastily, and helped himself from the bird, and ate with a pocket-knife, and used the lid of the biscuit-box as a plate.

"I'm glad you've only got one tumbler," said Mary Norreys, with a shy laugh, and drank a toast. "Here's to that coming fashion in mohair, Tom. I only took a partial interest in it before. But as you've got so very high and mighty, I'm going to make you remember that if you do pull a fortune out of the new fashion, you'll owe some of it to me. If I don't pin the women's tastes in London on to mohair, I'll—well, I'll not marry you. And that

would be dreadful. Oh! but I shall do it, Tom. Here's to mohair, Tom." Then she passed him the tumbler.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a little more than a year after this that a dog-cart brought Tom up over the frozen drive that led from the main road to Norreys House, and presently Tom found himself being rather coldly regarded by Mr. Norreys, in an unused library.

"I've just called," said Tom pleasantly, "to say I'm going to marry Mary, and we'd like to have your consent."

"The deuce you would! I knew you'd got ideas of that kind in your head some time ago, but I thought they were all over and done with. By the way, does she know you are here?"

"Not yet. She will do directly. Are we going to have your consent?"

"Most certainly not. I like you well enough personally, Thompson, but you're not the right man. Miss Norreys is going to marry someone in the county. So suppose we drop the subject."

"Not at all. I've been pretty successful in business lately."

"My dear fellow, I know nothing at all about business."

"I knew you'd a weakness for land, and out of sheer deference to your tastes I've bought a tidy estate out of surplus profits; and if size and rent-roll go for anything, it's about twice as big as this of your own. Now mind, I still hold to my own theory that for an active man, such as I am, to sink his money in land is sheer waste of useful capital. But I want very much to have your approval, and so there's the estate. It will be settled on Mary when we're married."

"Where's the place?"

"Buton Hall."

"Phew! I say, Thompson, you seem to have been doing pretty well. But just buying the place doesn't get you into the county, you know."

"I've an intention," said Tom drily, "of skipping the county and going into the peerage in the course of time. I said I'd only bought Buton to please you."

"H'm! very good of you, very good of you. Well, stay to dinner. I suppose you'd like to go and see Mary now, and say it's all right. By gad! though, to think of your buying my girl Buton for a wedding present! I'll have a talk with you about wool afterwards. It seems rather a good thing to go in for, if one's got a bit of loose cash."

# IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

BY IAN MACLAREN.\*

*Photographs by Burrows, Perth.*



It is pleasant, when one has reached middle age and has a busy life behind him, to sit on a winter's evening by the fireside and recall the scenes of past years. Certain events stand out in bright colours and affect the heart, not always because they are important, but often because they touch some human feeling.

## I.

ONE of the first things which I remember, and which is not a mere imagination of later years flung back upon one's childhood, is our London house, where, an only child, I lived with my father and mother. A

few months ago I made a journey to the district and walked up the street where I had often gone, a boy of four years old. It was with fear that I turned the corner, lest in the course of nearly half a century the street should have sunk into reduced circumstances and given one that shock of pain with which one sees a friend of schooldays in rags and misery. It was a pleasant surprise to find that the old street, which

had never been fashionable, but always wore a quiet appearance, looked very much the same, as unassuming, as composed, as mother-like as ever. With a little exercise of memory I found our house, occupied now, I should think, by a superior clerk or well-doing tradesman, with a clean doorstep and polished bell, with shining windows and tasteful curtains. My interest was largely in the room in the basement, into which I could look from the street. The fire was burning in the grate, and two children were playing with their toys, and I could not believe that forty-four years had passed since I also played in that room. It was the room where every morning after breakfast I took my horse out of the stable—he was grey and a horse of almost unmanageable spirit. Sometimes he was so frisky I could hardly harness him into his cart, and the joy of strapping him in, for he had all his harness complete, could be prolonged for half an hour. The cart was a brewer's dray, which was selected, I think, for the purpose because it could be laden with barrels, and a barrel could be run down from the back of the cart with the aid of a little inclined plane and a couple of steel chains. Round the room went the cart and horse with his driver till all the barrels were delivered at what was supposed to be a series of taverns, although I had never seen such places and did not know what they were; then the barrels were collected after they were empty and brought back again to the place from which we started. To-day a wagon with sacks of flour would, I fancy, have been the toy, and a better one. Once I remember glancing up and seeing a man look down at me, as I was now looking down at these other children in the same room. He was selling flowers and had a basket, I think, of tulips and Easter lilies, and he made enticing signs to me that I should come up and buy. As it was, I ran from the room in terror, not because I did not admire the white and red of the flowers, but because the sight of him looking in at dismay, and I had an idea that the coster-

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mongers who sold flowers might not be unwilling to catch a little boy and carry him away into the unknown places where they lived.

For a moment I thought of ringing the bell and asking the goodwife of the house if there was still a drawing-room at the back looking out into a conservatory where we used to have our few flowers, and where I was allowed to use a tiny watering-can with doubtful results both as regards the flowers and my own white pinafore. What I wanted to see in the drawing-room was the fireplace, because on Sunday afternoons I used to sit beside my mother there, and she taught me the story of Jesus from the Gospels. She did not use a Bible, but a history of Jesus, by whom written I do not know, and which, I remember, had a picture of Peter drawing out the net till it was ready to break through the multitude of fishes. This story was printed, not on paper, but on some kind of linen, because in those days books were most costly, and linen was not so easy to tear as paper. Nowadays I hunt for books, and buy a rare book when I can afford it, which is not often, but I would give a great deal to lay my hand on the linen book with the picture of Peter. Why do we not preserve, or, rather, why do not other people preserve for us those possessions of our childhood which, like charms, would bring back again to us many a dimly remembered incident and many a loving face?

Afterwards I went up the street, and I declare a costermonger was coming down with geraniums in his basket, and as he went he held them in view of the windows both above and below. There was a square close by our street, and into that I now turned, and it was almost unchanged, with its stone church in the centre and its pleasant little garden surrounded by quiet and trim houses. Out of that square a young lady used to come who was a friend of our family, and she took the four-year-old with her into the garden. She was very pretty and very bright, a brunette, with speaking eyes and vivacious manner, and I fell deeply in love with her. It was in the garden, beneath the hawthorn trees, that, being of the age of four, and having no regard to worldly considerations, I proposed to her, and I do not think in after years that she ever did deny that she accepted me. It was understood that marriage should be delayed for a year or two till I could manage my horse and cart with greater success—

he being, as I said, a very spirited animal; and then we had our eye upon a summer-house in the square garden where we might set up house together. She used to come to visit us in Scotland, and it was always understood that we were engaged; and it came as a terrible blow to me, being then about the age of seven, and almost in a position to marry, when I was told that, forgetful of our long engagement and my faithful love, she was to be married to a young London merchant. He had himself that year the audacity to visit us in our Scotch home and even to allude without due seriousness to the past engagement and his victory. It was, I am sorry to say, a subject of humour in the household, and I do not think that anyone could have the slightest idea how deeply I was attached to my faithless *fiancée*, or how long I carried about a broken heart. What the grown-ups consider absurd sorrows are real to the children. Years afterwards I stayed in her home, which she had filled with brightness, and now that she is gone I still visit what was her home; and sometimes, when the others have gone to bed, I talk with her husband of the wife to whom he was so devoted and for whose memory he still lives, and the recollection of our common love, the love of the child and the love of the man, attracted to the same beauty and the same goodness, are a secret tie between myself and my friend.

## II.

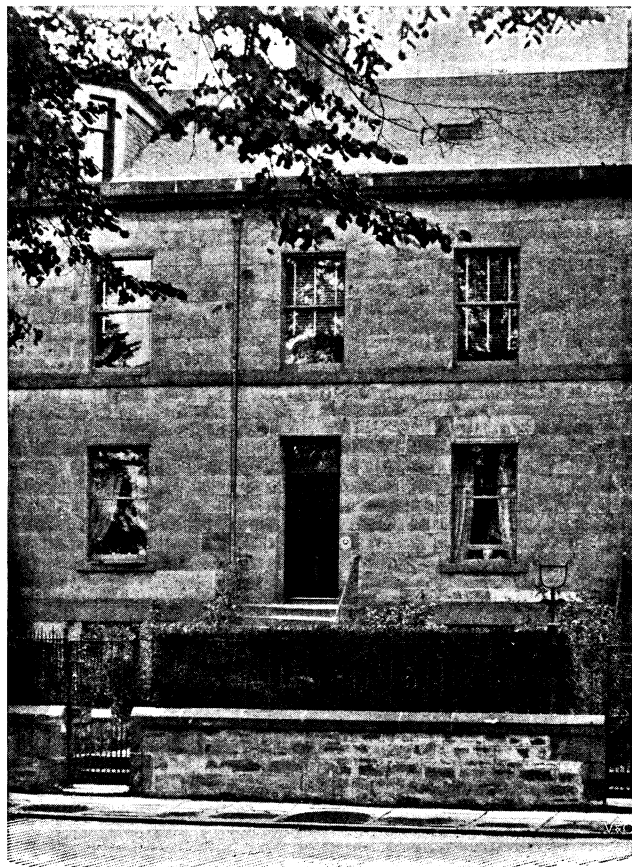
FROM London we removed to a Scotch county town, and there one night a curious incident took place which is engraved like an etching upon my memory. I was then about six years of age, and for some reason—delicacy, I think, and being an only child—I slept in a crib in the corner of my father and mother's bedroom. There was one door from this room opening upon the landing of the first floor, and opposite this door was the drawing-room; another door of the bedroom opened into my father's dressing-room, and that dressing-room had in its turn a door to the landing. I had said my prayers under the supervision of my good old nurse, who was in the custom of suggesting forgotten petitions and even inventing special confessions of sin, which I was not anxious to offer because they recalled too plainly the shortcomings of the day. This exercise over, she had tucked me in and told me to go to sleep, and I was drowsily watching her as she folded my clothes and laid them in their appointed place, when I heard my



mother's voice crying "Mary!" in a loud and excited note. Mary went out to the landing, and something passed between my mother and her, my mother standing in the lobby beneath. By this time I was wide awake, for anything unusual always excites a child, and then I was much impressed by Mary coming in with haste and locking the door to the landing, and, after attempting in vain to lock the dressing-room door, which seemed to have no key, placing her back

bell rang with great violence, and when the housemaid opened the door someone drove it back upon her so that she was pressed between the door and the wall, and then rushed along the lobby and, turning the corner, disappeared. All she could say was that it was a man who had passed, tall and, she thought, bearded. He had said nothing, and she knew not whether he had gone downstairs, where there happened to be at that time no servant, or into a bedroom at

the back of the house, or upstairs to either of the floors above. He had come in and he had disappeared, and he was hidden somewhere in the house. Who he was, and for what purpose he had come, none could tell, and as my father would not allow my mother to go upstairs she had besought Mary to lock herself and me into the bedroom, so that, whatever he might do, he should not injure her only child. After my father had placed my mother in the dining-room and quieted the housemaid, who was certain that we would all be murdered, and thought upon the whole she would be murdered first herself, for, as she said, he was a "fear-some-looking man," my father, a quiet and determined Scotsman, took a stick out of the stand in the lobby and proposed to go upon a search expedition. My mother, assured of her son's safety, was now concerned about her husband's, and would neither allow him to go into the darkness beneath nor to mount into the darkness above, considering that he might be attacked at any moment by this unscrupulous invader. In those circumstances, and feeling very foolish, my father went into a neighbour's

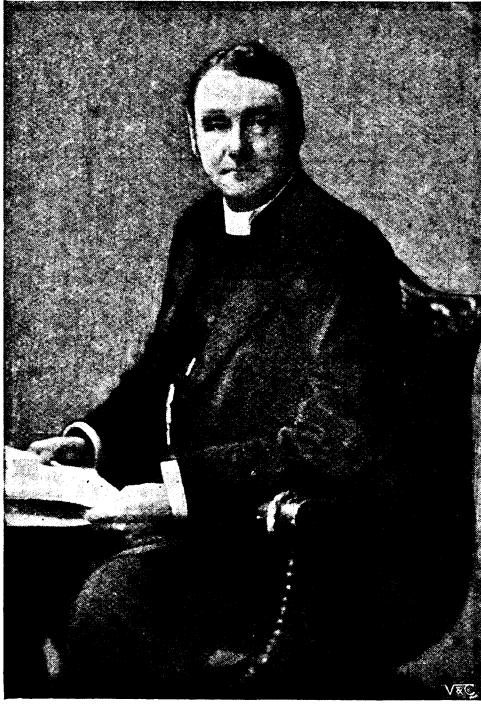


THE HOUSE IN MARSHALL PLACE, PERTH—THE SCOTTISH RESIDENCE ALLUDED TO.

against it as one determined it should not be opened. When I asked her what was wrong she told me to lie down and ask God to take care of me, and then I felt that there was danger somewhere, but from her I could get no information.

What had happened, as I heard afterwards, was certainly very alarming and enough to throw a quiet household into confusion. As my father and mother were taking some slight supper in the dining-room, the door-

house in order to obtain assistance, while during his absence my mother and the housemaid were locked securely into the dining-room. Next door my father was received with acclamation, for the Volunteer movement had just commenced in Scotland, and the son of the house and two friends were busy cleaning their rifles, and they felt that this was the first call to active service. They hastened to assure my father of their support unto death, and it was with great



"IAN MACLAREN" (REV. JOHN WATSON, D.D.)

*Photo by Rockwood, New York.*

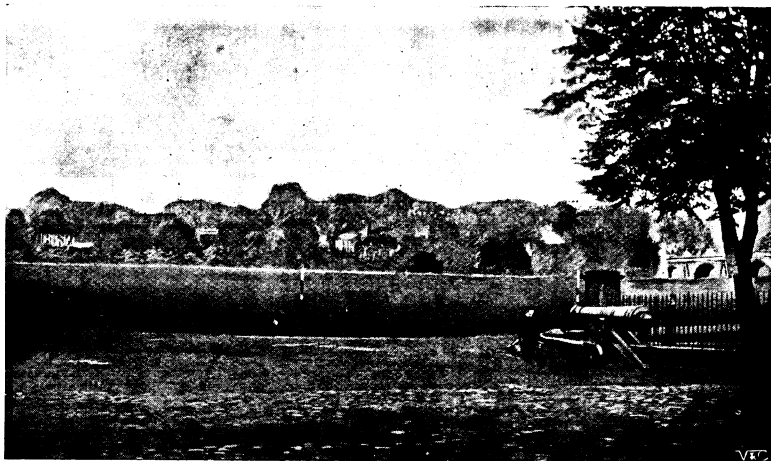
difficulty that he, a prudent man, could induce them to leave their rifles and bayonets at home. As it was, they armed themselves with murderous bludgeons such as young men carry, and came in a body to arrest the burglar. First of all they searched the lower floor, which, as I knew well through playing hide-and-seek, had endless places of concealment, and then they ascended the stairs to the drawing-room floor. As my father passed the bedroom door he inquired if all was well within, and I can still see Mary, with her back at the dressing-room door, assuring him that we were safe, and looking as if the burglars would have to pass over her body to get at the crib. Nothing but the strongest injunctions of my respected nurse kept me in the crib, for by this time I was assured that circumstances were happening in the house, and I was anxious to be in the thick thereof. The drawing-room was a large room extending across the front of the house, and that night was lit up with the light of the moon. My father went first and, as soon as he had opened the door, he saw the mysterious man standing upon the hearthrug. The light was on his face, and my father at once

recognised him, and with what seems to me extraordinary presence of mind turned round and arrested the army of Volunteers upon the threshold. He explained to them outside the door that there had been a mistake, and that the unexpected visitor was a friend. The Volunteers returned downstairs, and after my mother had thanked them for their friendly and courageous help, they left, deeply disappointed that they had not been able to prove their valour, and the more anxious to put their rifles in good order for the French. My father then went upstairs and spoke to the man on the hearthrug by name, as if it were the most usual thing in the world for a visitor to make his way to the drawing-room after this fashion. He was a retired officer who had done gallant service in India, and had suffered from sunstroke, so that at certain times he hardly knew what he was doing. As he was accustomed to come to our house—not only in our time, but much more in the time of the previous owner—the idea suddenly seized him as he was out walking that he would go to the old house, and, the sun warming his brain overmuch, he made this hasty entrance. He came to himself when my father spoke to him, and then, much puzzled as to how he had been standing alone in the dark room, he quietly went downstairs and bade my father good-night. My father, under pretence of taking a turn, walked with him to his home, and next day the old man, with a confused recollection of what had happened, came to apologise. My mother made as though nothing had happened, and I was glad that he had called, for he told me two stories of the Indian Mutiny which I had never heard before, and promised to show me his Victoria Cross.

### III.

DURING those days the Indian Mutiny took place, and English homes were filled with horror. Whether there were war correspondents in our modern sense in India or not I am not sure—of course, Dr. W. H. Russell had distinguished himself in the Crimean war, and his correspondence, bound in a red volume, was one of the delights of my boyhood—but I have a vivid recollection of pictures in the *Illustrated London News*, giving some of the scenes in the Mutiny. One represented a street, I suppose, in Lucknow, along which the English soldiers were fighting their way, while the enemy fired upon them from strange-looking houses. Standing by my father's side and looking

out on a green, peaceful meadow, where the children were playing and their nurses sitting by, he explained to me that women and children were that day in danger of death, and that our soldiers were fighting their way to the rescue. One of our Highland regiments greatly distinguished itself in the Mutiny, and all Scotland rang with the exploits of the 78th Ross-shire Highlanders, who had followed Sir Colin Campbell to the relief of Lucknow. When that regiment returned home, it was ordered to Edinburgh and was publicly reviewed in the Queen's Park by some distinguished general. My father had the excellent idea that a boy ought to be taught patriotism, and that his memory should be stored with a recollection of mighty deeds. For weeks before this



NORTH INCH, PERTH.

review he told me the history of the Highland regiments, from the days after the rebellion of 1745 on to the Crimean war, and especially he aroused my enthusiasm with the description of the long marches and gallant deeds of the 78th as they went to save the women and children from death.

The night before the review we went to Edinburgh, and early next morning we were



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE INCH.

astir, in order to obtain a good position. We were so fortunate through influence or good luck as to have our conveyance placed not far from the position of the reviewing general, so that we could see the regiment pass and salute. It was hours before the regiment appeared on the ground, but one boy at least did not weary, for there was always something happening. The ground was kept by men of a Hussar regiment who had distinguished themselves in the Crimean war, and from my place on the box of our conveyance I could see the medals on the breast of a Hussar who moved up and down in front of us. Now and again an officer would pass across the field at a gallop, and then there were distinguished people constantly arriving, and my father was careful to tell me their names and what they had done. Once an officer on horseback whom my father knew came up to the carriage and actually spoke to me. Imagine a boy some eight to nine years old, a mere nonentity like that, and this man in his gorgeous uniform—I think he must have been a Hussar, I do not know—mounted on a beautiful bay horse with glittering trappings which pawed the ground as it stood and flung the foam off its muzzle on the side of our conveyance, and with ever so many medals upon his breast; and he said something to this nonentity! These are the things a boy never forgets, and I imagined in a moment this man and horse in the centre of a charge, the horse leaping over the slain, and the officer waving his sword in the air and leading his men. What he said to me was treasured every word. "Well, my lad, you've come to see the Ross-shire Buffs; they are gallant fellows and they'll soon be here." That was all, to the last syllable, but they filled the heart of a boy with pride that the officer should have spoken to him at all. When he galloped off I followed him across the review-ground till he disappeared in the distance. By that time the sound of the bagpipes could be heard, and my father told me that the 78th had left the ancient castle of Edinburgh and come down the old High Street, and along the Cannongate, places where so many things have happened, and now were passing Holyrood, the palace where Queen Mary lived, and in a minute we would see them entering upon the ground. It may be the prejudice of one's blood, but there seems to me no music so stirring and warlike as the full band of a Highland regiment, bagpipes and drums together. In remembrance of Sir Colin Campbell and their

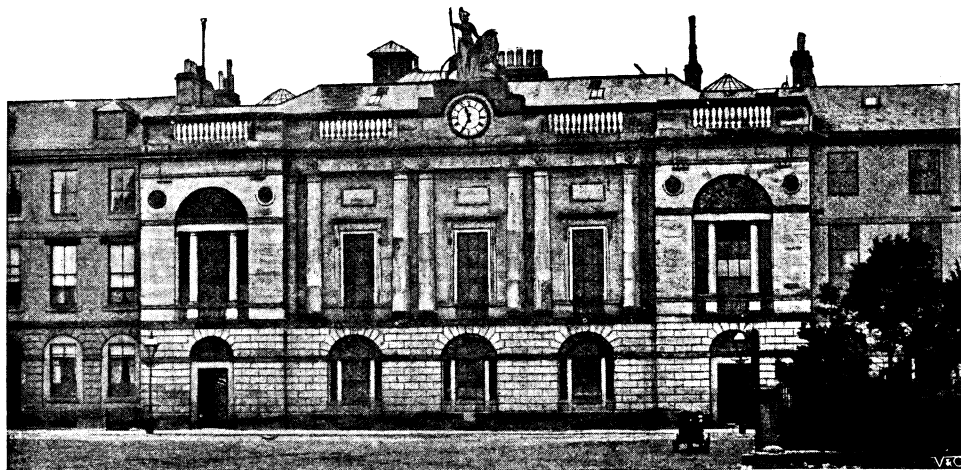
famous entry into Lucknow, the bagpipers of the 78th were playing "The Campbell's are Coming, Hurrah! Hurrah!" and then they swept round a curve and marched down the centre of the ground, the pipers and drummers first and then the colonel at the head of his men, and the regiment in marching order, with the major and adjutant on their horses bringing up the rear. They formed in long line and waited for the reviewing officer, who a few minutes later galloped on the ground with his staff. Then I stood upon the box leaning against my father, the band played "God Save the Queen," and the 78th saluted as the general went down the line, while even at that distance one could see the bronzed faces that told of the long Indian marches, and the medals upon their breasts glittering in the sunshine. When that salute was over, the general crossed the ground and took up his position close to where we were standing, and here again was something for an eight-year-old to see, for this man's name had been famous through the Crimean war, and my father told me that there was not a battle of the whole war in which the general had not fought. The 78th then formed into companies to march past the general. Leaning forward, one saw them far to the left, a solid mass in formation of eight companies. Clear and strong through the air I heard their colonel, who was now in front of them, cry, "78th, forward." The band in the centre of the ground struck up a quick-march, but I know not which it was, and then, company by company, each company like a single man in perfect step, with heads erect, the 78th passed the general, the officers saluting as they passed. As the colonel passed first the general returned his salute and said, "Welcome home, 78th!" After they had left the ground they marched before the hotel in Princes Street, where the Empress of the French was then staying, and she, who had seen many soldiers, declared that she had never looked upon a stronger or more martial body of men. As they passed that day in company, and as soon as the general had returned their salute, the people up and down the line burst into cheers, amid which one still hears voices crying, "Well done, 78th!" "You saved the women and children!" "The Highlanders for ever!" and such-like cries. Then it was that a boy's heart gave way and he wept. Of course he was fearfully ashamed, and thought that every person had seen him; but, indeed, the people were thinking of other things, and older folk than

he were weeping also. One thing is certain—that a boy can never forget such a gallant sight, and its remembrance after many years helps to make him a stronger man.

#### IV.

As my father and mother went to a Scotch church at some distance from our home in London, and as it is desirable that experiments with a beginner in church-going should be made in a strange place, I believe that I was taken to some kind of chapel in our district of London, where my mother did her best to break me in, and where I earnestly besought her at intervals to remove me from before the preacher's face. My first real recollections of public worship go back to a Free Kirk in a Scots town, and the situation of our pew and all its

solitary and awful, sat a distinguished local lawyer, who had the hospitality of our pew and conferred an honour by accepting it. An elbow-rest had been introduced at the top of the pew, on which he rested his left arm, and from beginning to end of the sermon he kept his eye upon the preacher. It was always explained to me that if I made any noise or did not sit perfectly quiet, this eminent person would be disturbed, and if he looked down the pew I understood that my life would be in danger. From time to time I glanced round the warm shelter of my mother's sealskin and was much relieved to find him still gazing at the preacher, and it sometimes occurs to me now—but these must be one's worst moments—that this revered and pious personage may occasionally have been asleep. What greatly



THE ACADEMY, PERTH.

circumstances are quite vivid. It was covered with green cloth, cushioned and hassocked, as were several other pews in the church—some being in red instead of green—in order to mark out the leading people in the church, which seems to me to have been a most hideous and unchristian custom, and one which a more spiritual idea of religion would never tolerate. Very comfortable, however, was this pew, and I sat next my mother, being allowed to rub my cheek in winter time against her sealskin jacket, and being supported at intervals of fifteen minutes with a peppermint drop of mild flavour, and not to be confounded at all with the peppermint drop of a bailie of Muirtown who sat seats behind us, but whose spice-laden breath blew like a gale over our pew. At the top of the pew,

cheered me and helped me through many a long, wearisome sermon was a pewful of Highland soldiers who sat before us. No sermon of that time has left the slightest trace upon my memory, nor do I think that I understood a single word that was preached; but I knew every one of the six soldiers by sight, and can still remember the order of their sitting. There was one sergeant who sat on the outside and had five medals. Five privates came with him, and each of them had medals, few or many. They were, I think, soldiers of the Black Watch, and I knew then everything which the Black Watch had done for a quarter of a century. There were times when the warriors also became sleepy, and then the sergeant used to look up the pew, and even, if necessary, cough aloud, when the men

instantly awoke and gave earnest heed to the preacher. It was a great consolation to the laddie in the pew behind to find that both he and the Highlanders were under the same rule and obliged to give the same painful attention.

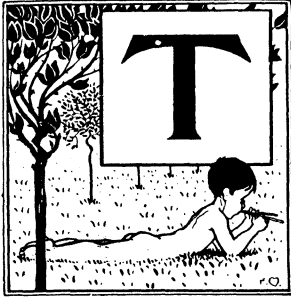
One day I was taken to church against all rule and order, for it was a week-day, and it was explained to me on the way that a new minister was to be ordained, who would come and see us and whom I was to consider as my minister. That day is like yesterday in my memory, not so much on account of the solemn service and the impressive rite of ordination according to the Scots Church, but on account of the enormous length of the whole proceedings. It seemed to me as if they would never come to an end, and as one minister after another mounted the pulpit, and each began a new sermon, despair seized my heart and the terror of the lawyer passed from before my eyes. The soldiers were not present, and the peppermints had long failed, and still the procession and the preaching continued; and in these circumstances, overcoming all sense of terror and, indeed, of decency, I demanded to be taken out, and my mother, ever weaker than my father, conducted me to the door of the church and set my nose in the direction of home. She reproached me, but I do not think she was angry, with my conduct, unworthy of my Kirk and nation; but the air was very sweet on the Meadow that day, and, crowning delight, the soldiers were drilling there, and I saw my friend the sergeant licking a dozen recruits into soldier-like form. I did not hunger for an interview with my father that afternoon, but there were so many ceremonies, with a dinner afterwards and something else in the evening, that I was asleep when he returned home, and he contented himself next morning by expressing his assurance that, whatever I might be fit for in after life, he had no hope whatever that I should become a minister of the Kirk, which shows that the unexpected happens.

What, however, left a deep impression upon my mind was the administration of the Lord's Supper according to the order of the Scots Church, for it is the custom of our Kirk to allow children to remain and to see the Sacrament. After my mother had herself communicated she sat with me in the pew,

and I watched my father, who was an elder, carrying the Holy Cup down the aisle of the church in the procession of the elders, and, after him, I was specially interested in an old man with very white hair and a meek, reverent face. Children have a keen understanding of character, and I was much taken with his gentleness, who always handed the bread which he carried with such a kindly look to the communicants, and who seemed to be engaged in a labour of love. One evening he called at our house, and my father, who was somewhat cold in his manner and was supposed, erroneously, to be proud, received the old elder with much respect, listening to what he said about religious things as one who was learning, and afterwards asking him to take prayers before I went to bed. The old man prayed for my soul, and asked that if it were God's will I might be spared to be a man and to be a minister of Jesus Christ. He afterwards placed his hand upon my head and blessed me, and I noticed again the sweetness of his face, and I also noticed that his hand was hard and worn as with daily toil. Some days afterwards I was walking on the main road that led to the north, and I passed a man breaking stones. Something about his white hair caught my attention, and I looked back and recognised the elder who had carried the bread and who had prayed that evening in our house. Full of wonder and curiosity, I told my father the strange tale, and I asked him whether it could be true. It seemed to me incredible that a stonebreaker should be an elder and a friend of my father. My father then explained to me that the reason why this old man held so high a place in the Church, and the reason why he respected him so much, was this: that although he was one of the poorest men in all the town, he was one of the holiest. "Remember," said my father to me—and this I have never forgotten, though the sermons have passed away—"the best man that ever lived upon this earth was the poorest, for our Lord had not where to lay His head"; and he added, "James breaks stones for his living, but he knows more about God than any person I have ever met." And I learned that evening, and I never have departed from this faith, that the greatest thing in all the world is character, and the crown of character is holiness.

# THE WRATH OF MRS. BARKER.

By B. A. CLARKE.\*



ALL as a tower and disproportionately stout was Mrs. Barker, the charwoman. Through the small events herein chronicled the historian sees her moving like a

column. Her cheeks were rough and cracked, and her arms, to the elbow. It was so all the year round, the penalty of Adam, "the season's difference" affecting her no whit. She would flush into chaps at the chiding of a rude north-easter, and at the wooing of a zephyr; and her mind chapped as readily as her skin. Everything that happened roughened her and made her sore—her neighbours' streaks of good fortune (she had none herself) and their misfortunes. As the latter were the more frequent, the trait must be accounted amiable. Few women of her class, or, indeed, of any class, have had such a gift of pity. She admitted every pathetic appeal, and this was her answer—rage. She could watch no one suffer without becoming "snappy."

When a breadwinner died, she lost her temper; and when her ten-year-old son had the mumps, her fury with him was terrible to see. Sometimes at the thought of how little she could do for George (Mrs. Barker was a widow earning an intermittent two shillings a day), she felt as if she could strike him. She never did strike him, but George, a scared, characterless child, took his mother's words at their face value and felt them as blows. When she sympathetically stormed at him, he cowered in terror. Mrs. Barker felt that her son was, in a measure, alienated from her, and fancied that it was because she could give him nothing but necessities, knowing that the child was yet to be born that will remain grateful for these. How should he guess that it was in her heart to do so much more?

There was one respect, indeed, in which she did less than other mothers of her class—she never paid for his clothes, one of her employers keeping George in suits. Of course they did not come to him new. The donor's own children did not, as a rule, have new clothes, except the eldest. When he had outgrown a suit, it became the turn of the second boy to watch it recede daily from his ankles and wrists. Sometimes George was the fourth occupant. The suit would be sponged and pressed before being handed over, and wonderfully well it would look. But after George had had it for a few days it was quite shabby. The poor child was a wonderfully hard wearer. Kind-hearted Mrs. Robinson (the patron) frequently commented upon the fact. "Your little boy can never have gone through that nice suit in three months. Why, do you know, my children made it last for two years," which shows, in comparison with the thrifty middle class, how very extravagant the poor are. Sometimes Mrs. Barker wished that her boy might be entrusted with garments that had been less highly tried.

Arising out of this, and out of the desire to regain George's affection, she resolved to buy him some clothes.

Walking along the Trafalgar Road one afternoon, the charwoman saw in a shop window a child's sailor suit. It was ticketed "The Pride of the Road, only 8/11." She looked and coveted, although the price was beyond her. The charm was a really astonishing detail and accuracy. Terminating in a leaden whistle was enough white cord to hang the future wearer, and a serge collar, or jumper, that was nautical to a degree; and Mrs. Barker knew how sailors dressed. There was a shop further up the road—a shop so large that it was in two minds as to whether it was a shop or an "emporium"—that boasted a direct, if melancholy, connection with the sea. Every autumn the proprietors held a sale of salvage goods, a tall ship laden exclusively with their merchandise having been wrecked. Attention was called to these periodic catastrophes by the display of a huge linen pictorial transparency, entitled, "Wreck of the *ex Maria*." It showed mountainous waves, a foundering vessel, and floating bales

\* Copyright, 1901, by Ward, Lock and Co., in the United States of America.



labelled "Gammon and Co., 247, Trafalgar Road." Drifting interspersed among these bales were drowned but neat sailors, dressed in suits that were the very model of "The Pride of the Road."

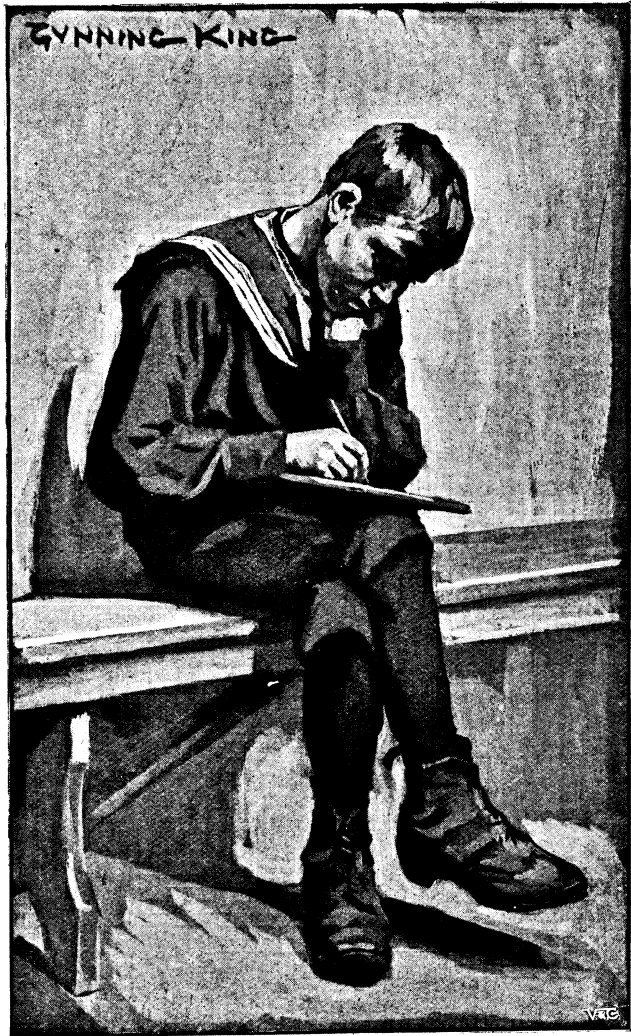
Mrs. Barker never went along the Trafalgar Road without looking longingly at the suit. One morning upon the ticket appeared the astounding words, "Reduced to 6/11." She bought it the same day; or, rather, a friend bought it, and held it until the charwoman could save the money. It was three weeks before she carried "the Pride" home. Before it was consigned to the ungentle usage of school, Mrs. Barker spoke a word on the subject of its treatment, using all the exaggeration that the custom of parents warrants. George gathered that his moral depravity was unique, and that his "hardness" as a wearer had become a public scandal.

"You've got a noo suit of your own," she said. "You let me see you go through it like you did through them others, and I'll make you wish you was anywhere but inside it!"

George paled and edged away from her. She gave him a little angry push. It was enough to exasperate a saint. Not a word had the child said to show that he realised her sacrifices (the daily glass of beer, and the rest), and he was willing to believe his mother capable of cruelty on no better evidence than her bare word.

When George was starting for school he was warned again, but in gentler strain. He must remember not to play in the streets—not to be splashed by exuberant 'bus horses—not to be caught in the rain. Above all, he would not encourage bigger boys in their moments of light-heartedness to roll him in the mud. In enumerating the sources of danger, Mrs. Barker did not mention that of too close absorption in school work, and it was on this rock the mariner made shipwreck. George was addicted to arithmetic; in a muddled universe it seemed the one clear thing. His mother's outbursts—the alternate

friendliness and brutality of his companions—seemed problems that were answerless, locks without keys. One puzzled and got no further. By contrast, a measured tramp through a page of sums was quite exhilarating. So, on this first morning of his splendour, George flung himself upon his arithmetic, not sparing a thought for his



"George flung himself upon his arithmetic."

neighbours; which was a mistake, as one of them was better worth study than any sum. He was a fluffy-headed, pink-and-white babe (really he looked no more), with a crimson button of a mouth that could straighten into colourless firmness if any will clashed with his own. His name was Roger Ford, but he was known as "Bunny," sometimes as "The

Rabbit," from an enviable control he possessed over the muscles of his nose. Also he could twitch his ears. There is generally in a school one boy that serves as a nucleus for legends, and here it was "Bunny" Ford. It was whispered that he was invulnerable to pins; buried to the head in his flesh, it was said, they caused him no pain. The experiment was never tried, it being understood that Bunny (possibly on the score of tidiness) objected to pins in his legs; there is a place for everything. This consideration for his wishes recalls another legend—that of his unnatural strength. It was believed that he was a match for an adult, or at least for a woman. This belief was really the outcome of a primitive instinct that boys retain for expressing all superiority in terms that are physical. If the Rabbit had beaten boys far bigger than himself, it had been by weight of character. A fight between two Trafalgar Road boys (even between two big boys) was usually brief and inglorious. The first face-blow ended it—the recipient burst into tears. Even the victor was appalled at the mischance, and accepted the blubbered abuse and the erratic stone (the consolations of the vanquished) with great meekness. But the Rabbit did not really begin to fight until he tasted his own blood. Beaten to a standstill in the morning, he would resume in the afternoon and, if need be, in the evening, continuing, indeed, until he got in the blow that reduced the opposing Goliath to sobbing infancy. Among such warriors as his companions he was a prodigy indeed. For a hero his mode of life was ideal. His manliness was not stained by the possession of a single relative. He lived in a tiny room with a chum, an orphan like himself, but some years older, who supported the two by the sale of newspapers. The babe kept house; no one could make a shilling go so far. He was the terror of small shopkeepers, who, between being beaten down in price by the Rabbit and being swindled by their wives (the women always weighed out just double what the child ordered), found his custom an expensive luxury. It was a glorious, Robinson-Crusoe-like existence. There was not a boy but would have renounced the whole of his relatives to share it. Bunny went hungry sometimes, but as a set-off he was never forced to eat what was merely wholesome; his clothes were ragged, but he might tear them at will. They did not consider that he had to mend them. It was this that weighed upon his mind while George was

working at sums. His knickerbockers needed a large patch; but where find the piece of cloth? And then, for the first time, his eye took in the full splendour of his neighbour. Here was an example of Fate's injustice—a boy, of no discoverable merit, clad so prodigally as to have a serge collar extending half-way down his back! A fraction of the cloth that flapped there so uselessly would mend his own windowed garment perfectly. And why not? He had a knife, one of the very best and largest, and the mere ripping of the cloth would be worth all the risk. It was an accident the Rabbit regretted that in cutting the jumper he slit the cloth below. George worked on quite unconsciously; his companions told him of his loss coming out of school.

"Bunny Ford cut it out—I see 'im," said a boy who had sat behind.

George put his hand to his collar, and his finger and thumb met through the gap.

Then for a moment he went mad.

"I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" he shrieked, rushing at his despoiler.

But the Rabbit had outfaced more formidable foes.

"You've got plenty left," he said quietly.

George hesitated, trembled, and burst into tears. He dared not strike this iron child. Even the poor consolation of revenge was denied.

There is no need to accompany him on his walk home—to share his creepings forward and his breaks back. Twice he turned about and ran. But where could he go?

Mrs. Barker had had the bad news an hour when her son's scared face peered round the door. She had not been angry until that minute. Rather had she been full of pity, of longing to comfort her son and kiss away his tears. But it was her misfortune, that while the thought of suffering occasionally softened her, the sight of it invariably made her hard—on the surface, at any rate.

"Ere, come in! Do you think I want to wait dinner all night?"

"E cut my coat wiv 'is big knife—the Rabbit did. I wasn't playing wiv 'im. I wasn't——"

"Oh! stop that blubbering, do! One would think I was going to 'it yer."

George came in, eyeing his mother doubtfully. She could not resist a maternal push as he went by. Relieved of his dread of punishment, George, during dinner, changed his attitude and offered himself as an object of pity.

"I was looking forward to the sailor

clothes. I suppose you won't never buy me a noo suit again?"

"Well, we will see," said his mother not unkindly. Her pitying wrath with him had been expelled by anger of a fiercer sort. She was thinking about the despoiler. He should suffer assuredly. The complaint should not be lodged with his parents—the charwoman knew what that meant—but carried straight to the head master.

"'E 'asn't any parents. 'E lives all alone with a boy that sells papers."

Mrs. Barker arose and put on her bonnet.

"I shan't need to bother the Schoolmaster. I will make the little brute smart!"

"So did big Johnson. 'E knocked out the Rabbit's toof. 'E cut 'is head. 'E made 'im bleed. But the Rabbit beat. E's smaller than me, but e's as strong"—George cast about for a comparison that would do justice to his persecutor—"as a omnibus."

"Pooh!" said Mrs. Barker, tying her strings, "he's a mere child."

Then she inquired the address and set out. As she walked along, she smiled at the recollection of her son's anxious face. Positively he feared she would be over-matched.

Bunny Ford was at work upon his mending when the avenger noiselessly entered the room. She had felt her footing upon the stairs with the sagacity and deliberation of an elephant. There had not been a warning creak. The Rabbit's back was towards the door. He worked in his shirt-sleeves, and the knickerbockers were on his lap. He was delightfully defenceless, but Mrs. Barker did not think of that. Her eye followed the needle. She noticed that the thread used was much too long, and that every time the worker brought the needle through the cloth, he had to stretch his arm to the full, and that whenever this happened his shirt-sleeve fell back, revealing a sharp little elbow. For the moment she forgot George's wrongs and her own. She was angry, furiously angry, but it was the wrath all good women feel at seeing a male doing their work. The feeling mastered her. She ran forward and snatched up the knickerbockers.

"You limb!" she shrieked, "you let me catch you sewing again!"

Then she cut the stitches and pulled out the threads. The stolen piece of cloth fell upon the floor.

Bunny Ford made no resistance, but crossed his legs upon the bed and prepared for something interesting.

Mrs. Barker eyed the piece of cloth

(George's cloth) rather ruefully and proceeded to patch it into the knickerbockers. She was not a very good needlewoman, as a rule, but now, nettled by an absurd male rivalry, she did her very best, Bunny for his own future guidance taking note of her methods.

"You mend better than me," he said simply.

It was a long job, but Mrs. Barker did not weary. She was feeling too pleased. In one detail her errand had failed (the piece of cloth was lost irrevocably), but otherwise what could be better than the turn things had taken? To the original vengeance had been added the heightening of surprise. The Rabbit played round her unsuspectingly. What a moment it would be when she threw off the mask!

And meanwhile the babe chattered and showed his treasures—some transfers taken off on the fly-leaves of school books, and a pound-of-tea presentation picture, the gift of a grocer's lady; his housekeeping did not include tea by the pound. The picture showed (in four bright colours) a beautiful girl in blue satin, at her prayers. He told Mrs. Barker that this was a picture of his mother (did ever anyone hear a child tell such wicked stories?), and, laying it upon the bed, smoothed it out lovingly with dirty, dimpled hand.

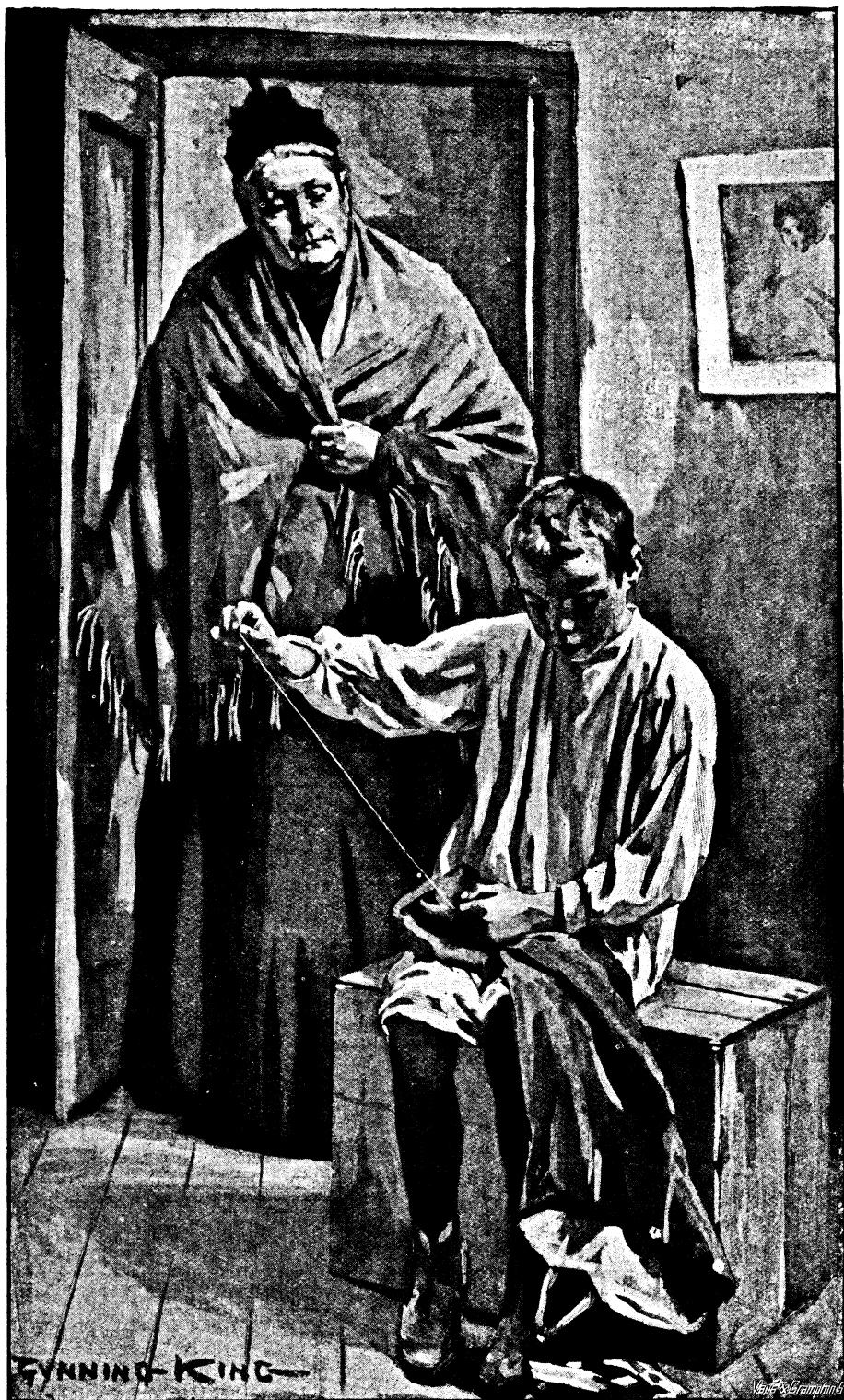
At last the task was finished.

"There," said Mrs. Barker maternally (as maternal speech was understood in the neighbourhood), "you knock out that knee again, and I'll skin you! But I'll do that, anyhow."

"I like you," said the Rabbit irrelevantly. It was noticeable throughout that he paid no attention to the woman's mere words.

Mrs. Barker flushed. The time had come to start the knocking about, and it was less amusing than it had seemed further off. For one thing, she did not know how to begin. This huge red woman had never struck a child in her life.

The Rabbit standing on the bed pulled on his knickerbockers, she weakly watching him. His tiny shirt (there are two garments that are pathetic, a woman's shawl and the shirt of a small boy) and his diminutive braces contrasted with his full-grown self-reliance and caught at her heart-strings. She gave him an indignant push. Afterwards she liked to think that, uninterrupted, she would have advanced from that to something very terrible. But at this moment there was a crashing upon the stairs,



"Bunny Ford was at work upon his mending when the avenger noiselessly entered the room."

followed in a few seconds by the appearance of a red-headed Hooligan, with a murderous buckle belt. At sight of the imperturbable Rabbit he gaped in amazement.

"What's she doing here?" he asked threateningly.

"She's a brick!" said the Rabbit, patting the widow protectingly upon the back. "She's been mending my knickers."

The new comer threw his weapon into a corner and made what purposed to be a military salute.

"Did you see anything of the other woman, mum?" he asked respectfully.

"What other woman?"

"They told me one had gone up to knock the Rabbit about. That's why I run home. 'Ave you seen her?"

"No!"

"I suppose she heard you was here, and was afraid to come. Now I am home I may as well have some tea. Rabbit, look alive!"

"Three?" asked the child.

"Of course."

Mrs. Barker accepted the implied invitation. If there was to be any revenge, she must outstay this champion. Besides, it would be interesting to see how these lost males fared. The Rabbit scampered about with a will. From a cupboard he fished out half a loaf and a gallipot of dripping, two cups, and two cracked plates. These were supplemented from the cupboard of a neighbour on the next floor, the same friend allowing him to boil his kettle upon her fire.

"Three spoonfuls," said the Hooligan resolutely. No one should say that he could not "do it" upon occasion. Mrs. Barker found herself sitting down with the boys, feeling very much as if she were somebody else. Really, the meal was very enjoyable. The tea, by the taste of it, might have been made and poured out in a Christian manner.

The Hooligan did the honours, and with something of a flourish. Directly after tea he ran off to sell his papers, but not before he had commended his little chum to Mrs. Barker for protection against the other woman.

"Oh! I am not afraid of any woman," said the Rabbit cheerfully.

Again opportunity stared in the charwoman's eyes; but it was impossible to rise straight from a meal and assault one's host. There must be a decent interval. To occupy this (she hated idleness) Mrs. Barker scrubbed out the room.

"How ever you two dared to think of setting up by yourselves beats me!"

When she had finished and had dried her hands upon her dress, she knew that the moment had at last come. Without stultifying herself, she could not go back leaving the wrong-doer unchastised. A beating would do him good, and, after all, it was not essential that the operation should hurt. Even at that, however, there was a difficulty about starting in cold blood. If she could engage him in some half friendly tussle, it would be possible to work up from that. She recalled how George squirmed, and resolved to work herself into the proper temper by forcibly scrubbing young Ford until he was as bright as a new pin. He really needed washing.

Having filled a basin with hot water, she suddenly caught hold of the Rabbit. But he came quite willingly. Like the rest of the proceedings, the move seemed novel and interesting. He had never met anyone like Mrs. Barker before. It was a terrific ordeal he was subjected to, and if the charwoman had not been naturally vindictive, it would have more than satisfied her craving for revenge. Even the gentlest women reveal a strain of cruelty in dealing with dirt, confusing often the foe with his lurking-place. In hunting the enemy out of an ear or an eye, they act as if in hostile territory. The Rabbit suffered all this. In addition, his eyes smarted with hot water, and his mouth became an active volcano of soapy lava. But he did not complain. He had a notion that this was his guest's queer way of showing friendliness. Had his schoolfellows seen him, his reputation would have suffered; but their ideas on manliness were not his. He had never had to fight against feminine ministration. He only thought it odd, well meant, and rather unpleasant.

Then Mrs. Barker did his hair. She was not rough with the tangles, but this was mere selfishness. Any woman would have enjoyed ordering such fluffy curls.

And now, unless her visit was an imposture, she must come to the chastisement.

"Do you know who I am?" she said suddenly, in a most fearful voice.

"No."

"Well, I am George Barker's mother—the boy whose coat you cut. I am the woman who has promised to thrash you within an inch of your life."

"I said I wasn't afraid of any woman," said the Rabbit quietly.

Mrs. Barker glared at him, but he steadily looked her down. Her eyes fell before his. It was as George had foretold. She had met



"Mrs. Barker found herself sitting down with the boys."

more than her match. It made it worse that his ascendancy was not a physical one. To be outfaced by a babe and sent about her business! Very abashed was Mrs. Barker as she turned round and walked away. She was pleased that the Rabbit came after her to explain that he had not meant to spoil the suit, but that did not restore her pride. It was so obvious that the apology had not been prompted by fear, and yet shame was not the sole emotion. There was an odd sort of joy, too. There had been more in the Rabbit's face than mere defiance. There had been comprehension. He had understood, as George would never have understood, why it was impossible for her to raise her hand. A child's mind is a clear pool, and on its margin there is generally a woman peering into the waters for a softened reflection of herself; but the surface is easily troubled. George's mind ruffled at a breath, and in the ripples his mother saw her

features distorted out of humanity. But from the orphan's clear depths it was a good woman that had smiled back at her. Despite the ignominy of her return, the expedition was scarcely regretted.

When Mrs. Barker got back to Salisbury Buildings, she found the doorway thronged by gossiping neighbours. She tried to pass through with a short "Good evening," but the talkers knew of her mission and chorused for information. It was the very situation she had been dreading. However, by selecting for answer only the most convenient questions, she came through the ordeal triumphantly. Her reputation for hardness was even increased. You must picture her standing under the fanlight, her huge red arms crossed, and her face some six inches above the others, which are pushed upwards towards her.

"Law! Mrs. Barker, what a time you've bin! Whatever have you bin doing to him?"



"His friend was there, and I had to wait until he left."

"And then you torked to the young master?"

Mrs. Barker caught at the equivocation.

"Yes," she said grimly. "I torked to him. You can say that. I torked to him."

"She combed 'is hair for 'im, I'll be bound," said a lover of justice gleefully.

"Yes, I combed his hair for him. When I had finished," she added, with a flash of humour, "you wouldn't have known him."

A soft-hearted auditor edged away, but the others were eager for detail.

"You made him smart?"

"Yes, I made him smart; and, what is more," she said, her voice rising to an

excited shriek, "I ain't done with him! Before he's a week older I shall go round and make him smart again."

Then she pushed her way through. She devoted what was left of the evening to mending the serge jumper with a piece of inconspicuous tweed. George, still awed by the morning's tragedy, moved about quietly. Mrs. Barker had it in her mind to say something gentle and reassuring, but, not finding the words, contented herself instead with kissing him when he was asleep.

Such was the wrath of Mrs. Barker, a wrath that was discussed until it became a legend. To this hour rebellious children of Salisbury Buildings have their young blood chilled by the story of Mrs. Barker and her terrific dealing with Bunny Ford.



IN THE SWANNERY AT WOBURN ABBEY

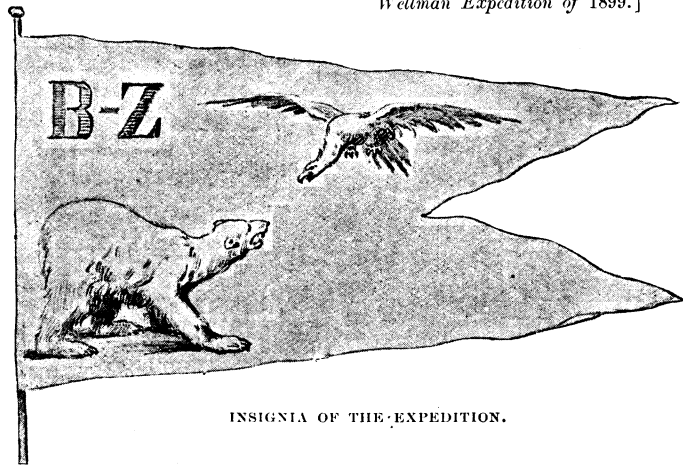
*A photographic study by Charles Reil, Wishaw.*

# HOW I HOPE TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.

BY EVELYN BRIGGS BALDWIN,\*

*Commander of the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article constitutes Mr. Baldwin's only announcement to the public of the plans and purposes of the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition, which recently sailed from Tromsø, Norway. Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, the commander of the Expedition, was born at Springfield, Missouri, July 22, 1862. After studying and travelling in Europe many years, he entered the service of the United States Government as observer in the Signal Service. Mr. Baldwin accompanied the Peary Expedition of 1893-1894 as meteorologist. In 1897 he journeyed to Spitzbergen, hoping to join Andrée's expedition, but there was no room for him in the balloon-car. Later he accompanied the Wellman Expedition of 1899.]



INSIGNIA OF THE EXPEDITION.

**T**O solve the mystery that lies hidden at the North Pole has been for many years the cherished ambition of my life. That I am now accorded an opportunity to realise this ambition is due to the patriotic munificence of Mr. William Ziegler, of New York, who has placed at my disposal unlimited means to carry out my plans.

Certainly no expedition ever sailed for the North with so comprehensive an equipment as ours, or perhaps with prospects half so bright.

From the very first Mr. Ziegler has evinced a sympathetic interest in the fruition of the single purpose which I have so long kept steadfastly before me. On the day when he made my heart glad by announcing that he would finance the expedition, he said: "I do not want to see any but an American win the honour of the discovery of the North Pole, when so many of our brave countrymen have sacrificed their lives in the effort to attain it. I think America is great enough and progressive enough to have that distinction."

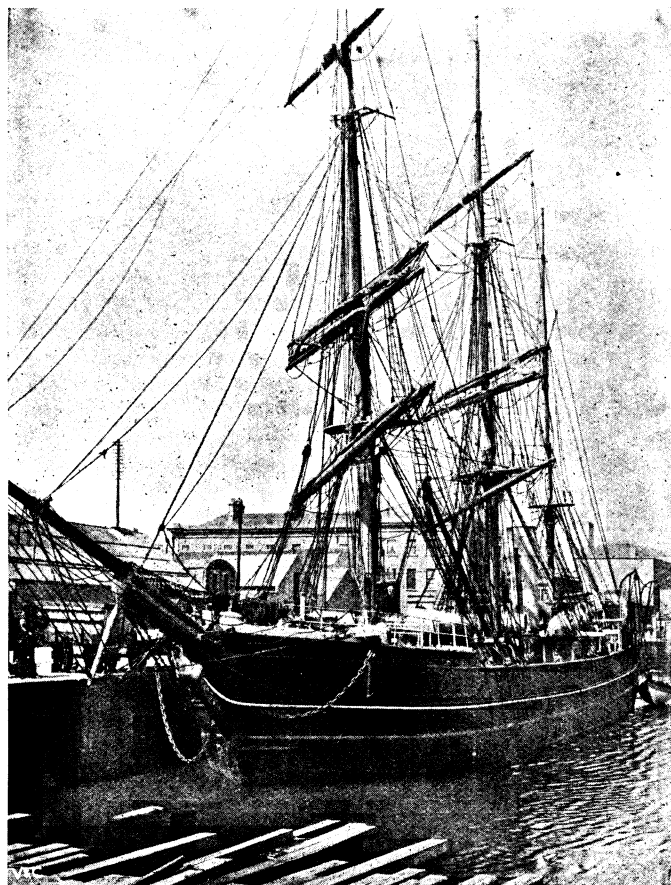
To Mr. Ziegler, therefore, will belong much—I may, without doing my comrades injustice, say at least half the credit, or glory, as it is commonly expressed, if this expedition succeeds in planting the Stars and Stripes first at the Pole. Our fleet comprises three vessels. The *America*—our flagship, as someone has expressed it—is a three-masted ship-rigged steamer of 466 tons net burden, driving a single screw. Her length over all is 157 feet; beam, 27 feet; depth,

19 feet. She is constructed of solid oak throughout, having a sheathing of greenheart from keel to waterline. She is two feet thick on her sides, these increasing to two and a half at the bow. Only two years ago she was given a new keel and hull, and shortly before this new boilers and engines added to her original power or capability of pushing her way through difficult fields of Polar ice. Moreover, in addition to the foregoing, and for the present voyage, she has been provided with new masts, decks, and special accommodations for the crew. Besides all this, she now boasts enrolment as a steam yacht in the New York Yacht Club, the burgee of which I have the honour to fly from her mast-head. Before being rechristened, she was held to be the crack whaler of the entire Dundee fleet; and after all the repairs and overhauling at Dundee had been done, I felt certain that I had beneath my feet as staunch and true a craft as I could wish for.

The *Frithjof*, a Norwegian sailing-vessel, that has seen much service in the Arctic seas, was chartered to serve as a tender or supply steamer to the *America*. She is of the same general construction as the *America*, although smaller, registering 260 tons net. Her cargo capacity is about 300 tons. In 1898

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she bore me to Franz-Josef Land; in 1899 she carried the Swedish Expedition under Professor Koltoff from Spitzbergen to Greenland; and now, in 1901, I expect to take her farther north than she has ever been before. I consider her peculiarly well adapted to the work mapped out for her, being in command of Captain Kjeldsen, who, for more than a quarter of a century, has taken many a vessel from Norway to Spitzbergen and Franz-



THE "AMERICA," FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT DUNDEE JUST BEFORE SAILING.

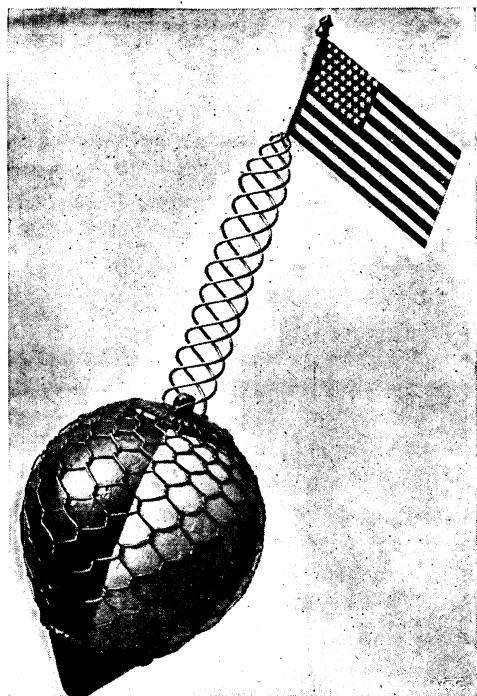
Josef Land, in the ice which challenges man's utmost skill in making a passage. It was Kjeldsen, too, who, twenty-eight years ago, was in command of the tender *Isbjorn*, which acted as a supply vessel for the *Tegethoff*, the steamer under command of Payer, which bore the Austro-Hungarian Expedition northward on its eventful voyage of discovery—the discovery of Franz-Josef Land itself.

The third vessel is the *Belgica*, which carried the Belgian Antarctic Expedition of 1897–1899, under Captain Gerlache. Her experience in quest of scientific treasures from the southern regions of ice, as described in Dr. Frederick A. Cook's "Through the First Antarctic Night," likewise bears testimony that she is well fitted for arduous work in the North. She, too, is similar in construction to the *America*, and is 110 feet long, 26 feet wide, and draws 15 feet of water. Under the able direction of Captain John Bryde and the sturdy crew of Norwegians, I do not doubt for a moment that she will accomplish the mission which I have established for her.

The *America*, after taking on all that part of her supplies purchased in the American and European markets, sailed from Dundee, Scotland, for Tromsøe, Norway, at midnight on June 28th, and was there joined by the *Frithjof*. By the time this article is published both vessels will be well on their way fulfilling their respective missions.

The *Frithjof*, while she will carry a large portion of our equipment, will be used to augment our supplies from the resources of the Northern Seas. She will have on board a party of skilled hunters, trained by long experience in the chase of seals, walrus, bears, etc., and from my knowledge of the regions which she is to traverse I am convinced that a large cargo of game will thus be procured. This meat will be deposited at various points on the islands

in the southern portion of Franz-Josef Land, where stations will be established for the subsistence of our large pack of dogs. Numerous places are well known to me where game can be secured, even after the freezing over of the seal late in the autumn, and I purpose utilising this knowledge in order to keep our pack of dogs at all times in the best possible condition. In other words, we intend, as it were, to



ONE OF THE "AMERICA'S" LARGE SIZE BUOYS.

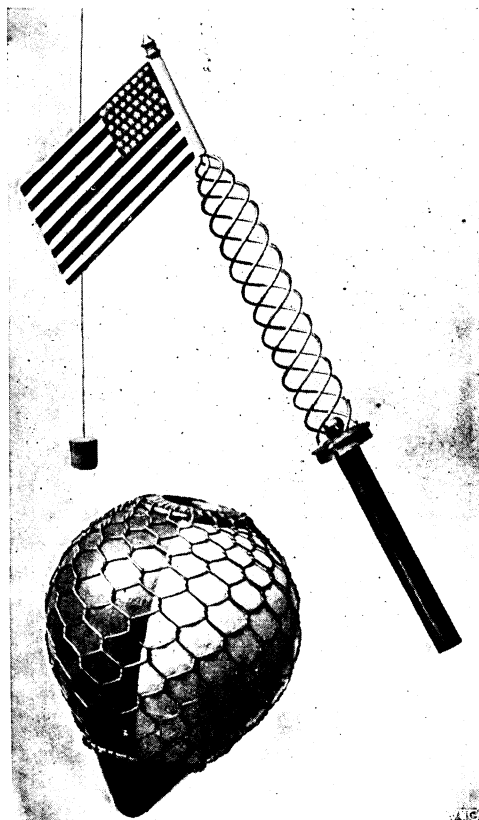
colonise Franz-Josef Land, temporarily, at least.

From Tromsøe the *America* will proceed to Solombala, in the district of Archangel, on the White Sea, arriving there late in July. Here she will take on the 400 dogs, fifteen Siberian ponies, and a large quantity of other equipments which were purchased more than a year ago. At the present time these are being brought overland from beyond the Ural Mountains in Siberia by Trontheim, who furnished the dogs for Dr. Nansen, for the Duke of the Abruzzi, and for other expeditions. Here, also, six well-chosen young Siberians, well trained in the handling of dogs, will bring our expedition membership to forty-two in number, this being exclusive of the crews of the *Belgica* and the *Frithjof*. From Solombala the *America* will proceed to Hammerfest, Norway, to take on the very last shipments of supplies which are being forwarded to that port by the *Auguste Victoria*. These supplies will include a duplicate shipment of machinery for our gasoline launch, the original having in some unexplained manner gone astray.

This done, the *America* will direct her course toward Franz-Josef Land. Here she will work in conjunction with the *Frithjof*, it being my desire to proceed with both

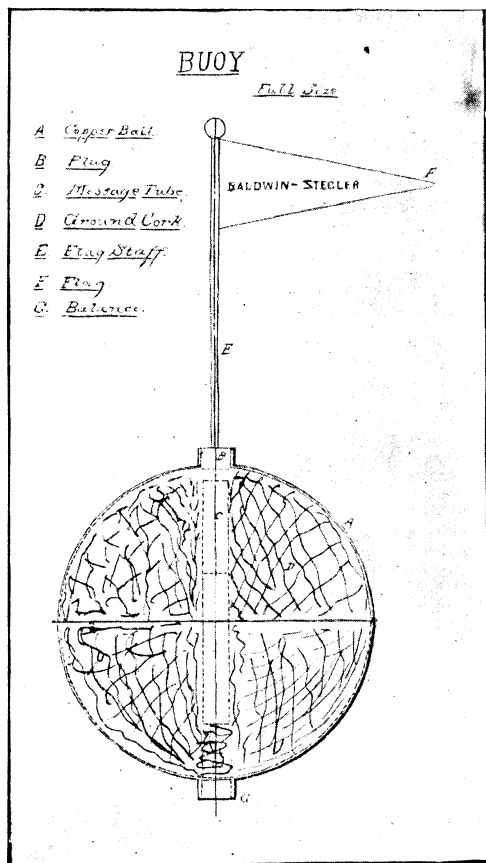
steamers as far northward through the British Channel as possible, their ultimate destination being Prince Rudolf Land, upon which the Italian Expedition spent the winter of 1899-1900. So much I can, however, scarcely hope for, and I shall be well content if I can establish the main station of the expedition at some point on the eastern side of the British Channel, on about the eighty-first degree north latitude. The manœuvring of the two ships will continue as long as the conditions of the ice may permit, until about August 20th, when the *Frithjof* will discharge her cargo on the most convenient ground and then return direct to Tromsøe.

With the freezing up of the waterspaces between the islands of Franz-Josef Land, it will be comparatively easy to move our entire pack of dogs with sledges loaded with game to a still more northern point—to some spot where we shall hope that the *America* may remain frozen in and our headquarters be established. Then will begin the work of transporting all of our necessary supplies and



LARGE SIZE BUOY: CYLINDER AND FLAG-STAND DRAWN OUT.

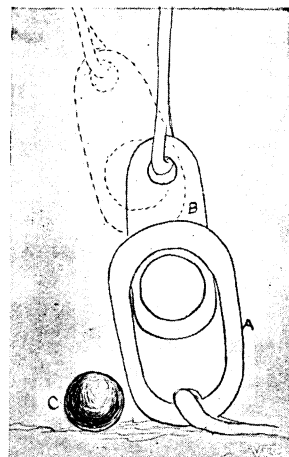
equipment to the very northernmost point in Franz-Josef Land, where we shall build houses and establish an additional base for the winter. In order to facilitate the movement of this large expeditionary equipment, use will be made of the fifteen Siberian ponies, each of which is capable of drawing from 900 lb. to 1,200 lb. The Siberian pony is well suited for the work required of it in this expedition, being inured to cold and



FACSIMILE REDUCTION OF A FULL SIZE BUOY DIAGRAM.

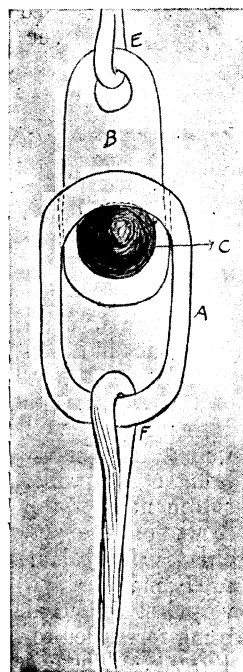
exposure, and accustomed to eat not only grain food, but dried fish-heads as well. Owing to the generally level character of the ice between the islands, this transportation should be readily accomplished. The value of these animals may be estimated from the fact that each is capable of drawing as much dead weight as a team of twenty dogs could do, and some of them will, therefore, be used in our first part of our dash to the Pole, being slaughtered from time to time for dog

food; or we may decide to slaughter them all after they have aided us in the transportation of supplies to our northernmost house in the world—that is, on the northernmost point of Franz-Josef Land. Here their flesh will be kept over winter in hermetically sealed tanks made for this purpose. On an average we shall probably derive 800 lb. of good dog food from each pony, all of which, it will thus be seen, will not only have transported a large weight of equipment and food upon the sledges, but also itself upon its own legs. We also have with us a twenty-two foot gasolene launch, which will be of great service in the waterways between the islands, where the current is too strong to permit the surface to freeze early in the fall. Three portable houses will also be carried, and these are to be erected successively at intervals of, say, twenty miles, thus giving us movable headquarters or stations from time to time. Each of these houses weighs about 1,000 lb., and, being in sec-



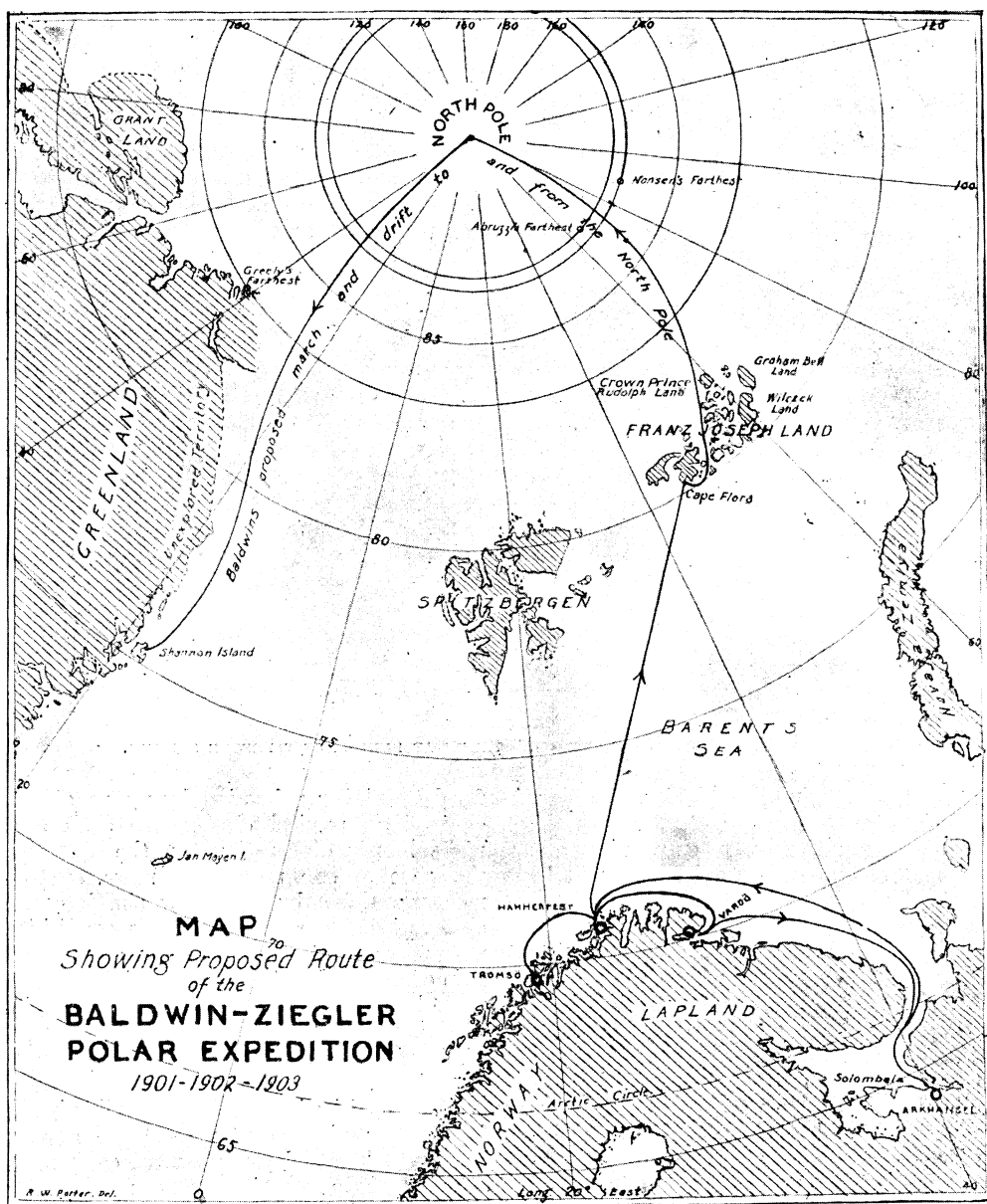
SKETCH OF BALDWIN BUOY LIBERATOR.

Showing the action of the liberator when the buoy attached to the ellipse A touches either the water or ice. The disc B drops through the slit at the top of A, and releases the steel ball C, thus freeing the buoy. Relieved of the buoy's weight, the balloon rebounds into the air.



SKETCH OF BALDWIN BUOY LIBERATOR.

A is an ellipse of steel slit at the top to admit the disc easily. B, in the inner rim at the top of the ellipse A, is a socket or groove into which the upper surface of the steel ball C fits snugly, thus preventing the ball from slipping out so long as there is even the slightest strain at E and F.



tions, can be readily erected or taken down in thirty minutes or even less time. As each house is built with an air-space between the walls—that is to say, double—in case it should be found desirable, one wall only need be used at any one station, and instead of three houses we shall therefore have six. As each house will then weigh but 500 lb., our work of establishing these stations will be further facilitated.

At our base station, more particularly on

the *America*, the following scientific work will be energetically carried on.

Continuous meteorological records, such as the direct readings of the barometers and thermometers, checked by the self-registering barographs and thermographs; the force and direction of the winds, including the use of the anemometer in order to determine their velocities; humidity of the air and amount of precipitation. By means of the theodolite and the nephoscope we shall en-





Mr. Baldwin.

OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE "AMERICA," TAKEN AT DUNDEE JUST BEFORE SAILING.

deavour to determine the velocity, direction, and height of the upper clouds. Special observations and records concerning the phenomena of the Aurora Borealis will be made. In determining the height of the upper clouds as well as of the Aurora Borealis, we shall make use of the telephone, having a line not less than a few miles in length, at either end of which will be stationed an observer, thus giving us our base-line from which to form our calculations.

Our magnetic work will comprise absolute readings each Monday, relating to inclination, declination, and horizontal and vertical intensity; every Tuesday, readings of declinations and horizontal intensity will be made at five-minute intervals for twenty-four hours. On our sledge trips we shall determine the declination at every stopping-place. At our base station our astronomer will determine accurately our latitude and longitude, the latitude by means of a fine zenith telescope, and the longitude by the observations of certain stars. Time determinations for pendulum swings will be made by means of a meridian transit having a focal length of twenty inches and an aperture of two and one-half inches. Observations on low stars at low temperatures will be frequently made

for determining refraction by means of the eleven-inch vertical circle. We shall also make hourly observations on the tides for the space of two months or more, supplementing these by as many simultaneous observations at outlying points as conditions may permit. As extensive and accurate a map of Franz-Josef Land as possible will be made by means of triangulation and the use of the topographical camera. Determination of gravity will also be noted by means of pendulums.

The expedition is exceptionally well equipped for photographic work, no expense having been spared to make our camera equipment complete. In addition to a number of cameras specially manufactured for this trip, and fitted for both films and plates, the *America* has on board a moving-picture apparatus, and with this we shall hope to secure many realistic scenes of our exciting life in the North; besides this, we are to use a recently invented apparatus known as the omniscope, by means of which we shall be able to obtain panoramic views of extensive scenes, such as the chase of the walrus, bear, and seal, and panoramic views of coastline glaciers, far effects, our large transport teams, encampments, etc.

Paintings and sketches, too, not only of Arctic life, but also of its indescribable colour and magnificence, will be made by special artists who accompany us.

The failure of former Arctic expeditions is attributable either to lack of proper equipment, or to inability to transport it over the long stretches of treacherous sea-ice. The history of nearly all the expeditions which, since Hudson's time, have set forth to determine the secrets so jealously guarded by the Ice Sphinx of the North conclusively proves this. The present expedition, however, typifies the spirit of the twentieth century, in that it will be enabled to take up the quest where our predecessors were compelled to abandon it.

Our food supplies are of the best quality, and our stores are complete. We carry over 100 tons of dog food alone, including pemmican, dried fish, and dog biscuit. Even the dog food is well suited for human consumption. We have with us, too, a large stock of what might be termed luxuries according to Arctic requirements, many of

which would tempt the taste of the most fastidious epicure. The list of our eatables would be far too long to be repeated here. Let a few samples suffice. Of course there is beef in all its condensed forms—extracts, tablets, etc.—pork and beans, in the form and size of an ordinary biscuit, which may be eaten as one would partake of a cracker, or boiled as a nourishing and wholesome soup. We have a sufficient supply of coffee in tablet form known as "kado." This preparation represents the very quintessence of the berry. A single tablet will make a cup of good coffee, but I value it chiefly because a tablet may be eaten without being prepared in the usual manner, affording as much cheer and warmth to the stomach in this as in any other form. Kado will be of great service as part of our noonday lunches on the sledge trips, when there is little or no time to prepare cooked meals. We also carry 1,500 tins of crystallised eggs. This product was manufactured at St. Louis, Missouri, under my own supervision, and from a stock of last spring's eggs—72,000 of them. Fruits

Meander.

Hartt.

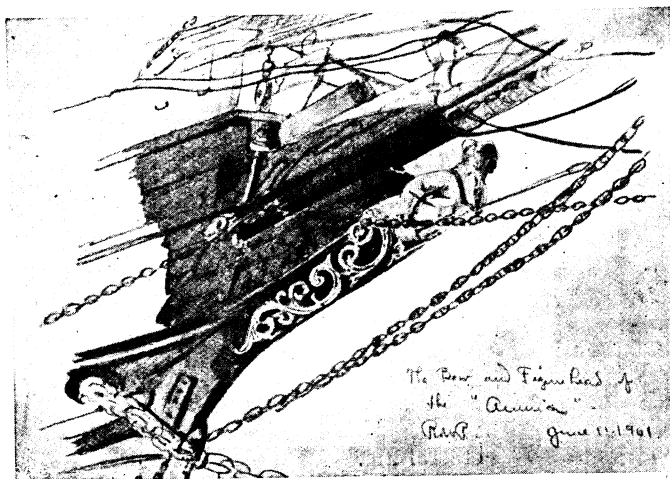


Johanssen.

Bergendahl.

Asil.

OFFICERS AND ENGINEERS OF THE "AMERICA."



BOW AND FIGUREHEAD OF THE "AMERICA."

and vegetables, too, of all varieties, both evaporated and tinned, form an important part of our stores. Of condensed milk, chocolate, and lime-juice tablets we are also supplied in the most generous manner. In brief, our larder lacks nothing that foresight, experience, and the generosity of Mr. Ziegler could suggest or procure.

Perhaps the greatest element that promises success in my plan to reach the Pole is the fact that I purpose to compel a large portion of our food for both dogs and men to transport itself. I believe that the large pack of dogs which I have been most fortunate, indeed, in securing, will help me very materially to solve the knotty problem which has baffled the illustrious men who have gone before me. It will be recalled that when Captain Cagni, of the Italian Expedition, set out on his perilous journey, he had with him about 100 dogs; upon his return but seven remained. The dogs were necessarily overladen to transport their own and their master's food.

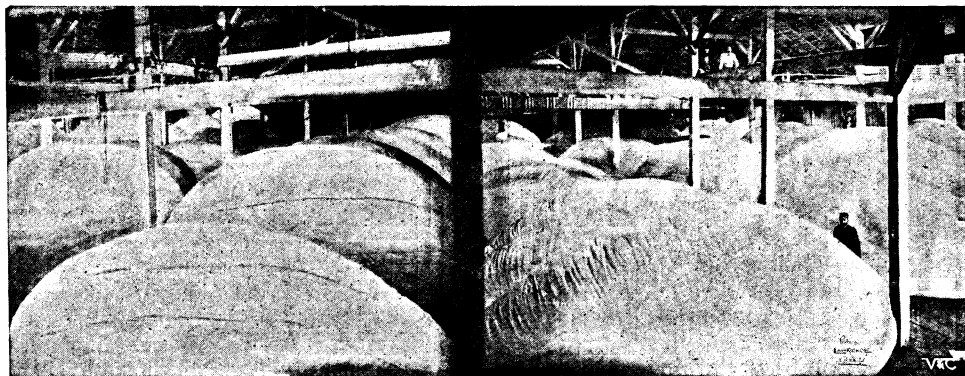
The load for sledges as adopted by other explorers has been from seventy-five to one hundred pounds dead weight for each dog. Dogs thus laden, being forced constantly to put forth their utmost efforts to draw their loads, fell into a poor condition, their energy being overtaxed from the start of each day's journey to the finish. The insufficient food with which they were forced to content themselves contributed to their lack of drawing power, and even when a dog died by the wayside, he was so emaciated that his body supplied but scant nourishment for his fellows. I have contended for several years

that this overweighting was injudicious—nay, fatal, and I shall at no time assign a greater weight than fifty or sixty pounds to each animal. Under my plan I shall have at my disposal 400 sleek, fat, well-fed dogs, weighing on the average not less than seventy-five pounds gross. Each dog, if slaughtered, will yield from thirty to forty pounds net of good dog food. It is an axiom in Arctic work that a dog can render good service if provided with one pound of food each day. Assuming that my pack cannot be provided with any extra food—which is far from being the case, however,

as I shall show further on—the pack itself could render efficient service and largely subsist upon itself for an approximate period of 100 days—that is to say, there would be from thirty to forty survivors at the end of such a period. Peary and Astrup covered 1,300 miles in Greenland with heavily burdened sledges in seventy-seven days—that is, they travelled at the rate of seventeen miles per diem. True, they journeyed upon a smooth surface, else, weighted as they were, their sledges would have broken down. Nor could they have made this great record upon the sea-ice; but with very lightly burdened sledges and a large pack of dogs it would be a comparatively easy matter to travel even more rapidly than they did over the very roughest sort of ice. I have known an Eskimo to drive a team of five dogs with the weight of the Eskimo on the sledge (say 150 lb.) as far as 100 miles in a day.

With our complete outfit it will not be necessary for us to leave our base at the northernmost extremity of Franz-Josef Land before the 22nd of March, 1902, a month after the return of the sun, because I calculate that we can accomplish in less than 100 days from the time of leaving our headquarters the object for which we are striving, the distance in a straight line from our proposed base to the Pole being but 550 statute miles.

Of course, I do not intend to compel the dogs to live entirely upon their own flesh. Their food will be varied with a generous supply of condensed dog food, and thus the pack will be kept at all times while on the march in fine trim. All the loose dogs in the pack will be provided with adjustable



SOME OF BALDWIN'S BALLOONS BEING TESTED IN LOFT OF FACTORY BEFORE SHIPMENT.

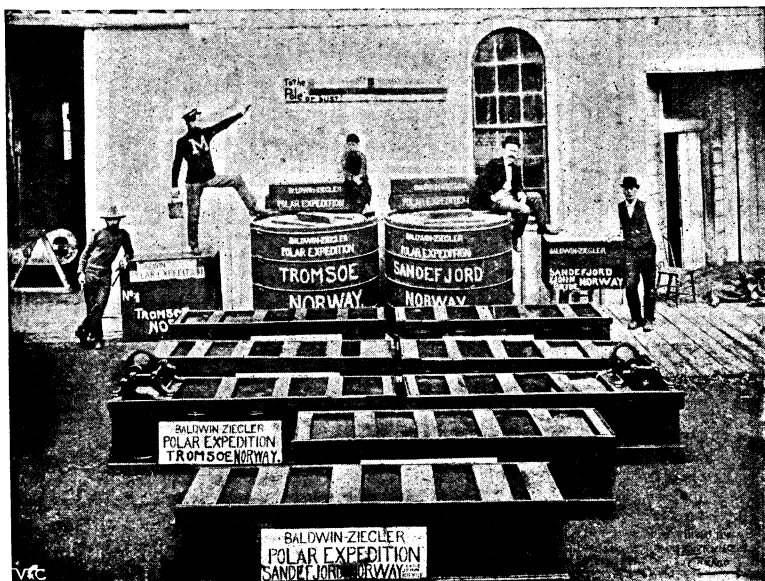
pack-pouches, each pouch to contain from fifteen to twenty pounds of condensed food, fit for either man or dog. By this simple expedient I expect to move with great rapidity over the ice-field towards the Pole, and nothing short of contingencies which no human power could avoid will prevent us from planting the flag of our country at the northern apex of the earth.

Having once established a strong outpost at the northernmost extremity of Franz-Josef Land, at about eighty-two degrees north, the early part of the spring of 1902 will be utilised to throw out advance stations on the sea-ice in a north-easterly direction before the ice shall have acquired much movement, so that it is not at all improbable that we

shall begin the real march forward from a point between latitude eighty-two degrees and eighty-three degrees not later than the 1st of April. With our large pack of dogs, with our canvas and our silk tents and shelters, and the most perfect complement of improved sledges, collapsible boats, skis (Scandinavian snowshoes), etc., our northward trip cannot fail to be both rapid and safe. Is it not, therefore, reasonable to suppose—nay, even to believe, with full degree of faith—that we shall be enabled to conquer at last the elements of the icy North, against which man has striven so long and yet so faithfully?

In making our initial march over the ice lying to the north-eastward of Franz-Josef

Land, we shall thus doubtless be aided somewhat by the drift of the ice in a westerly direction. By making due allowance we shall be carried but little, if any, out of our course northward. Granting our attainment of the coveted goal, it is certainly incumbent to make provision for our escape, or, rather, for our return journey. The great Polar current, which is known to sweep southward along the rugged east coast of Greenland, would appear to be our surest and safest



BALLOON EQUIPMENT PACKED FOR SHIPMENT ON THE "AMERICA."

way back. The *Belgica*, therefore, leaves Sandefjord, Norway, early in August, for the purpose of establishing an auxiliary station on that coast, preferably upon Koldewey Island, or, in failure of that, upon Shannon Island, and even in failure of attaining Shannon Island, at some point farther south. The *Belgica*, too, carries three portable houses and a large quantity of food and equipment, such as sledges, boats, coal, petroleum, and clothing, and eatables sufficient for twelve men for an entire year. She will erect signals along the coast, by means of which the locations of catches and provision depots may be determined by returning members of our party. Two of these signals will consist of steel tubes, each thirty feet high, each bearing at the top a weather vane displaying some of the expedition's insignia. Those having in charge the establishment of this station have been fully instructed as to the very great importance of it, for upon it the lives of men are likely to depend. Even should any of our party be carried westerly by the swiftly moving ice lying to the northward of Franz-Josef Land, they would still have ahead of them a place of refuge. The moral effect, too, of the establishment of such a station will also be great. Once our party is at a high latitude north of Franz-Josef Land, the word will be "Onward, ever onward!"

No previous expedition to the North has ever made such complete arrangements for the transmission of news back to civilisation as that which I have the honour to command. Six hundred buoys have been provided and are to be set adrift, four hundred of them to be used in connection with our work in and from Franz-Josef Land, and the balance to be deposited on the east coast of Greenland, for use of any of our party who may chance to arrive there. Each buoy is to contain news of our condition.

To send back these buoys we are provided with forty balloons packed for transport in hermetically sealed tin cases. Each balloon, with the exception of two larger ones, has a capacity of 3,000 cubic feet, and measures when inflated thirty-one feet in height and sixty-three feet in circumference. They will be inflated with hydrogen gas made by the vitriolic process.

It is intended that some of these balloons will be released at intervals during the Arctic night, and each will be freighted with a number of the news-buoys, containing messages inscribed upon parchment. The buoys will be fastened to a pendant line, one

beneath the other. The balloon when inflated to its full capacity will carry the buoys upward not less than three miles, and southerly air currents will waft them on their several journeys. Generally they will be placed afloat during the prevalence of northerly winds. The natural leakage of gas will probably cause the balloon to descend to the ice or water, as the case may be, in from eight to ten hours after its ascension. By an ingenious arrangement known as the liberator, the lowermost buoy will be released from its attachment immediately upon contact with water or land surface. The release of its weight will cause the balloon to rebound into the air, and it will then continue its progress for about five hours, dropping again at intervals, until the very last buoy has been deposited either in the Polar current or in the open waters. The carrying power of these balloons will ensure the buoys being placed where they will almost certainly be picked up by the Arctic whaling and sealing vessels or even by transatlantic liners. The recovery of these buoys will establish much valuable data concerning the air and sea currents of the Arctic regions. Of the thirteen buoys probably set adrift by Andrée during his memorable balloon voyage, two have thus far been recovered; one, dated beyond the eightieth parallel, was found some months later off the north coast of Iceland, while the other was picked up on King Charles's Land to the eastward of Spitzbergen, nearly 1,200 miles from Iceland. It should be remembered that Andrée employed no device for releasing his buoys, being compelled to throw them from the car of his balloon, and it is possible that some of them were therefore crushed and broken by their fall. It is only fair to assume, therefore, that a much larger proportion of our buoys will be recovered.

I desire here to emphasise the fact that the Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition was organised *to reach the Pole*. Neither scientific research, nor even a record of "Farthest North," will suffice; only the attainment of that much-sought-for spot where one can point only to the south can satisfy our purpose.

If, from any cause not now foreseen, our efforts during the summer of 1902 should prove fruitless, we shall remain in Franz-Josef Land until the spring of 1903, when the effort will be renewed. Fresh supplies and equipment will be forthcoming, and 1903 will find us fully prepared for another struggle with the unknown. But I do not anticipate such a contingency.



A VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL.

FROM THE PICTURE BY GEOFFREY, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY.

*Reproduced from the print of the Autotype Company.*



# THE THEFT OF THE HANGING JUDGE.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.\*



**J**UDGE TATHAM, of the Northern Circuit, weighed sixteen stone and a quarter; and Long Ratcliffe, of Marshcotes, was wont to say, in after years, that it was a big weight to carry, even as hostage for a man's own true love.

A famous hanger this Justice Tatham, and appointed to the Northern Circuit because King James the First had determined once and for all to crush such raiding gentlemen as Ratcliffe and his fellows. For the King, since he had gained the crowns of England and of Scotland both, was filled with a new sense of his own importance, and the Borderers who had mocked at his authority in former days were to be taught a wholesome lesson. Judge Tatham could be trusted to strain the quality of mercy at every assize; he loved to hang as other men delighted in the chase. The King could not have made a happier choice.

As for the Marshcotes men, they knew the value of their situation among the bogs and heather of the West Yorkshire moors; and they laughed mightily when they were told how the King was minded to put an end to all their raiding frolics. They would have been troubled as much had one of their own toddling urchins threatened to beat them with a rod; and they plundered, if anything, with a shade more mirth in the business than aforetime.

Long Ratcliffe, though, was a troubled man nowadays, for a cause more powerful than the King's displeasure. During the years he had spent in reiving and in fighting he had made many a good friend among the Scottish Borderers, till at last this Ratcliffe the Long, who had rated women

more cheaply than cattle, fell over ears in love with a daughter of Willie Armstrong's. There were stolen meetings, and heats and chills and jealousies, and Long Ratcliffe grew soft as a morn of May with a softness that only wedlock could cure. But wedlock was none so easy a matter, for Willie Armstrong belonged to the old school of raiders, and he had a nice regard for the Border rules. King James might prate of law and order, but he, Willie, knew but one law—that of his honest fathers before him; and he would as lief have gone to Mass each Sabbath as have allowed a daughter of his to marry one of the English broken men. As a fighter or a drinking comrade, he liked Ratcliffe well enough—but he had told him plainly that as a son-in-law he relished him not at all.

Matters were in this case when Long Ratcliffe rode out of Marshcotes, on a crispish morning of autumn, to snatch a tryst with his love across the Border; and, as it chanced, he had scarce reached the parting of the ways this side Carlisle before he met old Willie Armstrong himself, with five-and-thirty men behind him.

"Whither away, friend Ratcliffe?" asked Armstrong, halting to pass the time of day.

"The same to you, friend Armstrong. What brings you so far south as this?" laughed Ratcliffe the Long, who had no mind to tell Willie that his errand was neither more nor less than to steal a kiss or so from Willie's daughter.

"What brings me? Why, Jamie the King."

"So," growled Ratcliffe, "you have fallen soft, then, like the Bold Buccleuch, and been bidden to Court and the rest of the bonnie-boy foolery? No more lifting of cattle or swing of a Lochabar axe?"

"Art young, Ratcliffe the Long, and that is to say a very fool!" laughed the other. "Dost think I would ever shame my fathers as Buccleuch has done? Jamie *has* brought me south, to give him a taste of my quality.

\* Copyright, 1901, by Halliwell Sutcliffe, in the United States of America.



"He saw the bonniest maid in Scotland come galloping down the brae."

No more frolic, says Jamie, now that he's King of thy pesty England ; so we're faring to sack Skipton."

"Have a care," cried Ratcliffe, with a boisterous laugh. "They say that fat Tatham, the hanging judge, is soon to go

from Newcastle to Carlisle. If you fall into his hands, God ease the rope for you! for Tatham never will."

"Tatham!" growled the other. "We had the Wardens once in place of judges. Dost think that yon sixteen stone of flesh

will daunt me, when Scrope and the Bold Buccleuch between them failed? Pish for the King and for his hanging judges! I'll not be caught just yet awhile. His addlepated Majesty forgets that we remember him as plain Jamie Stuart, a king to be badgered and knocked about as we pleased; I always said how 'twould be if he won free of our spear-points and came to be spoiled by English petting. 'Ye must dance to my piping now,' says he to us Border lads. Dance to dour Jamie's piping? I'd as lief prance to the tune of a cow-bell."

To all this Long Ratcliffe turned a deafish sort of ear. For old Armstrong had a way, whenever they met, of cursing the bad new days that had come to Scotland; and Ratcliffe, with a care for the feelings of one whose daughter he sought to wed, was wont to say "Aye" and "Nay," to nod his head vehemently, and to swear great oaths that Buccleuch and King Jamie were fit only for crow's-meat. But this morning he could think of naught save that Willie was faring to Skipton. If he were going so far south, and meant to return at the pace of stolen cattle, then it was plain that sweet Nell Armstrong would have leisure for the meeting he was riding north to seek.

"You go to Skipton, sir?" he said slowly.

"Aye, do I. 'Tis a further span than Scots have measured since Robert the Bruce's day, and full of fatness, so they tell me."

"'Tis full of fatness, for we of Marshcotes know it well. Fare ye well, and God speed the gleaning!" said Long Ratcliffe, with a gaiety that puzzled Willie Armstrong.

"The lad is full of spirits. What sport has he afoot?" muttered Willie, as he rode forward with his five-and-thirty men.

"He has never thought that I ride within bowshot of his own square tower of Kirkbrae," laughed Ratcliffe, as he started at the trot. Yet he guessed as little as Willie Armstrong that this raid on Skipton and this ride across the Border were to give him lengthier work and a richer meed than he set out to find.

Hot and fast he rode, with but one halt by the way—past Carlisle, over Eden Water, across by the Ford of Annan, and on till he gained Kirkconnell Lea. A lad was herding sheep not far away, and Ratcliffe called him to his stirrup.

"Dost know Willie Armstrong's tower of Kirkbrae?" he cried.

"And should do," answered the lad, "for 'tis Armstrong sheep I'm tending."

"They're English sheep, then," laughed

Long Ratcliffe. "Well, take this ring, and stop neither for man nor beast till thou hast won speech of Mistress Nell, and tell her I will bide here on Kirkconnell Lea, though she keep me waiting for a twelvemonth. There! Stir those sturdy legs of thine."

The lad, seeing a piece of money lie snugly in his palm, grinned in his dour Scotch fashion, and turned about and ran barefooted up the slope that led to Kirkbrae Peel. And then Long Ratcliffe set his horse loose to graze about the meadow, and sat him down, and thought, in the cool of the waiting-time, that a twelvemonth would be woundily slow in passing, should Mistress Armstrong keep him thus long at the tryst.

But by and by he heard the whinny of a horse, and turned and saw the bonniest maid in Scotland come galloping down the brae.

"Nell, lass, 'tis worth a longer ride to see thee!" cried Ratcliffe, as he lifted her out of the saddle—and kept her there.

"What brought thee north, dear lad?" she whispered.

"My heart, Nell—neither more nor less. 'Tis a poor heart and a maidish, for it cries the long day through for thee when thou'rt not there."

"I can forgive it that much," said she, and looked him shyly in the face and laughed to know she held him in so safe a leash.

"Whom did I meet, think'st thou, 'twixt here and home?"

"Nay, how should I guess?"

"Thy father, bent on riding to Skipton because King Jamie says he mustn't."

"I like not these far-afield rides," said the lass, with sudden disquiet. "Is there not the whole of Cumberland to raid? Yet father must needs go roystering down to Yorkshire."

"Tush! never fear for him, lass. His horse is shod with luck, they say—and, faith! I half believe it. Besides, the Bruce was ever fond of Yorkshire, and thy father would be content to follow in the steps of no lesser man. Well-away, Nell! To think I have thee out of reach of all thy kin. I'm minded to set thee on thy horse, and take the bridle, and carry thee off without more ado."

"Nay, but I would not come," she said, coy as a mare at frolic. "We think shame on the Scots side to marry a lad from over the Border."

She stopped on the sudden and clutched

his arm. A horseman was galloping over Kirkconnell Lea, fast as heavy spurs could drive his nag.

"'Tis my cousin," she stammered, ashy pale. "He rode with father—why does he come back alone?"

"Hi! Armstrong!" roared Long Ratcliffe. "What news hast brought from England?"

The horseman turned his head as he racketed past. "News enough. Half our folk are slain, and the other half taken, and Willie Armstrong lies in Carlisle Jail."

There was no more love-making for Long Ratcliffe or Nell Armstrong. Swift into saddle it was, and swift to follow the man who rode for Kirkbrae Peel. And then the fiery spear was carried to kith and kin, till soon there were three-score lusty fellows deep in talk of ways and means. None stayed to ask how Nell came to be riding with Ratcliffe of Marshcotes; weightier matters clamoured for attention, and they welcomed brawny Ratcliffe because he brought one more strong arm to fight for them.

"They must be lifted out of jail," said one.

"'Twill be a short shrift if we fail to snatch them," said another; "for I heard but an hour ago that Judge Tatham was setting off from Newcastle at midday."

Long Ratcliffe broke into the talk, and all wondered at his gaiety. "The judges have already left for Carlisle?" he said.

"Aye, the pair of them."

"Well, then, I take it Fat Tatham is our only enemy. None other would dare hang old Willie Armstrong or Willie Armstrong's men?"

"Not they; and we have the ear of the junior judge. But he is a weakish fool where aught but the handling of horseflesh is in case, and he lets Tatham override him."

"'Tis as plain as noonday, then. Give me a dozen good men at my back, and the Chief Justice shall whistle for Carlisle city till Willie is safe out of jail."

There was silence for awhile, as they looked at Long Ratcliffe and sought a clearer tale.

"We'll lift Judge Tatham instead of Willie, and the junior judge shall give every Armstrong of them all acquittal," said Ratcliffe.

Their brows loosened then and their mouths went wide, till, by the ringing laughter, a man would have thought that Willie Armstrong was safe already out of Carlisle Jail.

"'Twill be a neck-ride, this—a neck-ride,

lads!" cried Ratcliffe the Long, as he picked his men from the crowd.

"Then we'll chant the neck-verse as we go," laughed one the Armstrongs, swinging to saddle. "*Miserere — miserere — miserere mei, Deus!*"

It was the verse by which many a rascal had escaped hanging; for the logic of the time reasoned that all who knew three words of Latin must needs be priests, and priests, whatever their crime might be, were safe from the law's arm.

"Have a care for thyself, for I—I want thee back again," whispered sweet Nell Armstrong into Long Ratcliffe's ear.

"Back again will I come, and the price of Willie Armstrong's daughter with me," he answered, draining the potent stirrup-cup she brought him as excuse for speech.

Judge Tatham, meanwhile, was going through a very formal ceremony in the town of Newcastle—a ceremony that made his Lordship smile a little contemptuously in token of his self-importance. For the judge was London-bred; he viewed the north of England through a little peep-hole of complacency, and when first he left the flat, fat country south of Humber he was not sure at all whether the northern gentry did not wear skins and paint themselves with woad; the one point on which he was assured was, that his new circuit gave him scope for hanging many a barbarous fellow who was better out of the world than in it.

So, when the assizes were finished at Newcastle, when the Mayor and Corporation, in full robes, waited on the judges at their official lodgings, old Tatham smiled upon them with all his sixteen and a quarter stone of fat.

"A very pretty foolery!" he murmured to his junior, as the Mayor came forward with the stereotyped form of words.

"My lords," said the Mayor, "we have to congratulate you upon having completed your labours in this ancient town, and have also to inform you that you travel hence to Carlisle, through a Border country much and often infested by the Scots; we therefore present your Lordship with a piece of money to buy therewith a dagger to defend yourselves."

Judge Tatham took the proffered gold, and bowed and turned the coin round and round in his splodgy fingers.

"I thank the Worshipful Mayor and the Corporation of the ancient town of Newcastle," he answered suavely. "Yet I scarcely think there is any great need for

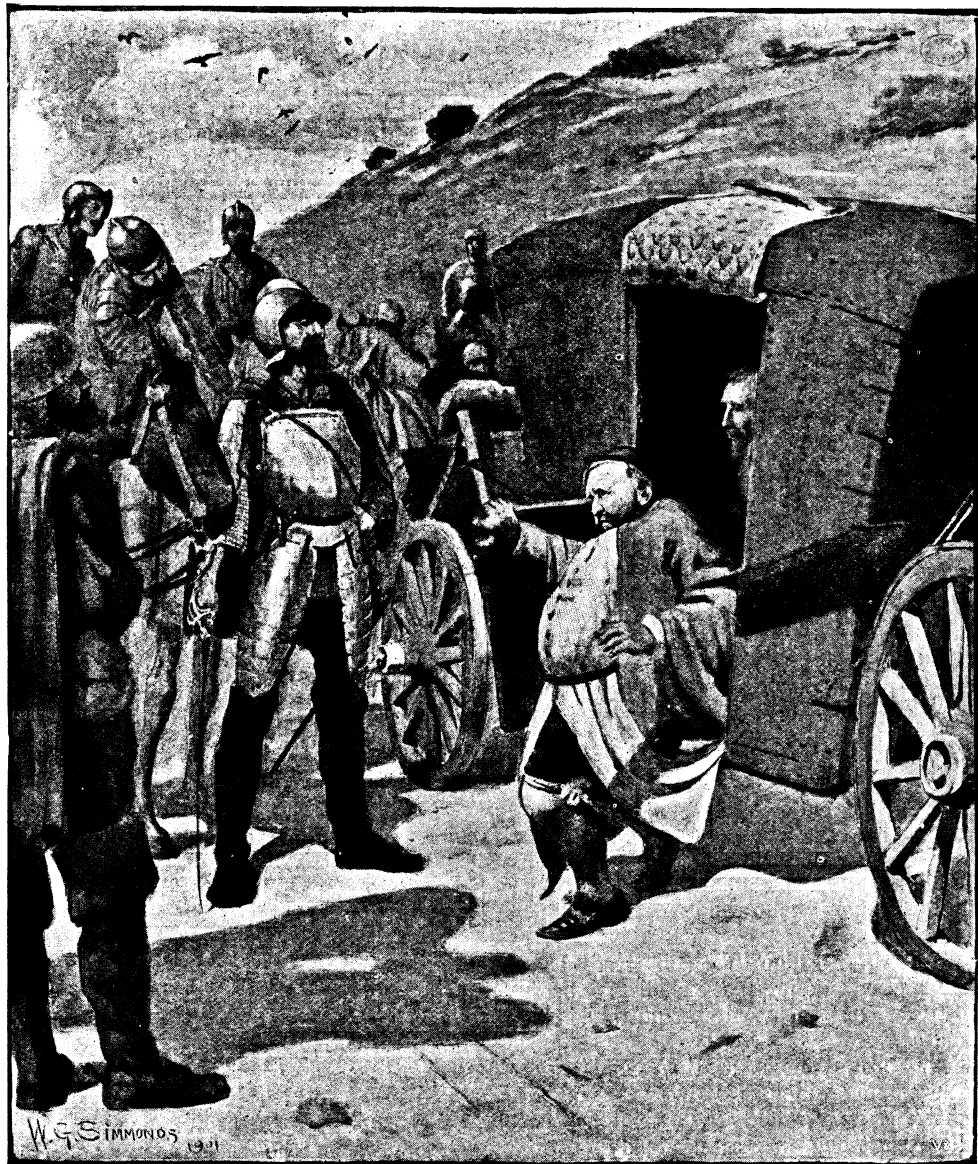
their apprehension. This jacobus, I see, bears the imprint of King James the First, and the Scots have been less troublesome of late—if, indeed, there be any left since the late measures taken by his Majesty.”

Whereat the Mayor and Corporation glanced one at the other, and nodded and broke into a fit of genteel laughter; for they felt sure that Justice Tatham had hatched a jest amid his weightier labours. Still smiling, the judge got into his coach, with his junior beside him. The guard

saluted and drew to the front, and soon they were all going at a round, smooth trot towards Carlisle.

Judge Tatham prattled on of this and that. The guard sat their horses in idle fashion, as if their duties were so much irksome ceremony. The junior judge said little, nor did he contradict his sleek companion on any Border matter, though in truth Judge Tatham's smug ignorance was a thing to marvel at.

“Indifferent good the trial list at New-



“Fell, rather than stepped, on to the high-road.”

castle was. What cheer will they give us in Carlisle, I wonder?" said the justice, as his coach began the slow climb up Gallows-Tree Rigg.

"The list is wont to be a long one at Carlisle; the Western Scots are sadly busy, even yet——" began the junior.

"Tut, tut! The Scots are tame as dormice. You have dwelt too long, methinks, with these Northerners—they have infected you with their superstitions. What! your cheek blanches? Shame that one of his Majesty's judges should fear these fools of Scotchmen. What is that splash of blackness standing out against the sky up there?" broke off the justice, as the winding steepness of the road brought them near to the topmost level of the ridge.

"That, Lord Tatham, is called a gallows-tree," said the other quietly; "the hill we are climbing is known as Gallows-Tree Rigg, and it bears a reputation such as might well make even a brave man feared."

Judge Tatham laughed noisily. "Superstitious, too? And sick at sight of a wholesome gallows! Were it seemly, I would take the good cross-beams and chains for my quarterings. And the screaming of the crows! 'Tis sweeter music, to my thinking, than less sable minstrels give us." He was leaning eagerly from the window, his eyes on the clustering crown of corbies that hung, like bunches of black grapes, about the swaying gallows-guest.

On a sudden the crow-song was crossed by a lustier music. Down the shrill upland wind there came a chant of "*Miserere mei, Deus!*"—a solemn, full-throated chant, that grew in volume with each yard covered by the coach. The guard dropped their listlessness and looked up the road; but they could see nothing. Justice Tatham sank back in his seat and chuckled in his well-fed way.

"Of a truth a singular people, a singular people," he murmured. "They deem themselves bold men and raiders, and yet the only company we meet, at the loneliest of the way, is a band of psalm-singing poltroons. Look forth from the window, my friend, and tell me what is the appearance of this saintly band."

The junior judge was troubled, remembering the significance of those three words, "*Miserere mei, Deus!*" He looked up the road, but it turned sharply to the right some five-score yards ahead of them, and naught was to be seen save the widening circles of the crows, startled at feast and fretful to come back again.

"*Miserere mei, Deus!*" rose the chant, until it grew more like a song of rollicking fight than a chaste plea for mercy. Faster and faster went the tune, more and more merrily the voices tripped across each other. The guard moved forward with drawn swords now, and looked to see that their pistols were ready primed. Even Judge Tatham lost somewhat of his unconcern, and fidgeted on his seat, until at last he, too, looked out of the window again, as his junior was doing.

"Oh! a murrain on us, lads! Cannot we sing in a soberer key, lest his Lordship should be shocked?" came a great, ringing voice from the ridge-top. The chanting stopped on the sudden, and the same voice danced down the wind—"Ratcliffe! A Ratcliffe!"

"Armstrong! Armstrong!" roared a dozen answering voices.

"The Scots are here, Lord Tatham," said the junior judge, as he turned from the first sight of the advancing band.

But the judge was past all repartee; he squeezed his body into the corner of the coach, and stammered wild appeals for mercy, and mopped his judicial brow with the hem of his robe of office. The junior judge seemed almost pleased at the encounter, so droll a smile lurked at either corner of his mouth. Swift as the wind the Scots rode down upon the judges' guard of honour. Pistols cracked; the Scotsmen's heavy spears ripped out a shrill-voiced music from the useless sword-blows of the English. And then my lord's guard fled helter-skelter, and Long Ratcliffe's laugh, Long Ratcliffe's sudden call, "Let them fly! No bloodshed, curse you!" struck cruelly on the sensitive ear-drums of his Majesty's Judge of Assize.

The coach-door was opened, and Justice Tatham, when at last he uncovered his eyes, saw a merry giant of a man, with close-cropped hair and a head like a bull's for splendour, standing quiet in the bleak sunshine of the road.

"One Willie Armstrong has sent me to take charge of Justice Tatham," said Ratcliffe the Long very soberly.

"I—I know naught of Willie Armstrong. What would you, sir? If 'tis money——" stammered Judge Tatham.

"There! How little courtesy these judges have! Hanging, methinks, is a blunt trade, and one that dulls good gentlemen's manners. The Scots are sadly restive nowadays, and your Lordship's guard seemed over slender—as in truth it has proved itself—and kind Willie Armstrong bade me give



you safe conduct. Be pleased to come down from your coach; 'twill be of little use through the safe byways of the moor."

The judge's sixteen stone and a quarter fell all a-tremble, like an aspen-wood in a wind; and when Long Ratcliffe repeated his command in a less courteous tone, Judge Tatham got up from his seat and waddled to the door, and fell, rather than stepped, on to the high-road. He looked about him and saw twelve dour men sitting motionless on twelve solemn-faced horses; he glanced fearfully to the waste land on his right, and the gallows-tree, with its flock of returning corbie crows, no longer seemed a pleasant sight.

Long Ratcliffe put his head into the coach and surprised a broad grin on the younger judge's face. "There is no danger on the road to the junior judge," he said, with quiet significance. "The coachman, I grieve to say, has fled along with the guard; but if the judge knows how to drive, he has a clear road to Carlisle."

The younger judge strove hard to look concerned as he, too, scrambled to the ground. Yet his heart was tranquil, and he saw only the droll side of all this; for there was a very kindly feeling between himself and the clan of Armstrong, and a curious man might have seen the faces of the twelve dour Scots relax a little as they watched this member of the Bench clamber up by the fore-wheel of the coach and grasp the reins.

"Hast handled a team before to-day," said Ratcliffe the Long. "Well, a good journey to you, and my loving regards to the fair city of Carlisle. Dickie, hast the led horse ready?" he went on, as the coach lumbered up the last bit of hill and swung at a quickened pace along the level.

Dickie Armstrong was tying up his left arm with a kerchief borrowed from Judge Tatham.

"A pest on those pistol-bullets!" he muttered, as he finished tying the bandage, and led a big, lean-barrelled bay to the judge's side.

The judge, bewildered and sore afraid, stammered out a score of childish questions, as to what their purpose was, and why they had brought a led horse with them.

"We brought a horse," laughed Ratcliffe, "because we learned that Judge Tatham was as heavy as his sentences, and a pony, we thought, would break altogether under so august a weight. Come, your Lordship! It must be off and away now, before your

guard returns; they might look churlishly on this great regard we have toward your safety."

With that he got his brawny arms about the judge's middle, and two of the Armstrongs came up on either side to help him with his load. Thrice they tried to lift Judge Tatham, and at the third attempt they swung him with a splash into the saddle. Then Ratcliffe tore a strip of cloth from the judge's robe and clipped it tight about his eyes; and after that he took a pair of stout leathern thongs from under his own nag's saddle-flap and bound Tatham's stately legs firm to the belly of the great bay horse.

"*Miserere mei!*" yelled Dickie Armstrong blithely.

"I cannot see—I—— What means this mummery? Is it a jest—a foolish jest? Then leave me free to laugh at it," stammered Hanging Tatham.

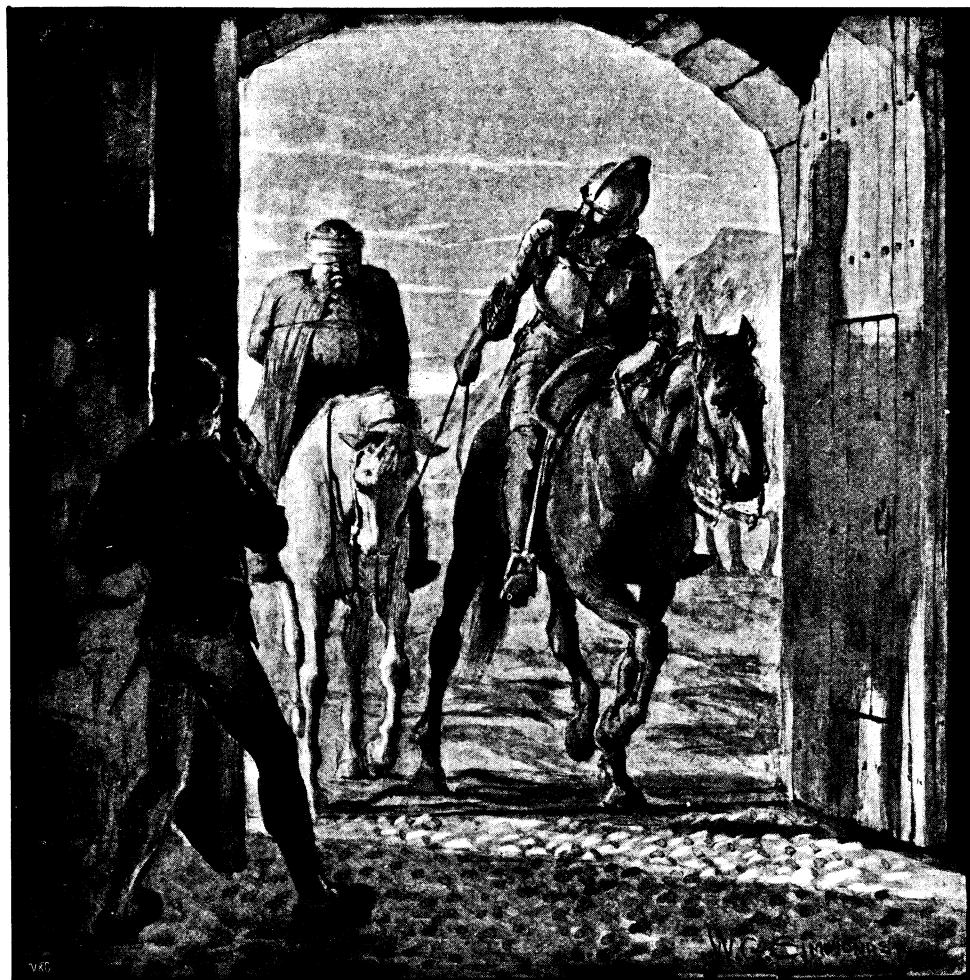
"Nay, my good Lord Judge, 'tis no jest on the one face of it. Do ye know naught of the law, that the neck-verse sounds so unfamiliar? We ride to save a true man's neck, my lord, and the *Miserere*, coupled with a long ride through the heather, may secure benefit of clergy to our friend. Now, lads, see us safe to the foot of the gallows, and stay to watch how his Lordship likes the look of them, and then ye can leave us to it."

They led the justice up the road; they unfastened his bandage and made him look full at the naked bones of the wretch who dangled from the cross-beam; they all but killed him with the soft insinuation that a more fleshy and proper man might claim a right of forfeiture to the goodly gallows-beam. Yet Judge Tatham had doubted the wit of these Northern gentlemen, and credited them with unnimble fancy.

"'Twas here that we tickled the neck of Lord Scrope with the chain," said Ratcliffe the Long, after a silence. "Well, there are things a man likes to recall, even when time presses. Just such another as you he was, this same Lord Scrope, ever eager for hanging. But the chain cooled his ardour, I warrant; and we taught him that there is an honest way of hanging, as there is an honest way of raiding. Even my Lord Tatham should chasten his zeal a little, and not count all fish that comes to his net."

Judge Tatham answered him naught, but shuddered and moaned in time with the creak of the chain.

"Well, then," cried Ratcliffe on the sudden, "bind up his Lordship's eyes again and see that his leg-girths are knotted tight.



"Ratcliffe led Fat Tatham's horse into the yard."

The judge seems ill at ease, and we have far to go before the dawn."

He touched the lean-barrelled bay with his spear-point, and his own nag with the spur, and the Armstrongs raised a storm of plaudits as Ratcliffe and the hanging judge swung off together for the south. A bee-line they took for Marshcotes, and neither bite nor sup would Ratcliffe give his captive, nor yet a halt to ease his aching sixteen stone of flesh. Through Marshcotes village they went, and out across the moor, and on until they gained a square-built house, set snugly in the hollow of a deepish cleft.

Long Ratcliffe thundered at the gate, and presently a black-browed, hulking manservant opened the little wicket at the side.

"What! must I batter on my own gate as if 'twere a foeman's peel?" cried Ratcliffe.

"Undo the bolts, man, and let us through! Dost know I bring a noble guest with me?"

The man, growling and muttering, swung back the gates, and Ratcliffe led Fat Tatham's horse into the yard. He eased him from his horse then, and unbandaged his eyes, and took him to an upstairs chamber, where he left him for the night, locked in with a loaf of bread and a wine-jug for company.

"Faith! I've earned a night's hard sleep—and Willie Armstrong will be free come noon to-morrow," muttered Ratcliffe, as he got to bed.

He was up betimes on the morrow and crossed to the judge's chamber.

"Wake, my lord, wake!" he cried, shaking the sixteen stone and a quarter.

"Eh? eh? Love of Mary! what have I gone through in my dreams?" muttered the

judge. "Gallows and dangling chains, and a tall brute threatening me. What! is't no dream, then?" he cried, rubbing his eyes and staring in terror at Long Ratcliffe.

"Nay, look not so scared about it," said Ratcliffe smoothly. "I came out to ask two things of you, and when you've promised them you shall be free to go your ways."

"What would you?" stammered Tatham.

"First, your pledged word that our day on Gallows-Tree Rigg shall be forgotten. Next, that you give me your bond for twelve-score double ryals, to be paid with the month."

"Twelve-score double ryals?" gasped the judge. "You are past your wits, good sir; I am a poor man——"

"Then beggars cannot be choosers," said Ratcliffe, turning about, "and there you stay for the rest of your days, my lord, with never another chance to hang good men and true."

The judge called him back. "Make it six-score," he cried.

"Nay; I am no huckster, to chaffer and split differences. Give me a bond for your ransom, or leave it. I care not either way."

"Make it eight-score—nine-score——"

"I said twelve-score, my lord, and I have scant time to waste on such poor hanging folk as you. Your answer?"

"I—I will give you my bond," said Justice Tatham, and stifled a miser's groan.

Long Ratcliffe, after he had folded the bond and put it in his pouch, called his black-browed serving-man. "I ride for the north," he said. "Keep my lord close within doors till noon; then bandage his eyes again and lead him to any spot thou lik'st, so it be ten good miles from here."

The man nodded, and Ratcliffe, bidding a light farewell to his guest, set off again for Carlisle city. He was sure that Willie Armstrong would be tried that morning and acquitted by the younger justice, who was as sporting and fair-judging a man as ever donned the legal robes. And the event warranted his surety; for as he was riding slowly through the northward gate, doubtful

whether Willie had not already got the start of him, he spied a lean figure sauntering up the road, a score of leather-suited fellows with him.

"Hi! Willie Armstrong!" called Long Ratcliffe.

"Hi to thee, whoever thou art!" cried Willie, drawing in rein. "Why, 'tis Ratcliffe the Long. Thou seem'st very fain of Carlisle, lad, nowadays."

"So the junior judge did all that was needful for you?" laughed Ratcliffe, riding up beside him.

"Aye, by the Rood! We wondered what had come to sour-faced Tatham when we were brought to trial, and sorrowed a little for his absence. 'Tis rumoured that Fat Tatham was waylaid on the Newcastle road."

"He was—by one Ratcliffe of Marshcotes and a dozen of your kin."

Willie Armstrong pondered awhile, then sent out a hand across his horse's mane. "Thou'rt staunch, lad. I never guessed thou hadst a hand in it. Ask me the half of all I own, and I'll give it thee."

"Nay, no halves! I want your daughter, and naught else will content me."

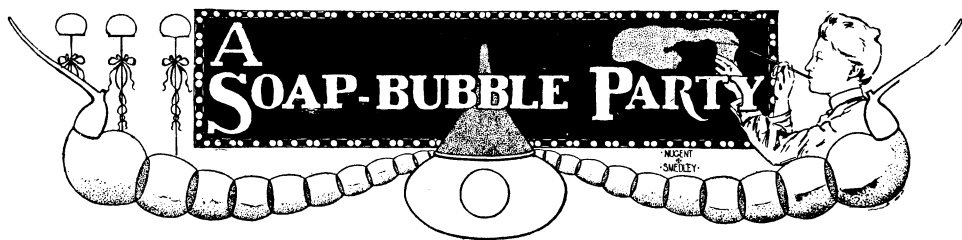
The old man scowled and fidgeted with his bridle. "Well, I gave thee my word," he muttered. "Yet such marriages go so against the grain——"

"I've something more than love to bring her," put in Long Ratcliffe softly, for he knew his man. "Judge Tatham has feathered Nell's nest for her with twelve-score double ryals."

"What! Thou'st held old Tatham in ransom, as well as keeping him out of Carlisle city? Wast born a Scot, methinks, and—twelve-score, thou saidst?—come north to Kirkbrae Peel, my lad, and see what Nell can find to say to thee."

That is the tale of Long Ratcliffe's wooing, as the Marshcotes gossips have it. And they say that none ever dared thereafter name Gallows-Tree Rigg in presence of Judge Tatham of the Northern Circuit.





BY MEREDITH NUGENT.\*

ANYONE can perform the soap-bubble tricks that are here illustrated, by the exercise of a little care. There is no secret whatever connected with the making of the solution, as nothing is used in its preparation but soap and water. Care, however, must be taken to follow the directions here given to the smallest details. Most people, for instance, will insist upon stirring up the solution after the latter is in proper condition, in spite of repeated warnings that such action always prevents desirable results. Bear constantly in mind that, when once the soapy water is in proper condition, its surface must not be irritated into a thousand little bubbles, and you will be able to perform not only the bubble tricks here pictured, but many others as well.

In giving a soap-bubble party every effort should be made to provide appropriate settings for the bubbles. The more elegant and beautiful the settings, the more jewel-like the bubbles will appear. They look perfectly exquisite on delicate glassware and against rich backgrounds. Avoid, as far as possible, the use of white tablecloths, white plates, etc., as these reduce the beauty of the bubbles to a minimum. The table or tables should be

decorated tastefully though brilliantly, and a chair provided for each guest. In front of each chair should be placed a bowl of the soapy solution, some straws, a funnel, a tin cornucopia, and other necessities for the evening. Then, too, it is a good idea for anyone intending to give a soap-bubble party to practise the soap-bubble tricks previous to the night on which the entertainment is to

be given, so as to be in a position to amuse the invited guests.

The chief bubble-blower should occupy a seat at the centre of the table, with a programme before him, while the other participants should follow his lead and do just as he does. In

this way a lively competition is induced by the endeavours of each bubble-blower to outdo the others.

The solution is made by rubbing pure white Castile soap into a bowl partly filled with water until a heavy lather has formed. Then remove every particle of lather, dip a clay pipe into the cleared solution, and start

to blow a bubble. If you can blow one six inches in diameter, the solution is ready for the test; if it bursts before approaching that size, add more soap to the water. Then the solution should be tested as follows: Blow a bubble six inches in diameter so that it will hang suspended from the pipe, then dip your forefinger into the soapy water; upon withdrawing it try to push it through into the

TO MAKE A FLOWER INSIDE A BUBBLE.

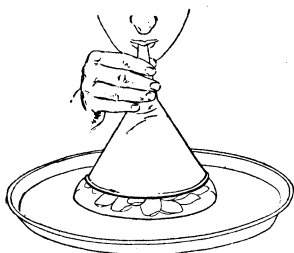


FIG. I.

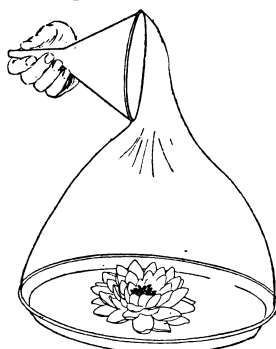


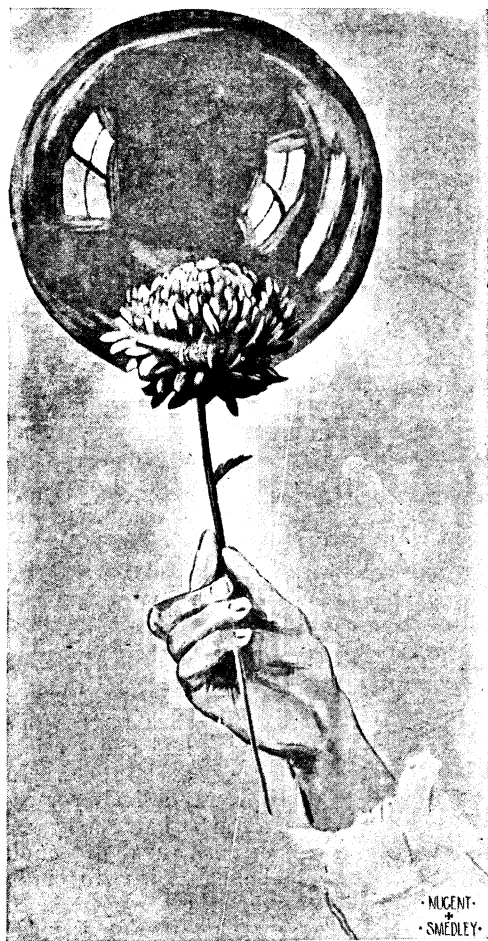
FIG. II.



FLOWER INSIDE A SOAP-BUBBLE.

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bubble; if you can thrust your finger through into the bubble without the latter's bursting, the solution is in proper condition. If, on the contrary, the bubble breaks, the solution



RESTING UPON A FLOWER.

is not in proper condition, and more soap must be added to the water until a bubble can be made that will not break when this test is applied.

To make a flower inside of a bubble, pour the soapy solution into a plate or lacquer tray until the bottom is covered with liquid to the depth of one-eighth of an inch. In the centre of the tray place a water-lily or other flower, and over this a tin funnel. Then start to blow gently through the funnel while you are slowly lifting it at the same time (see Fig. I.). Continue blowing until you make quite a large film, and then proceed to disengage the funnel after having

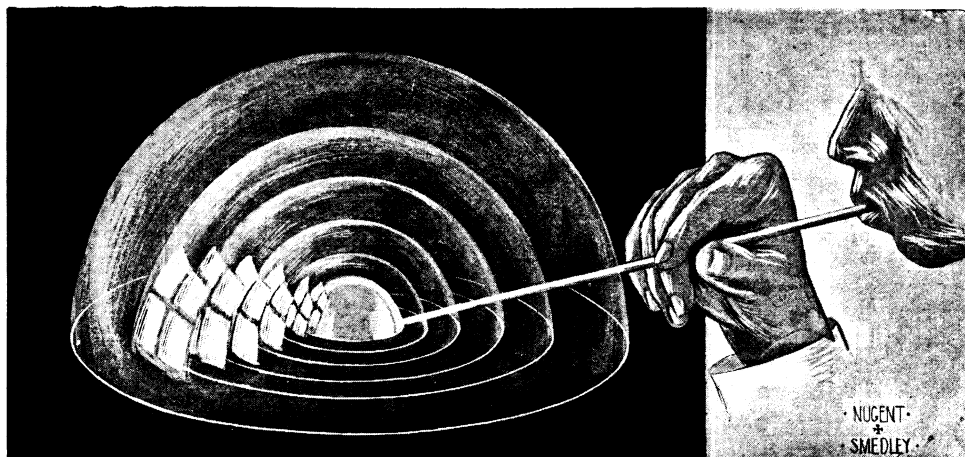
first turned it at right angles, as shown in Fig. II. Besides flowers, spinning-tops and other objects may be sphered over in the same way. This trick is one which always mystifies and delights small children, as well as older ones. The illustration given shows how the flower appears after the bubble is blown over it.

To make six bubbles inside of one another, dip the end of a straw in the soapy water, and after resting the wet end upon an inverted plate or sheet of glass, which should have been previously wet with the solution, blow a bubble about six inches in diameter. Then dip the straw well into the solution again, thrust it through into the centre of this first bubble, and blow another. Continue



MAKING BUBBLES AND NOISE.

in this manner until the bubbles have all been placed. Always be sure that the straw is thoroughly wet with solution for fully half its length before each bubble is blown. Ten



BLOWING SIX BUBBLES INSIDE OF ONE ANOTHER.

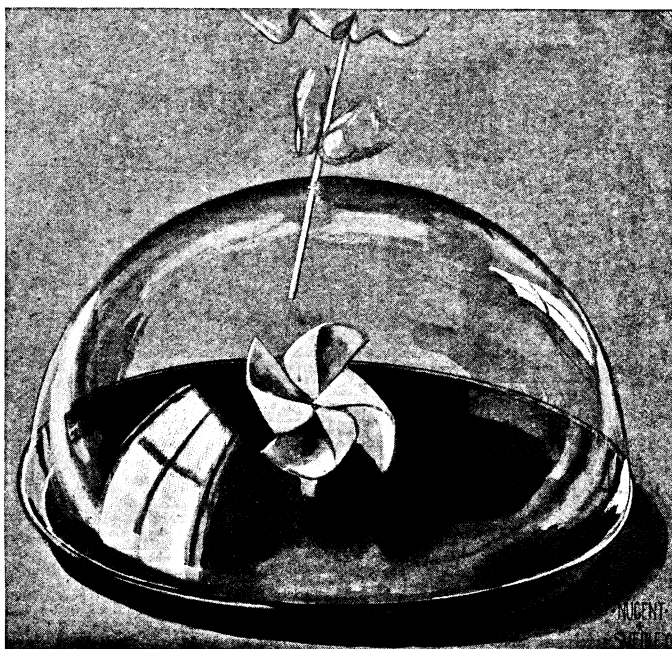
and even twelve bubbles may be placed inside of one another without great difficulty, if the person who is blowing them has a steady hand, and the solution is in proper condition. Of course, some practice is required before any of these results can be obtained.

To make bubbles and noise, dip the end of an ordinary tin fish-horn well into the solution and blow gently until quite a large bubble has been formed. Then four or five loud blasts may be sounded on the horn without injuring the bubble in the least. This is a very funny trick which never fails to arouse roars of laughter. The tin horn might be given to the youngest child in the room after the trick is performed.

To make a bubble rest upon a flower, dip a dahlia or other stiff-petalled flower—an aster of a brilliant colour, for instance—into the solution, and then with a pipe or funnel blow a bubble upon the top of it. This is one of the simplest and prettiest of all the soap-bubble tricks, although it appears the most difficult to those who are watching it being done. The illustration reproduced on the previous page gives a good idea of this flower trick.

To blow a pinwheel

around inside a bubble, fasten a paper pin-wheel to a short stick of wood, and attach this to the centre of a dinner-plate with sealing-wax; then, after covering the bottom of the plate with solution, proceed to place a bubble over the pinwheel as in the flower trick. As soon as the funnel is withdrawn, quickly dip a straw into the soapy water, gently thrust it through the bubble, and then blow upon the paper wheel, when it will rapidly revolve. This is rather a difficult trick, and a little practice will be



TO BLOW A PINWHEEL AROUND



required before it can be performed satisfactorily.

A little smoke-bubble may be made to appear within a large transparent bubble by blowing a fair-sized bubble from a clay pipe or small funnel so that it will hang suspended. Then dip a straw into the soapy water, push the wet end of it through into the hanging bubble, and blow very gently. Almost immediately a small bubble will fall from the straw, and as soon as this happens blow with slightly increased force, when the little bubble will whirl around and around inside of the larger bubble, as shown in the illustration. By blowing smoke through the

straw a little smoke-bubble may be made, which will add a great deal to the effectiveness of this trick.

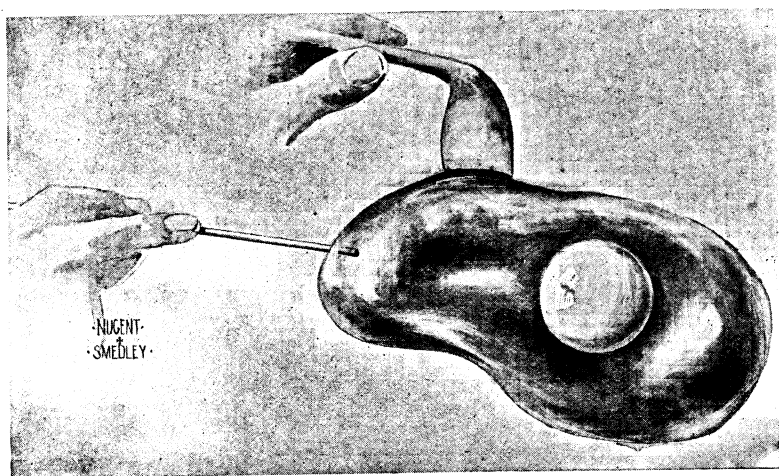
Remove all little bubbles from the surface of the solution before using it.

Never stir up the solution after it is in condition. If you do, little bubbles will form.

Take plenty of time in performing the different tricks. Hurry is nearly always disastrous.

Whenever convenient, use pure spring water for the solution.

Rub well the openings—inside and outside—of both pipes and funnels with soap before blowing bubbles from them.

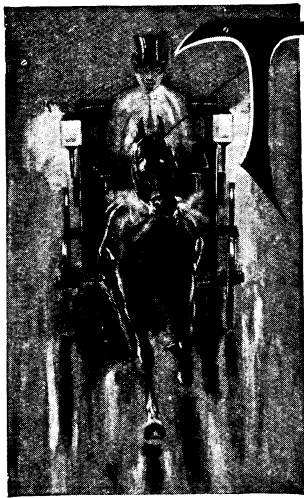


BLOWING A LITTLE SMOKE BUBBLE.



# THE BLACK NARCISSUS.

By FRED M. WHITE.\*



WISTING the card in his fingers, Lancaster Vane stood, impatient. He had all the novelist's scarring, lightning flash of passion for puerile interruption.

"Didn't I tell you—?" he growled. Then he paused, with the surging sense of

humour uppermost. The black and white starched parlourmaid was wilting before his scathing indignation. "Don't you know that I once murdered a maid who disobeyed my orders like this? Show the man in."

The girl gurgled and vanished. Then followed a man with a gliding step and a moist grey eye, that took the whole room and the trim garden beyond and eke the novelist in like the flash of a camera, and held the picture on the mental gelatine for all time.

"I am afraid I am intruding upon you, sir," the stranger suggested.

"Oh, you are," Vane said quietly. "Don't let that trouble you, though. I always work in the mornings, and I play golf all the afternoon. I make this arrangement so that if people waste my time in the mornings I can make up for it by sacrificing my pleasure after luncheon."

Inspector Darch, of Scotland Yard, ventured upon a smile.

"I came upon business of importance," he said.

"I guessed that from your card. Had

you not been a policeman I should have declined to see you. In search of copy I have spent a deal of time in police and criminal courts, and I am bound to say I have a certain affection for the average constable. He has imagination—the way he generally gives his evidence shows that. He is a novelist in the nut."

Inspector Darch looked searchingly at the speaker. He was just a little disappointing. He was not tall and pale, with flashing eyes and long hair; on the contrary, his hair was that of the athlete, and he might have passed for a pugilist of the better class. The sensitive mouth and fine grey eyes saved the countenance from the commonplace. Thus it was that, after a second searching gaze, Darch seemed to see a face kaleidoscope from broad commonplace into the rugged suggestion of a young Gladstone. Here was no ordinary man. But then everybody who had studied Lancaster Vane's novels knew that.

"My complaint is, that we all lack imagination," the inspector said. "Of course, what you so playfully allude to is inventiveness. Young policemen always invent—they fancy that their first duty is to get a conviction. But they have no imagination. I've got a name and a good reputation, but no imagination."

"You have come to a deadlock in some case you have on hand?"

"That's it, sir. And I've made so bold as to come and ask for your assistance."

"Come out into the garden and smoke a cigar, then," Vane said suddenly.

Darch complied willingly. Vane's thatched cottage was on the river—a tiny place consisting of a large study, a smoking-room, and a dining-room, with quarters at the back for bachelor friends. Hither he had come earlier in the season than usual, with the intention of finishing a novel, before turning from "his beans and bacon," as he phrased it, to the butterfly delights of the London Season. For Vane's books were satires for the most part, and he knew his world as well as any man living. Audacity and insight were the jewels in the wheel of his style. He had a

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marvellous faculty for seeing through a thing, a faculty that made him both respected and feared.

The garden was a riotous delight of daffodils and tulips, primulas and narcissus. There was no finer show of those pure spring flowers to be seen anywhere. Vane had a perfect passion for flowers, especially the Spring varieties. He could name a bulb as a savant can locate the flint or the sandstone. With an eye for detail, Darch did not fail to notice that there were no less than sixteen varieties of daffodils.

"Here I live for my work and my flowers," said Vane. "When down here, I smoke a pipe and live more or less on fish and bacon. When I am in town, I am nice over my wine and critical to rudeness over my friend's cigarettes. You are fond of flowers, Mr. Darch?"

"At present I am deeply interested in them," Darch replied.

"And thereby hangs a tale," said Vane. "Go on."

"There! I knew you were the man for me," Darch said admiringly.

Vane smiled; for even a novelist is only a man in disguise.

"Heavens! If I'd only got that insight of yours! It's a murder case, sir."

"You have a murder case on hand that utterly puzzles you?" Vane had dropped into a rustic garden seat, where he was thoughtfully pulling at his pipe. "And the matter is not remotely connected with flowers," he concluded.

"Got it again, sir!" the delighted Darch exclaimed. "You see, it's like this. I've read all your books—indeed, I have read most novels that make for the study of humanity, and I don't deny that I've learnt a lot that way."

"Have you, really?" Vane said quietly.

"I don't mind your little joke, sir. I've learnt that an innocent man can show exactly the same terror as the guilty caught red-handed; I've learnt—— But no matter. And many a time it has struck me what a wonderful detective a first class novelist would make. I don't mean in little things, such as tracking criminals and the like—I mean in elucidating big problems. When we exhaust every avenue, his imagination would find a score of others, especially if he had a good psychological knowledge of his man. Now, I've got a case on hand that I believe you can solve for me, sir."

"Possibly," said Vane. "But where does my psychological knowledge come in? See-

ing that there is no suspect, and that the victim is a stranger to me——"

"The victim is no stranger to you, Mr. Vane; I've found that out. And because you know him, and because of your novels, I am here to-day."

"This is getting interesting," Vane murmured. "The victim?"

"Ernst Van Noop. He was found dead in his cottage at Pinner last night, and there is not the slightest trace of the murderer. Van Noop lived in his house quite alone, and he seemed to have no hobby or occupation beyond his little garden and greenhouses."

"Except when he was spouting sedition in Hyde Park on Sundays," said Vane. "I'm sorry to hear about this. Really, Van Noop was a perfectly harmless creature, and at heart as gentle as a child. A little eccentric, but that was all."

Darch dissented mildly. He was bound to regard the doings of the dead Dutchman with an official eye. The man had been an Anarchist of the worst type; his Sunday orations would never have been tolerated in any other country; his doctrines were, to say the least, inflammatory.

"You are quite wrong," said Vane. "Poor Van Noop would not have injured a fly. In his way the man was a genius, and genius must have an outlet, or it is apt to become chargeable upon the rates. Anarchy was Van Noop's safety valve. He and I came together over the common table of flowers—bulbs especially. He could have worked wonders in the way of hybrids and new varieties had he lived. Your dangerous character theory won't hold water. I defy you to prove to me that the poor old Dutchman consorted with notoriously dangerous characters."

"Then why did he ask for police protection?" Darch demanded. "What was he afraid of? He had no money or valuables, he never went near any of the Soho clubs; so far as we can tell, nobody suspicious ever went near him. Yet for the last few days that man has been frightened out of his life—afraid of being murdered, he said. At the same time he refused to give any account of the party or parties who held him in terror, and he point-blank declined to open his mouth as to the reason for any threats or danger."

"You fancy he was a Nihilist who had fallen under the ban of the Order?"

"I feel practically certain of it, sir," Darch replied. "He has been murdered by those



people, and they have left no trace behind. That is why I am here."

Vane smiled in a manner calculated to annoy anybody but a detective.

"I don't fancy you are far wrong to appeal to the imagination of a novelist," he said, "especially to a novelist who knows the victim. I don't know the murderer, any more than you do, but I'll prophesy for once. Within a week you shall have the assassin within your hands. Come, isn't that assertion enough even for a writer of fiction?"

"You can put your hand upon the Nihilist?" Darch cried. "You know him?"

"I don't know him, and he isn't a Nihilist," Vane replied. "I haven't the remotest idea who the murderer is, and yet I stick to my opinion. I am going entirely on a theory, which theory is built upon some knowledge of the dead man's past. You will, perhaps, be glad to hear that it is a theory that would only occur to a novelist ;

therefore you were perfectly right in the line of policy that brought you here. Now, perhaps you will be so good as to tell me all the details."

"The details are *nil*, practically," Darch replied. "The policeman on duty near Van Noop's cottage had certain special orders. He noticed that the door was not open late in the afternoon, and he could not make anybody hear. Then he burst open the door and found Van Noop lying dead in the kitchen with a wound in his side. There were no signs of violence ; indeed, Van Noop must have been taken quite by surprise, for just under his heel, as if he had slipped upon it, was a small smashed onion."

"Onion !" Vane cried. "An onion ! Great Scott !"

The mention of that homely yet pungent vegetable seemed to have the strangest effect on the novelist. He glanced at Darch with mingled contempt and pity, a great agitation possessed him as he restlessly strode to and

fro. Then he dropped into his seat again, and his shoulders shook in a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"You will pardon me," he said, after a pause; "but your apparently commonplace words swept all the strings of emotion at once. And yet you say there is no clue. Now, *could* you have any clue stronger than an onion?"

"You are slightly too subtle for me, sir," Darch said, not without heat.

"I beg your pardon," Vane said contritely. "But I should very much like to see that onion."

Darch replied that the request might be complied with. He would have permitted himself the luxury of satire with anybody else but Vane over the matter. But then Vane had made him a cold, concrete promise that he should handle the quarry within seven days. From a novelist who had consistently refused to be interviewed, the promise carried weight.

"Was there anything else?" Vane asked.

"Nothing so prominent as the onion," Darch replied. "I, of course, made a close examination of the body, and in the right hand I found a flower. It looks to me like a periwinkle. Of course, it is much faded, and perhaps you may attach some importance to it. Being an ordinary man, it conveys nothing to me."

Vane's eyes were gleaming. The lines of his sensitive mouth twitched. If he was moved to laughter any more, he laughed inside.

"I don't suppose it would," he said thoughtfully, "seeing that Van Noop was a lover of flowers. He might have been looking at the bloom at the moment when the fatal blow was struck. It would be quite natural for him to keep the flower in his grasp. You have it, of course?"

"Yes, sir," said Darch. "One never quite knows. Didn't some great man once say that there are no such things as small details?"

"Details are the cog-wheels of great actions," Vane said sententiously. "Give me the flower."

Darch took the withered bloom from his pocket-book. It was wilted and lank, with a grass green stem and some dank velvet tassels hanging forlornly to the head. Had it been some precious treasure of the storied ages Vane could not have examined it more tenderly.

"What do you make of it?" Darch asked carelessly.

Vane shook his head. "The bloom is too far gone at present," he said. "It might be possible to revive it by plunging the whole into tepid water, with a little salt added." And yet, in spite of his assumed indifference, Vane's voice shook a little as he spoke.

"You had better leave this with me," he said. "In any case, it will be quite safe in my hands, and as the inquest on Van Noop's body is over, you will not need it for the present. At the same time, I am quite in earnest over my prophecy. If you will come here this day week at 6 p.m., I will go with you and assist you, if necessary, in arresting the murderer."

Darch departed, somewhat dazed at the result of his interview. But there was no smile on the face of the novelist, nothing but eager, palpitating curiosity, as he proceeded to plunge the wilted flower into water, to which a little salt was added.

"I'll go for a long pull on the river," he murmured. "I can't stay here by that thing. I should get an attack of nerves watching it expand. I wonder if it is possible that——"

He came back at length, two hours later, and proceeded to the study. Then he drew the flower from the water, and, behold! a glorious and pleasing transformation. The dead, crape-like petals had filled out to a



"Held it where the sun might play upon the velvety lustre."

velvety, glossy softness, black as night and lustrous as ebony. There were five of these black petals, and in the centre a calyx of deep purple with a heart of gold. Vane's hand shook as if with wine as he examined the perfect flowers, his eyes were glowing with admiration.

He flicked the water from it and dried it carefully. Then he held it where the sun might play upon the velvety lustre and shine upon the perfect dead blackness. Vane's eyes were like those of a mother gazing at a child back from the gates of death.

"Now I know what Van Noop was hinting at," he said. "He said he had a fortune in his pocket, and he was right. And I am the only living man who has been as yet permitted to look upon a *black narcissus*."

## II.

It was characteristic of Lancaster Vane that he should throw himself heart and soul into his undertaking. It had occurred to him more than once that the typical detective officer was lacking in imagination, and crime in the abstract interested him, as it must interest all writers of fiction; and more than once he had found his theories of some great case not only at variance with the police, but absolutely right when they had been as absolutely wrong.

That marvellous audacity and insight had rarely failed Vane when dealing with living, breathing humanity. And he had no fear of failure here.

All the same, Inspector Darch began to grow uneasy when the sixth day came and nothing had transpired—at least, nothing of a tangible nature. He came down to the cottage late in the evening with a sufficiently flimsy excuse for seeing the man of letters.

Vane was seated in his study, reading by the light of a shaded lamp. The vivid blood-red line of the fringed silk was but one crimson spot in a dim, shimmering blackness. The novelist half sighed, and then smiled as he laid down his book.

"I had forgotten all about you, Darch," he said.

"You don't mean to say you have done nothing, sir?" the inspector cried.

"On the contrary, I have done a great deal, my friend," Vane replied. "I meant that I had forgotten you for a moment. I am reading a novel here which in my humble opinion is the best that Dumas ever wrote."

"'Monte Cristo'?" Darch murmured. "Hear, hear!"

"No, it is not 'Monte Cristo,'" Vane

replied. "I am alluding to 'The Black Tulip.' Later on you will appreciate the value of the work. Imagination and education do a good deal for a man, but a judicious system of novel-reading does more. Some day our prophet shall arise and tell the world what an influence for good the best novels have wielded. Do you know the book?"

Darch admitted having skimmed it. He had found the characterisation feeble—at least, from a detective's point of view. Vane smiled.

"I shall change your opinion presently," he said. "Have you discovered anything?"

"As to Van Noop, you mean? No, sir. Have you?"

"No," Vane replied. "I am still quite as much in the dark as yourself."

"But you promised me that within a week——"

"I would show you the man. Well, I am going to do so. I haven't the remotest idea who he is yet, but I am going to meet him to-morrow afternoon. When I have done so, I shall send you a telegram to Scotland Yard giving you the man's address and the hour you are meet me there. Does that satisfy you?"

Darch expressed his thanks but feebly. All this was very irregular. Also, though it had an element of Gasconade about it, it was impossible to look into Vane's strong, grave face and doubt that he believed every word that he uttered. If this were detective's work, why, then, it amounted to genius. And thus Darch departed, with a strong feeling of uncertainty.

It was a little after twelve the next day that Vane set out to walk from Pinner Station on the Metropolitan to the cottage recently inhabited by the unhappy Van Noop. Nearing his destination he felt in his pocket-book for certain news-cuttings and a printed circular he had there. And this printed circular was to the effect that on this same date the whole of the garden produce and plants and flowers, bulbs and apparatus generally, belonging to the late Ernst Van Noop, were to be sold by auction, by order of the landlord, under a distress for rent. By the time Vane came to the cottage a free sprinkling of gardeners and florists had arrived, for, though the sale was a small one, Van Noop had been fairly well known amongst the brotherhood, and there was just the chance of picking up an odd parcel or so of hybrid bulbs which might become worth their weight in gold later on.

A lover of flowers and a man keen on anything new in that direction, Vane was respectfully recognised. Most of the dealers present were gathered in the kitchen of the cottage, where the bulbs were set out in little coarse blue paper bags. Most of them were properly labelled and catalogued, but there were three packets, of four bulbs each, to which the most trained florist present would have found it hard to give a name.

Vane pushed his way through a little knot of dealers. One of them touched his hat.

"Anything new here, Harris?" he asked.

"Well, sir," was the reply. "Van Noop was a close sort of party. I did hear something—in fact, I read it in the *Garden Herald* to-day—as Van Noop had some wonderful black bulbs here, but maybe it's all nonsense. I can't make head or tail of those little packets yonder, and I should be sorry to risk a sovereign on the chance of them turning out anything beyond the common. The other bulbs look good, but we could all show as fine a variety."

"I'll speculate," said Vane. "There's a commission for you, Harris. You can go up to five pounds each for those particular packets, but not a penny beyond. Of course, it will be throwing money away; but nothing venture, nothing win. And it may be possible that the *Garden Herald* was right, and Van Noop had invented the black tulip, after all."

Vane had spoken loud enough for everybody to hear. Then he left the cottage and strode down with the air of a man who has important business before him. He came back later and lounged into the cottage unconcernedly with a pipe in his mouth. The small knot of buyers were still lingering there. Vane came up to Harris languidly.

"Well," he asked. "Do you want my cheque for those mysterious bulbs?"

"No, sir," Harris replied, "and in my opinion you're quite well out of it. I bid up to five pounds, and then a stranger raised me a sovereign a bag, and I dropped it, of course. There he is, sir. You don't often get a chance to see the amateur enthusiast at his best; but he's only a foreigner."

This with the finest insular contempt. Vane glanced carelessly at the slight, stooping figure and thin, pinched features of the man who had incurred the florist's displeasure. The eyes he could not see, for they were behind glasses.

"Evidently an enthusiast, like myself," Vane said. "We all have our philosopher's stone, Harris."

"I dare say we do," Harris replied sententiously.

Vane smiled again. He passed over to the auctioneer and, after a few minutes with that worthy, scribbled out a telegram in pencil. When he looked round again, the foreign connoisseur had disappeared. Harris was busily engaged in directing the package of his own small purchase.

"I am coming over to-morrow to see that salmon auricula of yours," said Vane. "I am sorry to say that mine are doing indifferently. Not enough shade, perhaps."

"That's it, sir," Harris responded. "Aristocratic flower, naturally, is the auricula. Put 'em in an old garden along the borders under apple trees, and you can grow 'em like peonies. It's only county people who can grow auriculas."

"I'll put a coat-of-arms over mine," Vane laughed. "By the way, as you are passing a station, will you be good enough to send this telegram for me?"

The telegram merely contained an address, followed by a single figure, and was directed to Darcl's registered address at Scotland Yard. To the casual reader it conveyed nothing. Then Vane made his way into the road.

He walked on for a mile or more until he came, at length, to a pretty little cottage, a double-fronted one-storey affair, covered with creepers. There was a long garden in front, a garden deep sunken between trim, thick hedges, the black soil of which was studded with thousands of flowers—hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, nothing was wanting.

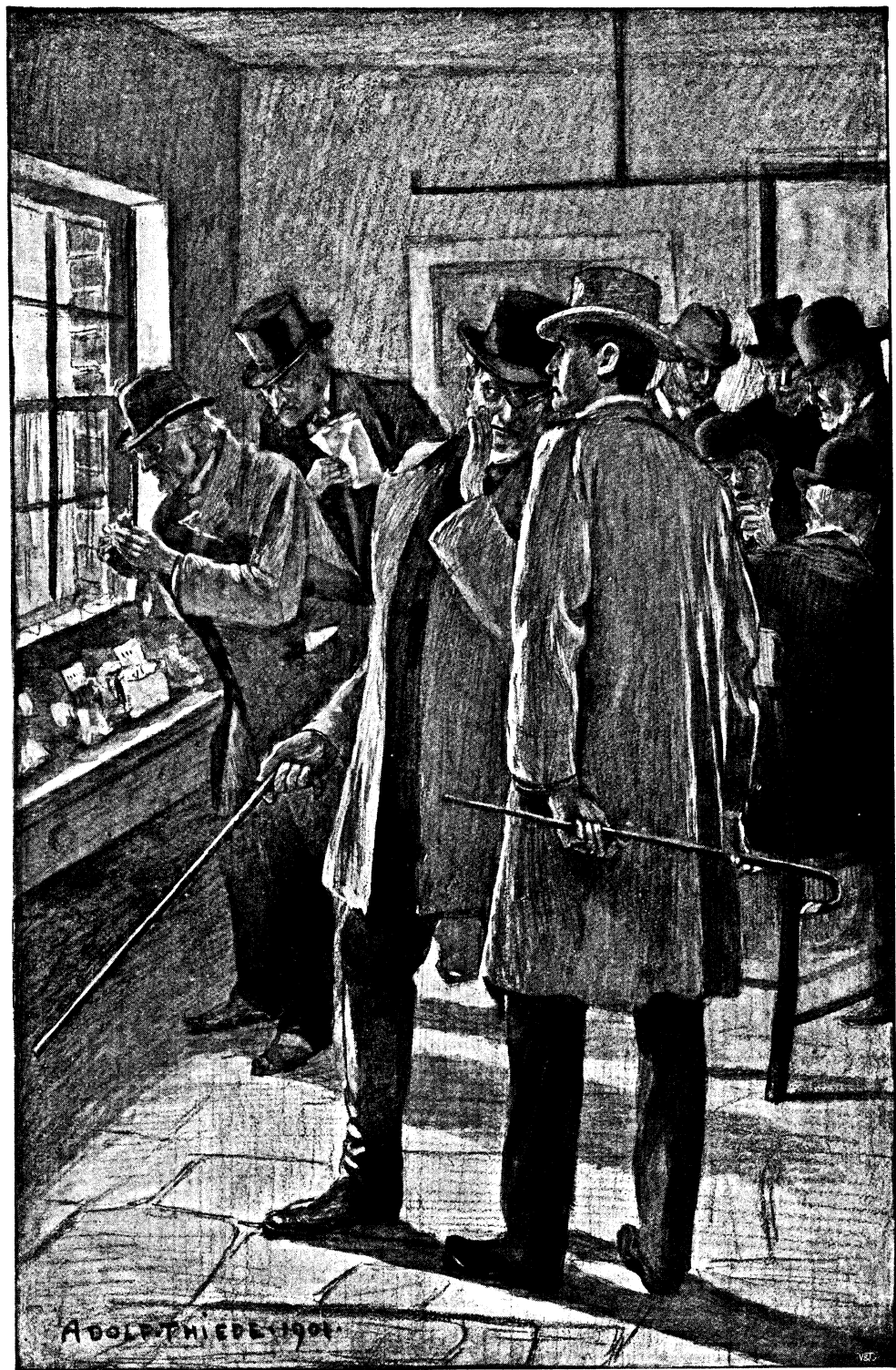
Vane's artistic eye revelled in the lovely sight.

He stood thus feasting his soul on the mass of beautiful colours before him. The more important mission was forgotten for the moment. There was something of envy in Vane's glance, too, for with all his lavish outlay he could not produce blooms like these. And the owner of the place was obviously a poor man.

"A better soil, perhaps," Vane muttered, "or perhaps it's because these beauties get the whole attention of the grower. Flowers want more attention than most women. When those gladiolas come into bloom——"

Vane paused in his ruminations as the owner of the cottage came out. He had a black velvet skull cap on the back of his head, around which grey hairs straggled like a thatch. As he stood in the path of the setting sun Vane noticed the long, slender hands and a heavy signet ring on





"There he is, sir. You don't often get a chance to see the amateur enthusiast at his best."

the right little finger. They were not the hands of the toiler or workman, and yet to Vane they indicated both strength and resolution.

"I am admiring your flowers," he said. "They are absolutely perfect. I am an enthusiast myself, but I have nothing like this."

"Nothing so perfect?" the old man said. "Won't you come in, sir?"

The question was asked with a certain mixture of humility and high courtesy that seemed to take Vane back over the bridge of the centuries. The man before him was bent and shaken by the palsy of old age, and yet his eyes were full of fire and determination. His English was thin and foreign, yet he spoke with the easy fluency of the scholar. Again Vane forgot his mission. An hour or more passed, the sun had flamed down behind the fragrant hawthorn, and Vane was still listening.

He had met a man with an enthusiasm greater than his own. Vane was standing in the presence of a master, and he knew it. The man was talking excitedly.

"I was a rich man once," he said. "The Van Eykes were a power in Holland at one time. And I have ruined myself over flowers as Orientals ruin themselves over their harems, and as the visionary in seeking for the elixir of life. Flowers have ever been my mistress—I have given my all for them, my life to the study of the secrets of Nature. If I could only go down to posterity as the inventor of something new——"

"A black tulip, for instance," Vane suggested.

The dark eyes behind the glasses flashed. Vane looked at his watch.

"Oh, yes!" Van Eyke cried. "It was that fascinating romance that first set me thinking. Perhaps you, too, have had your dreams, sir?"

"I confess it," Vane smiled. "You see, I am a novelist as well as a florist. I am still sanguine of seeing a black, a velvety black, flower. It will be soft-stemmed when it comes, and, as you know, it will be a bulbous plant."

"Perhaps I shall be able to show it to you."

Van Eyke spoke quietly, yet with a thrill in his voice. His hand trembled with something more than the weight of years. His glance wandered towards the house.

"I had it almost within my grasp five years ago," he said. "I was living near

Amsterdam then. You should have seen my hybrids—black, and white, and patches, and the black predominating. Heavens! how I longed and waited for the next springtime!"

"You are speaking of tulips, of course?" Vane asked carelessly.

"Oh, no," said Van Eyke. He paused in confusion, the red thread of his lips paled. "Yes, yes, of course I meant tulips. The black tulip. Ah, ah!"

His gaiety was not a pleasant thing. It was too suggestive of the butterfly on the skeleton.

"Oh! I waited for the springtime," he went on. "Aye, I waited as a prisoner for freedom. And they all came pink! My children had been stolen! Sir, you are a novelist. You can understand the frame of mind in which one commits murder."

"Did you track the man who had robbed you?" Vane asked.

"After a time I did; but it was years. Sir, I am talking nonsense."

"You may have said too much in the excitement of the moment," Vane said coolly, "but certainly you are not talking nonsense. You tracked your man, and you killed him. Why?"

Van Eyke's hands went up with an almost mechanical gesture. At the same moment a step was heard, crunching the gravel outside, and Darch appeared. Vane made a motion with his hand in the direction of Van Eyke's bent, quivering figure.

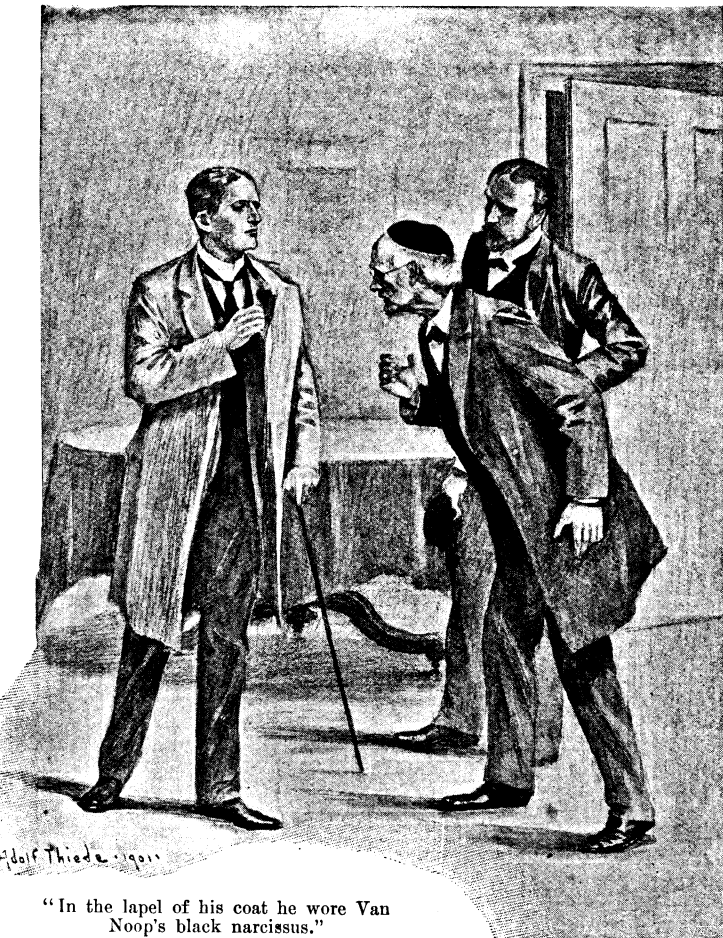
"You have come in time," he said. "This is Mr. Darch, of Scotland Yard. And this is Mr. Van Eyke, the man who killed Van Noop a few days ago."

Darch was too astonished to speak for a moment. The dramatic force of the situation had almost overpowered him. For crime as a rule is sordid enough, and the heroic in the life of a detective is only for the pages of fiction.

"This is a poor return for all my courtesy," Van Eyke said, not without dignity. "I have never even heard of the gentleman you mention."

Darch looked helplessly at Vane. The suggestion that he was about to be fooled was painful. Never had the mantle of the majesty of the law lain more awkwardly on his shoulders.

"It is quite possible," Vane said, "that you never heard of Van Noop by that name. But assuredly you knew all about the man at Pinner, the man who was murdered, and some of whose bulbs to-day fetched over five



"In the lapel of his coat he wore Van Noop's black narcissus."

pounds a packet, or nearly two pounds per bulb."

"I have not heard of that," said Van Eyke.

"Strange, seeing that you purchased them," Vane went on. "This is nonsense, Mr. Van Eyke. I saw you at the sale, and I am surprised that you did not see me. However, all this is beside the point. You bought those bulbs at an extravagant price because you believed that they were the bulbs of the black——"

"There is not a black—a black tulip in the world."

"Who said anything about a black tulip?" Vane retorted. "What you were after was a black narcissus. Perhaps you will deny the existence of that?"

"I should like to see it, above all things." The sneer passed over Vane's head. He stepped close to Van Eyke and opened his overcoat. In the lapel of his coat, the

stem carefully preserved in water, he wore Van Noop's black narcissus. The flower was slightly ragged at the edges, but it was all there, like a lovely woman past her prime.

The effect was staggering. Van Eyke fell, as if some unseen power had beaten him to his knees.

"Where did you get it?" he asked hoarsely. "Where did you get it?"

"Surely you need not ask the question," said Vane. "It was the one Van Noop was holding in his hand at the time you murdered him."

Van Eyke rose slowly to his feet. He made no further denial of the grave charge, he seemed to be absolutely unconscious of the danger hanging over his head. He had only eyes for the flower in Vane's coat. Darch watched the scene with lively admiration.

"Let me see it, let me hold it," said Van Eyke. He spoke like a man in a dream. "I don't care what you do, I don't care what happens to me, so long as

I can hold that flower in my hand. You need not be afraid. I will not injure it. Injure it? Bah! Would a mother injure her firstborn? I have sold my soul for it, as Faust sold his for Marguerite."

His eyes had grown soft and pleading. It seemed impossible to believe that the gentle, quivering creature could have the blood of a fellow creature on his hands. Vane passed the flower over, in spite of a glance of disapproval from Darch. It seemed like madness to hand over to the prisoner's custody the strongest link of evidence against him; and how frail that link was!

Van Eyke bent over the flower and pressed it to his lips.

"This is mine," he said, "mine! For twenty years I have laboured to attain this result. Another hand grew it, another hand tended it and fostered it, but the child is mine. Van Noop stole my black and white hybrids two years ago, and from them he

has developed this. He has been no more than the clod who has made the frame and varnished the canvas, for the picture is mine. And I killed him."

The confession was out at last. Darch stepped forward. The man was merged in the official. For the moment he forgot to admire Vane and the wonderful way in which he had elucidated the mystery. He became a mere detective again.

"I must warn you," he said, "that all you say will be taken in evidence against you."

Van Eyke smiled. Then he handed the black narcissus back to Vane. "What does it matter?" he said. "What does anything matter? I have seen all the fond hopes of years gratified, and I can die happy. I care nothing whatever whether Van Noop or myself gets the credit for the black narcissus, so long as it is there. He robbed me—I found him—and I killed him—killed him with the very thing I coveted in his hand. He died with it in his hand, and I never knew it.

"It is two years since I tracked Van Noop to England, after he robbed me. Then I settled down in this cottage, waiting my time; and for two years he lived within a mile of me, and I never knew it—never found it out. A month last Sunday I was in London. I was passing through Hyde Park when I heard an Anarchist addressing a mob. Something in his voice impelled me to draw near. It was my man, the man who had robbed me of the best part of my life.

"I followed him home. I found where he lived, and I waited my opportunity. It came. I slipped into the cottage when the door was open, and there he was, bending over a pot with a flower growing in it. I made a noise, and he turned and saw me. I fancied that it was his fear that caused him to break off the flower in the pot, but I had only eyes for my foe. Then with a knife I had I struck him to the heart, and he died without a murmur. For an hour I remained there, searching the house, but I could not find what I was searching for. I was looking for the black narcissus. Gentlemen, that is all."

"One question," said Vane. "Had you been hanging about Van Noop's cottage?"

"For three or four weeks, yes," Van Eyke replied. "I was seeking for my opportunity."

"Is it possible that he might have discovered this?"

"Oh, it is possible all these things are possible. Why?"

"I was merely asking for my own information," said Vane. "There was a point to be cleared up, and you have done it for us. I am sorry for this, very sorry. It seems a pity that so fine and innocent and beautiful a place should be mixed up in a sordid crime like this."

Van Eyke shrugged his shoulders. There was no trace of fear in his eyes now; indeed, it seemed to Vane that those eyes were blazing with a fire beyond the bright glow of reason.

"Most of the brightest jewels in the world are stained with blood," Van Eyke said, "and if the orchids in your millionaires' houses could speak, what tragedies they might tell! Sir, I am in your hands. Sir, I wish you good-night."

The Dutchman turned from Darch to Vane with a stately courtesy. He might have been a lordly host bowing out two objectionable visitors. A little later, and the prisoner found himself with a stolid policeman in the back of a dog-cart. Darch lingered a moment before he took his seat.

"Mr. Vane," he said, "this is really wonderful."

"It is exceedingly painful and squalid to me," Vane replied. "But I see you are puzzled. You have seen the problem finished, and naturally you are anxious to have the moves all explained. If you will come to the Lotus Club after dinner to-morrow night, I will make everything clear. Say nine o'clock."

"Mr. Vane," Darch said emphatically, "I will be there."

### III.

"AND now, Darch," said Vane, as he finished his coffee daintily, "I am going to be egoistical. I am going to talk about myself to the extent of some one thousand words. As a rule, I get some twenty guineas per thousand for my words—but that is another story.

"The other night you came to me with a story of an Anarchist who asked for police protection, because—so you imagined—he had done something wrong in the eyes of other Nihilists, and feared for his life. You came to me, in the first place, to obtain inspiration from a novelist, and, secondly, because the victim was, like myself, an ardent lover of flowers.

"Now, in the first place, permit me to correct a wrong impression of yours. From your point of view I should never make a good detective. I decline to believe in the

theory of obvious deduction. Dupin and Sherlock Holmes were steeped to the lips in it. My word! what blunders they would have made had they reduced those theories to practice! Holmes takes a watch, and from a keyhole, by the scratches, deduces that the owner is a man of dissipated habits. But suppose he had been partially blind or suffering from paralysis, eh? No, that's no good save in fiction.

"Now, I knew Van Noop. I knew him to be incapable of injuring a fly. His socialism was merely a safety valve. The man might have been a visionary, but what he didn't know about flowers wasn't worth knowing. And more than once he had hinted to me that he was on the verge of a great discovery. As bulbs were his hobby, and as he was a Dutchman, also, as he was a great admirer of Dumas, I guessed he was after a black flower. They are all after it. And it was not to be a tulip, because Van Noop didn't care much for tulips.

"Then you came to me and told me he had been murdered. You told me about the mysterious way in which he had asked for police protection, and instantly it flashed across my mind that somebody had discovered his secret and was trying to get it from him. When you brought me that withered flower, I was sure of my argument; and when you spoke of that smashed onion, I was positive. You made me laugh over that onion, you remember. That probably was a bulb of the black narcissus, though as a layman you were quite justified in taking it for that succulent vegetable.

"After you were gone I developed the black narcissus. There before me was a motive for the murder. It seemed to me that there had been a struggle for it, and that Van Noop had destroyed the flower and crushed the bulb just before he was killed. Then, as a natural sequence to this important discovery, the story of 'The Black Tulip' came into my mind. I had to find the man who committed the crime for the sake of the narcissus. And this is where the novelist comes in. It was not a case for obvious deduction, it was a case of introspection. *You* would have gone on blundering your head against Nihilist revenge and the like. I simply had to weave a romance round that flower, a romance with blood in it. And gradually my art and my imagination led me to the true and only possible solution of the mystery. Van Noop had been murdered for the sake of the black narcissus beyond question, and the assassin must be an

enthusiast and a madman, like himself. You will call all this intuition.

"Then I had to draw my man. I found out when the sale was coming off, and a man who knows the address of every amateur gardener in London posted a special circular I had printed hinting that Van Noop's collection held rare things to buyers. When I reached Van Noop's cottage on the day of the sale I had no idea who the murderer was, but I felt absolutely certain that he would be present, whether he had my circular or no. Then, in a stage whisper, I asked a florist to purchase a parcel or two of bulbs for me at a fancy price. As I expected, on my return I found they had been bought over my head by somebody else. And then, my dear Darch, I knew the man who had murdered Van Noop. I had only to go over to the auctioneer and obtain the address of the man who had given a large sum for a parcel of bulbs which he fondly hoped contained the black narcissus. I obtained that address and followed Van Eyke to his cottage."

"Wonderful!" Darch cried. "I should never have thought of it."

"Of course you wouldn't," Vane replied. "Crime for crime's sake would be the only motive that appealed to you. And why? Because it is impossible for the detective trained in the ordinary way to appreciate or understand the poetic side of crime. And yet I defy you to find anything sordid in the case. The whole thing is absolutely mediæval. In this prosaic age it seems extraordinary that a man should commit murder for the sake of a flower. And yet in Van Eyke you have a man who would not have shed a drop of blood for all the mines of Golconda."

"You are right, sir," said Darch thoughtfully; "and I was right also. I knew that a man of imagination would be required here, and I found him. And I don't mind confessing that I should never have dreamt of connecting that crime with a simple flower."

"You might," Vane replied. "When everything else failed, you would probably have started to look out for the owner of the flower, going on the theory that the dead man had snatched it from the coat of the murderer. Another time, perhaps, I may show you how my detective theory can be worked out in another fashion. And the next time you find an onion, be quite sure it is an onion, and not a priceless bulb worth a king's ransom."



## CHRISTMAS INCONSISTENCIES.

By GEORGE P. HAWTREY.

"PEACE and good will to men——"

Ah! yes, of course, but then


At this time of the year

We all assume, I fear,

A mental attitude;

I don't know why we should——

But we do!



We pray for snow and ice,  
And say they'd be so nice;  
And though the fact remains  
That it generally rains,

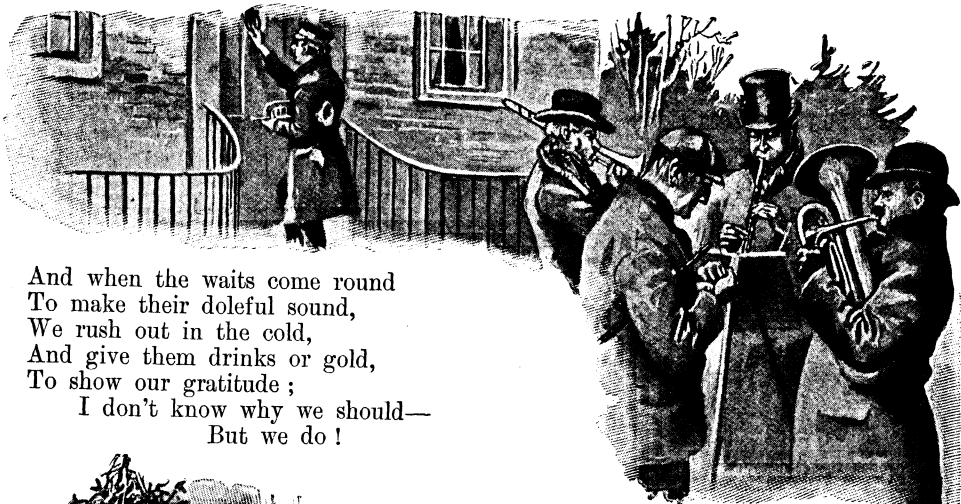
We lay in coals and wood;

I don't know why we should——

But we do!







And when the waits come round  
To make their doleful sound,  
We rush out in the cold,  
And give them drinks or gold,  
To show our gratitude ;  
I don't know why we should—  
But we do !

We fasten up, you know,  
Bunches of mistletoe ;  
And under sprigs of this  
Habitually kiss  
Whichever girl we would ;  
I don't know why we should—  
But we do !



Some whom we once loved best  
Are absent,—or at rest ;  
And while we laugh and chat,  
We know just where they sat,  
Or moved about, or stood ;  
I don't know why we should—  
But we do !



*V.H. 20 Symington*



Saddest of all sad times !  
 We hear the distant chimes ;  
 And a something dims the eye  
 At a thought of years gone by.  
 Then we laugh and eat our food :  
     I don't know why we should—  
     But we do !



O time for solemn thought !  
 When seriously we ought  
 To shun our pleasant sins ;  
 And, as the year begins,  
 Endeavour to be good ;  
     Oh, yes ! I know we should—  
     But we don't !



# UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION.

By HALL CAINE,\*

AUTHOR OF "THE ETERNAL CITY."

## I.



T Euston station at 9 p.m. on Sunday, the twenty-third of December, 18—, I leaned out of the window of a carriage of the Scotch train, and Sir George Chute shook

hands with me from the platform.

"Good-bye, Robert," said Sir George. "Mind you come to me the very moment of your return. I shall be anxious to hear everything. Our good friends at Cleator are half strangers to both of us, you know—well, to me, at all events. My kind regards to Miss Clousedale—to Mrs. Hill, too—Good-bye! Good-bye!"

I waved my hand to him as the train slid away from the platform. He had dined with me that night in my rooms at the Temple and had come to Euston to see me off. Sir George was five-and-twenty years my senior, but nevertheless my closest friend. In earlier life he had been the friend of my father. Forty years before they were fellow clerks in the office of a country

attorney. Their courses then fell apart. Sir George Chute had become the most prosperous solicitor in London, and my father, Sir Robert Harcourt, was an Indian judge. But though separated by half the world, their friendship had been maintained. I was born in India, and when at fourteen I was sent to England to begin my education at a public school, it was Sir George who established me at Harrow. In due time he sent me on to Oxford, and afterwards opened up to me my career at the Bar. I had been five years a junior, and my success was due in great part to Sir George. He was more than my friend—he was my foster-father.

But the debt I owed him included a claim that touched me closer than any material obligations. He had been the means by which I had come to know Lucy Clousedale. Lucy had come up to London from her home in Cumberland to consult him as a solicitor in relation to the mining estate which was her inheritance. She was two-and-twenty, and both her parents were long dead. Her only companion throughout life had been an old nurse, who was a maiden lady, but was always addressed as Mrs. Hill. The friendlessness of the orphan girl had touched Sir George, and he had invited her to his house in Cheyne Walk. It was there that I had met her. To meet her was to admire her, for surely no lovelier woman ever lived. Her health, her sweetness, her simplicity, her naturalness, her freshness had made a deep impression. This was early in May, and during the next month or two she had been invited everywhere. Lucy spoke with a slight northern accent and sang old English songs. Everything was new to her and everything was wonderful. It will not wrong the truth to say that her freshness and *naïveté* had made her the success of the hour.

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*Author's Note.*—In my ignorance of medical science I dare take no responsibility for the theories advanced in that part of this little novel which deals with the claims of hypnotism. I have only attempted, in the rôle of the autobiographical storyteller, to dramatise, as far as I know and understand them, the conflicting opinions of those who have written or spoken on the subject. My own contribution to the discussion of the great Drink Question is the simple and human one of exhibiting the power of Imagination on a victim of Alcoholism, and the mighty influence of Hope on a mind diseased.—H. C.

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I was a happy man, for our acquaintance had ripened into friendship, and our friendship into love. Before she left London at the end of June, Lucy had promised to be my wife. We were not to be married until the following spring, but I was to visit her at her home at Christmas. Her last evening in London we spent together at Sir George Chute's. It was a sweet and happy time. The soft glow of a London sunset lay along the sleepy Thames as we sat in the balcony and looked towards the Old Battersea Bridge. Before the lamps were lit she sang "Sally in Our Alley." I had one pang only—the thought of our six months' separation.

But that was over at length. The long tale of my duties at the courts was at an end for the present. Christmas was near, and I was in the train for Cumberland. I lay back in my seat and beguiled the first hour of my journey with a packet of old letters from my breast-pocket. Most of them were from Lucy—the daintiest little things, in the neatest penmanship. I noticed for the second time that in this regard two of the letters were unlike the rest. The handwriting was irregular, and the sentences were jerky and inconsequent. Sir George had chanced to see one of the two as it lay on the table at my chambers. "Not so well, eh?" said Sir George. He fancied himself an expert in that direction. And he was right. Temporary indisposition had been the explanation. Lucy herself had said so.

The only letters in my old packet that were not Lucy's were from my father. I had written to tell him of my forthcoming marriage, and he had answered with as much cordiality as I had a right to expect. He trusted that my determination was wise, that my action was not premature, that I saw my course clear before me. The only significant passage was of the nature of a warning: "Above all, my dear boy, let me hope and trust that the woman who is to be your wife and my daughter comes of a good and healthy stock. Living in this country where natural selection in marriage is hampered by consideration of caste, I see more plainly than ever how terrible are the consequences of heredity, not only in actual physical taint, but also in the countless forms of bad habits which are equivalent to disease."

I left the Scotch mail at Penrith at three in the morning, but Lucy's home was in the iron district of Cleator Moor, and I had to change at a second junction before reaching the last stage of my journey. This junction was in the heart of the Cumberland hills.

Day had not yet dawned when I got there; thick snow lay on the ground, the morning was cold, and I had half an hour to wait for the local train. With the help of a porter I found my way into the waiting-room of the little wooden station-house. A brisk fire was burning there, and a group of miners were sitting on the forms about it, smoking their clay pipes, with their elbows on their knees, and their lamps hanging from their wrists. They made room for me at the fire, but went on with their talk without regard to my presence. I asked if they were going by the train to Cleator. They answered "Yes," and that they worked at the Clouse-dale mines in the pit known as "Owd Boney." I learned that "Owd Boney" meant "old bone of contention," and that popular nickname had reference to the pit's history. Also I gathered that the men lived at the neighbouring town of Cocker-mouth, and were that morning starting afresh on their fortnightly "shift."

"But Christmas Eve!" I said—"surely you take holiday at Christmas?" They laughed and answered that all seasons were alike to the miner.

"Sunday or Monday, it's all t'same," said one. "Th'engine at t'pit-head doesna stop for t'church service."

"And t'boiler at t'bottom is as thirsty as owd Geordie Clous'al hissel," said another, and then they laughed and puffed and spat in a chuckling chorus.

The train steamed up and whistled; I got into the same carriage with the miners, and we ran into the mining country. Over the snow-covered dales the day was now dawning. The mountains were falling behind us, and we were coming on to a broad stretch of moorland. I could see ahead in the increasing grey light the wooden gear of many pit-shafts, and the smoke and flame from the squat chimneys of the smelting-houses. The snow was thinner at every mile, and the bare ground was red and black, as if with cinders and the refuse of iron ore.

"You spoke of old George Clousedale," I said. "What is he?"

"A dead man," said one of the miners.

"What was he?"

"The owner of 'Owd Boney,' and half the pits of Cleator."

"Any relative of Miss Clousedale, of Clousedale Hall?" I asked.

"Lucy?" said several voices together.

"Well, yes, 'Lucy,' if you like."

"Thirsty owd Geordie Clous'al was Lucy's grandfadder."

I was curious, but I was also vexed. "Men," I said, "it's only right to tell you at once that Miss Clousedale is a friend of mine, and that I'm now on my way to visit her."

They understood me instantly and made amends with manly simplicity. "No disrespect to Miss Lucy, sure. Nobbut

was a large square mansion of modern date and of no particular character, standing deep in its own grounds behind thick clumps of trees which were all leafless. The sun had broken out, and a watery gleam lay along the slate roof and part of the grass on the lawn. Smoke was coming from the chimneys, and just at that moment somebody was

"Lucy had promised to be my wife."



goodwill to the young lady, sir. We're eating her bread, and we've nowt agen her."

Nothing further was said until we came within a mile of the village, which I had seen lying on the moor-top under a canopy of smoke. Then one of the miners leaned over to the carriage window and pointed to a house which we were rapidly passing.

"Yon's Clous'al Hall, sir," he said.

I jumped up and looked out. The house

raising the white blind of one of the windows. Such was the home of Lucy. As the train passed I noticed that not far from the gate of Clousedale Hall there was a small group of cottages with a little public-house at their nearest corner. The line ran so close that I could read the sign. It was the "Clousedale Arms."

We drew up at the station, and I looked around to see if there was anyone to meet me.

THE END

It was still as early as half past eight, and the morning was chill, but in spite of reason I had half cherished the hope that Lucy herself would have driven down. At least I thought Mrs. Hill might be there. I saw neither. There was no carriage, no trap, no recognisable servant of any kind. When the miners had trooped away, the platform would have been empty but for myself and the servants of the railway. I hailed the porter.

"Anybody here who can carry my bag to Clousedale Hall?" I asked.

"Then mebbe you're the gentleman that's expected," he said, and diving into his jacket pocket he produced a letter.

It was addressed "Robert Harcourt, Esq.," and was not in Lucy's handwriting. The letter was from Mrs. Hill and was dated 9 p.m., Sunday, Dec. 23.

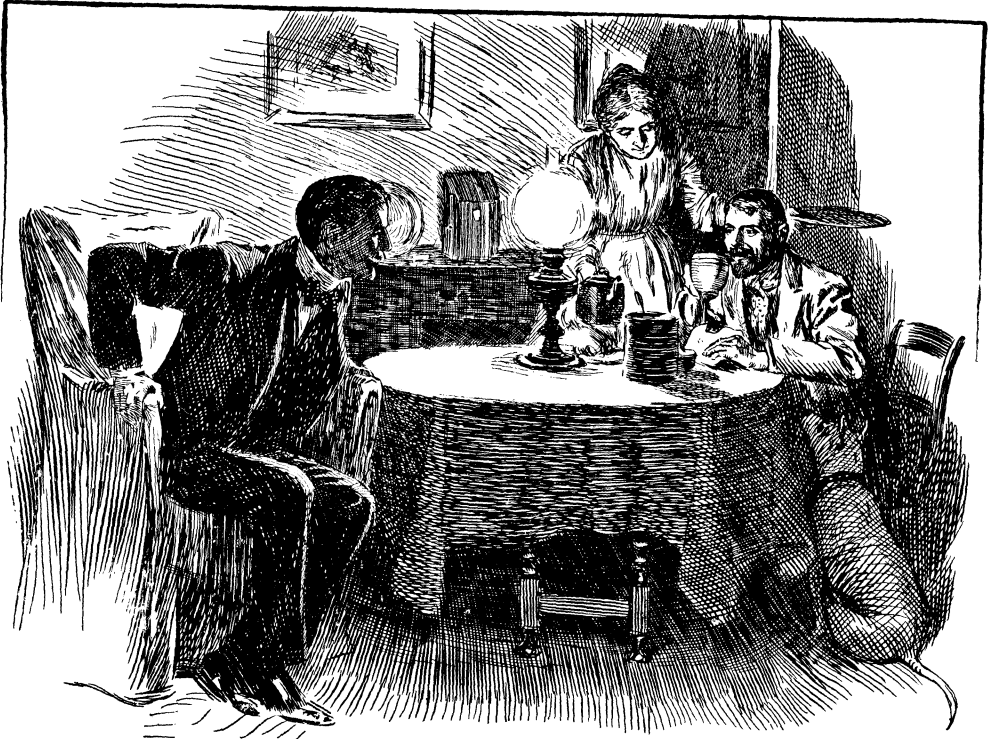
"Dear Sir,—I am sorry to tell you that Lucy has suddenly become ill, and that the doctor thinks it necessary that she should have absolute quiet and rest during the next few days. There is no danger of any kind, and therefore I trust you will not feel anxiety, still less alarm. But, under the circumstances, I am reluctantly compelled to ask you not to come to Clousedale Hall at present. I have taken the liberty of engaging rooms for you at the 'Wheatsheaf,' in the village, where I trust you will be comfortable until such time as I can properly and safely give my dear one the great happiness of asking you to remove your quarters to this house.

"With every apology, disappointment, and regret, I am, dear Mr. Harcourt, yours very sincerely, MARTHA HILL."



"He produced a letter."





“‘A story of a curse?—I must hear it at all costs.’”

“Take my bag to the ‘Wheatsheaf,’ porter,” I said.

He took it up and trudged off, and I followed him. I was pained, dazed, and bewildered.

## II.

BREAKFAST was ready for me at the inn, but I could not touch it until I had written to Lucy. I told her with what concern I heard of her illness, how I hoped for her speedy recovery, how grievous was my disappointment at not seeing her immediately on my arrival in her country, with much besides of too intimate a nature to be repeated here. After this letter had been despatched by hand, I sat down to breakfast, and the landlady herself waited upon me. She was a worthy Cumberland woman in middle life, very staid and serious, but somewhat more talkative than the generality of her race. Her name was Tyson; her husband was something of a sportsman; they were living on the Clousedale property.

Mrs. Tyson had much to say about Lucy, whom she had known since earliest childhood—of her goodness to the poor, her personal sweetness to everybody, her generosity (exhibited in many ways), and generally of the qualities of mind and heart

which had endeared her beyond all others to the people of the district wherein she had been born and reared. It did not surprise me that, as seen in the eyes of those who had known her longest and most intimately, my darling proved to be as good as she was beautiful. I gathered that she was interested in various local institutions for the social welfare of the people—in workmen’s clubs, an evening ragged-school, and a branch of the Rechabite order, which she had helped to establish. It appeared that, at her own cost—the parish church lying two miles away in the dale—she had even gone so far as to build and endow a little chapel-of-ease for the use of the community which had grown up on the moor-top around the pits which her family had worked for generations. The landlady was warm in her narration of these good offices, and when I inquired about Lucy’s health, if it had ever hitherto given cause for anxiety, she answered “No,” that only twice before, as far back as they could remember, had she been at all unwell, and both attacks had been within the past six months.

“Nothing serious, surely?” I said.

“Nay, not that I know of,” said the landlady. “But the poor young lady seemed

that glad to be better that she niver knew how to be good enough to anybody the moment she was gotten round. And a cruel pity it was to see her white face going from house to house with her basket and her purse. It was at one such time she got her new Scotch parson to start the Rechabites. The sweet little body went over the moor herself, persuading the miners to take the pledge—and a good thing for some of them, too, for all it's the wife of a publican that says so."

My night-long journey had wearied me and I went to bed and slept soundly. Some time late in the afternoon I awoke, and then it occurred to me that it might, perhaps, set at rest the anxiety which I could not help but feel if I were to go to see Lucy's doctor. On this errand, after I had taken some dinner, I set out at the direction of the landlady.

The doctor was not at home. He was at the public dispensary in the village. I learned that this dispensary was another of Lucy's charities. The outer room was filled with women and children waiting their turn to enter the room within. As I stood among them, while my card was taken to the doctor, I heard my dear one's name coupled with praises and blessings.

"It'll be made up to her," said one woman.

"The Lord will pay her back," said another.

The doctor's name was Godwin. At first sight it occurred to me that he hardly justified it. I found him a hard-faced man, with a square head and steely grey eyes. He had been educated in Germany, and I learned afterwards that he took pride in being abreast of all modern developments of his science. This, and his resolute personal character, had given him a certain superiority over old-fashioned county practitioners, though he was understood to be an Atheist, and certainly never attended church.

I explained that I was a friend of Miss Clousedale's, and he seemed to be aware of our relations. I inquired if her illness were at all serious, and he answered me less promptly than I had expected.

"No, not serious—not at present," he said.

As he volunteered no further explanation, I made bold to ask if Lucy's trouble were a feminine ailment. After a moment he answered "Yes," and was silent again.

"Some nervous complaint, no doubt?" I said, whereupon he said "Yes" once more,

repeated my words mechanically, and then looked up quickly and asked if I were making any "stay" in the district.

I was nettled by his reserve, and told him that Lucy was to be my wife, that I had come expressly and by an old appointment from London to visit her; that, by the wish of her nurse, and, as I understood, by his own wish also, I was now staying at the inn in the village, but I was looking forward to changing my quarters to Clousedale Hall as soon as he could assure me that my presence there would be no disadvantage to his patient.

"It will be some days still," he said.

I thought the man was treating me with scant courtesy, and I made no disguise of my annoyance. On leaving, I went the length of hinting that, perhaps I should think it necessary to telegraph for a specialist. My threat had no effect. The man saw me to the door with frigid politeness and all but the silence of a Sphinx.

Going back by the main street of the village, I passed in the gathering darkness of the winter evening a little red-brick Gothic church, standing in the midst of a closely populated district of very poor cottages. It was the chapel-of-ease that had been built and endowed by Lucy. I recognised it by its foundation-stone, which bore a gilt-lettered inscription in my dear one's honour. There were lights burning, the door was open, and I glanced within. Some ladies were decorating the windows and the timbers of the open roof, from ladders held by two or three miners.

When I got back to the "Wheatsheaf," I asked if there were any message from Clousedale Hall. There was no letter, but a gentleman was waiting to see me. It was the clergyman. His name was McPherson, and he was a middle-aged Scotchman of severe aspect. He had come to tell me that my letter had been received, but that Miss Clousedale was not well enough to reply to it. Then, on his own account, he proceeded to advise the postponement of my intended visit.

"Is she so seriously unwell?" I asked.

"I fear she is," he answered.

"What is her illness?"

He hesitated a moment, and then said, "I cannot rightly say."

"Has she ever had it before?"

"Twice before."

"And she recovered on both occasions?"

"By the grace of God, yes—for the time, at all events."



"He would drive her away with threats and oaths."

My anger was rising. This man, like the doctor, was keeping me at arm's length.

"And you advise me," I said, "to go back to London?"

"For the present," he replied.

"Without seeing her?"

"To see her would be impossible."

"Is it her own wish?"

He hesitated again, then answered falteringly, "Yes—I think so—that was my inference."

My patience was well nigh exhausted before I saw the clergyman out of the house. Another man was then coming in at the door—a big, lusty, deep-chested fellow, with a game-bag over his shoulder and a gun under his arm. He was Tyson, the landlord. He saluted me as we passed in the hall. There was something open and fearless in the air of the man that appealed to me at the moment, and, having parted from my parson, I followed my landlord into his little red parlour at the back of the bar. He gave me a cheery welcome, and began to joke about my visitor, called him "Mr. Sky-Pilot," and said it was the first time his reverence had deigned to cross the threshold of the "Wheatshaf." I learned that Mr. McPherson was a fanatical teetotaler, and that this was understood to be the qualification that had led to his appointment by the patroness of his living.

"No wonder, nowther," said Tyson, "seeing the lesson she's been getting all the days of her life, poor lady!"

"What lesson?" I asked.

"Nay, hast a niver heard tell of owd Georgie Clous'al?"

I remembered the talk of the miners in the train. "Thirsty owd Georgie?" I said.

"The verra man," said my landlord.

"She's for breaking the curse, I reckon."

"What curse?" I asked.

"Then you know nowt of the Clous'al history, sir?"

I had to confess that though Miss Clousedale was my friend, my intimate friend, I knew nothing about her family. Mrs. Tyson was laying her husband's tea. "Shaf, John!" she said, "don't bother thy head with such owd wife's stories."

I drew my chair to the fire. "A story of a curse?" I said. "I must hear it at all costs."

Tyson laughed. "Thoo must tak' it as it comes, then," he said, and while he munched his great mouthfuls he told his tale.

Old George Clousedale, the grandfather of Lucy and the founder of the fortunes of the Clousedale family, was a hard and cruel

master. It was told of him that if he saw a poor widow picking cinders from the refuse of the smelting-house, to warm her old bones on a wintry day, he would drive her away with threats and oaths. One Sunday morning two of his miners were walking home from the church in the valley, when, crossing the beck, they kicked up a bright red stone. It was good, solid iron ore. This was a find that promised great results. The men agreed to say nothing of their discovery until such time as they could take out royalties and begin mining on their own account.

One of the two was faithful to his bond; the other broke it secretly. While the first was borrowing money towards his visit to the lord of the manor, the second went to the house of his master, told all, and accepted a bribe of twenty pounds. Within a week George Clousedale had bought up the royalties of another mine, and was sinking another shaft. The miner who had been betrayed was mad with rage. He went in search of his faithless partner and thrashed him within an inch of his life. The man was arrested, and George Clousedale was the magistrate by whom he was tried. He was sentenced to some months' imprisonment.

The poor fellow was young, and he had been the only support of his mother, and when he was sent to Carlisle the old woman went up to the house of George Clousedale and asked for the master. He came out to her in the hall, and she railed at him as a traitor and a tyrant. Losing himself at her insults, he snatched a riding-whip from the wall, struck her on the head, and told her to be off to hell, and never dare to show her face in his house again. The woman drew herself up to him and cried, "You brutal ruffian! It's yourself that will go to hell; but before you go you will have the fire of hell in your body, and feel a thirst that can never be quenched! You will drink and drink till you die, and your children will drink, and your children's children, and your great grandchildren, for ever and ever!"

"But," I said, "you don't mean to tell me the curse came true?"

"Have it as you like, sir," said Tyson; "but in less nor six weeks Georgie Clous'al was tak'n with a burning heat of his inside, and he drank, and drank, and drank, and in a twelvemonth he was dead."

"What children had he?"

"Only a son—young Georgie, as we caw'd him. Georgie laughed at the owd tale as they telt of, but at forty he was

seized with the same burning thirst, and at fifty he was in a drunkard's grave."

"And—and Lucy—Miss Clousedale?" I asked.

"She was nobbut a bairn when her fadder died, and they've taken Time by the forelock, and brought her up teetotal."

I laughed, Tyson laughed, his wife laughed, and we all laughed together. "A good old witch story," I said, with a shiver. "I wonder whoever makes these gruesome yarns?"

But the thing possessed me. I came back to it again and again. The pit that

had been the first cause of the quarrel was the one known as "Owd Boney." It brought wealth to the Clousedale family and was the chief source of Lucy's fortune. Her father died rich, but his last ten years were years of pain and terror. The unquenchable thirst which tormented him came in periodical attacks which grew more and more frequent, appearing first at intervals of six months, then of three, and then of one. Thus in narrowing circles the burning fever encompassed the man like a deadly serpent and throttled him at the end.

My landlord's story might have interested me at any time, but at that moment it seemed to have a horrible fascination. Under other circumstances I might have speculated on the power of imagination to induce the fate it dreads; but the creeping mystery of Lucy's illness made it difficult to think dispassionately. I hardly dared to formulate the fears that were floating in my soul.



"'You will drink and drink till you die!'"

Eventually I made up my mind to "sleep on it," and so went off to bed. Some hours later I awoke from a fitful and troubled sleep, and heard the singing of hymns in the street outside. I had forgotten that it was Christmas Eve.

### III.

THE only decision the morning brought me was that I should write to Mrs. Hill, asking permission to call. This I did, with many expressions of solicitude and no concealment of the disquietude caused by the clergyman's summary message. I proposed to go up to Clouse-dale Hall in the course of the afternoon, but asked for an answer in the meantime encouraging me to do so.

It was Christmas morning, and the bells were ringing for service. I went to church. The pew under the pulpit was empty—it was Lucy's pew. They had decorated it with ivy and holly and some sprigs of flowering gorse. There was a large congregation, chiefly of miners and their children. The minister was the Rev. McPherson, my visitor of the night before. Between the second lesson and the sermon he asked for the prayers of all present for their dear friend and donor, the patroness of their church, who at that hour of rejoicing lay sick at home. Many heads were bowed instantly—there could be no question of the response.

As I was coming out at the close, somebody touched me on the arm. It was an elderly mar of a cheerful face, and with small, twinkling eyes behind large spectacles. He told me his name was Youdale, and he was the manager of the Clousedale mines. There was to be the usual Christmas dinner for poor children given by Miss Clousedale at the church schools—would I care to be present? We went along together. The school-house was thronged with the little mites, all very untidy, very dirty, very odorous, very noisy, but very happy, in spite of their condition. Grace was sung, and then numbers of steaming hot-pots were brought in. The youngsters were stretching



"She knows  
far ower  
much."

themselves with repletion before the dishes had been emptied. Thanks were offered, and then my friend of the spectacles got up on two forms to deliver an address. He began by regretting the absence of their beloved benefactress, who, out of the kindness of her heart, had provided this Christmas meal for the children, but by reason of illness could not partake of the good things herself. Let them pray that God would be gracious to her and bring her safely out of the valley of the shadow, to be a guide and a blessing to all who loved and revered her. A young schoolmistress sat down at a harmonium, and then the little folks shambled up and sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." It was more than I could bear, and I stole out unobserved.

That evening I had a terrible shock. All the afternoon I had waited in pain for the reply to my letter addressed to the nurse. It did not come, but towards nightfall there came a letter from Lucy herself. It was



penned in the same irregular hand which had struck me so painfully in the two letters received in London, and it was written in the same jerky and inconsequent sentences. I cannot attempt to transcribe it. Every syllable burnt itself into my brain with a finger of fire, but I will not dare to set it down. It begged, it prayed, it supplicated me not to come to the house. It craved my indulgence, my forgiveness, my everlasting forgetfulness of one who was unworthy of my love and devotion. She was ill, very ill, but she was also worse than ill. I must let her escape from our engagement. It had been the joy and the charm of her life, but now it was the terror and torment of her existence. She must break it; I must go back to London; we must never think of each other again. God forgive her and pity her! God be good to me and keep me and preserve me!

Such a letter could have but one effect. I snatched up my hat and turned my face towards Clousedale Hall. While going through the village I walked briskly, but on reaching the lanes I set off to run. Upon reaching the group of cottages that stood near to the gate of the house I was bathed in perspiration and my heart was beating audibly. Not to defeat my purpose with such violence of zeal, I turned in at the "Clousedale Arms" and called for a glass of brandy. It was one of those old-fashioned public-houses which have the counter partitioned into compartments like the boxes of a pawnbroker's shop. In one of these compartments I stood and cooled myself and sipped my brandy, while I tried to collect my thoughts and determine what I was to do. There was a woman in the compartment next to me, and the landlady was leaning across and talking to her in whispers.

"I'm sorry Maggie's lossin' her place," said one of the two.

"She knows far ower much," said the other. "Only yesterday the mistress gave her half a sovereign to steal out and fetch her a bottle of something, and when she went back never asked her for a penny of change."

"Was it the doctor that gave Maggie her notice, then?"

"Like it was, but they've telt me no particulars."

The approach to Clousedale Hall was by a curving path bordered by trees, which, though leafless, made the way dark and gave out gruesome noises in a wind that was then rising. I found the door with difficulty, for there was no lamp burning at the porch, and

I had nothing to guide me save the dim light that came from behind the blinds of the windows of the upper storey. It was not easy to get attention, and when after a long delay a little elderly manservant with a candle appeared in answer to my loud knocking, he held the door narrowly ajar while he told me that his mistress was very ill, and the house-keeper unable to leave her. I was not to be put off with such excuses, and brushing by the old man into the hall, I told him to take my name instantly to Mrs. Hill and request her to see me immediately. This, however, was not needful, for while I was speaking Mrs. Hill herself came hurriedly downstairs, as if she had been listening from the landing above and was answering my emphatic summons.

I found her strangely agitated and painfully changed. Instead of the gracious, elderly lady in the unfashionable black silk, with soft manners and gentle speech—the companion of my dear one in London—I saw before me a nervous and hysterical old woman in a plaid dress. She took the candle from the manservant and asked me into a room without a fire. Then closing the door and speaking in whispers, she delivered herself of many apologies and excuses, saying it was a grief to her to be so inhospitable, and that this was a cause of unhappiness to Lucy also. When I asked if I might see my darling, she appeared to be thrown into a state of extreme perturbation, declaring that it would be impossible, and that the doctor had forbidden all visits whatever except those of the clergyman. And when I inquired if she knew the nature of the letter which Lucy had sent me, her agitation increased, and she protested that, though it was written without her knowledge, she was afraid that what it suggested might be for the best.

"Is it true, then?" I said. "Am I to understand that Lucy's illness is beyond hope of recovery?"

I had asked the question contemptuously, and I expected a prompt negative. It irritated me that the reply was faltering and uncertain.

"I cannot say—I'm not sure—the doctor would know best."

My patience was gone, and my answer was without ceremony.

"Then, by ——! the doctor shall tell me, if I have to wring it out of the man's throat. This mummary of a mystery is too much for me, and I shall stand no more of it!"

With that I flung out of the house and pulled the door after me. It had got into



“‘Then by —— ! the doctor shall tell me, if I have to wring it out of the man's throat.’”

my head that Lucy was the victim of a conspiracy, and that the two men, the doctor and the clergyman, were at the bottom of everything. With heart and brain aflame I went tramping down the curving path. In my mind's eye I was seeing my dear girl as if by flashes of lightning, first with her beautiful bright eyes full of youth and health and happiness and love, and next in the toils of some hideous trouble.

I was awakened from my visions by a sudden apparition. It was that of a woman coming out of the "Clousedale Arms" as I passed by. Her figure was young; she wore a little dark shawl over her head; her appearance was untidy and neglected. She came out of the public-house by stealth, made a quick pause as I approached, and then half turned, as if thinking to go back. At that moment by the light of the window I saw her face. It was a horrible shock. The face bore an ugly resemblance to the face of Lucy. When I looked again the woman was gone.

I recovered myself and called after her. Her footsteps were going off in the darkness.

"Wait!" I cried, and I swung round to follow. I saw the woman turn in at the gate of Clousedale Hall.

"Wait!" I cried again, and I hastened my steps. When I reached the avenue the footsteps had ceased and the dark figure had disappeared. There was no noise but the creaking of the bare boughs overhead.

I returned to the house and with both fists thunged heavily on the door. It was opened this time by Mrs. Hill herself. She looked like a woman distracted.

"Mrs. Hill," I said, "I am sorry to be rude, but I demand to see Miss Clousedale—I must see her instantly!"

She burst out crying, and I stepped into the house. Then I observed that the whole place was in disorder. The servants, with candles in their hands, were running up and down stairs and in and out of rooms on the ground floor.

"Where shall I find her?"

At that the poor old soul made a clean breast of it. Lucy had gone out of the house. They had been keeping her a prisoner and watching her constantly, but she had escaped. Snatching the opportunity of Mrs. Hill's absence at the moment of my call, Lucy had slipped away, and nobody knew what had become of her.

"Good Lord Almighty!" I thought, and a terrible fear took hold of me.

I was outside again in a moment, running

towards the gate. I thought I heard something passing me in the darkness. I stopped and stretched my arms towards the sound, but there was nothing there. Then I heard a rustle as of a woman's dress along the grass, dying off in the direction of the house. At the next moment I saw distinctly a female figure moving across the windows, where flickering lights were coming and going.

I ran after her and overtook her. She was throwing up the sash of a bay window and creeping through, when I caught her tightly in my arms.

"Who are you?" I cried, and she gave a smothered cry of "Let me go! let me go!"

"Not till I know who you are."

"Let me go!"

"Who are you?"

Our voices had drawn the servants, and they came running into the room with their candles. Then I saw the face of the woman whom I held in my arms.

It was Lucy—Lucy, my love, my dear one, my wife that was to be—Lucy Clousedale, the beloved of everybody, the saintly soul, the generous heart, the sweet and beautiful flower of girlhood just budding into womanhood—and she was a poor, wretched dipsomaniac under the terrors of a curse.

#### IV.

NEXT day I was back at the Temple, yet before leaving Cumberland I heard the whole pitiful story from the nurse. Until after her return from London, Lucy had never touched intoxicating drink. But London had exhausted her. The new scene, the new life, our engagement and our parting had played upon her nerves, and she had begun to show symptoms of hysteria. Then the doctor had ordered egg-and-brandy twice daily, to build up the burnt-out nervous system. The nurse had been horrified. She had reminded him of the death of Lucy's father and grandfather, and of the curse that hung over the family. The doctor had only smiled. Did she expect any sensible man of modern ideas to be influenced in his practice by such foolish superstitions? The young lady required a stimulant, and she must have it.

Within a fortnight Lucy had become the slave of her medicine. She took it, not twice daily, but four times, six times, ten times. An unquenchable thirst possessed her, a burning fever, an insatiable craving. The doctor had begun to talk of latent alcoholism in the blood, and to treat his patient as if she had been a mad woman. An acute attack of two days' duration had

ended in convulsions, and then my darling had been herself again. The thirst, the fever, the crave had gone, leaving her well, though weak and faint.

But the poison had been subdued, not expelled. Three months later the craving had returned, the former symptoms had been renewed, and the same agony gone through. The attack had lasted longer this time, and the prostration that followed had been greater.

When the crave came back for the third time it was within two months of the second attack, and that was the hapless period into which my visit had fallen. Such was the miserable story of my dear one's abject condition, of the narrowing circle of her doom; and in horror, and the cowardice of horror, I had fled away.

There was a letter waiting for me at the Temple. It was from my father, and it was full of heart-breaking good spirits. "Since I wrote last I have been thinking that, as I have only one son in the world, and am soon to lose him in that old cruel battle of father's love against woman's love, the least I can do is to show my front to the enemy and die with a brave face. So please take warning that, having asked and obtained six months' leave of absence, I intend to present myself at your wedding in the spring, when, if my foe is only good and sweet to me, I may perhaps capitulate without much struggle. My affectionate remembrances to her in the meantime, and this message for my Christmas greeting—that my boy's letters have made an old man more than half in love with her already."

The same night I found my way to Cheyne Walk, where I told the whole story to Sir George. Under the quiet manner of a man familiar with shocking stories and self-trained to betray no surprise, I saw his strange and painful emotion. As I sat with head down before the fire, my old friend laid an affectionate hand on my shoulder and said, "I'm sorry, my boy, very sorry; but there's no help for it."

"You mean that Lucy's case is hopeless?"

"I'm afraid it is. Whatever the cause—hereditary taint or hereditary curse—the poor child is under the ban."

"For mercy's sake don't say so! Is there nothing I can do?"

"Yes, there is one thing—one only."

"What's that?"

"Take your discharge, and thank God for your escape. You are on the threshold of life—think what it would be to drag at your heels a drunken woman."

The word struck me like a blow in the face, and I cried out with the pain. "She may be saved yet," I said. "Who shall say she may not?"

"Ask the doctors," said Sir George; "they'll tell you there's hardly a recorded instance of the reformation of a woman who has once fallen under the curse of drink."

When I got up to go, I showed Sir George the letter from my father. "Telegraph," he said; "you must stop him. Telegraph immediately."

I walked home by way of the Strand. It was Boxing Night, and some of the later theatres were discharging their dense crowds into the streets. The people were talking loudly and laughing. Many of them were making with all haste for the public-houses. There were only a few minutes left before closing-time. Drink, drink—during the next few days it seemed to pursue and haunt me. I saw it everywhere—its wrecks and ruins dogged my footsteps. Oh! if I could have wiped it out in one night, how sure I was that the world would awake to a new life in the morning such as it can never know under the worst tyranny, the most abject slavery, the most degrading curse that has yet beset humanity!

Towards the end of the week a letter came from Lucy. The attack was over, and she was herself again; but she saw more plainly than before in what direction her duty lay. Our engagement must be considered off, at once and for ever. "It is only right," she wrote, "and even if you, in your love or your pity—and I am sure of both—desired to continue it, nothing would prevail with me to agree." There were words of tenderness, too, very hard to bear, and only to be read with half-blinded eyes. But the one deep impression left by the letter was that of a poor human soul—a soul so dear to me—struggling under the domination of the drink crave.

"Dear Robert, if you only knew (but God keep you from all such dreadful knowledge) how much I suffer when these periods approach, you would not, as I fear you may, pity me for my weakness or reproach me for not conquering it. Oh! the terror of the time when I feel this craving come upon me! I give up all work, I write postponing all engagements, I excuse myself to everybody, I lock myself up from every eye. This is before it comes; but when I know it is near, and when the dreadful thing falls upon me, oh! the pain, the shame, the horror! Cheating myself, deceiving every-



"It was Lucy."



"The doctor had only smiled."

body about me, bribing the servants, and stealing in and out of my own house like a thief. Heaven save me from this fiend that takes hold of me and possesses me! But Heaven will not save me; I must end as my father ended. And, after all, I ought to be thankful that I have found my fate in time. If it had fallen on me after we had married, and, perhaps, after I had become a mother . . . but that is too painful to think of. Good-bye, dear Robert! Think of me as tenderly as you can. Though it is so hard to put away the thought of the happiness we dreamt of, it will be a comfort to me in my darkest hours to remember the joy you snatched for me out of my doomed and fated life."

Sir George was right—there was no help for it. I remembered my father, and went out to send him a telegram. At the telegraph-

office in Fleet Street I wrote my message: "Don't come—marriage postponed—am writing." I held the message a long time in my hand, and could not bring myself to hand it to the clerk. At length I tore it up and left the office.

It was the same as if it had been Lucy's death-warrant, and I could not deliver it. I could not give her up. I would not abandon hope of her. The thought of that beautiful young life being slowly encircled as by a serpent that was to destroy it was too horrible. Some angel there must be in God's good world to slay this demon, if one could only find it out.

It was Saturday night, and the streets were thronged. I walked aimlessly along until I found myself in front of a place of popular entertainment, which had a gigantic placard on the face of it.

The placard announced that, at half-past ten that night, a certain "Professor" La Mothe, a hypnotist, would awaken a man who had been lying ten days in a trance. In sheer weariness of soul, and only with a desire for distraction from painful thoughts, I went in to see.

It was still an hour earlier than the time appointed for the experiment, but I found my way to the sleeper. He was kept in a small room apart, and lay in a casket, which at first sight suggested a coffin. There were raised platforms at either sides, from which the spectator looked down at the man as into a grave. But nothing in his own appearance gave any hint of death. His face was composed and healthful; his eyes were closed, his lips lightly pressed together, his breathing was noiseless, and his breast rose and fell with the gentlest motion. The





"Within a fortnight Lucy had become the slave of her medicine."

sleep of a child was never more soft and sweet and peaceful.

I was alone in the room and I could not leave it. Unless this exhibition were a palpable imposture, here was a great and wondrous mystery—the power of producing sleep. It had wiped out ten days of this man's life—ten days, perhaps, of sorrow and pain. The world had gone by him and left no mark. His temptations, his troubles, his besetting sins, they had touched him not.

Oh! sleep, it is a gentle thing,

Beloved from pole to pole.

To Mary Queen the praise be given!

She sent the gentle sleep from heaven

That slid into my soul.

I sat on a chair on the platform and looked down at the sleeper. And as I looked it seemed at last that it was not a strange man's face I was gazing into, but the beautiful face that was the dearest to me in all the world. Suddenly a thought struck me that made me quiver from head to foot. What if Lucy could sleep through the days of her awful temptation? What if she could be put into a trance when the craving was coming upon her? Would she bridge over the time of the attack? Would she elude the fiend that was pursuing her? Would she awake with the burning fever gone?

The hour of the experiment arrived, and spectators came trooping into the room. They were chiefly fashionable young men with their women, and they chatted and laughed and smoked their cigars throughout the proceedings. The hypnotist was a man of five-and-thirty, with prepossessing manners, a clear-cut face, and a heavy chin, but a smile like sunshine, and a voice that was at once sharp and caressing. He pressed the brows of the sleeper, opened his eyes and blew into them, then called to him, and he seemed to awake. In less than sixty seconds the man, who, according to report, had lain ten days asleep, dead to himself and to all knowledge of life, had vaulted lightly out of the casket and was putting on his coat.

I stepped down and spoke to him. "Are you hungry?" I asked.

"No, sir," he answered.

"Nor thirsty?"

"No."

"You feel quite well?"

"Quite."

I followed the hypnotist into his retiring-room. "Mr. La Mothe," I said, "has artificial sleep ever been used for the cure of intemperance?"

He was a Parisian, and I had to repeat my question in French. "In the school of Nancy," he said, "the cure of alcoholism by suggestion is not unknown."

"That is more than I meant. You know the form of mania in which the crave is periodical?"

"Certainly."

"Do you think if a patient were put under artificial sleep when the period is approaching, and kept there as long as it is usual for it to last, the crave would be gone when the time came to awaken him?"

I could see that the idea had never occurred to the hypnotist before, and that it startled and fascinated him. "With a proper subject it might be—I cannot say—I think it would—I should like to try."

Before leaving him I had arranged everything. He was to hold himself in readiness to go with me to Cumberland at any moment that I might summon him on that errand.

Is it too much to say that I went home that night with the swing and step of a man walking on the stars? If I had found a cure for the deadliest curse of humanity, if I had been about to wipe out the plague of all races, all nations, all climes, all ages, I could not have been more proud and confident. Hypnotism! Animal magnetism! Electrobiology! Call it what you will. To me it had one name only—sleep. Sleep, the healer, the soother, the comforter—

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
Great Nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast—

And sleep was the good angel that was to snatch my dear one from the grasp of the deadliest fiend out of hell.

## V.

A LETTER came from the Scots minister. By the grace of God Lucy was better. Her ardent philanthropy had begun again. She was organising Bands of Hope among the children. The power of the Lord was strong above all other powers, and our dear victim was to be saved.

I was relieved, but I was also distressed. The pathos of Lucy's repentance touched me deeply; but if the world knew the truth, how it would shout itself hoarse at what it must call her hypocrisy!

My time was not yet, but it came only too soon, only too surely. A fortnight later I heard from Mrs. Hill. Lucy was betraying symptoms of another attack. The twitching of her mouth, the restlessness of her hands,

the keen and feverish look of her eyes, these were unmistakable indications.

"They began," said the nurse, "after service last Sunday morning. She took the communion! Merciful Father! What am I saying? And yet it is the truth. I must not conceal it."

I had told Mrs. Hill that I had engaged a doctor who was a specialist in nervous ailments, and that I wished for due warning of the return of an attack. Her letter was intended to ask for the specialist, and I summoned La Mothe by a telegram.

On the way to Euston I called on Sir George at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He heard of my errand without either approval or disapproval. His strong face was like a mask and gave no sign. As I was leaving his room he touched my arm and said, "Have you telegraphed to your father?"

I answered "No," and tried to hasten away.

"I must do so myself," he said.

"Give me a week more," I pleaded. "There will still be time enough to stop him."

Sir George nodded his head and I left

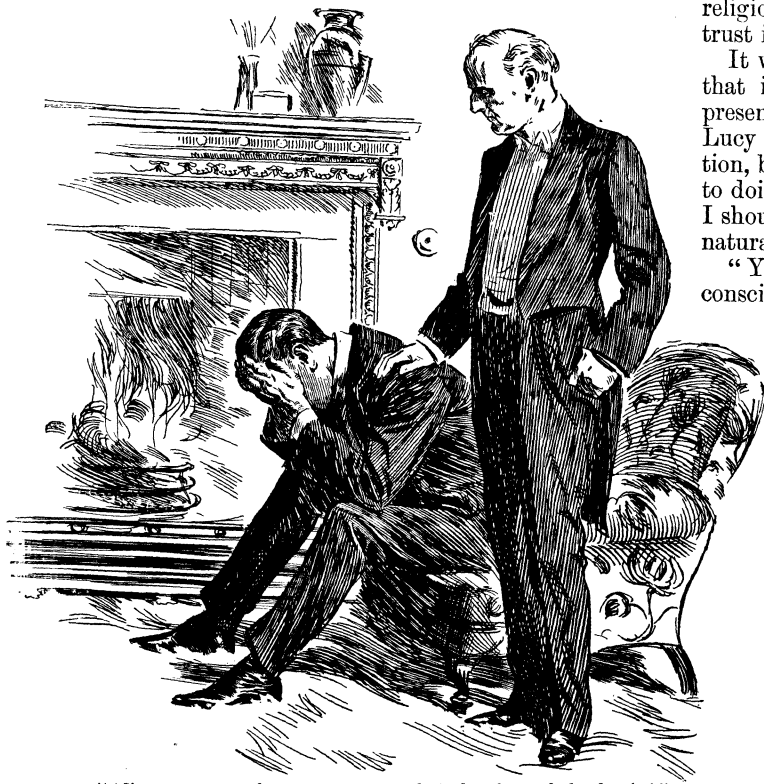
him. He had less than no faith in my errand. Only his pity for the deep entanglement of my affections suffered him to see me go on with my enterprise.

Late the same night I reached Cumberland with La Mothe. We put up at the "Wheatsheaf," and I lost no time in sending a message to McPherson and to Godwin, announcing my arrival and asking them to oblige me with a call. The two men came together, and there was a strained and painful interview. I introduced the hypnotist and told of my intention, saying I desired their countenance and assistance.

The minister refused it, promptly and absolutely. His attitude was precisely that which I might have foreseen. What I proposed to do, if I could do it, would be tampering with free will. His conscience was startled by such audacity. Drink was a temptation of the Devil, only to be conquered by the grace of God. The measures we proposed to employ were the instrument of the Evil One. To subjugate the free will of a fellow creature, to act upon her by "suggestion," to compel her to do that which she must, and not that which she would, was to attempt to uproot the moral law, to unseat religion, and to shake our trust in God himself.

It was in vain that I urged that it was no part of my present scheme to act upon Lucy by therapeutic suggestion, but that if I were driven to doing so as a last resource I should feel justified by the natural order of life.

"You talk," I said, "about conscience, about moral responsibility, about free will. To ninety-nine out of a hundred there is no such thing. Only the hundredth has a will that is free, and, for good or evil, he makes slaves of the wills of the ninety and nine. The orator swaying an assembly, the statesman directing affairs, the king controlling an empire, the pretty woman directing fashion, the young bride winning to her own way the husband who loves



"I'm sorry, my boy, very sorry; but there's no help for it."

her—what are they all doing but imposing the free will on the will that is not free? Every great man is great in degree as he dictates the wills of other men, and he is the greatest man whom the greatest men are doomed to obey.”

The Scots minister listened to me with a face of horror.

“Why call a man great,” he said, “because he paralyses the souls of his fellow men? The basest and the worst of men do that, and it is by the power of the Devil that they do it. The murderer who lures his victim to a lonely place that he may fall on him and kill him, the Judas who worms himself into the secret of his master that he may betray and sell him, the unjust steward who seeks the care of the widow and fatherless that he may rob them of their bread, the seducer who palters with the love of a weak woman that he may dishonour her and then fling her in the mud—these are the men who try to control the actions of their fellow men, and they are the real Lucifers, for they are in rebellion against God on his real throne—the hearts of his creatures.”

“In short, you mean,” I said, “that if I cause Miss Clousedale to be put under the hypnotic sleep, in the hope of conquering the drink crave which is destroying her, I shall be acting the part of her worst enemy?”

“You will be attempting to break down the sanctuaries of her soul,” he answered, “and pretending to a power that can only come of the grace of God itself.”

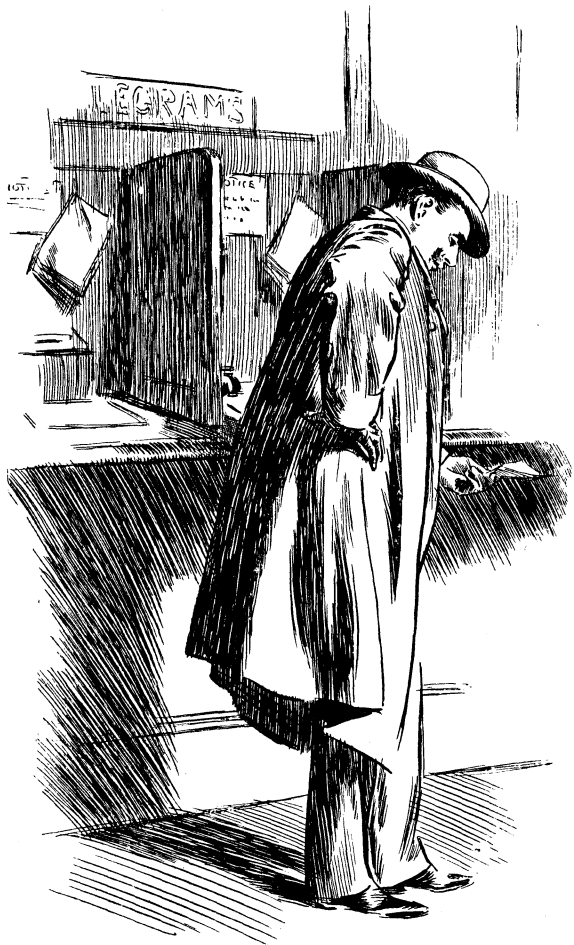
I was losing my patience. “Nevertheless, I intend to try.”

The minister flushed to the eyes. “You shall not do so!”

I set a firm lower lip and went on. “She has no legal guardian, and I am shortly to be her husband. The moral right is mine, and I am going to exercise it.”

“Then, sir,” replied the Reverend McPherson, bringing his fist down on the table, “I wash my hands of your proceedings”; and with that and a flash of anger he rose and left us.

I had no better encouragement from the doctor. His steely eyes had glittered as with amused contempt during my encounter with the minister, and now he spoke with the easy superiority of a man who believes himself to be above all feeble superstitions. His theories were the modern ones, his methods



“It was the same as if it had been Lucy’s death-warrant.”

the reverse of those who trust to moral suasion. The drink craving was a disease. The victims of it ought to be treated as diseased people, and kept under restraint until the madness had been overcome.

The word stung me, and I suppose I coloured deeply, for he looked into my face and said, “This is no time for mock modesty. It is a time to face the truth. For my own part, I have done so from the first. Regarding Miss Clousedale as a subject of temporary insanity, I have, as you are aware, treated her accordingly.”

I bit my lip and asked, “With what results?”

“I am not entirely responsible for results,” he said. “I am only responsible for the treatment. To attempt to cure the drink crave merely by the machinery of the temperance pledge is a course discredited in the

eyes of scientific inquirers. In spite of the gigantic temperance organisation of the last fifty years, drunkenness the world over is not less, but more. Its consequences are more serious, its special cases more acute. As a whole, taken in its broadest aspects, the temperance cause has failed. So far I am at one with you ; but——”

I was shaking my head ; he paid no heed to my dissent.

“—but the method with which you now propose to supersede the effete one of temperance people like this Scots minister is not only ineffectual, it is beset with terrors. You say you are going to put the young lady under *hypnotic* sleep. There is no such thing as hypnotic sleep. What there is in actual fact is a phenomenon produced by imagination.”

“Very well,” I said, “if you prefer to call it imagination, let us do so ; and if imagination is a medicine, by all means let us use it.”

“Not so quick,” he answered. “You have clearly not counted with the dangers. The phenomenon of imagination which you propose to induce is only a form of hysteria. We know what that involves. It involves the danger of madness—incurable madness, not temporary madness, such as the victim of drink suffers from. Thus you are trying to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Even if it is possible to put Miss Clousedale into a real sleep of three days’ duration—a thing I entirely disbelieve—you would only be reducing her by one form of hysteria—the quiescent form, the most dangerous form—to a condition which must imperil her life.”

“Do you mean,” I said, “that she would never awake ?”

“I mean,” he answered, “that she would probably never awake to the consciousness of reason, or else that she would only awake to die.”

“In short, you refuse to share our responsibility ?”

“I am not so simple as to share it. What you say you are going to do amounts in effect, if you can do it, to the administration of chloroform. Now, a patient may die under chloroform ; and when this occurs our defence is obvious. But you are using unrecognised means, and there is no way by which you can show that, such as they are, you are using them properly. If Miss Clousedale should die in your hands, what is your position in the eye of the law ?”

“She will not die.”



“‘Mr. La Mothe, has artificial sleep ever been used for the cure of intemperance?’”

"But if, my friend—if—if?"

"If," I answered, "you know so little of what was first called hypnotism by one of your own faculty as to speak of its dangers in the same breath with those of chloroform, it is clear that we have nothing to gain by your co-operation, and nothing to lose by your withdrawal."

The hard face became harder and the square brow more stern.

"So you ask me to withdraw—you, who have no legal rights whatever—you ask me to step back in favour of God knows whom, from God knows where, coming with God knows what tricks of the adventurer and the charlatan?"

"I ask you to remember," I replied, "that your profession has always used just such language as you are now using about everything and everybody that has done any great work in the interests of humanity."

He had risen and was making for the door.

"It is such men as you, and—and this person"—pointing with his hat to the hypnotist—"who are the disturbers of society, making with a little burning straw and dirty smoke the scarecrow superstitions which fill the world with weakness and melancholy and insanity. I leave you to your silly work; but I warn you that if you do what you say, and anything happens as the consequence, as sure as there is law in the land, I will set it in motion to punish you."

I bowed him out with cold politeness and he went off in anger. The hypnotist had sat through both interviews with no better apprehension of their drift than observation of our faces had afforded him.

"Mr. La Mothe," I said, in French, "the gentlemen wash their hands of us."

He smiled. I had not surprised him.

*To be concluded in the  
January Number.*





# PRIZE POULTRY.

By W. M. ELKINGTON.

**K**ING SOLOMON was the first accredited poultry fancier with whom historians have put us upon terms of intimacy, for there is little doubt that one of the objects of his voyages to the land of Ophir was to secure specimens of a gorgeous bird defined by the Hebrew word *Tūkiyyim*, which is commonly supposed to denote the pea-fowl. In Solomon, therefore, we claim to see the first indication of instinctive love of fine feathers and symmetrical propor-

of the lucrative qualities of the *genus* hen, for the British farmer is notoriously the most conservative being in Christendom, and to all intents and purposes objects most emphatically to the invasion of his territory by the growing popularity of the poultry movement.

But in this particular instance it is with the prize breeds of poultry, and not with the common or garden laying hen, that bravely endeavours to compete with her Continental rivals, that we have business. Allowing that

King Solomon was the first fancier, and that the pea-fowl was his fancy, we have yet to seek and find the origin of the domestic fowl in the *Gallus Bankiva*, that hails from India, and is, perhaps, through the Game breeds, the progenitor of all modern varieties. There has been considerable discussion on this point, and many authorities are unwilling to believe that birds so diversified from the original could ever have descended from them without

retaining some trace of their ancestry. But of all the wild fowls, the claim of the *Gallus Bankiva* ranks highest, and without diving further into technicalities we may advisedly place it upon the pinnacle of fame as the original source of the modern fowl.

Looking back twenty or thirty years, it would be difficult to recognise the poultry fancy. In those old days, that seem so far removed by the multiplicity of events, we were accustomed to look upon the successful exhibitor as one who had striven for years through despair and disappointment, till at last the ideal was attained. But now all is changed. To-day my Lord A—, or Lady B—, having set the mind upon a bird



Photo by]

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S SILKIE FOWLS.

[Geo. A. Dean, Rugby.

tions; and from Solomon, maybe, we inherit the necessary acumen and discernment that has been the means of raising fancy poultry to the standard they now occupy as objects of rural ornamentation.

But it is doubtful if as objects of ornamentation alone pure-bred poultry have risen to their present popularity. The generation of to-day has no shame in pleading guilty to pecuniary intentions in the breeding of fowls; and it is well, perhaps, that it should be so, when the cry of agricultural depression is heard in the land, and the farmer must perforce turn from his former sources of income to another that is within his reach. Not that he does take advantage to any great extent

that bids fair to win fame in the show-pen, are willing to instruct their poultrymen to buy this bird at any price; and, having secured it, they are quite agreeable to pay exorbitant prices for males, or females, as the case may be, with which to breed. And so Lord A—— or Lady B—— becomes the possessor of a wondrous prize strain, and their fame as clever fanciers is related as a matter of course. All this ensures the pecuniary success of poultry-keeping, and the patronage of the nobility is guarantee for its



Photo by]

[Russell & Sons.

LANGSHAN HEN (ORIGINAL TYPE).

The property of Miss Croad.

popularity. There are, however, many notorious fanciers who retain their winning strain year after year and continue to carry off the prizes in their respective classes with astonishing regularity—so much so, indeed, that other exhibitors, less fortunate, become disgusted and forsake the variety for another less subject to monopoly. The majority of our popular breeds have, however, thousands of followers, and considering that at the largest shows, such as the Dairy, Crystal Palace,

and Birmingham, as many as two hundred exhibitors compete in one variety, it may rightly be imagined that the spirit of honest competition here manifest constitutes one of the most desirable characteristics of the fancy.

If there should exist even a shade of doubt as to the extreme present-day popularity of poultry-keeping, and its position among the fashionable hobbies, it is only necessary to mention that among our many ardent

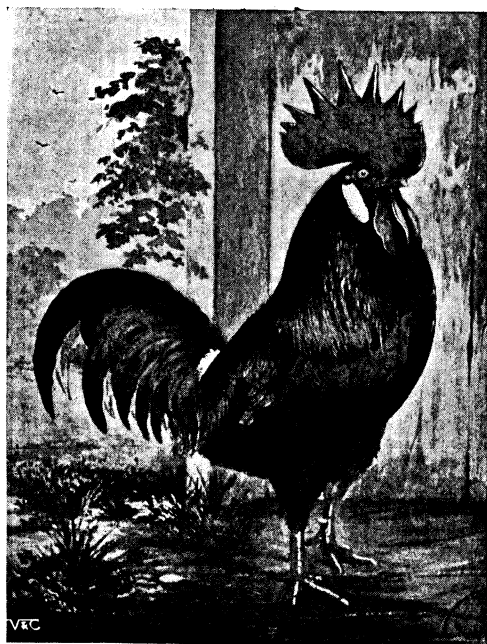


Photo by]

[Russell.

A MODERN LANGSHAN HEN.

The property of Mrs. St. John Hornby.  
Winner of 1st prize, Dairy Show, 1898.



From a painting by]

[J. W. Ludlow.

BROWN LEGHORN COCK, "HARVESTER."

The property of Mrs. Lister-Kay. Winner of 1st, Cup, and Medal, Crystal Palace; and 1st and Medal, Dairy Show, 1896.



SILVER SPANGLE HAMBURGH HEN.

*The property of Miss Ada Brooks. Winner of 1st and Special at Stratford Show, 1899.*

fanciers none is more enamoured of the feathered creation than Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, whose poultry yards at Sandringham bid fair to produce some of the highest class birds of the future. It is, however, as a breeder of Bantams that the Queen has become famous in the poultry world; and the only pen that can claim consideration in this article, which treats solely of the larger varieties, is the family of Silkie Fowl that we were enabled, by gracious permission of Her Majesty, to photograph. There are some who would class the Silkie as a Bantam, but it fairly deserves to be considered among the larger breeds, having originated in the East, probably from some variety of the wild jungle fowl, without having been subjected to the dwarfing process necessary for the manufacture of Bantams. As the name implies, the plumage is of a white silky texture, while the purple face, comb, and wattles of the birds have given rise to the name "Negro Fowls." Her Majesty has been very successful as an exhibitor of these curious-looking birds, and at the Ladies' Poultry Show in 1900, where competition

is confined to ladies, and where society dames vie with one another in securing the handsome prizes offered, she won first and challenge salver with a cock of this variety.

Perhaps the best-known breeder of Silkies in the country is Mrs. Campbell, who has achieved some remarkable successes at all the large shows. Of late there has been such a boom for Silkies that specimens have made wonderful prices, one bird of Mrs. Campbell's being claimed at Birmingham Show in 1900 for £30.

But, talking of values, the £30 paid for a Silkie is but a mite compared with the huge sums that have been paid during the past few years for birds of more popular varieties. In this respect the Game breeds are most noticeable. The days of cock-fighting are past and almost forgotten; but the Old English Game, the hard-feathered, gallant birds that provided sport for our forefathers, are still favoured by a particular section of the fancy, whilst from them has been evolved another type known as the Modern Game. It is for these birds that the most phenomenal prices have been paid, for though the fanciers of this variety are comparatively few, so valuable are the prizes and cups offered at the large

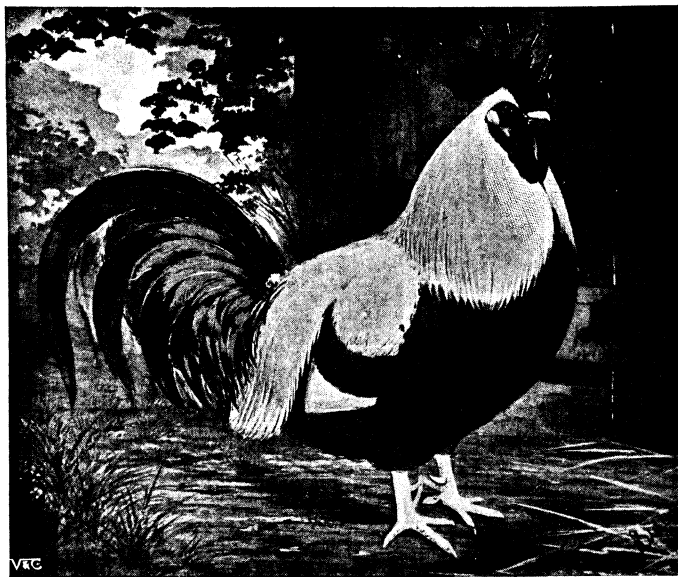


Photo by]

BLACK HAMBURGH COCK.

[Chas. Holt.

*The property of Miss Ada Brooks. Winner of 1st, London; 1st, Walthamstow, and 1st and Special, Stratford.*



From a painting by]

[J. W. Ludlow.

## SILVER GREY DORKING COCK.

*The property of Capt. Phipps Hornby. Winner of 1st, Crystal Palace and Birmingham, 1893; 1st, Royal Agricultural; 1st and Cup, Crystal Palace; and 1st, Birmingham, 1894.*

shows, that competition is inordinately keen, and culminated a few years ago in the purchase of a Black Red Game cockerel for the record sum of £200. The buyer was the well known sportsman and fancier, Capt. Heaton, and the lucky breeder, Mr. Hugo Ainscough, who has on other occasions sold birds for £100 each.

But turning to the more popular general utilitarian varieties, the most wonderful sale ever recorded took place in July of the present year, following upon the lamentable death of Mr. Joseph Partington, a man who had reduced the breeding of poultry to a fine art, and whose magnificent flock of birds was dispersed at his decease, the sale attracting buyers from all corners of the Kingdom. High prices were realised for several well known champions, but the sensation was reached when it came to the turn of a monstrous Black Orpington cock, whose winnings in silver cups, medals, and other

trophies would well nigh stock a jeweller's shop. Within a minute the bidding ran to £70, and, then at a more moderate pace till £150 was reached, at which sum the magnificent bird was secured by Mrs. Wilkinson.

The Orpington has made such wonderful headway during the few years of its existence as a distinct breed, that it is nowadays accepted as one of the finest general utilitarian fowls. The Buff variety enjoys almost phenomenal popularity, and at the recent Dairy Show the one particular feature was the magnificent display of seventy-nine Buff Orpington pullets in one class. Here is the breed that will solve the winter egg problem! In the Orpington the distressed Londoner may discern the first indications of a release

from the horrors of the Franco-Belgian shop egg.

There is an air of comfort about the well fed old mandarin of a Cochin cock. This variety hails, as the name implies, from the

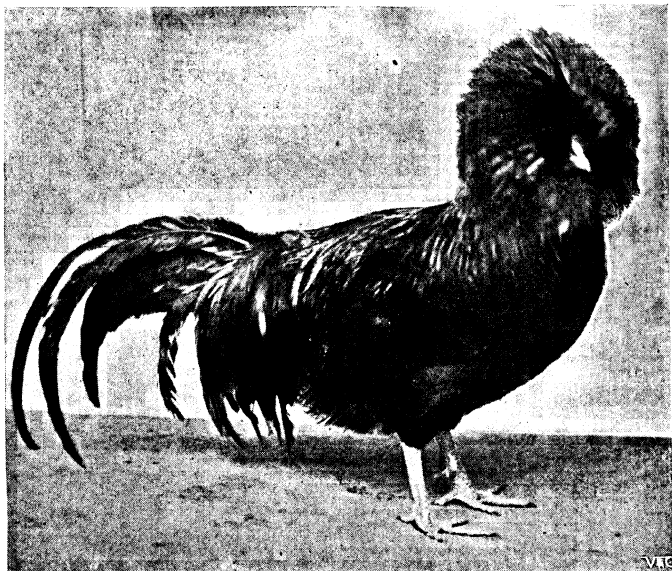


Photo by]

[Hedges, Lytham.

## CHAMPION SILVER POLAND COCK.

*The property of the late J. Partington, Esq. Winner of innumerable medals, cups, and 1st prizes at all principal exhibitions; holding an unbeaten record.*

land of the heathen Chinese, who in the matter of poultry-keeping is not such a heathen as he is generally painted. It is interesting to note that Her late Majesty Queen Victoria possessed the first Cochins imported into England, in 1843; but the type of those birds differs so much from the standard of the present day that it is difficult to believe they could have descended from the same origin. They created a wonderful stir when they first made their appearance and came under the direct patronage of Queen



Photo by]

HOUDAN COCK AND HEN.

[J. Calve.

The property of J. P. W. Marx, Esq. Each the winner of three cups at the Crystal Palace.

Victoria. The illustrated papers of the day gave drawings and accounts of their remarkable size and qualities, and *Mr. Punch*, catching the spirit of the moment, depicted them as pets being led about the park at the end of a string. The domestic qualities of the Cochin are worthy of consideration, and especially as layers during cold weather have the birds attained popularity. But with the advent of up-to-date varieties that possess nearly all the constituted virtues the Cochin

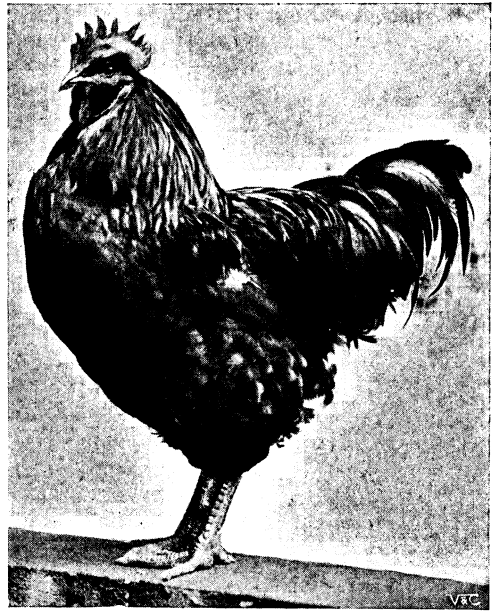


Photo by]

[Milton, Lancaster.

THE CHAMPION BLACK ORPINGTON COCK.

Winner of many prizes. Bred by the late J. Partington, Esq., and purchased by Mrs. Wilkinson for £150.

will probably have to rely entirely upon its fancy claims for future popularity.

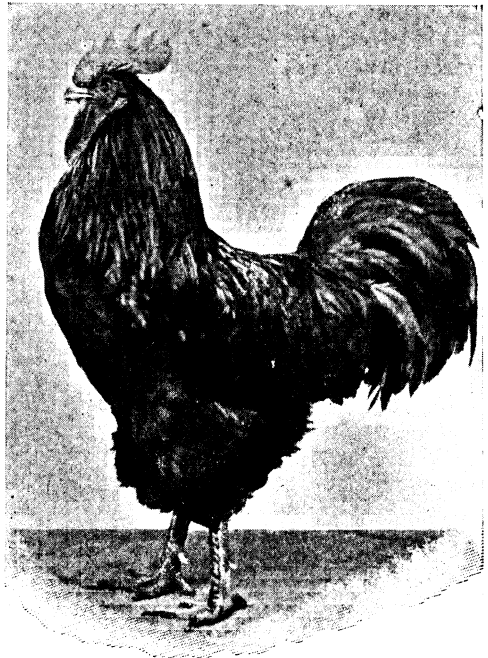


Photo by]

[Hedges, Lytham.

CHAMPION BLACK ORPINGTON COCK.

The property of the late J. Partington, Esq. Winner of 1st and Medal at Dairy Show; 1st and Cup at Crystal Palace; 1st at Birmingham, etc. This bird was never beaten.

"What can this poor creature be?" So cry the uninitiated at our large poultry shows, as they pause in front of the Polish classes. Some conclude the bird must be a curious freak of Nature; others, that the uncanny



Photo by]

[Hedges.

CHAMPION BUFF COCHIN COCK.

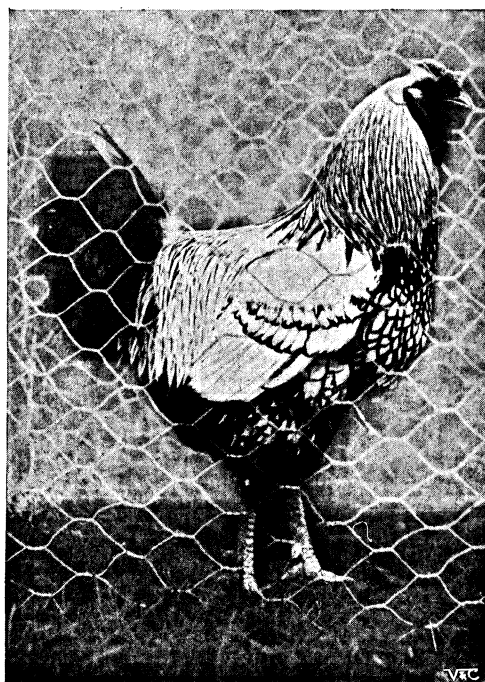
*The property of the late J. Partington, Esq. Winner of 1st and Cup, Crystal Palace; 1st and Cup, Birmingham; 1st, hairy, etc. Has never been beaten.*

appearance fits it for the part of bogey among poultry; whilst quite a large section express their pity and indignation at such apparent cruelty. But the Poland fowl needs no pity. His peculiarities are quite the correct thing, and the more extensive the crest and the more effectually it hides his face, the greater are his chances of carrying off the champion cup of his variety. This time the name implies nothing, and we conclude the variety are called "Polands" because they have nothing to do with that country; unless the suggestion that the name is a corruption of "Polled," in allusion to the peculiar poll or crest, is of value.

The Dorking is the John Bull of the poultry world. It is English to the backbone, with a pedigree that extends back to the days when the Roman gourmands were just as clever in breeding fine table birds as our modern fanciers are in producing

æsthetic qualities. The bird we have here the pleasure to reproduce, perhaps one of the best Silver Greys ever bred, gives a satisfactory impression of the size and wealth of meat carried on the breast; though we fear that Captain Phipps Hornby's champion would form an expensive dish, even on the table of a sensational millionaire, at his estimated value of £100. Other varieties of the Dorking include the Dark, the White, and the Cuckoo; though for exhibition purposes the former and the Silver Grey enjoy almost the monopoly of popularity, equally on æsthetic as on economic grounds.

But the credit of producing one of the very best varieties of poultry extant belongs to the American fanciers. The Wyandotte is justly claimed by many poultry-keepers as the most valuable all-round fowl to keep, and there is little doubt that lovers of the bird will assert that not only do its utility qualities



CHAMPION SILVER WYANDOTTE COCK, "THE OLD GENTLEMAN."

*The property of Messrs. W. A. and R. F. Spencer. Claimed to have been the best Wyandotte ever seen. Winner of innumerable cups, medals, and prizes.*

call for special commendation, but it is the handsomest of all domesticated fowls. Among the thousands of birds of different varieties—silver-laced, gold-laced, buff-laced, blue-laced, buff, white, partridge, cuckoo, black



and silver pencilled — bred on both sides of the Atlantic, it would seem unwise to claim for any individual one the championship. But such was the perfection of the famous silver cock, "The Old Gentleman," that he has generally been acknowledged the best Wyandotte ever bred. His value to the Messrs. Spencer must have been incalculable, for his stock at the present day are winning for their owners many of the best prizes, and in the future the progeny of this remarkable bird will doubtless carry on the champion honours to a date when the name of "The Old Gentleman" will have been forgotten.

Among the more recent varieties of the Wyandotte family, the Blue-laced lays claim to æsthetic charms of an original order. Each feather should be clearly laced with blue round a ground of dull gold, and the

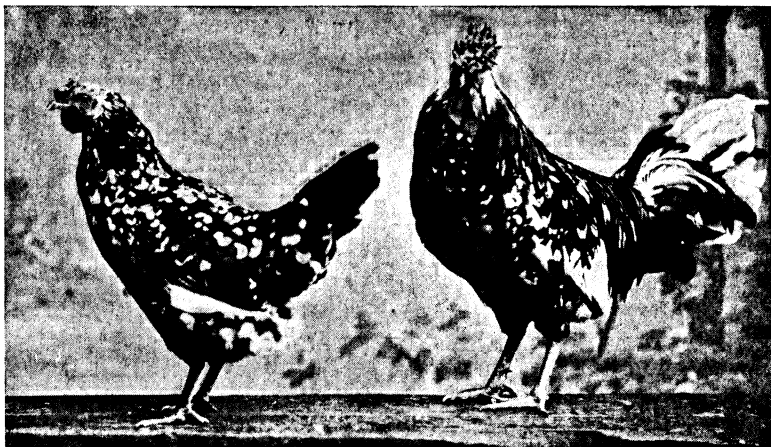


Photo by]

[E. B. Mowll.

## ROSE-COMB ANCONAS.

The property of E. P. Chance, Esq.

Pullet, 1st prize, Abertillery, when exhibited for the first time.

beauty of such specimens as those shown in our photograph can scarcely be realised from a mere black-and-white print. One of the first fanciers of this variety was the Countess of Craven; and one of the best collections in the country is that owned by Mr. E. P. Chance.

We have further reason to be grateful to the Chinese for the handsome and useful Langshan Fowl, the first specimens of which were imported into England by the late

Major Croad, a gallant officer whose many services included that of interpreter to the exiled Napoleon at St. Helena. Since that time Major Croad and his niece, the lady who has so kindly furnished us with the portrait of a Langshan hen, have succeeded in keeping their original strain pure. But the show Langshan of the present day is of a very different type. Each is represented here by a perfect specimen.

There are fanciers ready to assert that the skill of French poultry-keepers is greatly in advance of our own, and that the French breeds excel those we are accustomed to call English, or American, in all respects. Whatever may be the relative merits of the birds of various countries, it is im-

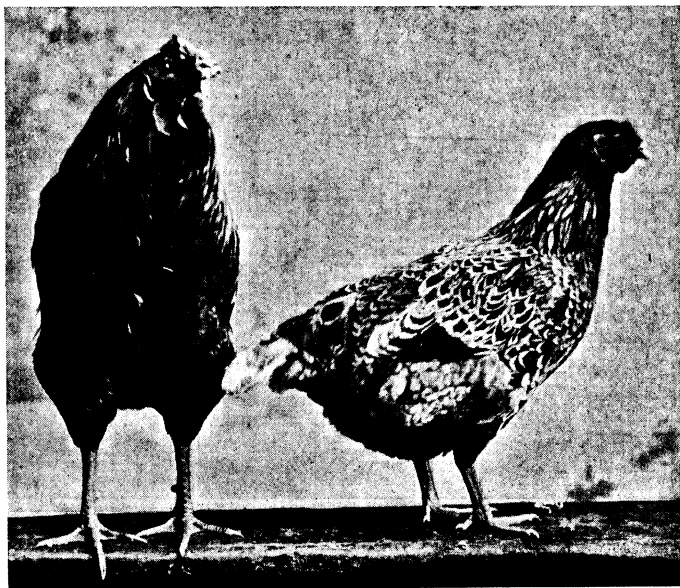


Photo by]

[E. B. Mowll.

## BLUE-LACED WYANDOTTES.

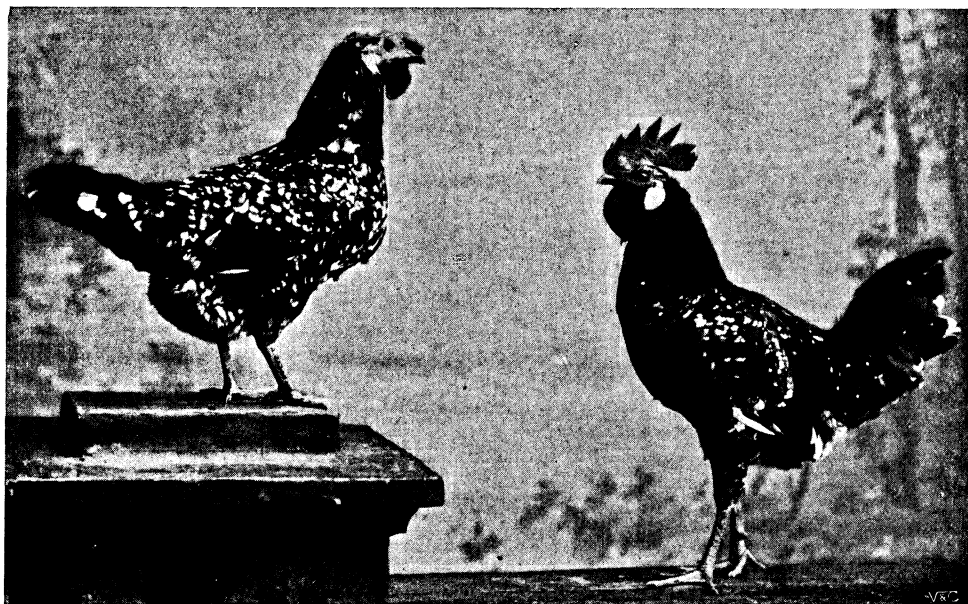
The property of E. P. Chance, Esq. Cockerel winner 1st, Coombe Abbey; 1st, Abertillery; 3rd, Dairy Show. Pullet winner 1st, Broseley.

possible to deny the claims to popularity of the handsome French Houdan, with the charming peculiarity of crest and beard. So far as utility qualities extend, the Houdan occupies the place among French table fowl that the Dorking does among our own, having the fifth toe, long and well-furnished breast, and excellent quality of meat that fulfil the requirements of the epicure. As an exhibition variety the Houdan has enjoyed moderate popularity among English fanciers, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Marx and others interested in the variety.

But what would a poultry yard be without the lucrative little Leghorn? Who that

suburban poultry-keepers than the Minorca. It adapts itself to circumstances, makes itself at home whether upon a lordly demesne or in a Camden Town backyard, and lays a larger egg for its size than any other bird. As a fancy fowl it is immensely popular, with huge red comb and white lobes, whilst its activity is a thing to wonder at.

Closely allied to the Leghorn is the Ancona. Whether the former breed originally hailed from the port of Leghorn is a moot point; but it is certain that the Ancona did come from the town of that name, and, from what poultry historians have been able to gather, it owes its existence to crossings be-



*Photo by]*

SINGLE-COMB ANCONAS.

*[E. B. Mowll,*

*The property of E. P. Chance, Esq. Pullet winner of 1st and Special, Dairy Show, and numerous other prizes.*

possesses a smattering of poultry knowledge does not picture the active little brown, white, or buff fowls as the ideals of domestic birds? Again it is our duty to extend our thanks to the clever American fanciers, who have fashioned this popular variety from the earlier Mediterranean or Spanish breeds. It is interesting to note, however, and significant of the skill of our English fanciers, that although the birds came to us from America, many that have been bred here have been sent back to the States to win prizes and honours out of the hands of their first friends. The brown cock "Harvester" is a typical specimen of his variety.

There is no breed more popular among

tween the black and white Leghorn. These beautiful birds were first brought to England by a certain Captain Rowle, but they fell on barren soil, and for some years seemed to have disappeared. Then suddenly, about five years ago, they began to be talked about, and they have now become one of the foremost breeds of the day. Much of their popularity is due to the efforts of Mr. E. P. Chance, who appears to have acted as a sponsor for the breed. The best of them are continually travelling about the country to shows, large and small, and scarcely a week passes but some three or four exhibitions, varying in situation from the North of Scotland to the South of England, are visited. The prizes

won include all the principal cups and specials at the large shows. During the present year Mr. Chance has added to his achievements by bringing out a variety of Rose-combed Anconas—birds which are similar to the others in every respect but the comb, which is fashioned like that of the Wyandotte, and lies flat upon the head instead of standing erect. The birds are large, and not so wild as the Single-combed Anconas.

Of the several varieties of Hamburgs, it is generally conceded that the Pencilled types were imported from Holland, where they had been for long known as "Dutch Everlasting Layers." The Spangled variety, however, is presumably an English breed of considerable antiquity, being known as "Mooney Fowls," while the Blacks, under the name of "Black Pheasant Fowls," are of equally remote origin.

To treat of all the breeds of poultry would be impossible. There are Plymouth Rocks, another American production, and one of the most popular varieties in England at the present day. There are Brahmans, huge Asiatics with a feathered resemblance to the Cochin. Then there are Redcaps, with heavy, red, wobbling combs; Spanish, with curious white faces, that hang like patriarchal beards; Scotch Greys, somewhat similar in appearance to Plymouth Rocks; Indian Game, Malays, and Aseels, all with pedigrees dating back to the origin of the species; Campines, like pencilled Hamburgs; Andalusians, like the Minorca, but with slate-blue plumage; several French varieties, such as Faverolles, Crève-Cœurs, La Flèche, Bredas, etc., etc.; Frizzles, with plumage curled up as though with a pair of curling tongs; Rumpless, suffering under the same misfortune as the guinea-pig; Phoenix, with tails six feet in length; Sultans, direct from Constantinople; and numbers of new varieties, such as Albions, Sussex Buffs, Magpies, and Klondykes. When it is realised that most of these breeds have from two to ten sub-varieties, one may form some idea of the vast multiplicity of types the modern



*Photo by]*

A BREEDING-PEN OF MINORCAS.

*[Merrett Bros.*

*The property of Mr. Tennyson Fawkes; containing many winners.*

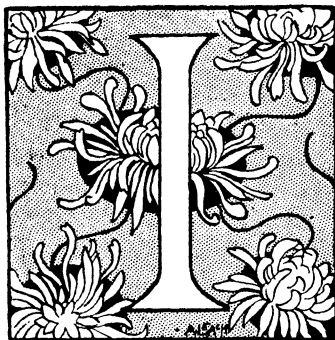
poultry judge has to acquaint himself with before he may become an expert.

And what is the aim and object of it all? Money in some cases. There are a number of exhibitors who buy up valuable birds as a speculation, and go round the country to shows, large and small, and win their profits. And they do make profit, too, for they are clever men, and to them poultry-keeping is a cold business speculation. But they can hardly be called fanciers. They have little in common with the hundreds of men and women of high and low degree who make the poultry fancy their favourite hobby, and reap as much pleasure from the hard work and anxieties of breeding as they do from winning at the Dairy Show or Crystal Palace. To these, £ s. d. is not the primary consideration. Many of the most successful, and those who are enabled to put considerable capital into their fancy, do reap handsome profits. But these come from the sale of birds and eggs rather than from the actual prizes, for one must have a continual run of firsts, seconds, or thirds to secure a balance on the right side; and as there is such keen competition nowadays, only the very best and most expensive birds can thus win time after time.

There is no opening for the inexperienced speculator here. No livelihood is to be made by impecunious youths. The poultry fancy, if not for the rich, is at any rate for men and women of means, who can afford to lose, and very often do. Many large fanciers pay nearly £200 per year for labour in their poultry yards. But even then it is not quite such a ruinous hobby as horse-racing, yachting, or even dog-fancying; and those who are its patrons will declare its delights are just as numerous and even more lasting.

# THE GHOST OF OLD JOHN HILL.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.\*



I commence my story, or rather my recital, with any particularities as to my personality and present condition, the chances are that I shall alienate in

no small degree, perhaps altogether, the attention and interest which my narrative might otherwise gain. And yet, after very careful deliberation, I have decided to confess my secret in these few opening lines. I am a madman. Even while I write I am watched by a keen-eyed attendant (mine is a private asylum, and we don't call them warders). To all intents and purposes I am a prisoner. Of the world outside this—shall we say retreat?—I know nothing, nor shall I ever enter it again. Empires may rise and fall, all Europe might blaze from Madrid to Moscow with fierce war and bloodshed, kingdoms might become republics, and republics might seek again the yoke of monarchy—to me it would all be one. Outside these walls I shall never step. I have wit enough to conceal my partial recovery, for I know very well that this refuge is all that stands between me and the murderer's dock.

The winter of 18— I was compelled through ill-health to spend abroad. Perhaps it would be as well to remark here that my malady was one which affected in no degree my nervous system or my mental powers. It was, in fact, nothing but a slight weakness of the lungs, which had caused my medical attendant earnestly to recommend my spending the winter months in some warmer climate; and as I was my own master and had no ties to keep me in England, and as, moreover, the idea of escaping from the chilly humours and dreary fogs of our own

country to bask under the warm southern sun and the blue sky of the Riviera was in itself by no means displeasing to me, I took his advice.

I was staying at a small, old-fashioned town little known to tourists, and some distance out of the beaten track of the shoals of health-seeking Europeans and sight-seeing Americans, who made this region their happy hunting-ground. The hotel was no more than an inn, but the lime-tree-bordered promenade outside was seldom pressed by the foot of a stranger. There was in the place itself, its architecture, or its surroundings, little that was picturesque or attractive. But, nevertheless, it pleased me, and I had prolonged my stay for a week or two, and was still without any settled idea of going. Strange to say, it was the very dullness of the place which attracted and kept me there. It suited the mood which I happened to be in.

One evening after my solitary dinner—*table d'hôte* there was none—I had strolled, as usual, with a cigar in my mouth, down the promenade. I had had but little exercise during the day, as a fit of laziness had been upon me, and the weather had been anything but tempting, and so it happened that when I reached the end of the narrow sanded walk I felt reluctant to turn back. The night was a pleasant one for walking, and seemed all the pleasanter after the hot winds and blazing sun which had kept me lounging about under cover all day. I hesitated only for a moment, leaning over the low swing-gate at the extremity of the promenade. Then, passing through it, I stepped out on to the broad high-road and walked steadily ahead.

In about a quarter of an hour I reached four cross-roads. The road to the left, the road straight on, and the road behind me I knew well. The road to the right I had never taken, perhaps because it commenced with a remarkably stiff ascent and appeared to lead nowhere, for it was little more than a grass-grown cattle-track. But looking along it to-night a sensation of which I had certainly never before been conscious seized swiftly hold of me. I was filled with a

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sudden strong curiosity to explore the ill-kept, neglected by-road.

It was a curiosity which increased with every step I took, and became gradually coupled with a vague, incomprehensible premonition. What manner of prospect I expected to behold from the top of the hill which I was rapidly ascending I cannot tell, but I had a distinct and firm conviction that something out of the common was about to happen to me.

By degrees the road along which I was walking presented more and more the appearance of a mere sheep-track, until at last the hedges on either side terminated, the road itself degenerated into a footpath, and I found myself ascending a high, turf-covered hill. I was the more surprised because in my wanderings around the district I had never noticed anything of the nature of an eminence in this direction. However, I kept steadily on, till at last I reached the

summit, and, pausing to take breath, looked around me in a startled curiosity which was not without a considerable amount of awe.

Stranger and stranger it all seemed to me. Close by my side, on the highest point of the hill, was a round tower built of rough grey stone, which I was quite certain that I had never seen before. Below me and all around, the country, clearly visible in the moonlight, was of a character totally unlike any which my many walks in the vicinity had made familiar to me. Instead of the long, vineyard-covered slopes and groves of olive trees, was a thoroughly English deer-park, studded with giant oaks and dark patches of fir trees, and stretching away beyond a purely pastoral country with deep yellow cornfields and rich meadows, in many of which were dotted about the dark shapes of reclining cattle. On my left hand yawned a cleft-like chasm, overhung at the brink with thick bracken and drooping bushes—

evidently a disused slate quarry, for a broken shaft lay rotting on the ground, and all around were thick layers of broken-up slate.

I passed my hand across my eyes, half wondering whether I had not been walking in my sleep; and then, as I opened them again, I started back with a cry of horror, which rang out sharply into the clear night air, only to die away in a sort of tremor from my white, trembling lips. Face to face with me stood, or rather crouched, a man—a tall, dark man, with white, scared face and large, wildly bright eyes riveted on mine. It seemed as though he had turned round suddenly from peering down into the black depths of the chasm, and was horror-struck to see me.

Despite the cold night breeze, the perspiration streamed down from my hot, clammy forehead. I strove to speak, but I could not; like unwilling actors in a silent tableau, we stood face to face, speechless, motionless, fascinated. No sound broke the deep stillness of the summer night; no words



"When I reached the end of the narrow walk I felt reluctant to turn back."

could I force from my ashen lips after that first hoarse cry.

Suddenly there came faintly to my ears the sound of a low, moaning cry, and almost simultaneously I saw a tuft of the bracken which overhung the chasm shaken violently. A deeper chill ran through me; it seemed as though the blood in my veins was turned to ice, and I stood motionless, my feet frozen to the ground with fear. Slowly I distinguished something white moving amongst the tuft of ferns. At first it seemed shapeless, but as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness it gradually resolved itself into a pair of white hands clutching desperately at the roots of the ferns, as though the person to whom they belonged was striving frantically to draw himself up from beneath. Almost he seemed about to succeed, for, as I leaned over towards the spot with spell-bound gaze, a white, desperate face, colourless with fear, save where smeared with blood from a wound in the temple, slowly appeared above the brink of the chasm, and I could tell from the convulsive swaying of the shoulders that the struggling man was making frantic attempts to obtain a foothold.

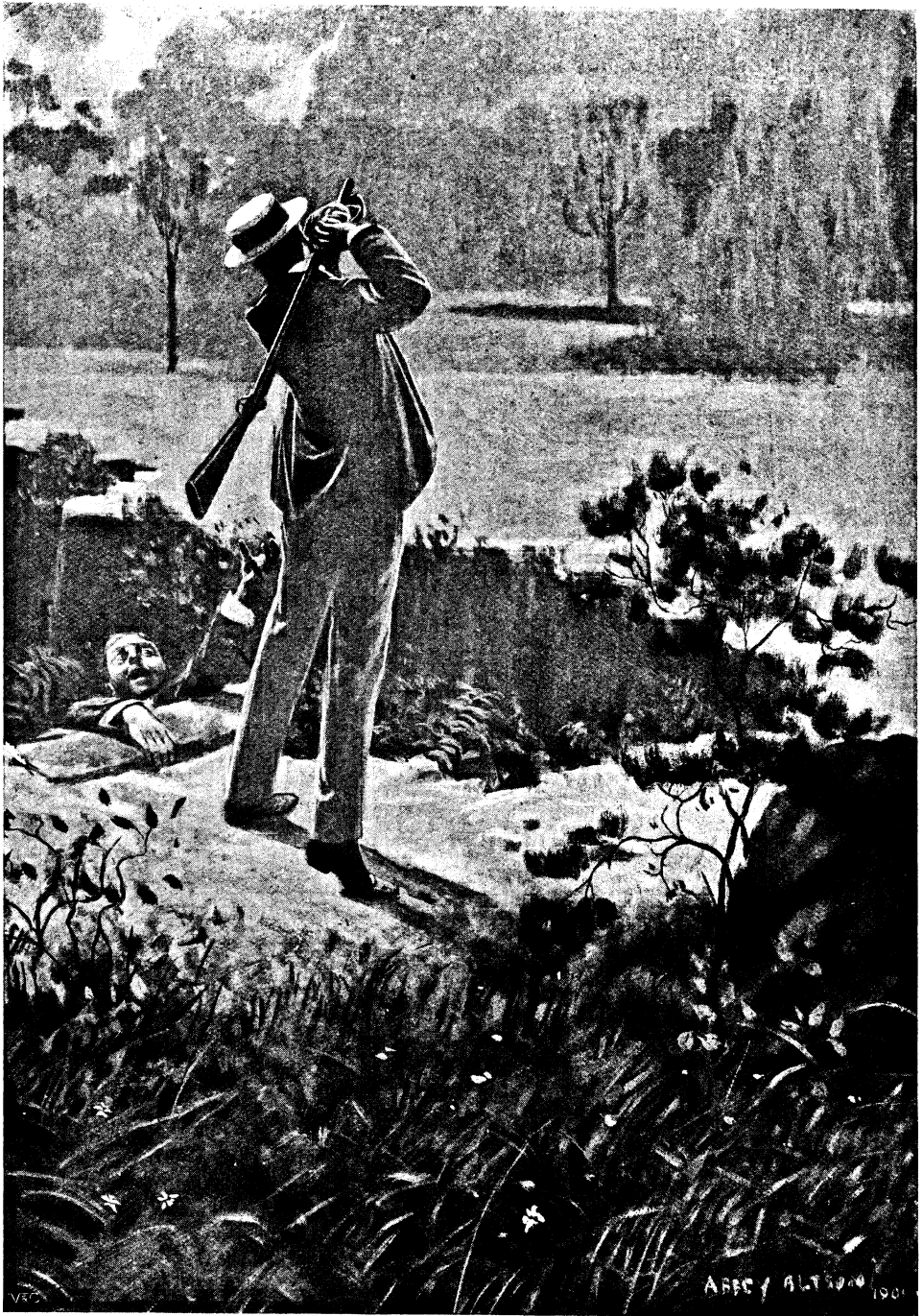
The horrible sight seemed to loosen my joints, which had become stiff with fear, and with a cry of encouragement I sprang forward to his aid. But the crowning horror of the whole scene was to come. The man whom I had first seen turned suddenly round, and, raising a gun which lay flat upon the ground beside him, brandished it high over his head, and brought it down with a sickening thud upon the struggling fingers. A wild shriek of despair burst from the lips of his victim as his hands relaxed their hold upon the bracken, and I reached the edge of the chasm only in time to see him stiff and rigid in mid-air, his arms stretched wildly up to the starlit sky, in the very act of falling backwards, to see him and to recognise in his ghastly countenance the face of the man who had been my close companion for years, my sworn college chum, and the only man whom I had ever cared to call a friend—Philip Hardingstone, Squire of Little Hampton.

Wild impulses, mad thoughts, rushed like lightning through my surging brain. I would have leaped after him into the black chasm. I would have struck down the murderer of my friend, and, with my fingers clutching his throat, have wrought out a speedy vengeance. I would have shrieked

out my horror to the silent night. But I was powerless. Again some strange metamorphosis crept subtly and swiftly over me. Not one of these things could I do. My feet seemed suddenly sinking through the yielding ground; the scene around me closed in, growing dimmer and dimmer, until at last everything—my senses, my instincts, my very consciousness of existence—was merged in an apathetic chaos. What immediately followed is hard for me to say. There was no period of absolute blank unconsciousness, but my material surroundings seemed suddenly to change from chaotic indistinctness to a scene which I knew quite well. I found myself, without any sense of motion, or having moved, leaning against a gate, looking over a sloping vineyard only a few yards away from the cross-roads. Thunder-struck and bewildered, I gazed wildly about me for a few moments. Then turning round, I hurried along the grass-grown track. In vain; I came to no hill, and the path beneath my feet grew into a broad, white high-road, winding far away into a level stretch of rolling plains. This way and that, backward and forward, I ran like a man demented. Far away in the east the sun was slowly bursting through a mass of orange-streaked clouds, scattering a purple and golden glory all over the azure sky. Morning came, noon, and afternoon; then my wearied limbs gave way, and I sank down on the roadside and prayed that the unconsciousness that was already stealing over me, numbing my frenzied brain and throbbing senses, might come soon. It came as I lay there, blotting out the hideous scene which all through the day had been dancing before my eyes, and the memory of the ghastly, diabolical face of Philip Hardingstone's murderer. With a sigh of relief, I turned on my side and fainted.

Some peasants going home from their day's toil in the vineyards stumbled upon me and, finding my address on an envelope in my pocket, carried me down to the hotel. Towards afternoon on the next day I recovered consciousness, and with it came flooding in upon my memory the fearful scene which I had witnessed. In spite of the doctor's peremptory orders, I insisted upon sitting up in bed and writing out with trembling fingers a telegram to Philip Hardingstone, imploring him to let me know by return that he was well. Until the reply came I could do nothing, but lay tossing restlessly about, on the verge of a fever. Towards evening an orange-coloured envelope





"Brandished it high over his head, and brought it down with a sickening thud."

was brought to my bedside, and I tore it hastily open.

"From John Elwick, butler at Little Hampton Hall, to Reginald Morton, Hôtel

de Paris.—Your telegram received. Please come to England at once. Mr. Hardingstone was killed this morning falling down the slate quarry on Old John Hill."

For five weeks I lay ill of a brain fever, and even when its acute stage had passed, and I was able to move about a little, my doctor watched me anxiously, and seemed far from satisfied with my state. I myself knew that a change had come upon me. My memory seemed partially gone; I was subject to frequent fits of delirious excitement, and to corresponding periods of intense depression. When at last I flatly refused to stay where I was any longer, and left for England, Dr. F—— insisted upon my engaging a servant of his own recommendation to travel with me. And I knew why: I felt that I was going mad.

Immediately on my arrival in London I telegraphed to John Elwick to come up from Little Hampton to my hotel. The next morning he came.

From him I heard the manner in which his master was supposed to have met his death. It seemed that he had left home with his gun and a couple of dogs, and had sent down to the keeper's lodge for Wilson, the under-keeper, to meet him with some beaters and a favourite spaniel of his on Old John Hill. When they arrived there they found no signs of their master. They waited for an hour, and then sent down to the house. The reply came back that Mr. Hardingstone had left at the time appointed, and had not returned. They waited for another hour, and then one of the keepers, strolling about, noticed the torn bracken and tumbled earth at the side of the quarry. Ropes were sent for, and a search was instantly commenced. Late at night the body was found, fearfully mangled and crushed. The conclusion instantly arrived at by everyone was that he had made a false step and fallen over the dangerously exposed edge by accident.

I listened to the recital in silence. When Elwick had concluded, and stood with his head turned suspiciously away from me, I asked a question—

"Who succeeded to the estates, Elwick?"

"Mr. Esholt, sir, his nephew," answered Elwick somewhat huskily.

"Mr. Esholt! Tell me everything that you know about him," I demanded.

Elwick shook his head slowly.

"That won't be much, sir, and nothing very good. They do say that he has been a terrible scamp. He's only been to the Hall twice, and each time it was to borrow money. I remember last time he came I heard the master say to him, just before he went, that it would be of no use his coming again, for he would never give him another penny."

"Where was Mr. Esholt when this happened?" I asked.

"In Chicago, sir; leastways, so he said," Elwick answered doubtfully. "He turned up about a fortnight ago in London and said that he had come straight from there."

"Can you describe him?" I asked, and waited for the answer with an impatience which I utterly failed to conceal.

Elwick did so. He was tall and sallow, with black eyes and hair. Then I knew this was the man who had murdered my friend.

"It's almost a wonder, sir, as you haven't heard nothing of him, seeing as Miss Clara——" Elwick hesitated suddenly and looked doubtful.

"Do you mean my sister, Elwick?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir; Miss Clara and her aunt, Lady Alice, sir—they're often at the Hall, and they do say, sir, begging your pardon, as how we shall soon be having a mistress at the old place."

I arose from my seat, dazed and trembling, and hurried from the room. In my other apartment was a little pile of letters which I had not as yet looked at. Hastily selecting those from my aunt and my sister, I tore them open and scanned them through.

My vague fears turned swiftly into a distinct sense of horror. From first to last they were full of praises of my old friend's nephew, who was quite a close neighbour of theirs; and my aunt's letters, which I looked at first, were full of hints as to the cause of his constant visits and attentions to my sister Clara. I threw them down and opened Clara's letters. They were more explicit still. Mr. Esholt had asked her to become his wife. Would I come down and meet him? There was another letter in the pile, the handwriting of which was strange to me. I tore it open. It was signed George Esholt, and contained a formal offer for my sister's hand.

Again there came that terrible tightening of the brain, that hideous vision before my eyes, and a monotonous buzzing in my ears. I knew that this was madness, and I fell on my knees and prayed that it might leave me, if only for a little while. My prayer was granted. I fell asleep and awoke weak and full of strange thoughts and sensations, but with my purpose still clear before me.

By the midday train I travelled down to Little Hampton, and, hiring a fly at the station, drove at once to the Hall. Mr. Esholt was in the park with some ladies, I was told. Would I await his return, or



"I caught him by the throat, and bore him struggling to the chasm."

should they send in search for him? I replied that I would go and try to find him myself. And with that purpose I crossed the terraced lawns, and, dismissing the man who would have been my guide, I strode away across the smooth, velvety turf.

Far away in the distance, amongst the grey, crumbling walls of some ivy-covered ruins, I saw light dresses flitting about, and towards these I directed my footsteps. I reached them unobserved, and, crouching down behind the remnant of a pillar, peered into the enclosure where the little group were standing talking.

a little apart, with an angry frown upon her fair face. Then he approached her slowly. There was a short whispered conversation, and finally she left his side with an air of satisfied triumph.

"Auntie, we are going. Will you come?"

Aunt Alice shook her head and leaned back in her impromptu seat—the fallen, moss-covered trunk of a giant tree.

"No, I'll wait for you. My hill-climbing days are over."

Then I saw them leave her, hand-in-hand, and at a safe distance I followed, keeping just inside a long plantation of fir trees

I saw what I had expected to see: the man whose face had haunted me without ceasing since that terrible night, my aunt, and my sister. They were speaking with raised voices, and I listened.

"Mr. Esholt, you positively shall not refuse to take me there again! I will go, sir! If you won't take me, I shall go alone!"

I recognised Clara's imperious voice, and I knew at once that she would have her way. But he did not yield all at once. I saw his pale face grow paler, and he seemed to be keeping back a shudder only with a great effort.

"Clara," he said, "can't you wonder that I hate the place? Don't ask me to take you there, please."

There was a brief silence, and I leaned my burning forehead against the stone wall, and through the chinks I could see that my sister was standing

during the first part of the ascent, and afterwards bending low down amongst the tall bracken, ready to disappear altogether should they look round. Before me lay the high, grass-covered hill, the round, grey tower, and the quarry, just as I had seen them all on that horrible night. At every step I took, every time my eyes fell upon him bending over my sister with all a lover's tenderness, the weight upon my brain seemed to grow heavier. Earth and sky seemed dancing around me in fantastic shapes, and the dark branches of the pine trees stooped down and whispered to me, Murder! murder! murder! A band of iron seemed to be tightening itself around my forehead, but my feet touched the grass and met with no more resistance than if I had been walking upon air. All continuity of thought and memory seemed to be breaking up within me, and I felt a strange, wild craving to shout, to run and leap, to burst out into peals of laughter. But still I kept my eyes on the ascending pair in front of me and stealthily followed them. They reached the top almost at the same moment as I also gained it by a more devious track and concealed myself behind a mass of rock. They moved to the side of the chasm, she full of awed curiosity, he pale and shrinking. Then up from my hiding-place I leaped, and stood before them, wild and dishevelled, with my burning eyes fixed upon his ghastly face, pointing, pointing with shaking hand into the abyss below.

"Murderer! murderer!" I shrieked, and the wild west wind caught up my cry and carried it down into the valley and bore it against the rock-strewn hills opposite, till

the very air seemed ringing with echoes of that one word. He shrank back from me in an agony of dumb-stricken fear and leaned trembling against the tower. I followed him, caught him by the throat, and bore him struggling to the chasm. He snatched at a tuft of bracken; I tore it up by the roots and flung it down into the black water below. He dug his fingers into the mould. I stamped upon them until he relaxed his hold, and then, seizing him by the waist, I pushed him back, back, back to the very edge of the chasm and hurled him backwards. In mid-air, as his struggling feet left the ground, he shrieked out for mercy. I laughed back at him, and, leaning over the side, watched his quivering body fall until it disappeared into the black waters below—watched it, laughing all the time with the fierce, delirious joy of madness, and it seemed to me that the rocks and the trees and the very clouds were laughing with me. Everything seemed to me laughing except the white, unconscious form of my sister, who lay fainting on the grass. Mad! mad! mad! Yes, I'm mad enough at times. I was a raving lunatic when they tried me for murder, and my trial was a farce, for before it was over they brought me here to this asylum. Sometimes my reason returns to me for a brief while. I am sane now, but it will not be for long. Even now it is coming; the wild visions before my eyes, the fiery weight upon my brain. They all know it here; my keeper knows the signs and he is coming. Ah! they have taken my paper away from me, and now my pen. No matter, I have finished.





A LINE OF SAWERS.

## A HARVEST OF ICE.

BY WARD MUIR.

*Photographs by the Author.*

FARMERS are proverbial grumblers, and it is popularly supposed that they cease to be happy when there is nothing about which to complain. This being the case, one is tempted to wonder how the Davos folk manage to endure the even tenor of their existence in winter-time. During five or six months of the year their fields are buried beneath a metre or more of snow, as are also their vegetable-gardens—if they possess any. There can be no hardship in this, for it is an annual occurrence, and as such must be foreseen long in advance. Besides, as they well know, the very wealth of their future hay-crop lies in this thick carpet of white, its thaw fertilising the ground as no rainfall could possibly do. But the dying year brings with it another feature as regular in its appearance and as inevitable as the snow. And before the very eyes of the inhabitants of those far-off hills there arises, slowly and silently, a mighty crop made ready for the cutting by

no tilling or cultivation of the hand of man.

The valley of Davos, in Eastern Switzerland, lies at a height of 5,150 feet, or almost exactly a mile above sea-level. At one end of it is the curious town of consumptive invalids, who spend their time lying on balconies in the open air, blandly oblivious of the state of the thermometer; at the other nestles the little lake with which we have to deal. Upon its dark but placid surface the crop to which reference has been made grows each winter.

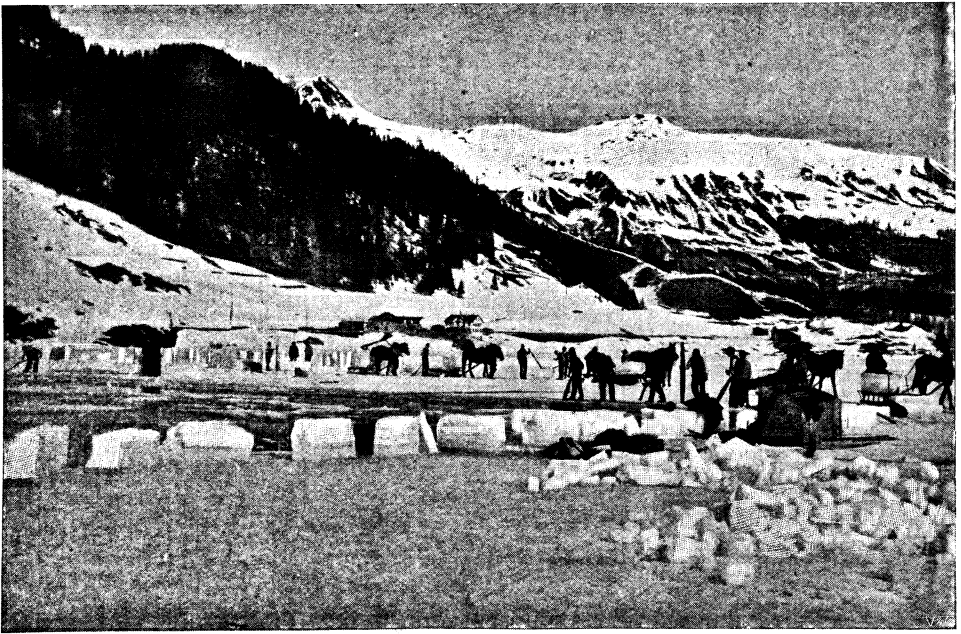
At the end of November the water begins to feel the cold. Early December sees an edging of ice, against which the wavelets, still free in the middle, break with a dull, clashing tinkle. By the close of the month skaters are skimming over the black surface, through whose transparent pane they can see the bottom far below. Then comes a snowfall and puts an end to the sport for a year to come. Underneath the drifts, how-

ever, the slow but sure work of freezing is still going on. January finds the Davoser See gay with life once more. The reapers' turn has now come. And there they are, a hundred of them at least, sweeping, sawing, dragging, carting, and storing the great white harvest. A strange harvest it is, too; for the busy labourers are garnering water, but water filled with the market-value of King Frost—water turned to ice.

Thus these unhappy farmers have nothing left at which to grumble. Their fields, it is true, are unreachable. But here is work ready to hand. Here is wealth for the mere taking of it. Here is a crop, the

broken from time to time by the weird shriek of a train threading its way amongst the pines that line the margin of the See. But behold! one day this lonely scene is filled in a moment with life and movement. The harvesters are here, a troop of men and horses calmly marching on to the brittle film which is the only thing that separates them from fearful depths below. But it is strong enough to bear an army without the least chance of cracking.

The snow is swept away from a large space and carried to one side in hand-drawn sledges so constructed that their load can easily be tilted off. This clearance takes



WINTER ON THE DAVOSER SEE.

appearance and due ripening of which is as certain as the succession of day and night itself. There is no risk about it, no possible chance of failure. At a height of a mile up in the air it would be a strange winter that could pass without its tribute of money-making cold.

The lake has usually been frozen for a month at least before a serious attack is made. Its surface presents the appearance of a white plain a mile long and perhaps half a mile broad at its widest point, traversed by a single sleigh-track and set in the midst of solemn mountains. The hotels of Davos Platz are hidden behind a spur of the hills, and the silence of the spot is only

some little time, as the coating of white is fairly thick, though in no place does it attain to as great a depth as that on land. The large expanse of the lake being exposed to the wind offers less opportunity for the formation of big drifts.

An ice-plough is now called into operation, its duty being to mark, by means of furrows scratched to the depth of a couple of inches or so, the size of the blocks to be subsequently cut. This machine, however, is not invariably used, as its value depends upon the hardness of the surface.

When a sufficiently extensive chess-board pattern has been mapped out, an auger is requisitioned. With this a hole must be





CLEARING THE SNOW.

bored at the corner of one of the squares right to the water beneath. Through the aperture a long, narrow saw is passed, and, making use of its odd handle, the workman commences to thrust it up and down until a slit is produced. From this slit branch out all the other slits that cut away the hundreds of blocks which are subsequently taken out of this mine of ice. It forms the base of operations.

The saws are mighty instruments, six feet long and armed with deeply cut teeth of varying size. They soon become very rusty, owing to the constant contact with water, but this



SAWING.



HAULING.

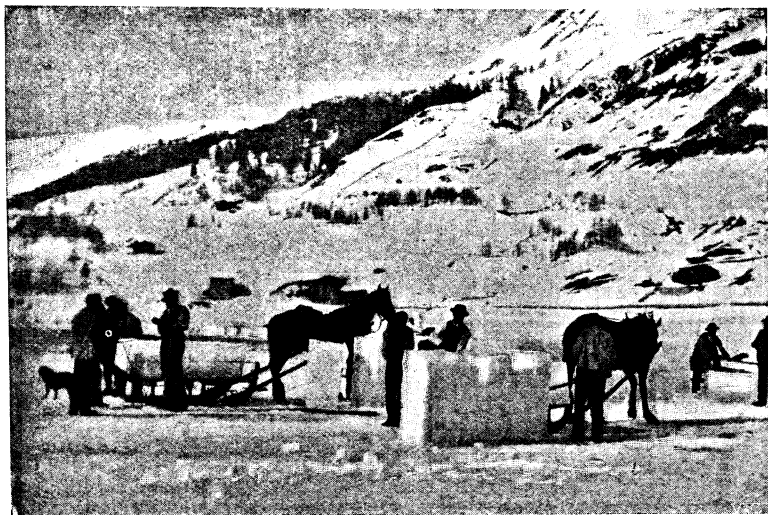


OFF TO THE STORE.

does not affect their utility. The men never take the trouble to clean them beyond a slight wipe at the close of the day's labour.

In the course of a few days quite a large hole is cut. The water that is revealed looks inky black in contrast to the whiteness all around. Blocks of ice float upon its surface, bobbing lazily

about with only one-third of their bulk showing above the level, until the time comes for their transference to the shore. Then suddenly their true size becomes apparent. Three sturdy workmen approach the edge of the pool, and



SLEIGHS.

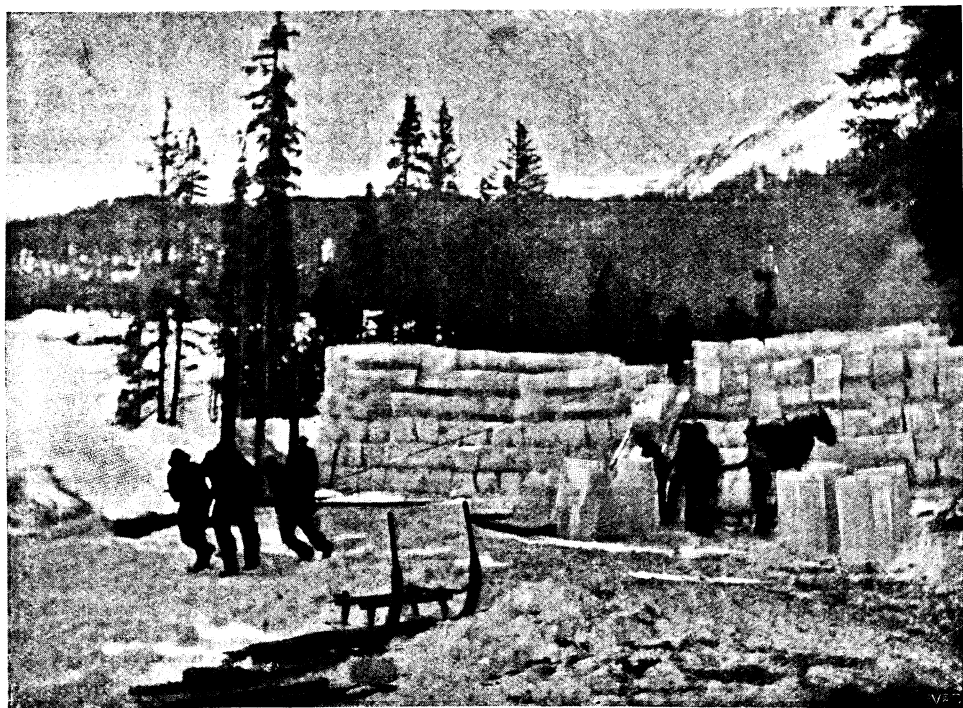
each plunges the single prong of his pickaxe into the softer side of a block. Then comes a long pull and a strong pull, till the big shining mass comes dripping out of the water on to the top of the floe from which it was originally cut. It is at once dragged a distance of a few yards to where the

sleighs are being loaded, and here, for convenience sake, it is tilted upright at the end of a row of similar blocks.

But these blocks weigh a quarter of a ton apiece. How are they manipulated so easily? Simply because they are ice, and grow in a region of ice. Being ice, they float; hence are easily got at when wanted. Being ice, they slide; therefore the labour of hauling them is

small. And as this is a region of ice—with snow—their transportation to the storage-houses or railway-station is a mere affair of sufficient sledges, with horses to drag them.

Each block is about a yard long and half a yard wide, while the thickness varies from somewhat over two feet to one foot six inches,



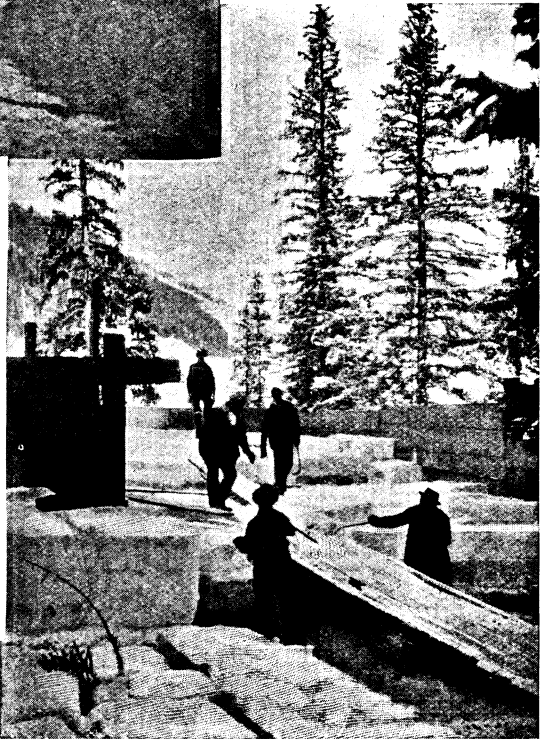
THE STORAGE.



ON THE WAY TO THE STORE.

according to the date. In March, the workmen commence to take ice from the places which have already been cut, the water having re-frozen. This latter product is thinner, but of more solid and glassy quality. Two-thirds of the thickness of the first crop is white and opaque in texture, and also softer than the clear ice underneath, which contains no air-bubbles, having been formed from water unadulterated with snowflakes, and protected by the upper crust from atmospheric influences which could cause it to become honeycombed or rotten.

Threepence would purchase one of



THE STORAGE.



FOR TRANSIT BY RAIL.

these huge blocks at the lakeside; but by the time it has been taken to the Davos Dorf railway-station, loaded into a van, and transported to Landquart—the main line junction, forty miles away—its value has increased pretty considerably. The Rhaetian Railway Co., who control the trade, charge at the rate of 60 centimes the 100 kilos

of ice (roughly 200 lb.) during the month of January, 80 centimes in February, and one franc in March. The price seems moderate enough when we think of the labour and expense involved. Anxious householders in England would be glad if they had to pay as little as this. But alas! the Davoser See is seven hundred and fifty miles from London town.

The workmen receive three shillings a day for their services, while the wages of a sleigh-driver, who provides two of his own horses, run to about six shillings. Comparatively few of the labourers are local men. The majority of them come from the neighbouring Prättigau valley, and many, too, are Italian masons, who thus find employment for several otherwise idle months. In the midst of terrific cold, it is strange to see these sunburnt fellows perspiring over their work, although but lightly clad. Occasionally, however, a blizzard arises and, sweeping across the exposed surface of the lake, renders their lot a very miserable one. With blue hands freezing to the saw-handles, feet like lumps of lead, and eyes half blinded by the flying flakes, the denizens of sunny Italy may well long for home.

For a few winters the lake was free to all comers, owing to a quarrel between two claimants to its exclusive rights. No doubt a few of the hotels near by took this opportunity of filling their storage-cellars at a small expense; but the general public must now go to the managers of the Rhätische Bahn for their ice. It is this company which "runs the whole show," as the Americans say. In the winter of 1897-98 they sold 13,500 blocks, and the next year saw that number more than trebled. This sudden increase,

however, may partly be explained by the mildness of the season in most parts of Europe, and the consequent scarcity of ice.

The product of the Davoser See is actually to be seen being stored under the very shadow of the Jungfrau and in sight of the vast glaciers of the Grindelwald region. It is cheaper to bring it all that distance than to cut it on the spot.

Even in the height of summer it is possible to purchase Davos lake-ice. An immense enclosure has been constructed in the pine-woods on the neighbouring hillside, and here thousands of blocks are packed away for future use. A spot rarely reached by sunshine has been selected, and as an additional protection the store is fenced round with planks which shelter its precious contents from the destroyers, air and warmth. Thus the mighty army of tourists who pass across the Channel to spend their holidays in the Playground of Europe need have no fear that the supply of delicious *crèmes glacées* for the hotel dinner on Sundays will ever run short. The amount of ice taken out of the Davoser See at present can hardly be said to make a mark upon its surface. It is ready to cope with all demands, however large—a Mine of Coldness that can never be worked out, and one which ever renews what little of its wealth may be removed from it.



"APPETITE NORMAL."

A photographic study by Charles Reid, Wishaw.

# MERELY STRANGERS.

By E. NESBIT.\*



HE had been thinking of him all day—of the incredible insignificance of the point on which they had quarrelled; the babyish folly of the quarrel itself, the silly pride that had made the quarrel strong till the very memory of it was as a bar of steel to keep them apart. Three years ago, and so much had happened since then. Three years! and not a day of them all had passed without some thought of him; sometimes a happy, quiet remembrance transfused by a wise forgetfulness; sometimes a sudden recollection, sharp as a knife. But not on many days had she allowed the quiet remembrance to give place to the knife-thrust, and then kept the knife in the wound, turning it round with a scientific curiosity, which, while it ran an undercurrent of breathless pleasure beneath the pain, yet did not lessen this—intensified it, rather. To-day she had thought of him thus through the long hours on deck, when the boat sped on even keel across the blue and gold of the Channel, in the dusty train from Ostend—even in the little open carriage that carried her and her severely moderate luggage from the station at Bruges to the Hôtel du Panier d'Or. She had thought of him so much that it was no surprise to her to see him there, drinking coffee at one of the little tables which the hotel throws out like tentacles into the Grande Place.

There he sat, in a grey tweed suit. His back was towards her, but she would have known the set of his shoulders anywhere, and the turn of his head. He was talking to someone—a lady, handsome, but older than he—oh! evidently much older.

Elizabeth made the transit from carriage to hotel door in one swift, quiet movement.

He did not see her, but the lady facing him put up a tortoiseshell-handled *lorgnon* and gazed through it and through narrowed eyelids at the new comer.

Elizabeth reappeared no more that evening. It was the waiter who came out to dismiss the carriage and superintend the bringing in of the luggage. Elizabeth, stumbling in a maze of forgotten French, was met at the stair-foot by a smiling welcome, and realised in a spasm of grateful surprise that she need not have brought her dictionary. The hostess of the Panier d'Or, like everyone else in Belgium, spoke English, and an English far better than Elizabeth's French had been.

She secured a tiny bedroom, and a sitting-room that looked out over the Place, so that whenever he drank coffee she might, with luck, hope to see the back of his dear head.

"Idiot!" said Elizabeth, catching this little thought wandering in her mind, and with that she slapped the little thought and put it to bed in disgrace. But when she woke in the night, it woke, too, and cried a little.

That night it seemed to her that she would have all her meals served in the little sitting-room, and never go downstairs at all, lest she should meet him. But in the morning she perceived that one does not save up one's money for a year in order to have a Continental holiday, and sweeten all one's high-school teaching with the thought of that holiday, in order to spend its precious hours between four walls, just because—well, for any reason whatsoever.

So she went down to take her coffee and rolls humbly, publicly, like other people.

The dining-room was dishevelled, discomposed; chairs piled on tables and brooms all about. It was in the hotel *café*, where the marble-topped little tables were, that Mademoiselle would be served. Here was a marble-topped counter, too, where later in the day *apéritifs* and *petits verres* would be handed. On this, open for the police to read, lay the list of those who had spent the night at the Panier d'Or.

The room was empty. Elizabeth caught

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up the list. Yes, his name was there, at the very top of the column—Edward Brown, and below it “*Mrs. Brown*——”

Elizabeth dropped the paper as though it had bitten her, and, turning sharply, came face to face with that very Edward Brown. He raised his hat gravely, and a shiver of absolute sickness passed over her, for his glance at her in passing was the glance of a stranger. It was not possible. . . Yet it was true. He had forgotten her. In three little years! They had been long enough years to her, but now she called them little. In three little years he had forgotten her very face.

Elizabeth, chin in air, marched down the room and took possession of the small table where her coffee awaited her.

She began to eat. It was not till the sixth mouthful that her face flushed suddenly to so deep a crimson that she dared not raise her eyes to see how many of the folk now breaking their rolls in her company had had eyes for her face. As a matter of fact, only one observed the sudden colour, and he admired and rejoiced, for he had seen such a colour in that face before.

“She is angry—good!” said he, and poured out more coffee with a steady hand.

The thought that flooded Elizabeth’s face and neck and ears with damask was one quite inconsistent with the calm eating of bread-and-butter. She laid down her knife and walked out, chin in air to the last. Alone in her sitting-room she buried her face in a very hard cushion and went as near to swearing as a very nice girl may.

“Oh! oh! oh!—oh! *bother!* Why did I go down? I ought to have fled to the uttermost parts of the earth, or even to Ghent. Of course. Oh! what a fool I am! It’s because he’s married that he won’t speak to me. You fool! you fool! you fool! Yes, of course, you knew he was married; only you thought you’d like the silly satisfaction of hearing his voice speak to you, and yours speaking to him. But—oh! fool! fool! fool!”

Elizabeth put on the thickest veil she had, and the largest hat, and went blindly out. She walked very fast, never giving a glance to the step-and-stair gables of the old houses, the dominant strength of the belfry, the curious, un-English groups in the streets. Presently she came to a bridge—a canal—overhanging houses—balconies—a glimpse like the pictures of Venice. She leaned her elbows on the parapet and presently became aware of the prospect.

“It is pretty,” she said grudgingly, and at the same moment turned away, for in a flower-hung balcony across the water she saw *him*.

“This is too absurd,” she said. “I must get out of the place—at least, for the day. I’ll go to Ghent.”

He had seen her, and a thrill of something very like gratified vanity straightened his shoulders. When a girl has jilted you, it is comforting to find that even after three years she has not forgotten you enough to be indifferent, no matter how you may have consoled yourself in the interval.

Elizabeth walked fast, but she did not get to the railway station, because she took the wrong turning several times. She passed through street after strange street, and came out on a wide quay; another canal; across it showed old, gabled, red-roofed houses. She walked on and came presently to a bridge, and another quay, and a little puffing, snorting steamboat.

She hurriedly collected a few scattered atoms of her school vocabulary—

“*Est-ce que—est-ce que—ce bateau à vapeur va—va—anywhere?*”

A voluble assurance that it went at twelve-thirty did not content her. She gathered her forces again.

“*Oui; mais où est-ce qu’il va aller—?*”

One answer sounded something like “Sloosh,” and the speaker pointed vaguely up the green canal.

Elizabeth went on board. This was as good as Ghent. Better. There was an element of adventure about it. “Sloosh” might be anywhere; one might not reach it for days. But the boat had not the air of one used to long cruises; and Elizabeth felt safe in playing with the idea of an expedition into darkest Holland.

And now by chance, or because her movements interested him as much as his presence repelled her, this same Edward Brown also came on board, and, concealed by the deep day-dream into which she had fallen, passed her unseen.

When she shook the last drops of the day-dream from her, she found herself confronting the boat’s only other passenger—himself.

She looked at him full and straight in the eyes, and with the look her embarrassment left her and laid hold on him.

He remembered her last words to him—

“If ever we meet again, we meet as strangers.” Well, he had kept to the very letter of that bidding, and she had been





"The talk lasted till the little steamer bumped and grated against the quayside."

angry. He had been very glad to see that she was angry. But now, face to face for an hour and a half—for he knew the distance to Sluys well enough—could he keep silence still and yet avoid being ridiculous? He did not intend to be ridiculous; yet even this might have happened, but Elizabeth saved him.

She raised her chin and spoke in chill, distant courtesy.

"I think you must be English, because I saw you at the *Panier d'Or*; everyone's English there. I can't make these people understand anything. Perhaps you could be so kind as to tell me how long the boat takes to get to wherever it does get to?"

It was a longer speech than she would have made had he been the stranger as whom she proposed to treat him, but it was necessary to let him understand at the outset what was the part she intended to play.

He did understand, and assumed his rôle instantly.

"Something under two hours, I think," he said politely, still holding in his hand the hat he had removed on the instant of her breaking silence. "How cool and pleasant the air is after the town!" The boat was moving quickly now between grassy banks topped by rows of ash trees. The landscape on each side spread away like a map intersected with avenues of tall, lean, wind-bent trees, that seemed to move as the boat moved.

"Good!" said she to herself; "he means to talk. We shan't sit staring at each other for two hours like stuck pigs. And he really doesn't know me? Or is it the wife? Oh! I wish I'd never come to this horrible country!" Aloud she said, "Yes, and how pretty the trees and fields are——!"

"So—so nice and green, aren't they?" said he.

And she said "Yes."

Each inwardly smiled. In the old days each had been so eager for the other's good opinion, so afraid of seeming commonplace, that their conversations had been all fire-works, and their very love-letters too clever by half. Now they did not belong to each other any more, and he said the trees were green, and she said "Yes."

"There seem to be a great many people in Bruges," said she.

"Yes," said he, in eager assent. "Quite a large number."

"There is a great deal to be seen in these old towns. So quaint, aren't they?"

She remembered his once condemning in

a common friend the use of that word. Now he echoed it.

"So very quaint," said he. "And the dogs drawing carts! Just like the pictures, aren't they?"

"You can get pictures of them on the illustrated post-cards. So nice to send to one's relations at home."

She was getting angry with him again. He played the game too well.

"Ah! yes," he answered, "the dear people like these little tokens, don't they?"

"He's getting exactly like a curate," she thought, and a doubt assailed her. Perhaps he was not playing the game at all. Perhaps in these three years he had really grown stupid.

"How different it all is from England, isn't it?"

"Oh! quite," said he.

"Have you ever been in Holland?"

"Yes, once."

"What was it like?" she asked. That was a form of question they had agreed to hate—once, long ago.

"Oh! extremely pleasant," he said warmly.

"We met some most agreeable people at some of the hotels. Quite the best sort of people, you know."

Another phrase once banned by both.

The sun sparkled on the moving duckweed of the Canal. The sky was blue overhead. Here and there a red-roofed farm showed among the green pastures. Ahead the avenues tapered away into distance, and met at the vanishing point. Elizabeth smiled for sheer pleasure at the sight of two little blue-smocked children solemnly staring at the boat as it passed. Then she glanced at him with an irritated frown. It was his turn to smile.

"You called the tune, my lady," he said to himself, "and it is you shall change it, not I."

"Foreign countries are very like England, are they not?" he said. "The same kind of trees, you know, and the same kind of cows and—and everything. Even the canals are very like ours."

"The canal system," said Elizabeth instructively, "is the finest in the world."

"*Adieu! Canal, canard, canaille,*" he quoted. They had always barred quotations in the old days.

"I don't understand Latin," said she. Then their eyes met, and he got up abruptly and walked to the end of the boat and back. When he sat down again, he sat beside her.

"Shall we go on?" he said quietly. "I think it is your turn to choose a subject——"

"Oh! have you read 'Alice in Wonderland'?" she said with simple eagerness. "Such a pretty book, isn't it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. She was obstinate; all women were, men were not. He would be magnanimous. He would not compel her to change the tune. He had given her one chance; and if she wouldn't—well, it was not possible to keep up this sort of conversation till they got to Sluys. He would——

But again she saved him.

"I won't play any more," she said. "It's not fair. Because you may think me a fool. But I happen to know that you are Mr. Brown, who writes the clever novels. You were pointed out to me at the hotel; and—oh! do tell me if you always talk like this to strangers?"

"Only to English ladies on canal boats," said he, smiling. "You see, one never knows. They might wish one to talk like that. We both did it very prettily. Of course, more know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows, but I think I may congratulate you on your first attempt at the English-abroad conversation."

"Do you know, really," she said, "you did it so well that if I hadn't known who you were, I should have thought it was the real you. The felicitations are not all mine. But won't you tell me about Holland? That bit of yours about the hotel acquaintances was very brutal. I've heard heaps of people say that very thing. You just caught the tone. But Holland——"

"Well, this is Holland," said he; "but I saw more of it than this, and I'll tell you anything you like if you won't expect me to talk clever, and turn the phrase. That's a lost art, and I won't humiliate myself in trying to recover it. To begin with, Holland is flat."

"Don't be a geography book," Elizabeth laughed light-heartedly.

"The coinage is——"

"No, but seriously."

"Well, then," said he, and the talk lasted till the little steamer bumped and grated against the quayside at Sluys.

When they had landed, the two stood for a moment on the grass-grown quay in silence.

"Well, good afternoon," said Elizabeth suddenly. "Thank you so much for telling me all about Holland." And with that she turned and walked away along the narrow street between the trim little houses that

look so like a child's toy village tumbled out of a white wood box. Mr. Edward Brown was left planted there.

"Well," said he, and spent the afternoon wandering about near the landing-stage, and wondering what would be the next move in this game of hers. It was a childish game, this playing at strangers, yet he owned that it had a charm.

He ate currant bread and drank coffee at a little inn by the quay, sitting at the table by the door and watching the boats. Two o'clock came and went. Four o'clock came; half-past four, and with that went the last return steamer for Bruges. Still Mr. Edward Brown sat still and smoked. Five minutes later Elizabeth's blue cotton dress gleamed in the sunlight at the street corner.

He rose and walked towards her.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself in Holland," he said.

"I lost my way," said she. He saw that she was very tired, even before he heard it in her voice. "When is the next boat?"

"There are no more boats to-day. The last left about ten minutes ago."

"You might have told me," she said resentfully.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "You bade me good-bye with an abruptness and a decision which forbade me to tell you anything."

"I beg your pardon," she said humbly. "Can I get back by train?"

"There are no trains."

"A carriage?"

"There are none. I have inquired."

"But you," she asked suddenly, "how did you miss the boat? How are you going to get back?"

"I shall walk," said he, ignoring the first question. "It's only eleven miles. But for you, of course, that's impossible. Why not stay the night here? The woman at this inn seems a decent old person."

"I can't. There's a girl coming to join me. She's in the Sixth at the high-school where I teach. I've promised to chaperon and instruct her. I must meet her at the station at ten. She doesn't know a word of French. Oh! I must go. She doesn't know the name of my hotel, or anything. I must go. I must walk."

"Have you had any food?"

"No; I never thought about it."

She did not realise that she was explaining to him that she had been walking to get away from him and from her own thoughts, and that food had not been among these.

"Then you will dine now ; and, if you will allow me, we will walk back together."

Elizabeth submitted. It was pleasant to be taken care of. And to be "ordered about," that was pleasant, too. Curiously enough, that very thing had been a factor in their quarrel. At twenty-one one is so independent.

She was fed on omelettes and strange, pale steak, and Mr. Brown insisted on beer. The place boasted no wine cellar.

Then the walk began. For the first mile or two it was pleasant. Then Elizabeth's shoes began to hurt her. They were smart brown shoes, with deceitful wooden heels. In her wanderings over the cobble stones of Slays streets one heel had cracked itself. Now it split altogether. She began to limp.

"Won't you take my arm ?" said he.

"No, thank you. I don't really need it. I'll rest a minute, though, if I may." She sat down, leaning against a tree, and looked out at the darting swallows, dimpling here and there the still, green water. The level sunlight struck straight across the pastures, turning them to gold. The long shadows of the trees fell across the Canal and lay back on the reeds at the other side. The hour was full of an ample dignity of peace.

They walked another mile. Elizabeth could not conceal her growing lameness.

"Something is wrong with your foot," said he. "Have you hurt it ?"

"It's these silly shoes ; the heel's broken."

"Take them off and let me see."

She submitted without a protest, sat down, took off the shoes, and gave them to him. He looked at them kindly, contemptuously.

"Silly little things !" he said, and she, instead of resenting the impertinence, smiled.

Then he tore off the heels and dug out the remaining bristle of nails with his pocket-knife.

"That'll be better," said he cheerfully. Elizabeth put on the damp shoes. The evening dew lay heavy on the towing-path, and she hardly demurred at all to his fastening the laces. She was very tired.

Again he offered his arm ; again she refused it.

Then "Elizabeth, take my arm at once !" he said sharply.

She took it, and they had kept step for some fifty paces before she said—

"Then you knew all the time."

"Am I blind or in my dotage ? But you forbade me to meet you except as a stranger. I have an obedient nature."

They walked on in silence. He held her

hand against his side strongly, but, as it seemed, without sentiment. He was merely helping a tired woman-stranger on a long road. But the road seemed easier to Elizabeth because her hand lay so close to him ; she almost forgot how tired she was, and lost herself in dreams, and awoke, and taught herself to dream again, and wondered why everything should seem so different just because one's hand lay on the sleeve of a tweed jacket.

"Why should I be so abominably happy ?" she asked herself, and then lapsed again into the dreams that were able to wipe away three years, as a kind hand might wipe three little teardrops from a child's slate, scrawled over with sums done wrong.

When she remembered that he was married, she salved her conscience innocently. "After all," she said, "it can't be wrong if it doesn't make *him* happy, and of course he doesn't care, and I shall never see him again after to-night."

So on they went, the deepening dusk turned to night, and in Elizabeth's dreams it seemed that her hand was held more closely ; but, unless one moved it ever so little, one could not be sure ; and she would not move it ever so little.

The damp towing-path ended in a road cobble-stoned, the masts of ships, pointed roofs, twinkling lights. The eleven miles were nearly over.

Elizabeth's hand moved, a little involuntarily, on his arm. To cover the movement she spoke instantly.

"I am leaving Bruges to-morrow."

"No ; your Sixth Form girl will be too tired, and besides——"

"Besides ?"

"Oh ! a thousand things. Don't leave Bruges yet, it's so 'quaint,' you know ; and—and I want to introduce you to——"

"I won't," said Elizabeth almost violently.

"You won't ?"

"No ; I don't want to know your wife."

He stopped short in the street—not one of the "quaint" streets, but a deserted street of tall, square-shuttered, stern, dark mansions, wherein a gas-lamp or two flickered timidly.

"My *wife* ?" he said. "It's my *aunt*."

"It said 'Mrs. Brown' in the visitors' list," faltered Elizabeth.

"Brown's such an uncommon name," he said. "My aunt spells hers with an E."

"Oh ! with an E ? Yes, of course. I spell my name with an E, too, only it's at the wrong end."



“He caught her in his arms there in the street.”

Elizabeth began to laugh, and the next moment to cry helplessly.

"Oh! Elizabeth; and you looked in the visitors' list and——" He caught her in his arms there in the street. "No; you can't get away. I'm wiser than I was three years ago. I shall never let you go any more, my dear."

The girl from the Sixth looked quite resentfully at the two faces that met her at the station. It seemed hardly natural or correct for a classical mistress to look so happy.

Elizabeth's lover schemed for, and got, a good-night word with her at the top of the stairs, by the table where the beautiful brass candlesticks lay waiting in shining rows.

"Sleep well, you poor, tired little person," he said, as he lighted the candle. "Such

little feet, such wicked little shoes, such a long, long, long walk!"

"You must be tired, too," she said.

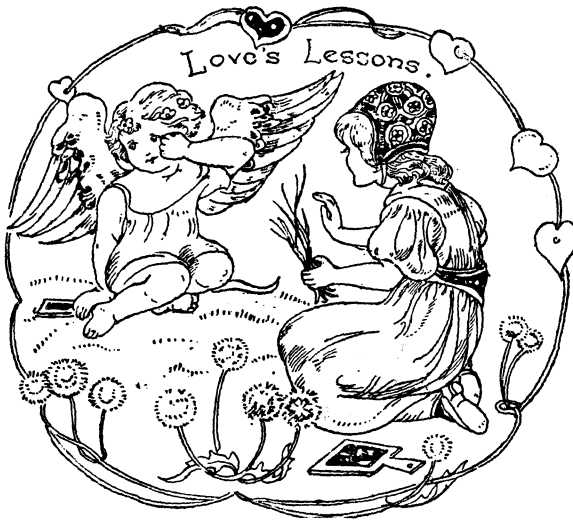
"Tired? With eleven miles, and your hand against my heart for eight of them? I shall remember that walk when we're two happy old people nodding across our own hearthrug at each other."

So he had felt it, too; and if he had been married, how wicked it would have been! But he was not married—yet.

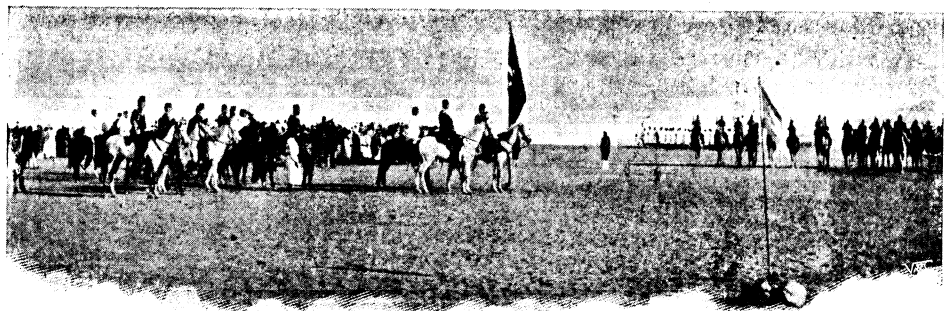
"I am not very, very tired, really," she said. "You see, it *was* my hand against—I mean your arm was a great help——"

"It *was* your hand," he said. "Oh! you darling!"

It was her hand, too, that was kissed there, beside the candlesticks, under the very eyes of the chambermaid and two sour English tourists.







A REVIEW OF THE TROOPS BY THE KHEDIVÉ AT ASSOUAN.

## THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN ARMY.

BY ALURED GRAY BELL.

*Photographs by Lekegian and Co., Cairo.*

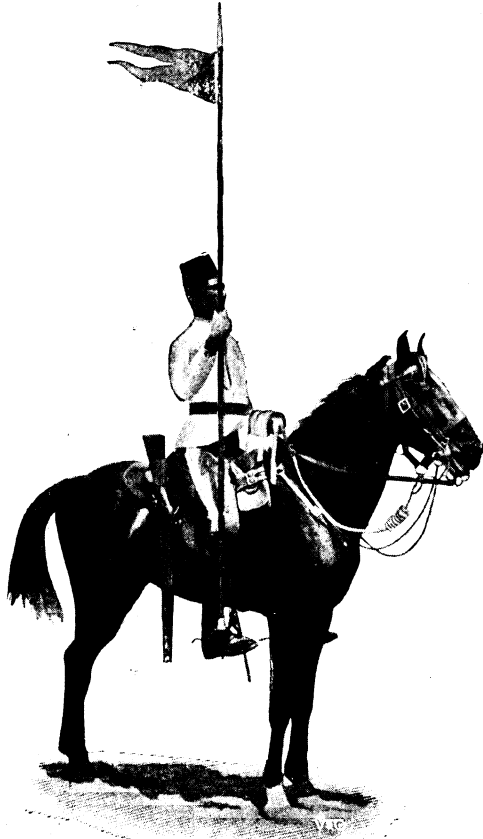
THE Anglo-Egyptian Army was born on the 20th December, 1882, in scorn; bred, till midnight the 12th March, 1896, in contempt; blazed, till the 2nd September, 1898, the cynosure of every eye; and has again lapsed into that chasmic oblivion reserved for every vital limb of the British Imperial body not actually threatened with amputation. Some day amputation will again threaten, and the difficulty, now experienced, of obtaining British officers for the "Gippy Army" will give way to a fresh clamour for service up the Nile. The present Sirdar, Sir Francis Wingate, may yet add to his laurels a campaign more serious than that of Kitchener against the Omdurman Dervishes. True, as the eye scans the map of Eastern Africa, one can imagine no possible serious enemy except Abyssinia; and Menelik is now our very good friend. But the unlikely at Downing Street is the probable on the outskirts of the Empire; and this particular contingency will no doubt suffice to keep the Anglo-Egyptian Army at fighting pitch for this and some subsequent generations.

On the 20th December, 1882, Lord Wolseley having comfortably crushed the Arabi rebellion some weeks previously, and Great Britain having commenced her protracted occupation of the Land of the Pharaohs, the Khedive Tewfik issued a decree. The decree was short: it said, "The Egyptian Army is disbanded." It was a case of "The King is dead, long live the King!"

for simultaneously a new Egyptian Army was ordered at the national stores, and Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood, with the rank of Sirdar, or Commander-in-Chief, was authorised to raise, equip, and organise the new army. This was to consist of 6,000 Egyptians, or *fellaheen*, 26 British officers, and 20 British non-commissioned officers. It had been suggested, in view of the alarming military rebellion from which Egypt had just emerged, that Turkish troops or a mixed European army would have suited the case better; but such panic-prompted counsels were wisely overruled, and the *fellah*, the much-despised Egyptian peasant, was given another chance. Besides the Sirdar, the roll of officers contained the now well known names of Kitchener, Chermiside, Grenfell, and Rundle. The first review of his new army was held by the Khedive three months later, on the 31st March, 1883, and the raw recruits elicited favourable criticisms, mixed, of course, with not a little ridicule.

Meanwhile, there was yet in existence a portion of the old Egyptian Army which the new decree either did not or could not embrace—namely, the nondescript garrisons on the Upper Nile. The Mahdist storm had already burst over the Egyptian Soudan. General Hicks Pasha, of the old Egyptian Army, left Khartoum for El Obeid to crush the Mahdi. Before starting in September, 1883, he applied for four of the eight battalions of Sir Evelyn Wood's new army.

The request was refused. Poor Hicks moved south-west with 10,000 of his nondescripts and 22 guns, and on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th November, 1883, the heroic general and all but a few hundreds of his cowardly levies were butchered at Shekaan. Speedily the victorious Mahdi accounted in turn for the remaining Soudan garrisons of the old army, and in a few weeks Khartoum alone was standing under Gordon. About the time of Hicks's request, Sir Evelyn Wood received



EGYPTIAN LANCER.

another—this time to assist General Baker's campaign at Souakim. British officers like Hicks and Baker, brave as lions, felt unnerved at the prospect of leading the undrilled, unpaid, unfed, unclothed, undisciplined remnants of the old army against the fanatical hordes of the new Mahdism. Hence the childlike faith in and appeal for one, even one only, of Wood's twelve months' old battalions. But Baker also was refused. More lucky than Hicks, he escaped with his life; but in the attempt to relieve Tokar,

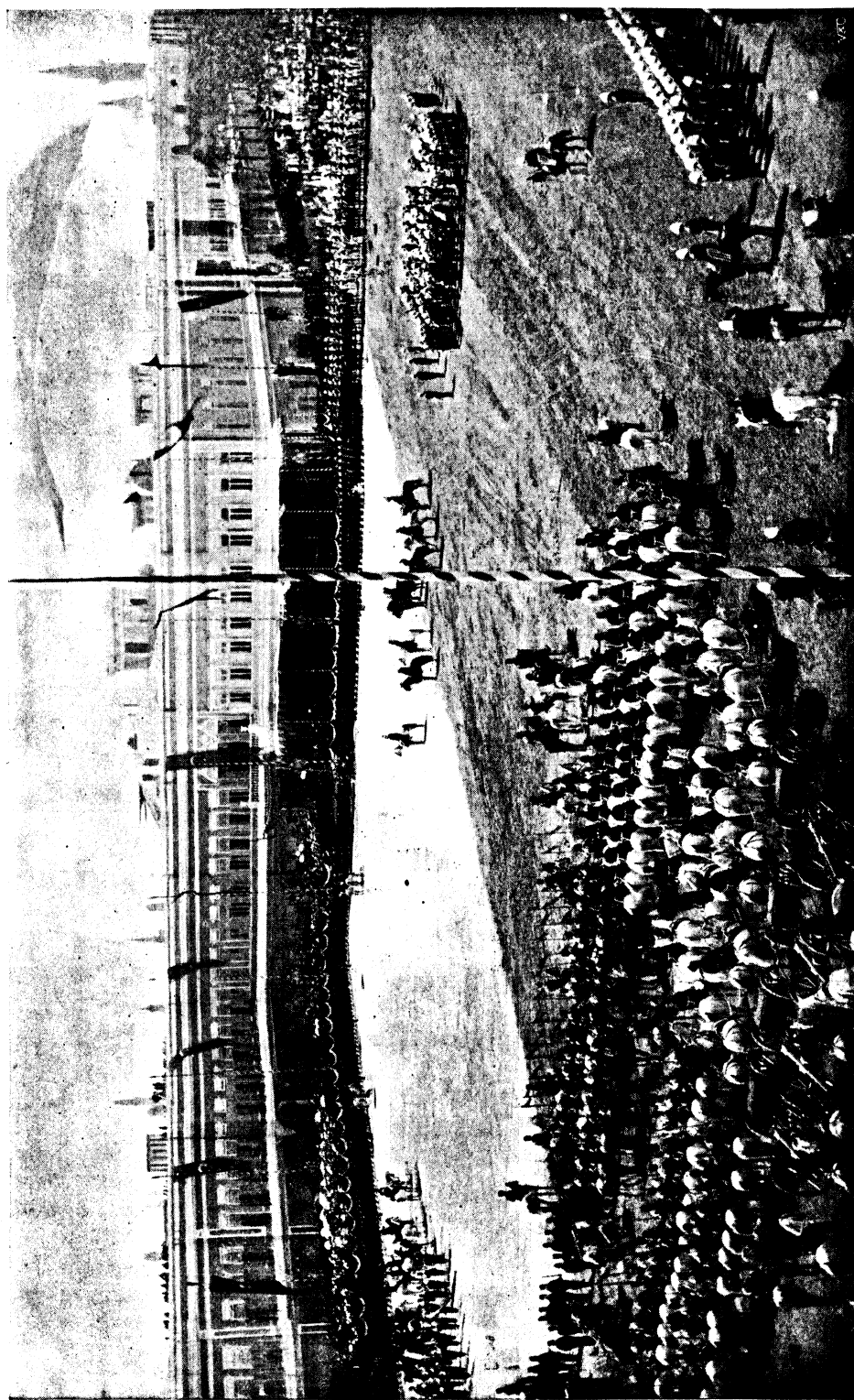


AN ARTILLERY OFFICER, FULL DRESS.

thirty miles from Souakim, his craven levies at El Teb, on the 5th February, 1884, flung



FIELD OFFICER, INFANTRY.



READING OF SULTAN'S FIRMAN INVESTING ABBAS II. AT ABDEEN PALACE, CAIRO, 1892.

Centre : Maj.-Gen. Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker and Staff. Left centre : Sirdar Kitchener and Staff.

away their arms, ran for dear life, and were butchered for miles to the number of 2,000, all shot or stabbed in the back. Thus summarily was the old era ejected. Room was made for the new infant that, fourteen years later, was to astonish the world with its discipline, courage, and glut of vengeance. The ultimate remnant of the old army disappeared with Gordon in the fall of Khartoum in January, 1885.



AN OFFICER OF THE CAMEL CORPS.



A PRIVATE OF THE CAMEL CORPS.

There were at first eight battalions, each of a nominal strength of 720, under Sir Evelyn Wood's command. These were all recruited from Lower Egypt, from among the *fellahs*. They were the tan element in

our white, black, and tan army. As time went on someone suggested black, real black troops. In May, 1884, "Sambo," the equivalent of "Tommy Atkins Soudanese," was



EGYPTIAN ARMY CAMEL CORPS.

called upon, and a first battalion of blacks was raised at Souakim, to be styled the 9th Soudanese. Four more similar battalions were raised in the next four years. Unlike the Egyptian battalions, who enlisted for seven years with the Colours and nine in the Reserve and drew  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  per day, "Sambo" enlisted for life and received the lordly pay of  $3\frac{3}{4}d.$ , or a piastre and a half per day. He was a very glutton for fighting. He came generally from the Shillook and Dinka tribes above Khartoum, or even from such far south-western lands as Wadai and Bornu.

The chief qualities of the black regiments



EGYPTIAN FIELD OFFICER.

he has been adjudged second place on the score of courage.

The first experience of actual war vouchsafed to the new army was in Lord Wolseley's Soudan campaign of 1884 and 1885. At Sir Evelyn Wood's request, four battalions were here employed to guard the British lines of communication between Assiout and Korti, while small detachments were actually under fire at Abu Klea and Kirbikan, and behaved with exemplary steadiness. In April, 1885, Sir Evelyn Wood

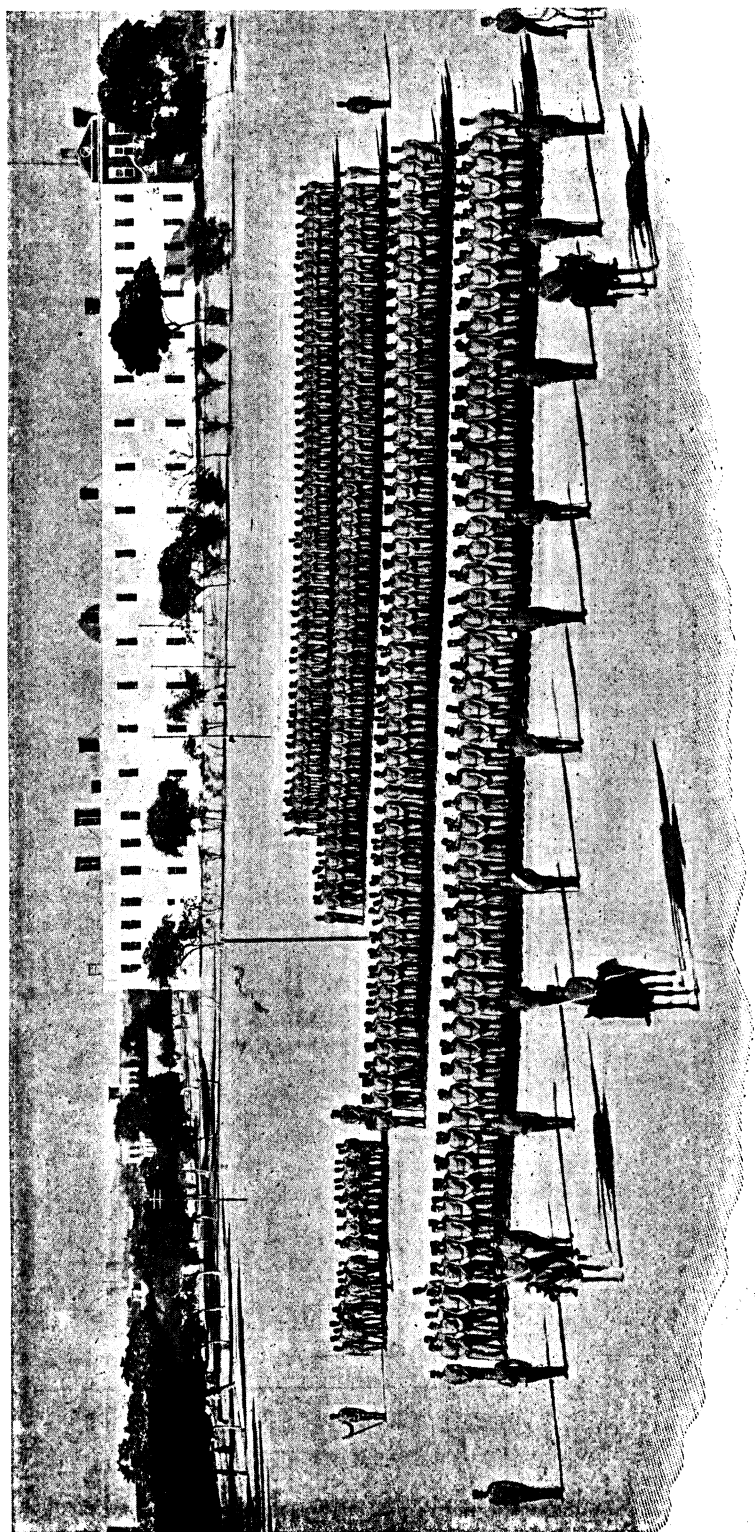


EGYPTIAN CAVALRY OFFICER.

are their savage love of fighting, their devotion to their British officers, and their insistence on having one wife at least in every frontier post they occupy. To stop a black battalion from indiscriminate blazing of rifles and to prevent it from instantly charging the enemy wherever he was located was at first the greatest tax on the commanding officer. It is now allowed that in the hands of the British officer the Soudanese regiments of the Egyptian Army deserve to rank with the finest fighting material in the world. The *fellah* makes as smart a soldier, is infinitely more intelligent, and generally of better physique; but, rightly or wrongly,



EGYPTIAN STAFF OFFICER.



12TH SUDANESE BATTALION PARADING.

resigned his command, and Sir Francis Grenfell, his Adjutant-General, became Sirdar. Khartoum had now fallen; Gordon was dead; the evacuation of the Soudan had been partially effected. In the summer of 1885 the British army was withdrawn from Dongola, and a new Frontier Field Force, composed of equal numbers of British and Egyptian troops, was formed under the new Sirdar. Six months later, on the 30th December, 1885, the battle of Ginniss was fought by British and Egyptian troops, to check the presumptuous Dervishes pressing upon the heels of evacuation. Here the native battalions showed such steadiness that it was decided to reduce still further the British garrison. The frontier was fixed still further north, at Wadi Halfa, and in April, 1886, its defence was confided solely to the Egyptian Army. A small British force was retained at Assouan till January, 1888, when this, too, was withdrawn. Henceforth, outside of Alexandria and Cairo, the defence of Egypt



was held to be within the competence of Egypt's own army. Ten years were to elapse from 1886 before the offensive was resumed ; ten weary years for men like Kitchener, Rundle, and Hunter, who fretted for war and glory.

As now constituted the Egyptian Army consisted of twelve battalions of infantry, each about 700 strong ; eight squadrons of cavalry, eight companies of camel corps, and three batteries of artillery, distributed between Alexandria, Cairo, Souakim, Assouan, and Wadi Halfa. The original number of twenty-six British officers had increased to sixty. All arms carried the Martini rifle ; the cavalry adding to lance and sabre the Martini carbine. Battalions one to eight were composed of native Egyptians ; battalions nine to twelve of Soudanese. Battalions five to eight had no British officers ; the other Egyptian battalions had three British



LANCERS.

officers apiece, while four were allotted to each black battalion, as requiring more instruction and more control.

It has been said by someone that Evelyn Wood forged the sword of the Egyptian Army, Grenfell tested it, and Kitchener wielded it. Sir Francis Grenfell's command dated from April, 1885, to April, 1892. Under Grenfell the army was increased in all arms to a total establishment of 12,902 officers and men, and 160 guns of all kinds. This, for a population exceeding 7,000,000, was not



CORPORALS, 12TH SOUDANESE.

excessive, and its annual budget of £500,000 was equally reasonable.

The history of the army from 1886 to 1896 is not exciting. Defensive tactics never are. In the Sonakim district intermittent fighting with the famous Osman Digna continued till the action of Afaft, on the 19th February, 1891, when the then Governor of Sonakim, Colonel Holled-Smith, inflicted a final check on the Dervishes in that quarter. Previously to this Governor Kitchener, though advised from Cairo to continue on the defensive, had attacked Osman Digna's camp at Handoub on the 17th January, 1888, and in the undecisive engagement had received a bullet in the jaw, which he spat out at lunch some years later. What Afaft did for the Red Sea Littoral the battle of Toski did for the Nile Frontier at Halfa. The Mahdi was dead; and much surprise had been evinced that his successor, the Khalifa



AN ARTILLERY SERGEANT.

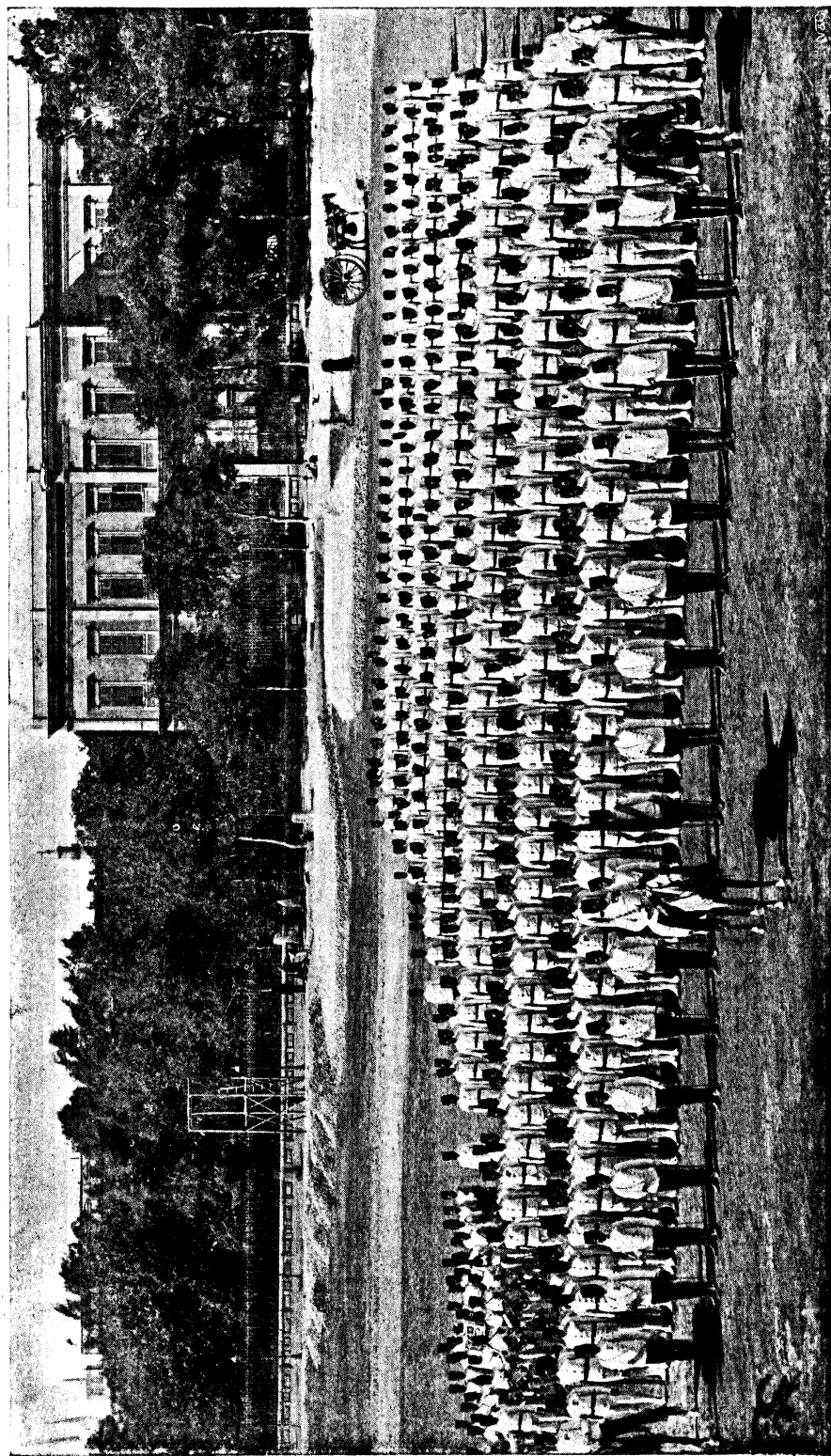


PRIVATE,  
SOUDANESE INFANTRY.



ARTILLERY OFFICER IN REVIEW  
ORDER, SUMMER DRESS.

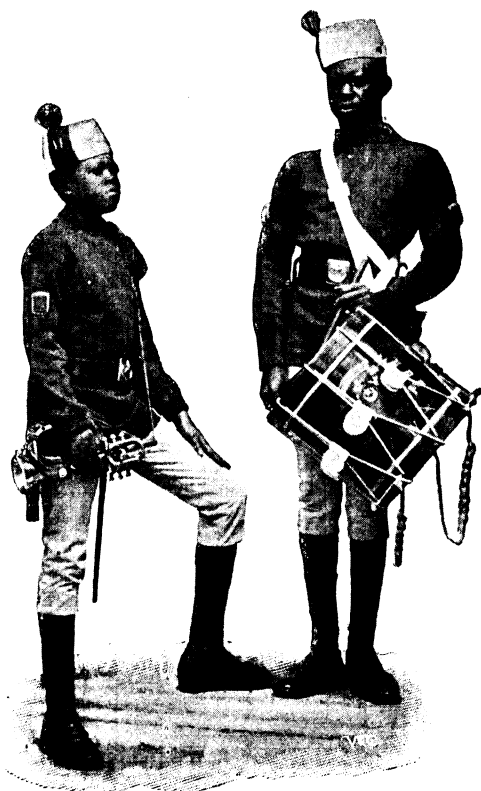
Abdullah Taaishi, had never carried out his boast to invade Egypt. In 1889, however, Abdullah deputed the famous Wad-el-Nejumi, conqueror of Hicks and of Gordon, to attempt this impossible task with 5,000 braves. Like the wolf on the fold, or, if report be true, more like a Russian soldier knouted to the front, Wad-el-Nejumi came on bravely, wholly dependent for supplies on the rich country that he hoped to conquer. His army, however, soon got out of hand and, a strong detachment breaking down to the river, was routed at Argeen on the 2nd July, 1889, by an Egyptian force under Colonel Wodehouse, then commanding the Frontier Field Force. This action was the first unaided victory of the Anglo-Egyptian Army, and should have given Wad-el-Nejumi a taste of what was to come; but he kept on



4TH EGYPTIAN BATTALION PARADING IN ABDEEN PALACE SQUARE.

northwards. The Sirdar Grenfell now ordered to the front a British battalion, and on the 3rd August, 1889, came up in person with the Dervish leader at Toski and utterly routed him. Wad-el-Nejumi was killed; his army disappeared from the face of the desert; Dervish raids ceased to alarm the peasants on the Nile between Halfa and Assouan, and the frontier was pushed forward

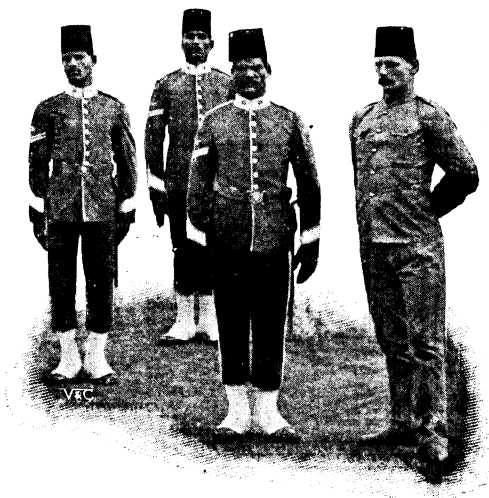
instructions—or shall I say, for politeness's sake, the Khedive's instructions?—authorising an expedition for the recovery of the Dongola Province and directing him to occupy Akasha. The Egyptian Army had attained its majority; the day for which all intelligent people in Egypt had so long fretted—in company with Kitchener, Rundle, Hunter, Wingate, Maxwell, Macdonald, and a score of other soldiers,



BUGLER AND DRUMMER.

to Sarras, thirty miles south of Halfa. The Khalifa Abdullahi, evidently impressed, now determined to put his head in the sand of Omdurman and ignore Egypt.

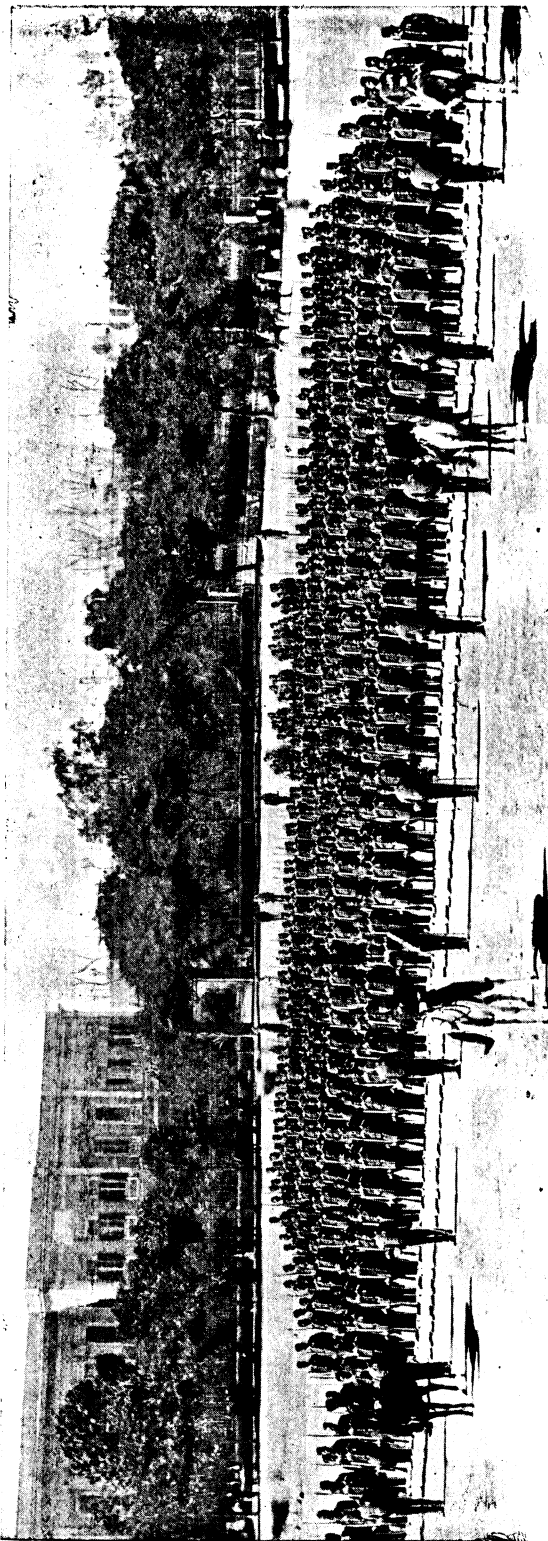
But events and the wheel of time, of which this butcher and debauchee was not master, determined in 1896 to inform him of the proximity of a day of reckoning. Shortly before midnight on the 12th March, 1896, the third Sirdar of the Anglo-Egyptian Army received Lord Cromer's in-



EGYPTIAN CORPORALS WITH BRITISH DRILL SERGEANT.



GROUP OF EGYPTIAN SERGEANTS.



5TH EGYPTIAN BATTALION PARADING IN ABDEEN PALACE SQUARE.

ancient in Egyptian service, but not in years—had come. Then arose the second clamour for service under the Sirdar. The first had occurred at the birth of the Army, but had quickly been despised by longheads in the Queen's service as ill-advised and bad form. Several good men and true, notably Colonels Wodehouse, Chermiside, and Hallam-Parr, had previously left the service; disgusted with enforced inactivity. From sub. to colonel in the British Army of Occupation at Cairo it had long been fashionable to regard the Egyptian Army officer as the next thing to a "ranker." The word *bimbashi* (major) had become a word of reproach. The British cavalry sub. would condescend to meet the Gippy Army officer at polo, but, except for the chosen few, that was the limit of his sociability. Add to all this—for six long years there had been nothing more glorious to do than to drill niggers. But now all was changed instanter—every *bimbashi* instantly became a "lucky fellow." The fact is, the *bimbashi* was at all times man for man the superior of his fellow in the British Army. Anybody can scrape into the King's service, given an examination-standard of brains, but admission to the Khedive's service implied the consent of an exacting Sirdar and a willingness to undertake infinite drudgery—two excellent tests, as the records of many *bimbashis* prove.

On the 16th March, 1896, Hunter Pasha, then commanding at Halfa, with Major Collinson and the 13th Soudanese, two squadrons of cavalry under Captain, now General Broadwood, two field batteries, two Nordenfelts, and one company of the Camel Corps, moved south to seize Akasha. On the 20th this was done. The exigencies of space will not allow—and, indeed, the recent date of the events do not demand—that I should give a detailed account here of the

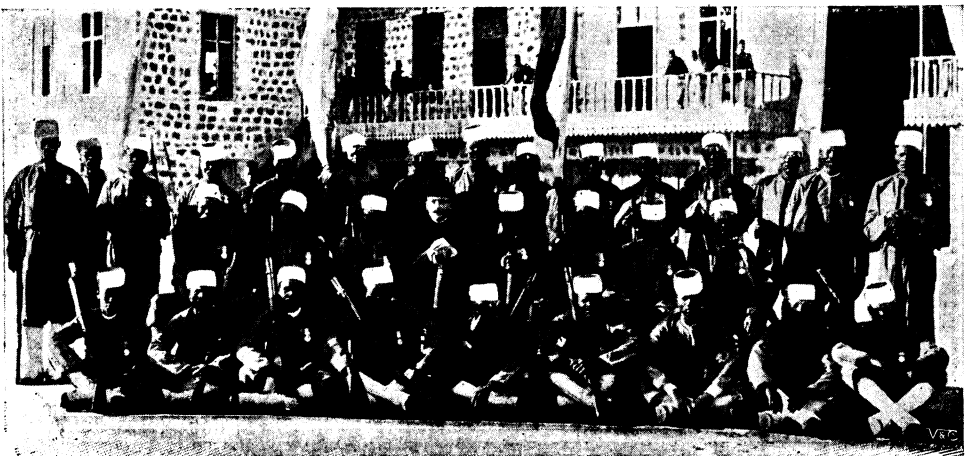




DRUMMERS AND BUGLERS, 12TH SOUDANESE.

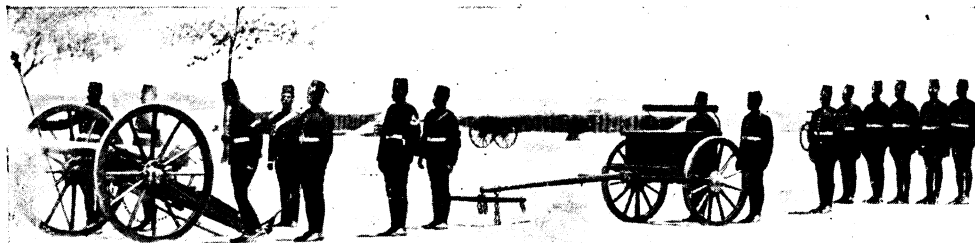
Dongola, Berber, and Omdurman campaigns. Suffice it that the supreme command was accorded throughout to the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, and that at Firket, 7th June, 1896, at the battle of the Atbara, 8th April, 1898, and at Omdurman, 2nd September, 1898, the Egyptian Army earned universal encomiums for discipline and gallantry, while throughout the continuous campaign of thirty-four months it surpassed even these in its endurance of hardships and capacity for labour. Towards the close, Colonel Parsons, who had assumed command of the Kassala district east of Omdurman recently ceded to Egypt by Italy, rounded up the campaign at the action of Gedaref, 28th September, 1898, and Colonel Lewis at Rosaires, 26th December, 1898, struck the last blow at the Khalifa's

remaining independent Emir. The despised Egyptian Army, alone in the first part of the campaign and stiffened by a British brigade towards the close, had asserted its claim to respect, and had accomplished in 1898 what England and Egypt had miserably muddled in 1884—namely, the extinction of Mahdism. Other times, other manners. The composition of the Egyptian force at the battle outside Omdurman was as follows:—Macdonald's Brigade, 12th, 13th, and 14th Soudanese and 8th Egyptian battalions; Maxwell's, 9th, 10th, and 11th Soudanese and 2nd Egyptian; Lewis's, 3rd, 4th, 7th, and 15th Egyptian; Collinson's, 1st, 5th, 17th, and 18th Egyptian—sixteen battalions in all. Artillery under Colonel Long, four field batteries and one horse battery of six guns and two Maxims



SERGEANTS, 12TH SOUDANESE.





ARTILLERY AT PRACTICE.

each. Gunboats under Commander Keppel, ten. Cavalry under Colonel Broadwood, ten squadrons. Camel Corps under Colonel Tudway, eight companies—or 17,600 officers and men in all. The very last blow of all was struck a year later by Colonel Wingate and Lieut. - Colonel Mahon, at Om Debrikat, on the 24th November, 1899. Here the Khalifa Abdullah Taaishi and ten of his Emirs met their doom. Thanks to the Anglo-Egyptian Army, you can now procure a donkey in Alexandria and proceed unarmed and alone to Fashoda, a distance, if you follow the Nile, of more than 2,000 miles.

After Omdurman many of the older British officers of the Egyptian Army hastened to apply for what was now to them almost more than their well-earned honours and promotions—namely, service with the regular British Army. The Egyptian Army will know no more

of Kitchener, Rundle, Hunter, Macdonald, Maxwell, Mahon, Broadwood, Tudway, and Parsons. The last to go was, I believe, the Sirdar, now Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. He has been replaced by a man who has no enemies in or outside the service. The fourth



MULE BATTERY.

Sirdar, Lt.-General Sir Francis Wingate, has elected to remain in Egypt, although the prospect of war has been exchanged for the prospect of police duties in the Soudan. The Egyptian Army remains at approximately the same strength as at the battle of Omdurman.



ARTILLERY WITH FIELD GUN.

It recruits annually 4,700 men; has 145 British officers; and 200 native students at the Military College in Cairo. South of Berber it now garrisons Shendy, Omdurman, Khartoum, Gedaref, Senaar, Kassala, El Duem, Fashoda, and El Obeid. Never again, we may suppose, will these garrisons be overwhelmed by Dervish hordes: they contain a totally different class of soldier to the scratch rabble commanded in 1883 by Gordon, Hicks, and Slatin.

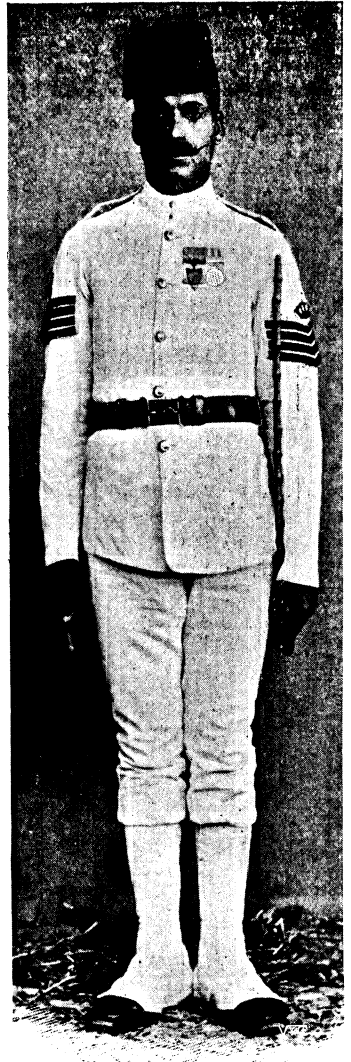
Finally, there are two duties to which the Anglo-Egyptian Army must be constant: first, its present police work between Wadai and Abyssinia, and from the Delta to Uganda and the Bahr-el-Gazelle; secondly, its staff work. This latter must fall upon its officers at headquarters, Cairo.

We may even suppose that Pall Mall has never seriously contemplated the defence of Egypt against a European army, although the idea is well within the range of possibilities. The mainstay of such defence would have to be the Anglo-Egyptian Army, and it would have to choose its positions, build its trenches and sangars in the desert, and sit tight against whole batteries of the best artillery. This, we know, is different work to the simply contrived zareba and the "square" formation of Omdurman—but has it been provided for? If not, the Anglo-Egyptian

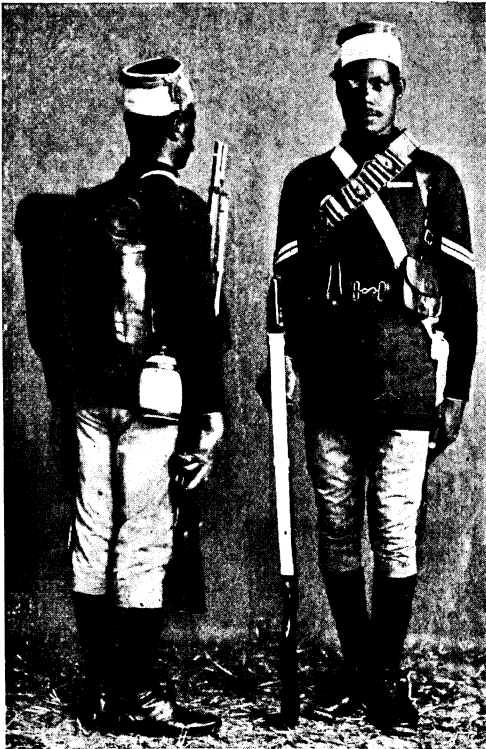
General Staff has duties yet to perform.

"We shall never annex nor proclaim a protectorate over Egypt," said Lord Wolseley in 1886, "because by so doing we should become a

Continental Power." The portentous wisdom of this prophecy fits very badly with our present position at Khartoum, for to hold the Soudan without Egypt would be to live in a house without a roof. Having taken the Soudan, we are compelled to provide for the defence of Egypt. Therefore we will remember that very serious duties yet confront any Sirdar of the Anglo-Egyptian Army, and we may congratulate ourselves that, for the moment, these are in the keeping of that fine soldier and scholar, Reginald Wingate.



SERGEANT-MAJOR, EGYPTIAN INFANTRY.



EGYPTIAN INFANTRY.



AN INTERLUDE TO CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

FROM THE PICTURE BY P. SAENZ.

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# THE FAMILY HONOUR.

By GUY BOOTHBY.\*

Oh! Wisdom, which we ought to win,  
Oh! Strength in which we trusted,  
Oh! Glory, which we gloried in,  
Oh! Puppets we adjusted.

Oh! barren land, our seed is sand,  
And torn the web we weave is,  
The bruised reed hath pierced the hand,  
“*Ars longa, vita brevis.*”

—ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

WHSOEVER affirmed that a man's happiness is more the result of environment than the outcome of any deliberate action on his own part, was not so very far wrong, after all. He would, however, have been nearer the mark, and he might have built up a cheap reputation for himself as a sayer of sharp things, had he affirmed that “Man's happiness is the pin in the Thermometer of Existence, which is raised or depressed by the mercury of Circumstance.”

The following story will serve to illustrate my theory.

To begin with, you must understand that the township of Barrabong lies near the South Australian border of Queensland. Her population averages a hundred souls, any one of whom will tell you with pride that he lives in the hottest and driest rat-hole on the face of the continent, and that the Tropic of Capricorn runs down his main street. There is a story of a man who, of his own free will, spent a week in Barrabong, and was found on the seventh day heading for the Great Desert, attired like Adam before the Fall, reciting the penitential psalms, and—but as he has nothing to do with this story, and his relations have done all that is needful to insure his safety, there is no necessity for me to tell you any more about him. Let me, therefore, proceed with my narrative.

One moderately warm forenoon, with the temperature as rigidly fixed at one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade as if it were nailed there, I was sitting in the verandah of the one and only hotel—which was constructed of galvanised iron, by the way—when one of the most dilapidated-looking loafers I have ever seen emerged from the house. He was not more than forty years of age, but was so pulled to pieces by bad liquor and the ramifications of his disease—he was in

the last flicker of consumption—that he might very well have been set down as ten years older. Staggering to the stretcher beside me, he started a conversation by inquiring what I thought of Barrabong as a place for the eldest son of the Duke of—to die in? I was about to remark that when it came to dying I did not see that it mattered very much whether it was Barrabong or Piccadilly. He stopped me, however, with a scowl and continued—

“I know what you're going to say, and I don't want to hear it. I've come to ask your advice. I should be obliged, therefore, if——” Here he was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, which lasted for more than a minute. Recovering his breath, he went on—

“Of course, you have observed that I am dying. Believe me, I am quite aware of the fact, and I know also that in this dust-heap I am popularly supposed to be mad, and my title a creation of fancy. I have paid you the compliment, however, of taking you for a rational being, and I should, for my own sake, be sorry if I were deceived.”

When I asked him in what way I could be of service to him, he drew from his ragged shirt a greasy, filthy, Southern paper, nearly three months old, and having opened it and folded it at the English cablegrams, handed it to me.

The first item of news referred to the serious illness of the well-known Duke of —, and if I remember aright there was an account of his distinguished career in another column; also a remark to the effect that his death would prove a serious loss to the Empire. When I had finished reading, he returned it to his bosom, saying—

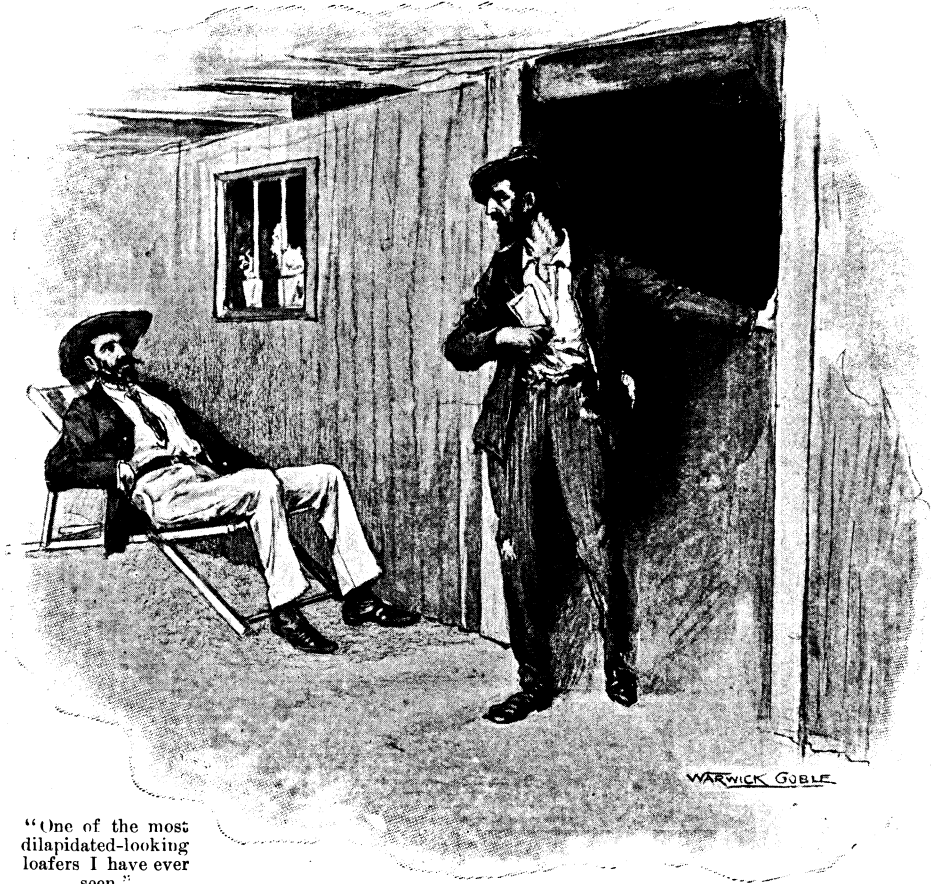
“From my appearance at the present moment you may find it difficult to believe that that old scoundrel is my father. It is true, nevertheless; I am his eldest son, and if he dies before me the title is mine. For aught we know to the contrary, I may be His Grace of — at the present moment.

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I should be glad to feel certain on that point, for my credit in this kennel is exhausted, and without liquor of some description I shall not, in all probability, last another week."

The man talked rationally enough, with the tone of an English public-school boy, a trick which, once learnt, is never forgotten. To all intents and purposes he was perfectly sane. While I was wondering as to the truth of his story, a second fit of coughing seized

been called upon to assist in such a capacity. I accordingly secured a sheet of notepaper and writing materials and sat down to my task. So great was the heat in the verandah that the very ink was blood-warm. When it was completed it was a glorious document, bristling with legal phrases and gorgeous with high-sounding titles. The stranger thanked me for my courtesy, pocketed his papers, staggered across the verandah, and disappeared into the bar. All things con-



"One of the most dilapidated-looking loafers I have ever seen."

him, and after it had passed I ventured to offer him a small sum as a loan. At first he was tempted to refuse it, but at the critical moment a glass clinked in the bar behind, and his fingers immediately closed upon the coins. At last, after we had waded through oceans of hopeless drivel, he arrived at his reason for honouring me with his company. It appeared that he was desirous of making a will.

This was the second time in my life I had

sidered, it was one of the strangest interviews I had ever known, and, until the mosquitoes arrived and distracted my attention, it monopolised my thoughts. By that time the Looney Duke, as he was called, was as intoxicated as even he could desire to be.

Next morning I saw nothing of him, so I settled it in my own mind that I had done with him for good and for all; but I was destined to be deceived, however. That afternoon the weekly coach brought to

Barrabong a most unusual visitor, in the person of a well-dressed, portly gentleman, perhaps a little on the wrong side of fifty. From unmistakable signs I settled it in my own mind that he had but lately left the Mother Country, and I found that I was not mistaken. He was vastly disappointed with the Bush, and complained bitterly of the heat and the hardships of coach travelling. The mere fact that we shared a bedroom was a bond in common, and before the evening meal—it could not with overstrained courtesy be called dinner—was over, we might have known each other all our lives. During a stroll, later, he told me the reason of his being in the country at all, and of his venturing so far West. The coincidence was certainly a curious one.

He was an English solicitor, practising in a small country town in the Midlands. For many generations his firm had been the confidential advisers of the Dukes of —, and it was business connected with their house that brought him to Australia. The old peer was dead, and the estates were lying fallow until the heir should appear from the unknown to take possession. He did not mention the circumstances under which the young man had left his home, but from his careful avoidance of the point I conjectured that it must have been something serious.

The upshot of our conversation was that my drunken friend proved, after all, to be what he professed, a duke.

It was like the *dénouement* of a French novel.

As I was riveting the last links of my companion's chain of evidence, a half-caste boy came out of the darkness and stood before us. He brought a message from my loafer friend, imploring me to come to him at once. He was dying and had something to say to me.

The solicitor accompanying me, we followed the boy down the main street, across the open bit of ground where the Afghan camel men were camped, and finally approached the creek, where we drew up before a small *humpy*, constructed of bark, kerosene tins, and old gunny bags. The ducal residence was illuminated by one solitary candle, stuck in an empty whisky bottle, and was filthily dirty. Half-caste children littered the floor, and a murderous-looking black gin was cooking at the fire. The sick man must have heard our approach, for he called to us in a faint voice to enter. We found him lying upon a heap of sheepskins and flour-sacks in a corner, feebly coughing his life

away. After he had welcomed me, he glanced at my companion, and without betraying any surprise, said—

"So, my trusty Denton, you have found me out at last? Well, what do you think of me, now that you are here?"

The solicitor's face was a piteous sight. He was trying to recognise, in the disgusting, dilapidated scarecrow before him, the happy, bright-faced boy he remembered of old. When he did speak, his voice was choked with emotion.

"Your Grace, how can I say——?"

Assuming a new air, that for a moment made one forget the gunny bags and the candle guttering in the bottle, the peer broke in—

"So the unnatural old scoundrel is dead, is he? *Bien! Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!* But, Denton, 't has come too late. It's just my cursed luck all over! All through my life I never scored except when it was too late!"

There was a pause, and then he continued with a Satanic sneer—

"But he couldn't touch the entail, Denton, and he couldn't take away the title. I had him there. Ha! ha! How he must have hated me!"

He laughed as the idea struck him, and then waved his hand round the room.

"What do you think of this as a place for a duke to die in? What a chance for the Radical press, eh? By the way, Denton, move into the light, that I may look at you. Ah! you haven't changed much since the old days; you're just the same sanctimonious hound as of yore, I'll be bound!"

The old man winced at the insult, but it was impossible to resent it. He moved to the bedside.

"Can I do anything to make your end happier, my lord——?"

"Your Grace, Denton. Don't rob me of that. Yes, you can help me. Where's my will?"

After fumbling among his rags he eventually pulled out the document we had unitedly put together.

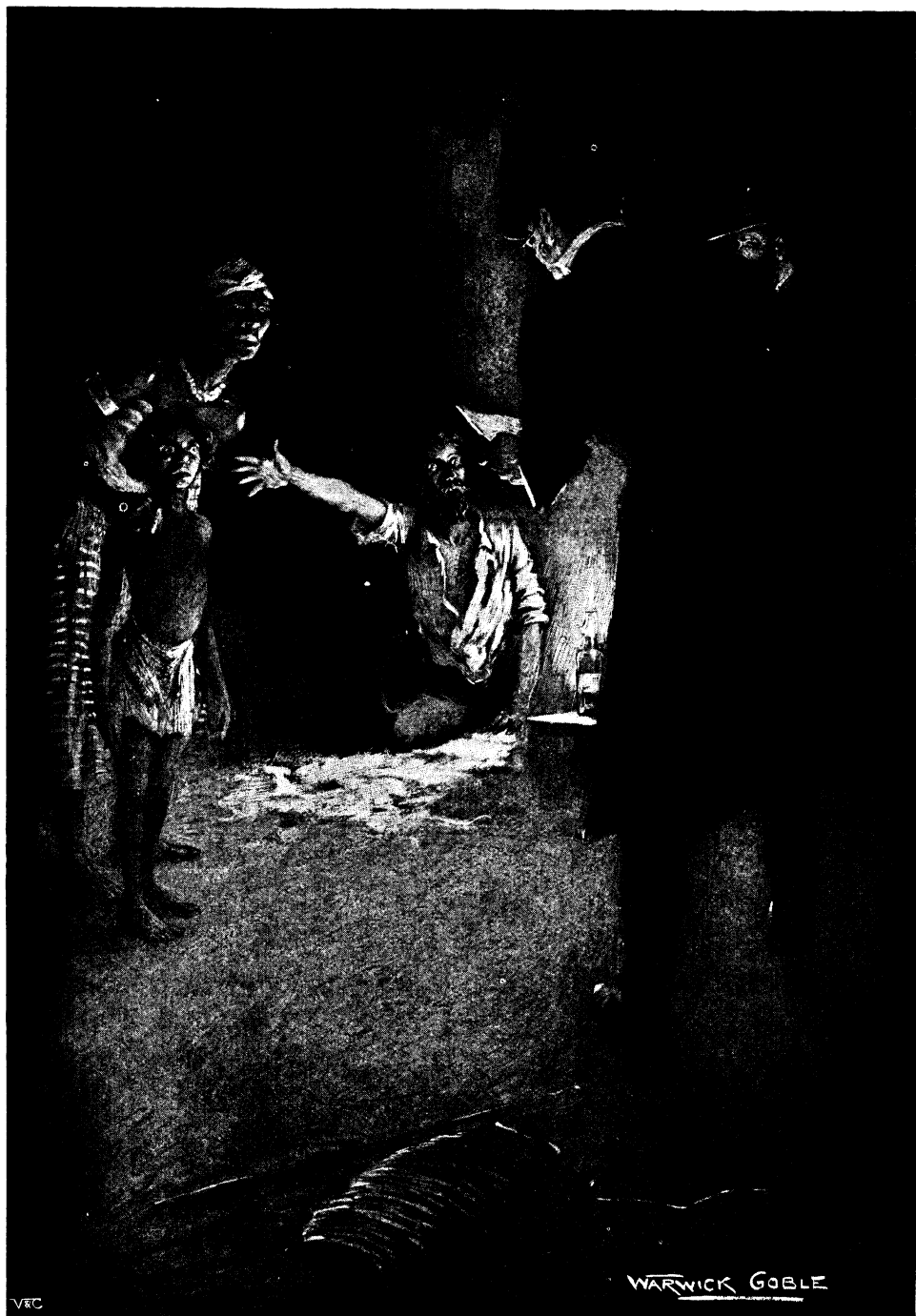
"Overhaul that, and see whether it is legally correct."

As he read it, a look of consternation spread over the old man's face.

"Can it be that you are married?" he questioned huskily.

The dying man nodded his head, and called up the loathsome gin and the half-caste boy who had come to fetch us that evening.





“Let me present you to her Grace the Duchess —, and to my son and heir.”

"Let me present you to her Grace the Duchess —, and to my son and heir. As a dying man, Denton, I charge you to do your duty to them. I charge—you—to see—that—that their—interests are—conserved. I charge——"

He could get no further. It was plain that the end was near.

Fully five minutes elapsed before he spoke again, and during all that time—it seemed an eternity—the lawyer stood looking down at him, but never seeing him. Suddenly, raising himself to a sitting posture, the dying man said very slowly—

"Denton—I give you my word I was innocent—innocent, I swear it! Do you believe me? No, curse you! I can see you don't. Curse you! and—them—and——"

When he fell back on his rags we saw that

it was all over. What was before us was all that remained of the late Duke of ——.

The solicitor took off his hat and bent his head in silent prayer.

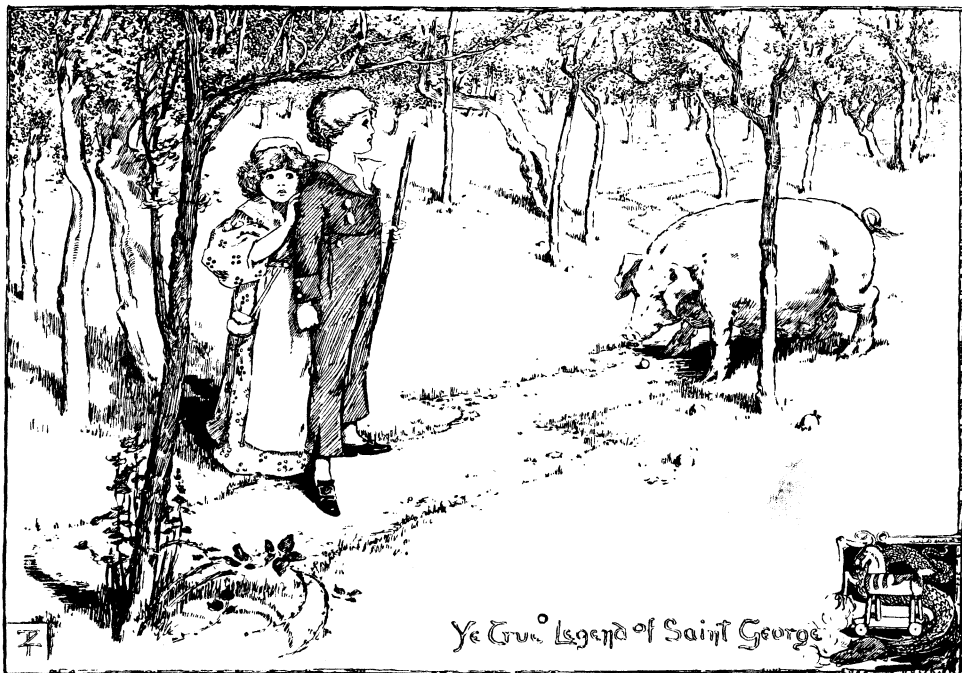
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The funeral was a very commonplace affair, in spite of the many facetious jests elaborated by the townfolk on the subject of a monument to the memory of the "Looney Duke."

I wonder what they would have said had they known the truth?

\* \* \* \* \*

The "British Peerage" informs me that the present Duke of —— was educated at Eton and Oxford, and is thirty-six years of age—a statement I can hardly reconcile with my knowledge of the facts.



# A MAN, A FAMINE, AND A HEATHEN BOY.

By GILBERT PARKER.\*

A THABASCA in the Far North is the scene of my story—Athabasca, one of the most beautiful countries in the world in summer, but a cold, bare land in winter. Yet even in winter it is not so bleak and bitter as the districts south-west of it, for the Chinook winds steal through from the Pacific and temper the fierceness of the frozen Rockies. Yet you will think that forty and fifty degrees below zero is cold, and you would also scarcely think July strawberries in this wild north land compensation for seven months of ice and snow, no matter how clear and blue the sky, how sweet the sun during its short journey in the day. Some days, too, the sun may not be seen even when there is no storm, because of the fine, white, powdered frost in the air.

A day like this is called a *poudre* day; and woe to the man who tempts it unthinkingly because the light makes the delicate mist of frost shine like silver. For that powder bites the skin white in short order, and sometimes reckless men lose ears, or nose, or hands under its sharp caress. But when it really storms in that Far North, then neither man nor beast should be abroad—not even the Eskimo dogs; though one can scarcely choose time and seasons when travelling in Athabasca, for a storm comes unawares. Upon the plains you will see a cloud arising, not in the sky, but from the ground—a billowy surf of drifting snow. Then another white billow from the sky will sweep down and meet it, and you are caught between.

He who goes to Athabasca to live must ask himself if the long winter, spent chiefly indoors, with, maybe, a little trading with the Indians, meagre sport, and scant sun, savages and half-breeds the only companions, and out of all touch with the outside world, letters coming but once a year; with frozen fish and meat, always the same, as the staple items in a primitive fare; with danger from

starvation and marauding tribes; with endless monotony, in which men sometimes go mad—he must ask himself if these are to be endured because in the short summer the air is heavenly, the climate perfect, the rivers and lakes full of fish, the flotilla of canoes of the fur-hunters pouring down, and all is gaiety and pleasant turmoil; because there is good shooting in the autumn, and the smell of the land is like a garden, and hardy fruits and flowers are at hand.

That is a question which was asked William Rufus Holly in Canada once upon a time, and not so long ago.

William Rufus Holly, often called “Averdoopoy,” sometimes “Sleeping Beauty,” always Billy Rufus, had had a good education. He had been to high school and to college, and he had taken one or two prizes *en route* to graduation; but no fame travelled with him, save that he was the laziest man of any college year for a decade. He loved his little porringer, which is to say that he ate a good deal; and he loved to read books, which is not to say that he loved study; he hated “getting up” in the morning, and he was constantly gated for “morning chapel.” More than once he had sweetly gone to sleep over his examination papers. This is not to say that he failed at his examinations—on the contrary, he always succeeded; but he only did enough to pass and no more; and he did not wish to do more than pass. His going to sleep at examinations was evidence that he was either indifferent or self-indulgent, and it certainly showed that he was without nervousness. He invariably roused himself, or his professor roused him, a half-hour before the papers should be handed in, and, as it were, by a mathematical calculation he had always done just enough to prevent him being “plucked.”

He slept at lectures, he slept in hall, he slept as he waited his turn to go to the wicket in a cricket match, and he invariably went to sleep afterwards. He even did so on the day he had made the biggest score, in the biggest game ever played between his

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college and the pick of the country ; but he first gorged himself with cake and tea. The day he took his degree he had to be dragged from a huge grandfather's chair and forced along in his ragged gown—"ten holes and twelve tatters"—to the function in the convocation hall. He looked so fat and shiny, so balmy and sleepy when he took his degree and was handed his prize for a poem on Sir John Franklin, that the public laughed, and the college men in the gallery began singing—

"Bye, O my baby,  
Father will come to  
you soo-oon!"

He seemed not to care, but yawned in his hand as he put his prize book under his arm through one of the holes in his gown, and in two minutes was back in his room, and in another five was fast asleep.

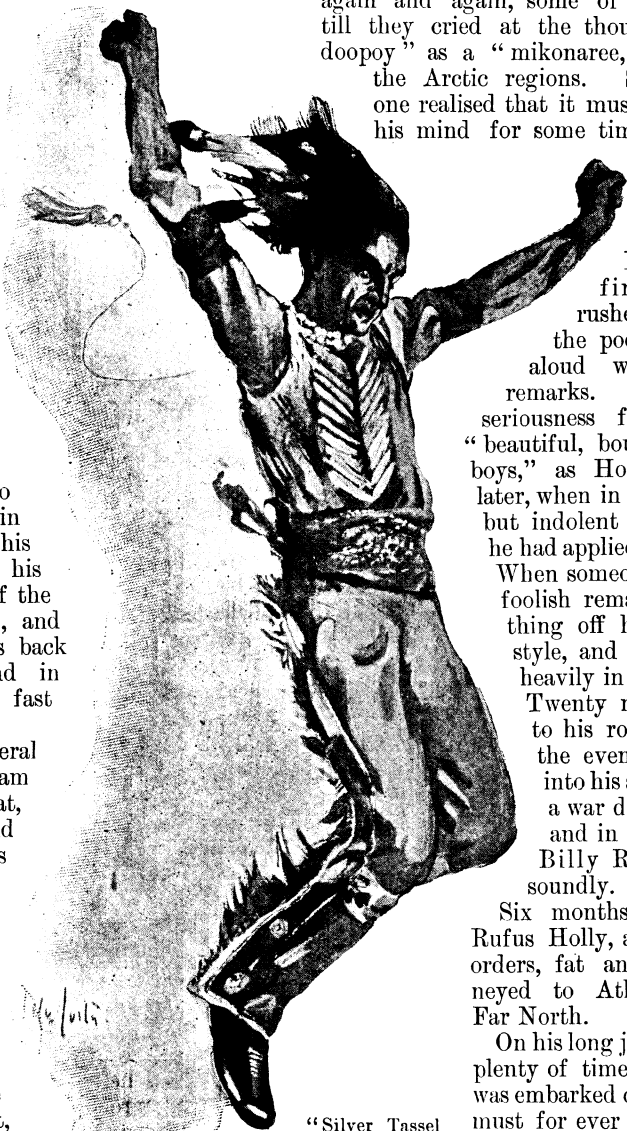
It was the general opinion that William Rufus Holly, fat, yellow-haired, and twenty-four, was doomed to failure in life, in spite of the fact that he had a little income of seven hundred dollars a year, and had made "a century" in a spanking game of cricket. Great, therefore, was the surprise of the college, and afterwards of the Province, when, at the farewell college dinner of the graduates, Sleeping Beauty, or "Averdoopoy," the pride of every junior sportsman in the country, announced, between his little open-eyed table naps, that he was going "Far North" as a missionary.

At first it was thought he was joking, but when at last in his calm and creamy look they saw he meant what he said, they rose up straightway and carried him round the room on a chair, making impromptu songs as they travelled. They toasted Billy Rufus again and again, some of them laughing till they cried at the thought of "Averdoopoy" as a "mikonaree," and going to the Arctic regions. Suddenly someone realised that it must have been on his mind for some time, or he would

never have written his prize poem, "Sir John Franklin." A first year man rushed away and got the poem, and read it aloud with undignified remarks. But an uneasy seriousness fell upon these "beautiful, bountiful, brilliant boys," as Holly called them later, when in a simple, honest, but indolent speech he said he had applied for ordination. When someone interjected a foolish remark, he took the thing off his bat in good style, and turned the tide heavily in his own favour. Twenty men carried him to his room, the hero of the evening, rolled him into his armchair, danced a war dance round him, and in five minutes left Billy Rufus sleeping soundly.

Six months later, William Rufus Holly, a deacon in holy orders, fat and balmy, journeyed to Athabasca in the Far North.

On his long journey there was plenty of time to think. He was embarked on a career which must for ever keep him in the wilds ; for very seldom indeed does a missionary ever return to the crowded cities or take a permanent part in civilised life. What the loneliness of it would be he began to feel, as for hours and hours he saw no human being on the plains ; in the thrilling stillness of the night ; in fierce storms in the woods, when his half-breed guides bent their heads to



"Silver Tassel  
sprang into the  
flood."

meet the wind and rain, and did not speak for hours ; in the long, adventurous journey on the river by day, in the cry of the plaintive loon at night ; in the scant food for every meal. Yet what the pleasure would be he felt in the joyous air, the exquisite sunshine, the flocks of wild fowl flying north, *honking* on their course ; in the song of the half-breeds as they ran the rapids. Of course, he did not think these things quite as they are written here—all at once and all together ; but in little pieces from time to time, feeling them rather than saying them to himself.

At least, he did understand how serious a thing it was, his going as a missionary into the Far North. Why did he do it ? Was it a whim, or the excited imagination of youth, or that prompting which the young often have to make the world better ? Or was it a fine spirit of adventure with a good heart behind it ? Perhaps it was a little of all these ; but there was also something more, and it was to his credit.

Lazy as William Rufus Holly had been at school and college, he had still thought a good deal, even when he seemed only sleeping—perhaps he thought more because he slept so much, because he studied little and read a great deal. He always knew what everybody thought—that he would never do anything but play cricket till he got too heavy to run, and then would sink into a slothful, fat, and useless middle and old age ; that his life would be a failure. And he knew that they were right ; that if he stayed where he could live an easy life, a fat and easy life he would lead, that in a few years he would be good for nothing except to eat and sleep—no more. One day, waking suddenly from a bad dream of himself so fat as to be drawn about on a dray by monstrous fat oxen with rings through their noses, led by monkeys, he began to wonder what he should do—the hardest thing to do ; for only the hardest life could possibly save him from failure, and, in spite of all, he really did want to make something of his life. He had been reading the story of Sir John Franklin's Arctic expedition, and all at once it came home to him that the only thing for him to do was to go to the Far North and stay there, coming back about once every ten years to tell the people in the cities what was being done in the wilds. Then there came the inspiration to write his poem on Sir John Franklin, and he had done so, winning the college prize for poetry. But no one had seen any change in him in those months ; and, indeed, there had been little or no change,

for he had an equable and practical, though imaginative, disposition, despite his *avoirdu-pois*, and his new purpose did not stir him yet from his comfortable sloth.

And in all the journey west and north he had not been stirred greatly from his ease of body, for the journey was not much harder than playing cricket every day, and there were only the thrill of the beautiful air, the new people, and the new scenes to rouse him. As yet there was no great responsibility. He scarcely realised what his life must be, until one particular day.

Then Sleeping Beauty waked wide up, and from that day lost the name. Till then he had looked and borne himself like any other traveller, unrecognised as a parson or mikonaree. He had not had prayers in camp *en route*, he had not preached, he had held no meetings. He was as yet William Rufus Holly, the cricketer, the laziest dreamer of a college decade. His religion was simple and practical ; he had never had any morbid ideas ; he had lived a healthy, natural, and honourable life, until he went for a mikonaree, and if he had no cant, he had not a clear idea of how many-sided, how responsible, his life must be—until that one particular day.

This is what happened then.

From Fort O'Call, an abandoned post of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Peace River, nearly the whole tribe of the Athabasca Indians in possession of the post now had come up the river, with their chief, Knife-in-the-Wind, to meet the mikonaree. Factors of the Hudson's Bay Company, *coureurs de bois*, and *voyageurs* had come among them, and once the renowned Father Lacombe, the Jesuit priest, had stayed with them three months ; but never to this day had they seen a Protestant mikonaree, though once a factor, noted for his furious temper, his powers of running, and his generosity, had preached to them. These men, however, were both over fifty years old. The Athabascas did not hunger for the Christian religion, but a courier from Edmonton had brought them word that a mikonaree was coming to their country to stay, and they put off their stoical manner and allowed themselves the luxury of curiosity. That was why even the squaws and papooses came up the river with the braves, all wondering if the stranger had brought gifts with him, all eager for their shares ; for it had been said by the courier of the tribe that "Oshondonto," their name for the new-comer, was bringing mysterious loads of

well-wrapped bales and skins. Upon a point below the first rapids of the Little Manitou they waited, with their camp-fires burning and their pipe of peace.

When the canoes bearing Oshondonto and his *voyageurs* shot the rapids to the song of the river—

"En roulant, ma boule roulant,  
En roulant, ma boule !"

the shrill voices of the boatmen rising to meet the cry of the startled waterfowl racing the wind above, the Athabascas crowded to the high banks and grunted "How !" in greeting, as the foremost canoe made for the shore.

But if surprise could have changed the countenances of Indians, these Athabascas would not have known each other when the mikonaree stepped upon the shore. They had looked to see a grey-bearded man like the chief factor who quarrelled and prayed, or a grey-headed one like Father Lacombe ; but they found instead a round-faced, clean-shaven youth of twenty-four, with big, good-natured eyes, yellow hair, and a roundness of body like a month-old bear's cub. They expected to find a man who, like Father Lacombe and the factor, could speak their language, and they found a cherub-sort of youth who only talked English, French, and Chinook—that common language of the North—and a few words of their own language he had learned on the way. Besides, Oshondonto was so absent-minded at the moment, so absorbed in admiration of the garish scene before him, that he addressed the chief in French, of which Knife-in-the-Wind knew but the one word *cache*, which all the North knows.

But presently William Rufus Holly recovered himself, and in stumbling Chinook made himself understood. Then he opened a bale and brought out beads and tobacco and some bright red flannel, and two hundred Indians sat round him and grunted "How !" and received his gifts with little comment. Then the pipe of peace went round, and Oshondonto smoked it becomingly. But he saw that the Indians despised him—despised his youth, his fatness, his yellow hair, as soft as a girl's, his cherub face, browned though it was by sun and weather. As he handed the pipe to Knife-in-the-Wind, an Indian called Silver Tassel, with a long, cruel face, said grimly—

"Why does Oshondonto travel to us ?"

William Rufus Holly's eyes steadied on those of the Indian as he replied in Chinook, "To teach the way to Manitou the Mighty,

to tell the Athabascas of the Great Chief who died to save the world."

"The story is told in many ways—which is right ? There was the priest with the long robe ; there was the factor, Word of Thunder. There is the song they sing at Edmonton—I have heard !"

"The Great Chief is the same Chief," answered the mikonaree. "If you tell of Fort O'Call, and Knife-in-the-Wind tells of Fort O'Call, he and you will speak different words, and one will put in one thing and one will leave out another—men's tongues are different. But Fort O'Call is the same ; and the Great Chief is the same."

"It was a long time ago," said Knife-in-the-Wind sourly ; "many thousand moons—as the pebbles in the river the years."

"It is the same world, and it is the same Chief, and it was to save us," answered William Rufus Holly, smiling, yet with a fluttering heart, for the first test of his life had come.

In anger Knife-in-the-Wind thrust an arrow into the ground and said, "How can the white man who died thousands of moons ago in a far country save the red man to-day ?"

"A strong man should bear so weak a tale," broke in Silver Tassel ruthlessly. "Are we children, that the Great Chief sends a child as messenger ?"

For a moment Billy Rufus did not know how to reply, and in the pause Knife-in-the-Wind broke in two pieces the arrow he had thrust in the ground in token of displeasure.

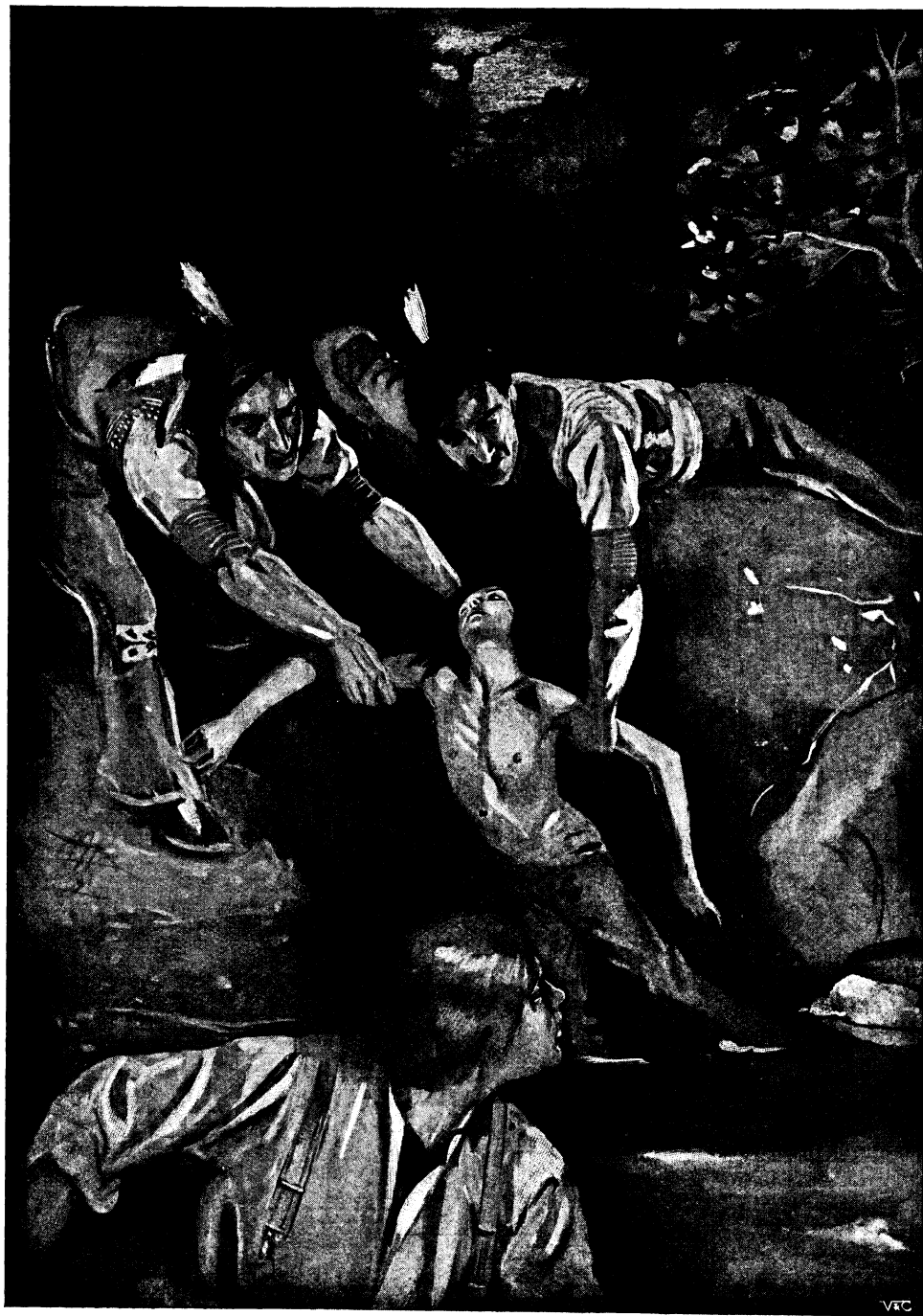
Suddenly, as Oshondonto was about to speak, Silver Tassel sprang to his feet, seized a lad of twelve standing near in his arms, and running to the bank dropped him into the swift current, as the Athabascas crowded near.

"If Yellow Hair be not a child, let him save the lad," said Silver Tassel, standing on the brink.

Like lightning William Rufus Holly was on his feet, his coat was off ere Silver Tassel's words were out of his mouth, and crying, "In the name of the Great White Chief, foolish Athabascas !" he jumped into the swishing current. "In the name of your Manitou, come on, Silver Tassel !" he called up, and struck out for the lad.

Not pausing an instant, Silver Tassel sprang into the flood—the whirling eddies and dangerous current below the first rapids, and above the second.





"The boy was dragged up by strong hands."

II.

THEN came the struggle for Wingo, of the Cree tribe, a waif among the Athabascas, whose father and mother and relations had

been slain, as they travelled, by a wandering tribe of Blackfeet, the lad left for dead on the plains. Never was there a braver rivalry, though the odds were with the

Indian—in lightness, in brutal strength. With the mikonaree, however, were skill, and that sort of strength which the world calls “moral,” the strength of a good and desperate purpose. Oshondonto knew that on the issue of this shameless business—this cruel sport of Silver Tassel, would depend his future on the Peace River. As he shot forward with strong strokes in the whirling torrent after the helpless lad, who, only able to keep himself afloat, was being swept down towards the rapids below, he glanced up to the bank along which the Athabascas were running. He saw the garish colours of their dresses; he saw the ignorant medicine man, with his mysterious bag, making incantations; he saw the *tepee* of the chief, with its barbarous pennant above; he saw the idle, naked children tearing at the entrails of a calf; and he realised that this was a deadly tournament between civilisation and barbarism.

Silver Tassel was gaining on him, they were both overhauling the boy; it was now to see which should reach Wingo first, which should take him to shore. That is, if both were not carried under before they reached him; that is, if, having reached him, they and he would ever get to shore; for, lower down, before it reached the rapids, the current ran horribly smooth and strong, and here and there were jagged rocks just beneath the surface.

Still Silver Tassel gained on him, as they both gained on the boy. Oshondonto swam strong and hard, but he swam with his eye on the struggle for the shore also; he was not putting forth his utmost strength, for he knew it would be bitterly needed, perhaps to save his own life by a last effort.

Silver Tassel passed him when they were about fifty feet from the boy. Shooting by on his side, with a long stroke and the plunge of his body like a projectile, the dark face with the long black hair plastering it turned towards his own, in fierce triumph Silver Tassel cried “How!” in derision.

Billy Rufus set his teeth and lay down to his work like a sportsman. His face had lost its roses, and it was set and determined, but there was no look of fear upon it, nor did his heart sink when a cry of triumph went up from the crowd on the banks. The white man knew by old experience in the cricket-field and in many a boat-race that it is well not to halloo till you are out of the woods. His mettle was up, he was not the Reverend William Rufus Holly, missionary,

but Billy Rufus, the champion cricketer, the sportsman playing a long game.

Silver Tassel reached the boy, who was bruised and bleeding and at his last gasp, and throwing an arm round him struck out for the shore. The current was very strong, and he battled fiercely as Billy Rufus, not far above, rushed down towards them at an angle. For a few yards Silver Tassel was going strong, then his pace slackened, he seemed to sink lower in the water, and his stroke became splashing and irregular. Suddenly he struck a rock, which bruised him badly, and, swerving from his course, he lost his stroke and let go the boy.

By this time the mikonaree had swept beyond them, and he caught the boy by his long hair as he was being carried below. Striking out for the shore, he swam with bold, strong strokes, his judgment guiding him well past rocks beneath the surface. Ten feet from shore he heard a cry of alarm from above. It concerned Silver Tassel, he knew, but he could not look round yet.

In another moment the boy was dragged up the bank by strong hands, and the mikonaree swung round in the water towards Silver Tassel, who, in his confused energy, had struck another rock, and, exhausted now, was being carried towards the rapids. Silver Tassel’s shoulder scarcely showed, his strength was gone. In a flash Billy Rufus saw there was but one thing to do. He must run the rapids with Silver Tassel—there was no other way. It would be a fight through the jaws of death; but no Indian’s eyes had a better sense for river-life than William Rufus Holly’s.

How he reached Silver Tassel, and drew the Indian’s arm over his own shoulder; how they drove down into the boiling flood; how Billy Rufus’s fat body was battered and torn and ran red with blood from twenty flesh wounds; but how by luck beyond the telling he brought Silver Tassel through safely into the quiet water a quarter of a mile below the rapids, and was hauled out, both more dead than alive, is a tale still oft told by the Athabascas around their camp-fire. The rapids are known to-day as the Mikonaree Rapids.

The end of this beginning of the young man’s career was that Silver Tassel gave him the word of eternal friendship, Knife-in-the-Wind took him into the tribe as an under-chief, and the boy Wingo became his very own, to share his home, his board and his travels, no longer a waif of the Crees among the Athabascas.

After three days' feasting, at the end of which the missionary held his first service and preached his first sermon to the accompaniment of grunts of satisfaction from the whole tribe of Athabascas, William Rufus Holly really began his work in the Far North.

The journey to Fort O'Call was a procession of triumph, for it was summer and there was plenty of food, and the mikonaree had been a success, and he had distributed many gifts of beads and flannel.

All went well for many moons, though

Though three years of hard, frugal life had made his muscles like iron, it had only mellowed his temper, increased his flesh, and made his face rounder, his cheeks a deeper damask; nor did he look an hour older than on the day when he had fairly won Wingo for his willing slave and devoted friend. He never resented the frequent ingratitude of the Indians, he said little when they quarrelled over the small comforts his little income brought them yearly from the south. He had been doctor, lawyer, judge among them, though he interfered little in the



"Preached his first sermon to the accompaniment of grunts of satisfaction."

converts were uncertain and baptisms few, and the work was hard, and discouragements many, and the loneliness at times terrible. At last came dark days.

One summer and autumn there had been poor fishing and shooting, the *caches* of meat were fewer on the plains, and almost nothing had come up to Fort O'Call from Edmonton far below. The yearly supplies for the mikonaree, paid for out of his private income—bacon, beans, tea, coffee, and flour—had been raided *en route* by a band of hostile Indians, and he viewed with deep concern the progress of the severe winter.

larger disputes, and was forced to shut his eyes to intertribal fights and local misdemeanours. He had no deep faith that he could quite civilise them, he knew that their conversion was only on the surface, and he fell back on his personal influence with them, even checking the excesses of the worst man in the tribe, his old enemy, Silver Tassel, of the bad heart, who yet was ready always to give a tooth for a tooth, and accepted the fact that he owed Oshondonto his life.

When famine crept slowly out of the empty *caches*, crawling across the plains to the doors of the settlement, and housing

itself at Fort O'Call, Silver Tassel acted badly and sowed fault-finding among the thoughtless of the tribe.

"What manner of Great Spirit is it who lets the food of his chief Oshondonto fall into the hands of the Blackfeet?" he said. "Oshondonto says the Great Spirit hears. What has the Great Spirit to say? Let Oshondonto ask."

Again, when they all were hungrier, he went among them again with complaining words. "If the white man's Great Spirit can do all things, let him give Oshondonto and the Athabascas food."

The missionary did not know of Silver Tassel's foolish words, but he saw the down-cast face of Knife-in-the-Wind, the sullen looks of the people; and he unpacked the box he had reserved jealously for the darkest days that might come. For meal after meal he divided these delicacies among them—morsels of biscuit, and tinned meats, and dried fruits. But his eyes meanwhile were turned again and again to the storm raging without, as it had raged for this the longest week he had ever spent. If it would but slacken, a boat could go out to the nets set in the lake near by some days before, when the sun of spring had melted the ice. From the hour the nets had been set the storm had raged.

On the day when the last morsel of meat and biscuit had been given away the storm had not abated, and the mikonaree saw with misgiving the gloomy, stolid faces of the Indians round him.

One man, two children, and three women had died in a fortnight. He dreaded to think what might happen, his heart ached at the looks of gaunt suffering in the faces of all; he saw for the first time how black and bitter Knife-in-the-Wind looked as Silver Tassel whispered to him.

With the colour all gone from his cheeks, he left the post and made his way to the edge of the lake where his canoe was kept. Making it ready for the launch, he came back to the Fort. Assembling the Indians, who had watched his movements closely, he told them that he was going through the storm to the nets on the lake, and asked for a volunteer to go with him.

No one replied. He pleaded—for the sake of the women and children.

Then Knife-in-the-Wind spoke. "Oshondonto will die if he goes. It is a fool's journey—does the wolverine walk into an empty trap?"

Billy Rufus spoke passionately now. His genial spirit fled; he reproached them.

Silver Tassel spoke up loudly. "Let Oshondonto's Great Spirit carry him to the nets alone, and back again with fish for the heathen the Great Chief died to save."

"You have a wicked heart, Silver Tassel. You know well that one man can't handle the boat and the nets also. Is there no one of you——?"

A figure shot forward from a corner. "I will go with Oshondonto," came the voice of Wingo, the waif of the Crees.

The eye of the mikonaree flashed round in contempt on the tribe. Then suddenly it softened, and he said to the lad—

"We will go together, Wingo."

Taking the boy by the hand, he ran with him through the rough wind to the shore, launched the canoe on the tossing lake, and paddled away through the tempest.

\* \* \* \* \*

The bitter winds of an angry spring, the sleet and wet snow of a belated winter, the floating blocks of ice crushing sometimes against the side, the black water swishing over man and boy, the broken waves battering each and battering the craft between, the harsh, inclement world near and far. . . . The passage made at last to the nets; the brave Wingo steadying the canoe—a skilful hand sufficing where the strength of a Samson would not avail; the nets half full, and the breaking cry of joy from the lips of the waif—a cry that pierced the storm and brought back an answering cry from the crowd of Indians on the far shore. . . . The quarter-hour of danger in the tossing canoe; the nets too heavy to be dragged, and fastened to the thwarts instead; the canoe going shoreward jerkily, a cork on the waves with an anchor behind; heavier seas and winds roaring down on them as they slowly near the shore; and at last, in one awful moment, the canoe upset, and the man and the boy in the water. . . . Then both clinging to the upturned canoe as it is driven nearer and nearer shore. . . . The boy washed off once, twice, and the man with his arm round clinging—clinging, as the shrieking storm answers to the calling of the Athabascas on the shore, and drives craft and fish and man and boy down upon the banks; no savage bold enough to plunge in to their rescue. . . . At last a rope thrown, a drowning man's wrists wound round it, his teeth set in it—and now, at last, a man and a heathen boy, both insensible, being carried to the mikonaree's hut and laid upon two



"A hundred superstitious Indians flying from the face of death."

beds, one on either side of the small room, as the red sun goes slowly down. . . . The two still bodies on bearskins in the hut, and a hundred superstitious Indians flying from the face of death. . . . The two alone in the light of the flickering fire; the many gone to feast on fish, the price of lives.

But the price is not yet paid, for the man wakes from insensibility—wakes to see himself with the body of the boy alone with him in the red light of the fires.

For a moment his heart stops beating, he turns sick and faint, and nearly falls insensible again. Deserted by those for whom he risked his life! . . . How long

has he lain there? What time is it? When was it that he had fought his way to the nets and back again—hours maybe? And the dead boy there, Wingo, who had risked his life also—dead!—how long? His heart leaps—ah! not hours, only minutes maybe! It was sundown as unconsciousness came on him—Indians would not stay with the dead after sundown. Maybe it was only ten minutes—five minutes—one minute ago since they left him! . . .

His watch! Shaking fingers drew it out, wild eyes scanned it. It was not stopped. Then it could have only been minutes ago. Trembling to his feet, he staggered over to

Wingo, he felt the body, he held a mirror to the lips. Yes, surely there was as light moisture on the glass!

Then began another fight with death—William Rufus Holly struggling to bring to life again Wingo, the waif of the Crees.

The blood came back to his own heart with a rush as the mad desire to save this life came on him. He talked to the dumb face, he prayed in a kind of delirium, as he moved the arms up and down, as he tilted the body, as he rubbed, as he chafed and strove. He forgot he was a missionary, he almost cursed himself. "For them—for cowards, I risked his life—the brave lad with no home! Oh, God! give him back to me, or I shall hate myself for ever!" he sobbed. "What right had I to risk his life for theirs? I should have shot the first man that refused to go . . . Wingo, speak! Wake up! Come back, little brave of the North—come back!"

The sweat poured from him in his desperation and weakness. He said to himself that he had put this young life into the hazard without cause. Had he, then, saved the lad from the rapids and Silver Tassel's brutality only to have him drag fish out of the jaws of death for Silver Tassel's meal?

"Forgive me, Wingo boy!" he pleaded excitedly. "I was a fool, I was a brute! Open your eyes, Wingo!"

It seemed to him that he had been working

for hours, but it was in fact only a very few minutes, when the eyes of the lad slowly opened and closed again, and he began to breathe spasmodically. A cry of joy came from the lips of the mikonaree, and he worked harder still. At last the eyes opened wide, stayed open, saw the figure bent over him, and the lips whispered, "Oshondonto—my master!" as a cup of brandy was held to his lips.

\* \* \* \* \*

Billy Rufus the cricketer had won the game, and somehow the Reverend William Rufus Holly the missionary never repented the strong language he used against the Athabascas as he was bringing Wingo back to life, though it was not what is called "strictly canonical."

He had conquered the Athabascas for ever. Even Silver Tassel acknowledged his power, and he as industriously spread abroad the report that the mikonaree had raised Wingo from the dead, as he had sown dissension during the famine. But the result was that the mikonaree had power in the land, and the belief in him was so great, that when Knife-in-the-Wind died, the tribe came to him to ask him to raise their chief from the dead. They never quite believed that he could not—not even Silver Tassel, who now rules the Athabascas and is ruled in turn by the mikonaree, William Rufus Holly: which is a very good thing for Athabasca.





# THE EMPEROR OF TRUSTS:

J. PIERPONT MORGAN AND HIS CAREER.

By RAY STANNARD BAKER.\*

**A** FEW months ago an American citizen without title or office landed in England, and so apprehensive was Threadneedle Street of his power in the financial world, and of the effect which his sudden death might have on the markets, that certain brokers, to protect themselves in their American investments, immediately took the extraordinary measure of applying to Lloyd's for insurance on his life,

many, both of which had already felt the sharp tooth of American competition. It is no wonder, therefore, that he was regarded at the moment as the American peril incarnate.

While in this country, Mr. Morgan bought — whether for himself or for American clients it matters not — one of our great steamship companies, the Leyland line, operating thirty-eight vessels between Europe and America. This move, following so closely upon the organisation of the Steel Trust, was interpreted at first as a blow to England's supremacy on the seas. It was natural and inevitable that Europe should anxiously inquire as to the further intentions of this man, to whom the purchase of a great steamship line seemed only the incident of a holiday.

About the same time still another episode brought into high relief Mr. Morgan's power. A panic occurred on the London Stock Exchange, resulting from the great financial struggle between Mr. Morgan and certain opposing interests for the control of the Northern Pacific Railway. A number of English traders must have faced ruin, with serious consequences to the whole market, if Mr. Morgan had not stepped in and relieved the situation by accepting small



MR. MORGAN'S DOORMAN.

paying premiums at the rate of thirty pounds on the thousand for three months.

This citizen was J. Pierpont Morgan, who had just organised the most powerful industrial and financial institution the world has ever known. It matters not whether he was a large owner in the United States Steel Corporation; as its recognised and actual dictator, he controlled a yearly income and expenditure nearly as great as that of imperial Germany, paid taxes on a debt greater than that of many of the lesser nations of Europe, and, by employing two hundred and fifty thousand men, supported a population of over one million souls, almost a nation in itself. Iron and steel making has long been known as the basic industry. The greatness of our country and Germany's recent progress were due largely to their ability to produce iron and steel cheaply and in large quantities. Mr. Morgan, as iron-master, controlling the world's greatest and cheapest sources of iron supply, threatened the trade and profits of England and Ger-

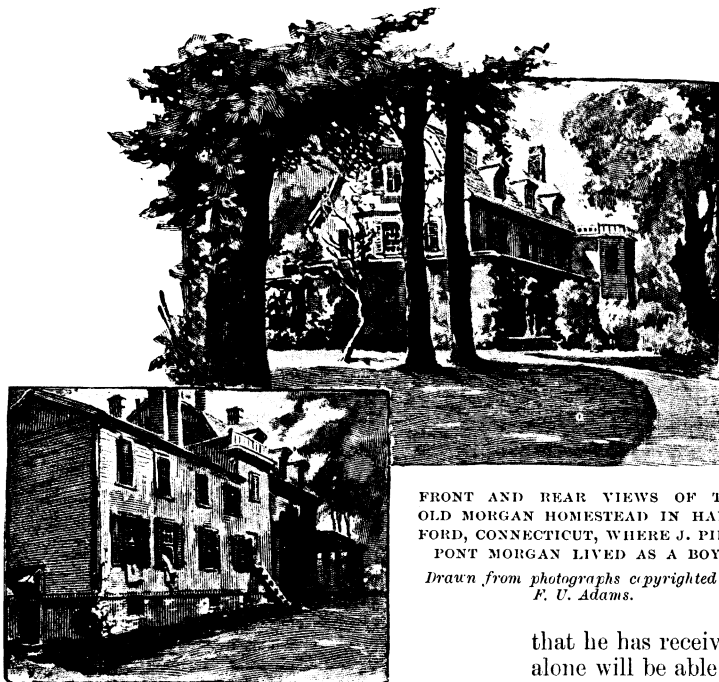


MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

*Pencil sketch by W. R. Leigh.*

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payments from the distressed traders where he might have exacted his pound of flesh.

No one could follow the accounts of his doings in England, and of the deep concern which his presence caused, without realising the meaning of power. Mr. Morgan, no doubt, controls and influences more money and money interests to-day than any other man in the world. Perhaps no one, not even Mr. Morgan himself, fully realises the responsibility and gravity of that power. Certain it is that the death to-day of Mr. Morgan would disturb more capital and shake more settled business institutions than the death of almost any Sovereign in Europe.

If Mr. Morgan were merely rich, he would not be worth thoughtful attention except as a social problem; but his own riches constitute the least of his claims to distinction. Nowadays a rich man has little more opportunity to reach a commanding place in the world than a poor man, and often his very riches hamper his advancement. Native force and genius, sustained with hard work, govern progress among men of wealth as in any other class. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Morgan was practically unknown even in Wall Street, and he could hardly be called wealthy as wealth is now measured. By deep thinking and hard work he has reached, at the age of sixty-four years, the foremost place in American finance. He is the most

advanced expression of a New World movement, that of "community of interest," of consolidation; he saw that great combinations were to constitute the next step in the development of industry and commerce, and he took early advantage of his sagacity.

Mr. Morgan, therefore, is to be considered, not as a millionaire, but as a man of original force. Whether or not he has used his unquestioned genius to the highest purpose, whether or not he deserves all the credit or all the abuse

that he has received, are questions the future alone will be able to answer.

Americans of great wealth may be divided into two classes—those who are self-made and those who inherit their riches. The self-made millionaire, although by no means unknown on this side, is peculiarly an American product, and there is no story which bites more keenly on our popular imagination than that of the poor farmer lad—never a plain "boy"—who hoed potatoes at a shilling a day, and grew to be worth five millions sterling. To this class belong such men as Huntington, Armour, the first Astor, the first Vanderbilt, Peter Cooper, Jay Gould, Hill, and Pullman. They have all been bold, active, fearless men, sometimes rough and unpolished, sometimes unprincipled, always forceful and original. To their sons and successors these men left their money, but rarely their force and daring. Passiveness, polish, and conservatism naturally succeed creative activity, and the later Astors, Vanderbilts, and Goulds have been conservators rather than creators. J. Pierpont Morgan possesses the somewhat rare distinction, in America, of belonging to both of these classes. Born to considerable wealth, surrounded in his youth by evidences of culture, and carefully educated, he could have led a life of leisure if it had so pleased him. It was of his own motion that he chose a business career.

It is a significant fact that much of the great wealth of the United States belongs

to men who sprang from very old American families. The Morgan family dates back to 1636, when Miles Morgan, first of the name, landed on the soil of New England, and became one of the company which founded the town of Springfield, Massachusetts. Joseph Morgan, grandfather of J. Pierpont, was a farmer and tavern-keeper in Hartford, Connecticut, with a Revolutionary War record. Joseph left his son Junius Spencer, the present Morgan's father, a good property on what is now Asylum Hill, Hartford. Junius Spencer, full of energy and business acumen, was a bank clerk while hardly more than a boy, then a partner in the dry-goods business with Levi P. Morton (afterwards Vice-President of the United States), and later an associate of the millionaire philanthropist, George Peabody. He made money rapidly, established a successful banking-house in London, with branches in America and Australia, and laid the foundation upon which his son rose to pre-eminence. At the age of twenty-three he married Juliet Pierpont, the daughter of the Rev. John Pierpont, poet and preacher, an original thinker, and a combative reformer, though not particularly endowed with practical wisdom. Pierpont was the author of the ringing old poem beginning—

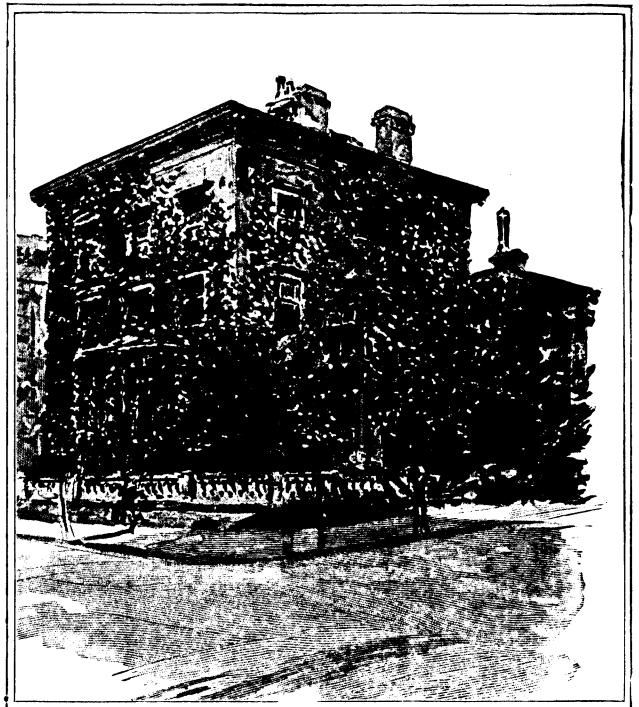
Stand! the ground's your own, my  
braves!

Mr. Morgan was born April 17, 1837, in Hartford, Connecticut, where he continued to live until he was fourteen years old, attending a neighbouring country school for several years. In 1851 his father moved to Boston, and J. Pierpont became a student in the famous English high-school, graduating at the age of eighteen. He is described as being a boy of sturdiness and independence, not talkative, taking small part in the social side of his school life, and not at all distinguished in his studies, except possibly in mathematics. At one time in his youth, an old friend of the family told me, young Morgan had a decided inclination towards poetry writing. For two years after he left Boston he was a student at the University of Göttingen, Germany. At the age of twenty-one he embarked on his career as a banker, receiving his first

experience with the house of Duncan, Sherman and Co., of New York City.

One of the most complicated departments of banking is that of foreign exchange; it is also the department which has had the greatest growth in America in recent years. Through his father's world-wide connections, as well as in his own business relationships, Mr. Morgan attained a thorough knowledge of every intricacy of the foreign business. He acquired a mastery of the delicate relationships between the business transactions of nation and nation, and he saw the world's credit system in its broader aspects. Many an able banker is limited by the lack of such a breadth of view, the possession of which must have counted high in many of Mr. Morgan's achievements. It is significant of his idea of a banker's education that he appointed his son, J. Pierpont, jun., to a position in the foreign exchange department of the bank at the very beginning of his career, and when he had mastered the American end of the business he was sent to London.

All who knew Mr. Morgan in early life agree that from the very beginning he ex-



MR. MORGAN'S CITY RESIDENCE, CORNER OF MADISON AVENUE AND THIRTY-SIXTH STREET.

*From the water colour sketch by Otto Tacher*

hibited the cardinal feature of his character, the capacity for pursuing his own way without advice, and that, independent of his father, he worked with him rather as man with man than as son with father. In 1860, at the age of twenty-three, he became the American agent for George Peabody and Co., of London, and with that firm his experience began in the handling of large funds, and he acquired familiarity with the risks and responsibilities of great business transactions. At the age of twenty-seven he helped organise the firm of Dabney, Morgan and Co., and seven years later, in 1871, he formed a combination with the wealthy Drexels, of Philadelphia, the firm being known as Drexel, Morgan and Co. In 1895, Drexel, Morgan and Co. became J. P. Morgan and Co., and Mr. Morgan's father having died in 1890, the London house of J. S. Morgan and Co., and the Paris branch of Morgan, Harjes and Co., with all their connections the world over, fell under the sole dictatorship of J. P. Morgan, and to-day J. P. Morgan is the supreme director of all this great financial machine.

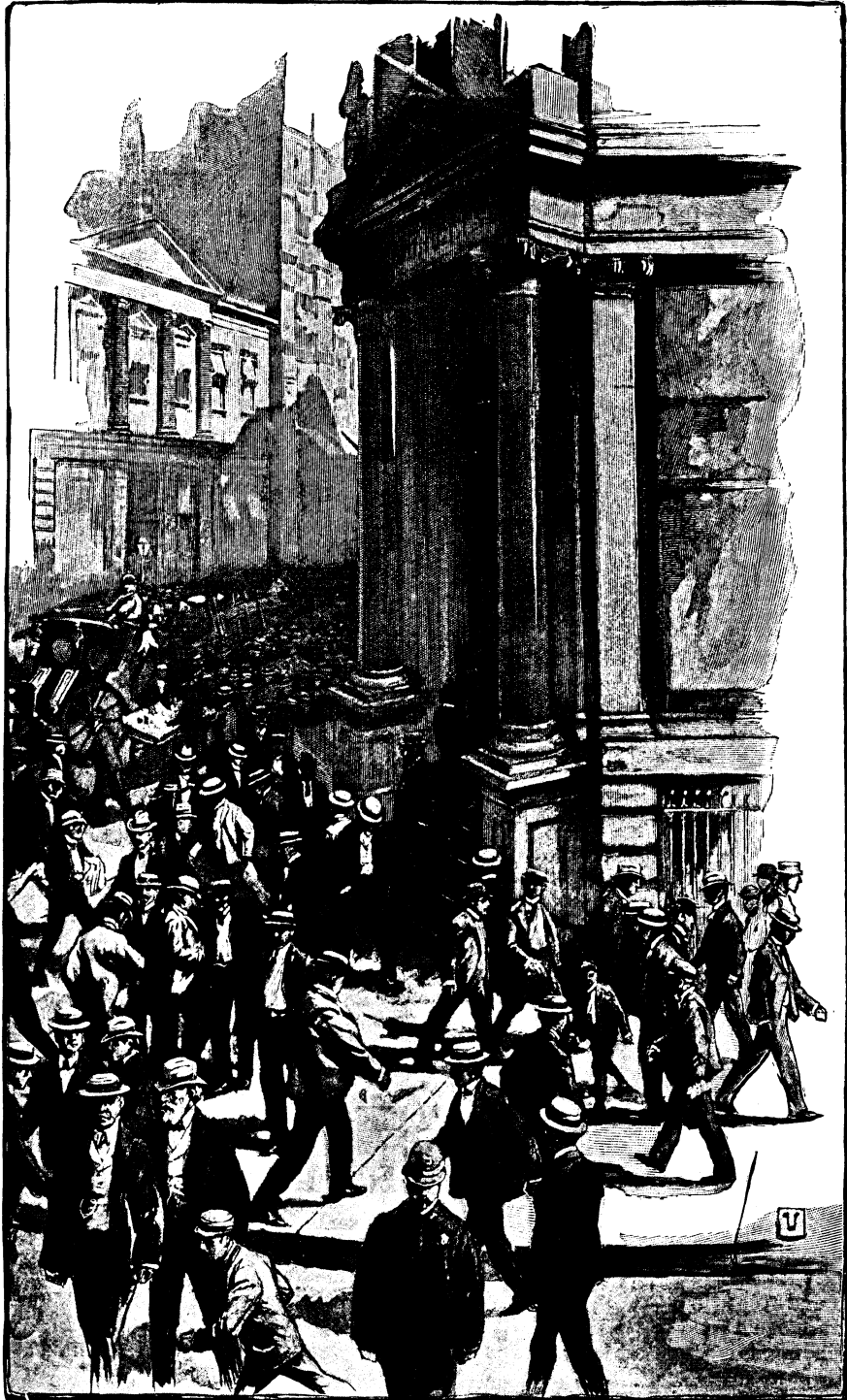
Significant of the changing centres of the world's money power is the fact that J. S. Morgan, the father, directed his banks from London, while J. Pierpont Morgan, the son, directs the larger system from New York. It was characteristic also that Morgan should have finally dominated every man and every firm with whom he came in contact; he must, by nature, be absolute dictator or nothing. It is for this reason, no doubt, that his house has remained a private bank—a private bank giving larger scope and freedom of action than a national bank, or any institution limited by fixed rules and subject to the divided mind of a board of directors. J. P. Morgan and Co. is not a corporation. It is a partnership. There are many partners—in all, eleven besides Mr. Morgan—and most of them men of the first rank, though wholly under the influence of the vital personality of the senior member.

Comparatively few people possess any very clear conception of what Mr. Morgan is or does in Wall Street. He is vaguely compared with Mr. Keene, who is a speculator; with J. Gould, who was a wrecker; with Hill and Harriman, who are strictly railroad men; with the Astors, who are primarily real-estate owners; with Carnegie, who was an iron-master. But Mr. Morgan's business is purely that of a banker—a worker with money. As such he acts as an agent for rich clients in the investment of money; he loans, bor-

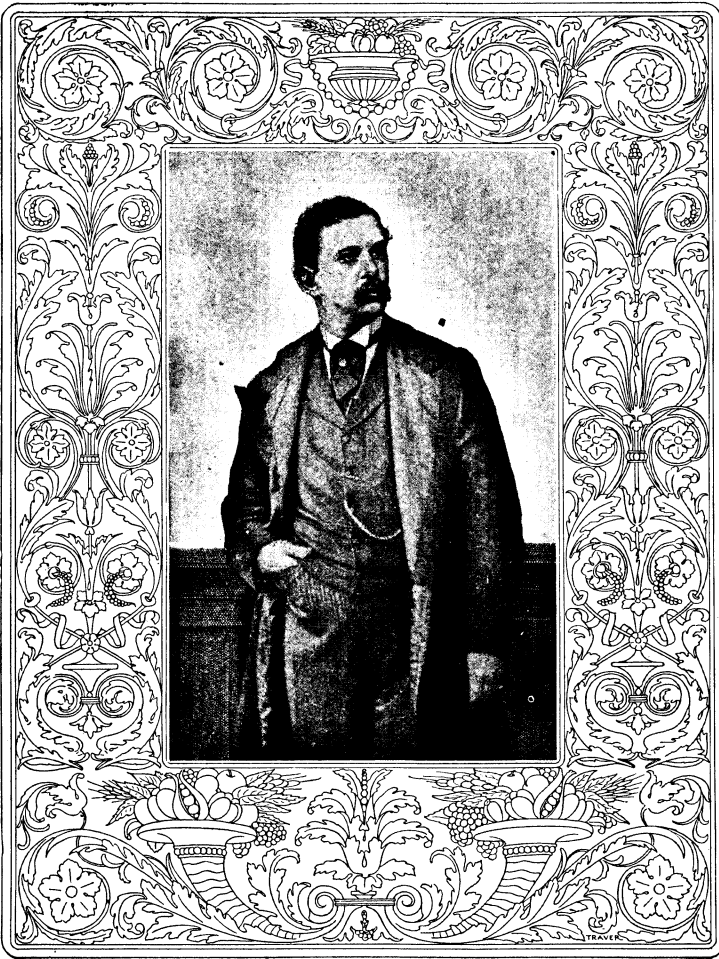
rows, transmits money abroad, issues letters of credit, and buys and sells securities which are the evidences of money. The extensive foreign connections of J. P. Morgan and Co. enable the firm to do a large business in foreign exchange. The interchange of merchandise commodities between the United States and the rest of the world now amounts to the vast sum of over fifteen millions sterling for every business day of the year. The banker who issues the drafts or the credits makes a profit on every sovereign conveyed. J. P. Morgan and Co. transact a large share of this business.

Mr. Morgan is not a practical railroad man, nor a steel manufacturer, nor a coal dealer, although he is interested in all of these things, because he is constantly buying and selling railroad and steel and coal stocks. Sometimes for some specific purpose he buys so much of a railroad company's stock that he and his clients practically own the railroad, and he takes a strong position in directing its policy. Not long ago I heard an apparently intelligent speaker who conveyed the impression that Morgan bought a railroad out of his surplus cash as a farmer buys a cow. Nothing could be further from the truth. While Mr. Morgan must make use of his own large means, it no doubt forms but a small part of his vast deals. The essence of successful banking is connections, otherwise friends. While coveting large earnings, capital is proverbially shrinking and timid, fearing to strike out boldly for itself, and yet ever ready to trust itself with confidence to the leader whose skill, foresight, and cautious daring have been steadily fruitful of success. Such a money-master is J. Pierpont Morgan. The millionaire Peabody trusted him first, then the Drexels with their vast fortunes, then the Vanderbilts, for whom he made a profitable sale of bonds early in his career. All through these years he has thus built up an army of powerful connections, not only in America, but in England, France, and Germany, so that more and more millions of capital follow the dictates of his judgment.

I asked a number of men in Wall Street who knew Mr. Morgan and his methods intimately—and some were his friends and some his enemies—how he attained the leading position in the world of finance. The answers were: "He does exactly as he agrees to do." "He keeps his word." "He is an honest man." And one said: "He is a gentleman in his business dealings." It is plain that Mr. Morgan would not have the handling of



THE OFFICE OF J. P. MORGAN AND CO., AT THE CORNER OF WALL AND BROAD STREETS.  
*Opposite the Wall Street side of this office stands the United States Sub-Treasury Building; opposite the Broad Street side, the new Stock Exchange is building. From the original painting by George Varian.*



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN AT FORTY YEARS OF AGE.

such important interests unless men of money trusted him. But a leader must not only be honest; he must justify his leadership by success. The value of his judgment must be vindicated in good times and bad, else his splendid following will surely fall apart. His followers must continue to regard him as strong and wise. It should not be forgotten that Mr. Morgan has been working doggedly at his profession for forty-four years, and that his prestige and pre-eminence are of no sudden growth. With these facts in mind it is plain why Mr. Morgan's life is now so precious to the markets. When he drops out there is a possibility that some of the warring interests which he now holds together with an iron hand, as he holds the rival coal railroads of Pennsylvania, for example, may clash; the aggregation of

capital which he now leads to swift successes may be unable to find at once another master in whose judgment it reposes such confidence, and it may begin to withdraw from the great activities to which Mr. Morgan has spurred it, and withdrawal of capital means stringency and falling prices.

Besides his own private banking-house here and its branches abroad, Mr. Morgan largely controls a powerful national bank in New York City—the National Bank of Commerce, of which he is the vice-president. It is known in Wall Street as “Morgan’s Bank.” He is a dominating influence in other banks and financial institutions, and a director with considerable influence in twenty-one railroad companies, great and small, including the New York Central and Lake Shore systems. He is a director in the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Pullman Palace Car Company,

the Aetna Fire Insurance Company, the General Electric Company, the greatest electric company in the world, and in other less important corporations. And through his partners, who are directors in other railroad and steel corporations, his influence reaches far and wide. He is a potent, and in times of trouble the controlling, factor in several of what are known as the “coal-roads” of Pennsylvania—the Erie, the Lehigh Valley, the Central of New Jersey, and the Reading, together with their tributary coal-fields. He is the predominating influence in the Southern Railway and in three of its connections, the foremost railroad system of the Southern States, with over eight thousand miles of track, a system which he has created, and of which an associate and friend is president. He is also a power in many

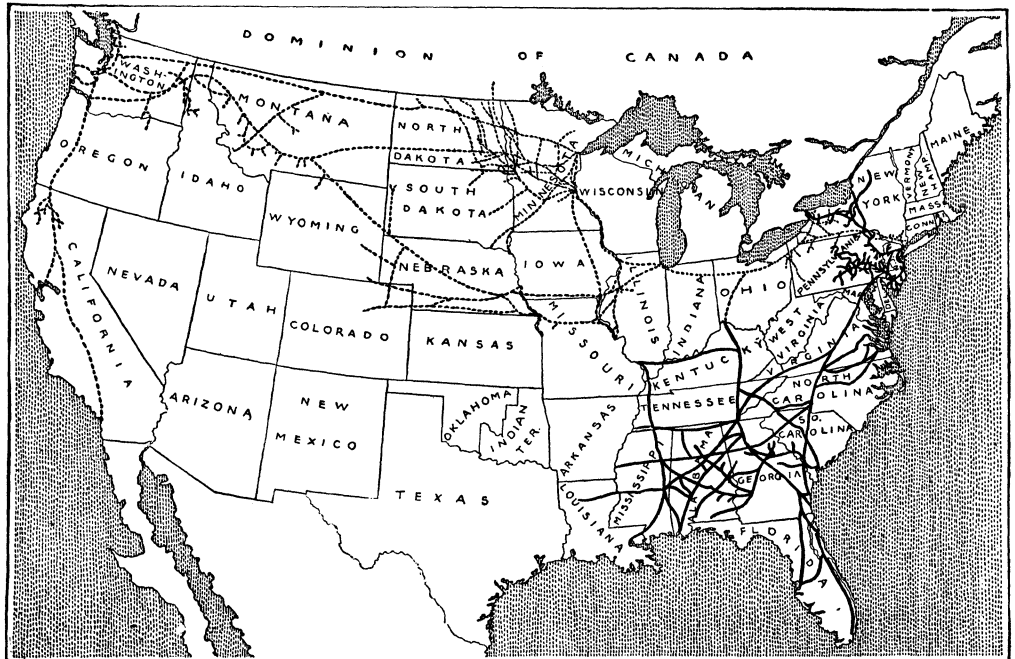


other railroads, as witness his recent appointment of the directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and his evident influence through J. J. Hill in the Burlington and Great Northern management. And, as I have already said, he is at present practically dictator of the vast steel interests of the country, through the United States Steel Corporation, and he controls at least one Atlantic steamship line.

It is impossible, of course, for any outsider to know Mr. Morgan's exact influence in any one of these vast business concerns. It may be set down for a fact that if Mr. Morgan's interests reach into any corporation even slightly, and Mr. Morgan chooses to dictate, his word is going a long way. "Why," exclaimed a somewhat enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Morgan's, "if he owned one share in a railway company and wanted to boss, he'd boss." Indeed, he has something to do with so many widely diverse interests that he occasionally finds one of his companies fighting another, as when, the other day, the General Electric Company began a suit against the Lorain Steel Company, one of the components of the Steel Trust. If anything dim and big in the way of business is impending in Wall Street, brokers tell with bated breath that Mr. Morgan, or, as it is

usually expressed, "the old man," is behind it. He is the bogie of the street. Indeed, it is amusing to behold in what awe Mr. Morgan is everywhere held. Everyone who speaks of him or about him must first be assured that the disclosures will go no further, as if he were committing a sort of treason.

And Mr. Morgan himself sits in his office and works prodigiously, apparently paying no attention to what is said about him, whether good or evil. Mr. Morgan's office occupies the first floor of a large, somewhat old-fashioned building, standing at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets, New York City, the financial centre of the United States. On one side in Wall Street rises grimly the columned portals of the United States Sub-Treasury Building, with George Washington standing in bronze dignity in front. On the other side, in Broad Street, facing Mr. Morgan's window, the new Stock Exchange is building. Within a radius of a quarter of a mile are gathered some of the richest banks in America, and the offices whence most of the great railroad and other corporations of the country are controlled. Many millions of pounds' worth of business—American, European, Australian, Chinese, African business—is



———— Railroads controlled by Mr. Morgan.

..... Railroads partially controlled by Mr. Morgan.

MAP SHOWING THE RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES IN WHICH MR. MORGAN IS INTERESTED.

there transacted every hour. But in the crook of the steps of Mr. Morgan's office a man makes a good living selling lemonade and chewing-gum, and he looks contented, too.

To Mr. Morgan's office come railroad presidents, bank presidents, and the heads of great corporations, to consult with him, and once the Secretary of the United States Treasury came to seek his aid in preserving the solvency of the United States Government. He rarely goes to them; they all come to him. Until recently any man might walk up to his desk, which stands in plain view from the outer office, without the formality of presenting a card; but, while approachable, it would be an intrepid man indeed who would call upon him without definite business in hand.

Mr. Morgan impresses one as a large man, thick of chest, with a big head set close down on burly shoulders, features large, an extraordinarily prominent nose, keen grey eyes, deep-set under heavy brows, a high, fine forehead, a square, bulldog chin. His hair is iron-grey and thin, and his moustache is close cropped. For a man of his age and size he seems unusually active, moving about with almost nervous alertness. He is a man of few words, always sharply and shortly spoken. When a man comes to him, Mr. Morgan looks at him keenly, waiting for him to speak first, and his decision follows quickly.

A young broker, who had never met Mr. Morgan before, went to him not long ago to borrow a large sum for a client. He told Mr. Morgan what he wanted in half a dozen words, and handed him the list of securities to be deposited as collateral. Mr. Morgan looked sharply at his visitor—"looked at me as if he saw clear through me," as the broker expressed it—then glanced swiftly down the list. "I'll take the loan," he said, and passed the borrower on to one of his partners. That was all. The whole transaction, involving a loan larger than the yearly business of many a small bank, had not taken a minute and a half, and Mr. Morgan's side of the conversation had consumed not more than a dozen words.

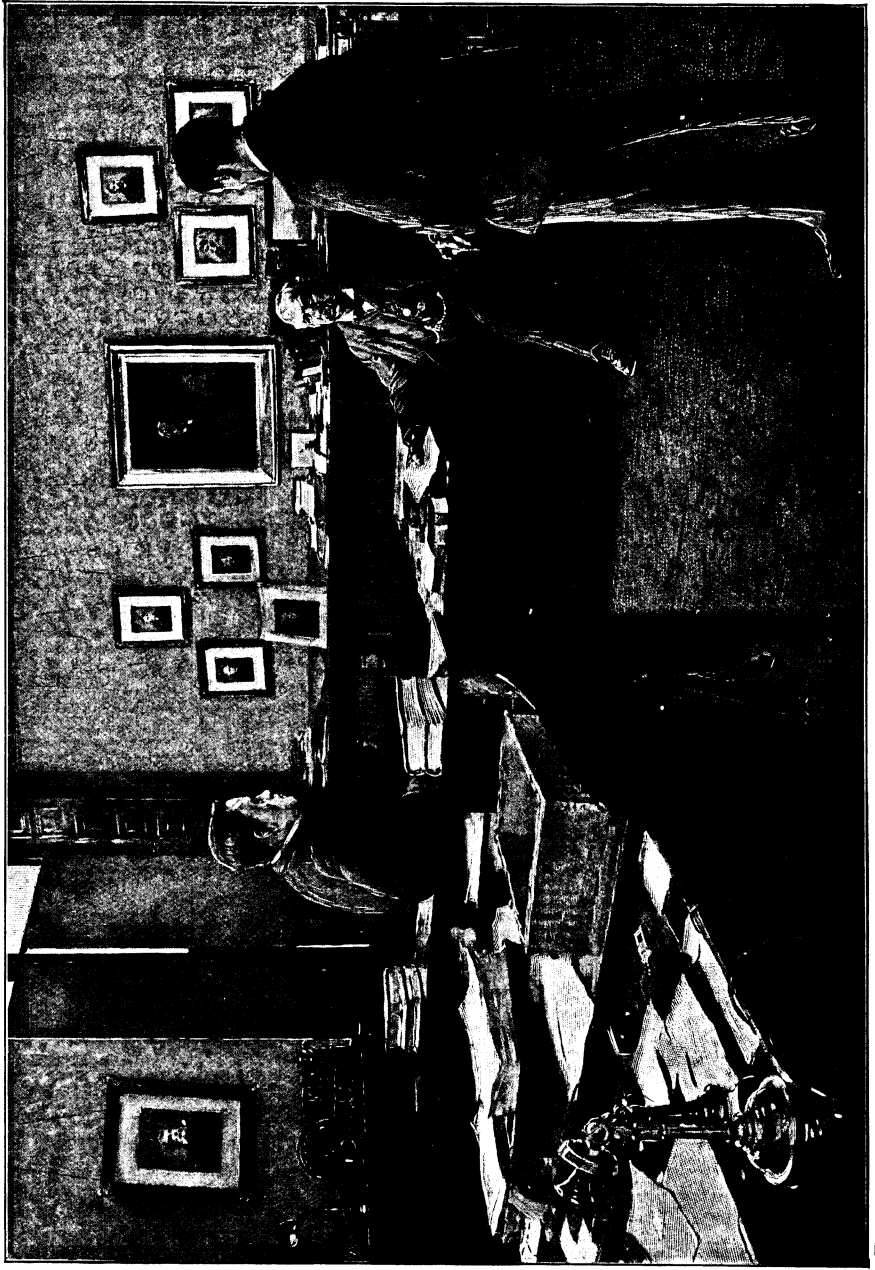
Mr. Morgan knows to the last degree the psychology of meeting and dealing with men. The man who sits in his office, a citadel of silence and reserve force, and makes his visitor uncover his batteries, is impregnable. That is Mr. Morgan's way—the way he dealt with a certain owner of coal-lands in Penn-

sylvania who knew that Mr. Morgan must have his property, and so had come down prepared to exact a good price, to "thresh it out with Morgan." Mr. Morgan kept him waiting a long time, and then he came out, bulky, cold, impressive, looked the coalman in the eye, and only broke the silence to say, "I'll give you \$—— for your property." And there the bargain was closed. His way is to deal brusquely in ultimatums; he says, "I'll do this," or "I'll do that," and that settles it.

All who know say that Mr. Morgan does not ask advice, not even of his partners, and that when he makes up his mind nothing short of a cataclysm will divert him. No doubt his confidence in himself inspires confidence in others. He may make, and must have made, mistakes, but he goes tramping forward as though nothing had happened, and even his partners may be more than half convinced that nothing *has* happened, or else that it is all a skilful feint in some unsuspected manœuvre.

Mr. Morgan has the surety of judgment and the broadness of mind which enable him to work with large numbers of men—a strong man with eyes on a clearly defined though distant purpose, which he alone perceives, marching ruthlessly forward until his goal is reached. It was Bismarck's way. We may not like such men, and the cries of those who are trampled upon may ring ugly in our ears, but this is the method of the men who accomplish things.

Without what has been so well called the "leaping mind," Mr. Morgan never could have accomplished what he has. Mr. Morgan does not spend many hours at his office, and when he is there he rarely remains long at one desk. A man who was long associated with him told me how he "leaped" through his correspondence, how he was often complete master of a proposition before the explanations were half finished, and the lawyers who drew up the papers for the Steel Corporation could hardly keep pace with his swiftly enunciated plans. Indeed, Mr. Morgan is given credit in Wall Street not so much for his skill in organising the Steel Trust as he is for the speed with which the enormous task was accomplished. On December 12, 1900, he attended a dinner given at the University Club by J. Edward Simmons, of the Fourth National Bank. Charles M. Schwab was there and gave an illuminative address on the steel and iron industry. Mr. Morgan, though already a dominant factor in three steel combinations, had never before



IN THE OFFICE OF MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN. *Drawn from sketches made from life by W. R. Leigh.*

met Mr. Schwab, but he was so impressed with his address that he conceived the idea of a gigantic combination of the steel interests in America. Three months later the largest corporation in the world was organised, with Mr. Schwab as its president, and the stock was on sale.

As yet I have given no account, except incidentally, of what Mr. Morgan has actually done to make him a great figure in finance. There is not space here to mention even briefly half of the great money manœuvres which he has planned and carried to success. First of all, it is evident that Mr. Morgan has never been a wrecker, like Jay Gould; he has always been an upbuilder, or a creator. Most of his achievements have had for their object the saving of money waste. Economy of production, economy in management, economy in interest charges are what he has always sought. That is why he never

money reached one hundred and eighty-six per cent., Mr. Morgan at once poured immense sums into the market, and instantly quieted the panic. For many years he has acted as a sort of balance-wheel to his country's finance, wielding his immense power and credit so as to steady the market when panic threatened.

Mr. Morgan has been such a reorganiser and reconstructor of bankrupt corporations, especially railroad companies, that Wall Street has come to call the process re-Morganising. He acts, sometimes, as a sort of expert financial doctor, called in to treat

A CLASS IN BRICKLAYING.



STUDENTS AT WORK DECORATING A CEILING.

THE NEW YORK TRADE SCHOOL, FIRST AVENUE, SIXTY-SEVENTH AND SIXTY-EIGHTH STREETS, WHICH WAS ESTABLISHED BY MR. MORGAN AT A COST OF OVER £100,000.

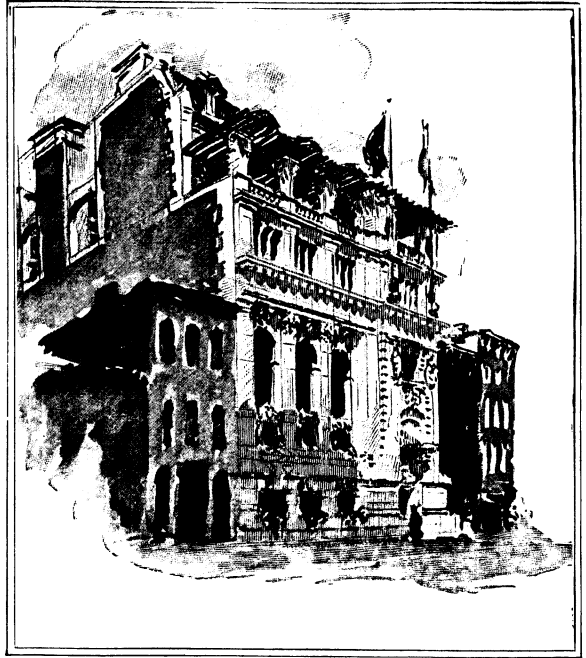
*From the water colour sketch by Otto Bacher.*

misses an opportunity to strike a blow at competition in whatever form it may appear. Rival companies compete and lose money—Mr. Morgan steps in and combines them, thus saving not only the losses due to the competition, but economising also in administrative expenses. In times of great excitement in Wall Street, when panic and loss threatened the United States, Mr. Morgan has been the first to come to the rescue with his money and credit, knowing that panic and uncertainty are among the most fruitful sources of loss to capital. In the panic of December, 1899, for instance, when call

financial illness for a fee—and he knows as well how to charge as the best specialist in surgery. At other times he buys up a railroad, as a second-hand furniture dealer buys a dilapidated settee, refurbishes it with new upholstery, stiffens the legs, polishes up the varnish, and sells it for new at a big profit. One might also liken Mr. Morgan to a shrewd retail merchant, for he knows so well how to make his goods attractive that, when he places a fine new line of stocks and bonds in his window, they are recognised as the latest fashion and find a ready market.

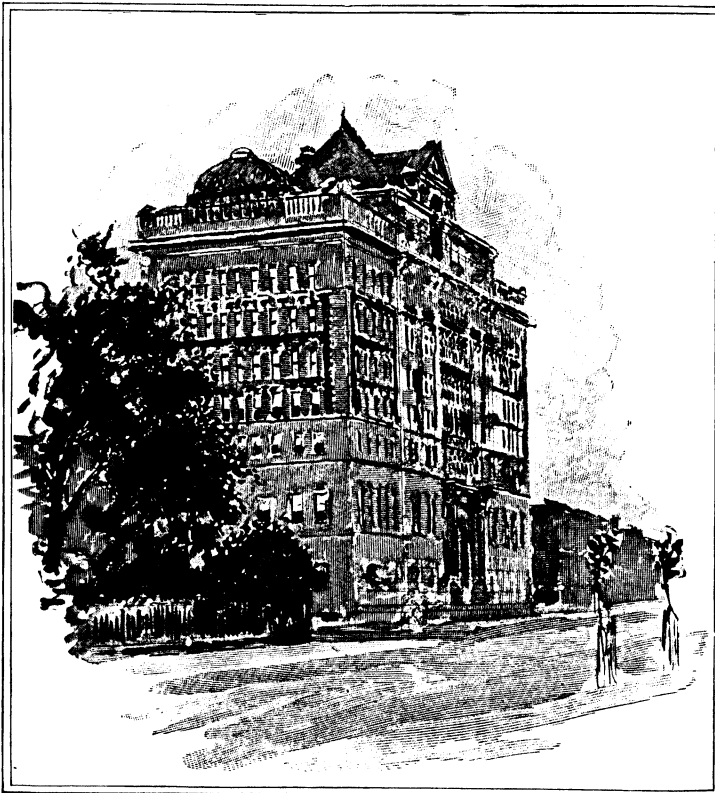
But this reorganising is a tremendously difficult business. For instance, in 1893, Mr. Morgan's firm took hold of what was then the Richmond and West Point Terminal Railway and Warehouse System, a loose, confused combination of some thirty jealous companies, all involved in bankruptcy, with some fifty millions of pounds in

securities outstanding. It required months merely to learn the nature of the business, and then Mr. Morgan took up the almost hopeless task of getting the consent of all the warring interests to his plan of reorganisation. He had to persuade, frighten, or force crowds of creditors to bow to his will, besides providing the vast sums of money necessary to buy up claims and to support the railroad while the work of reorganisation was going forward. It is impossible to give more than a hint of the complications involved in such an achievement; in this case there were no fewer than twenty-six foreclosures. And at the last, in this as in every reorganisation, Mr. Morgan was confronted with the great task of convincing the public that the new company could so operate the railroad, which had gone bankrupt before, that it would pay a profit, else the stocks



THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, 37, WEST FORTY-FOURTH STREET. THE LAND ON WHICH THE HOUSE STANDS WAS GIVEN BY MR. MORGAN.

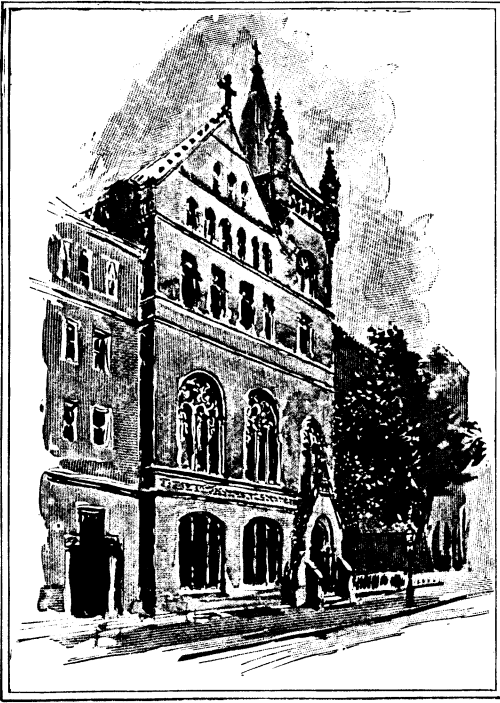
*From the water colour sketch by Otto Bucher.*



THE NEW LYING-IN HOSPITAL, SECOND AVENUE, SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH STREETS, TO WHICH MR. MORGAN GAVE £270,000.

*From the water colour sketch by Otto Bucher.*

and bonds would not sell. To-day, the Southern Railway, which sprang from this feat of reorganisation, is one of the best railroads in the country, doing a large part of the transportation business of the Southern States. In a similar manner Mr. Morgan's firm reorganised the West Shore Railroad in 1885, and sold it to the New York Central, thereby stopping the fierce competition which was injuring both roads; the Reading Railroad in 1886, the Chesapeake and Ohio in 1888, the Erie Railroad in 1895, the Lehigh Valley Railroad in 1897. As far back as 1880 Mr. Morgan's firm furnished



THE NEW PARISH HOUSE OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH,  
207, EAST SIXTEENTH STREET, TO WHICH MR. MORGAN  
GAVE £60,000.

*From the water colour sketch by Otto Bacher.*

the money, eight million pounds, which enabled the Northern Pacific Railroad to build to the Pacific coast, and in 1887 it saved the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from insolvency by forming a syndicate to provide that company with two million pounds.

However, many of Mr. Morgan's reorganizations are criticised in Wall Street for being slow in paying profits, and he is accused in some quarters of overcapitalising his corporations, basing the stock issue on the most favourable and promising aspects of the business, rather than on an average accomplishment. Many Wall Street men assert that the new Steel Corporation has thus been overcapitalised, and that it can never earn the expected dividends on so large a capital. This view, however, is as strenuously combated in other quarters.

Mr. Morgan's most noteworthy achievements have been the part he played at least three times in relieving the United States Government from serious financial embarrassment. As early as 1876, Drexel, Morgan and Co. were the chief instruments in furnishing the cash for refunding the Government debt, and placing the United States once

more on a gold basis after the years of stress and paper money following the civil war. The part that J. P. Morgan and Co. played in 1895, when, after the panic of 1893, gold began to flow out of the country until it threatened the stability of the Treasury, is familiar history. At that time Morgan and Belmont, with other bankers whom they interested, agreed to buy forty million pounds' worth of Government bonds, to pay for them in gold, and to prevent gold, as nearly as possible, from leaving the country. It was one of the greatest financial undertakings ever attempted. In effect it placed all the credit of the private money interest of the country behind the Government, and it saved the day. For this service J. P. Morgan and Co. and its associates exacted very large pay, and when roundly abused for it by the public and in Congress, they answered that their profits were not large considering the magnitude and risk of the undertaking. In the threatened panic of the next year, 1896, Mr. Morgan offered again to provide gold for the Government, but when the people demanded a popular loan, he immediately wrote to President Cleveland pledging him his support.

In 1899, J. P. Morgan and Co. took the lead in a significant departure in American finance. Until then London was the world money centre, and the United States had, therefore, been a borrower, not a lender. But in 1899, Mr. Morgan's firm financed the first foreign loan ever negotiated here. With the assistance of its connections in Europe the entire foreign debt of Mexico, amounting to twenty-two million pounds, was converted. In 1900 the firm took the lead in helping to supply Great Britain with war money, placing over two million pounds' worth of bonds in the country, and since then it has taken part of several other foreign loans.

These are only a few of the achievements of Mr. Morgan and his firm. A history of J. P. Morgan and Co. for the last six years would constitute a fairly complete history of Wall Street, and, indeed, of finance in the United States.

Business by no means absorbs all of Mr. Morgan's energy. Perhaps his first interest outside of his work is his enthusiasm as a collector of works of art. He is the possessor of many famous paintings, and is interested in rare china, Limoges ware particularly. As evidences of his taste, he has gathered and presented a collection of fabrics to Cooper Union, of rare gems

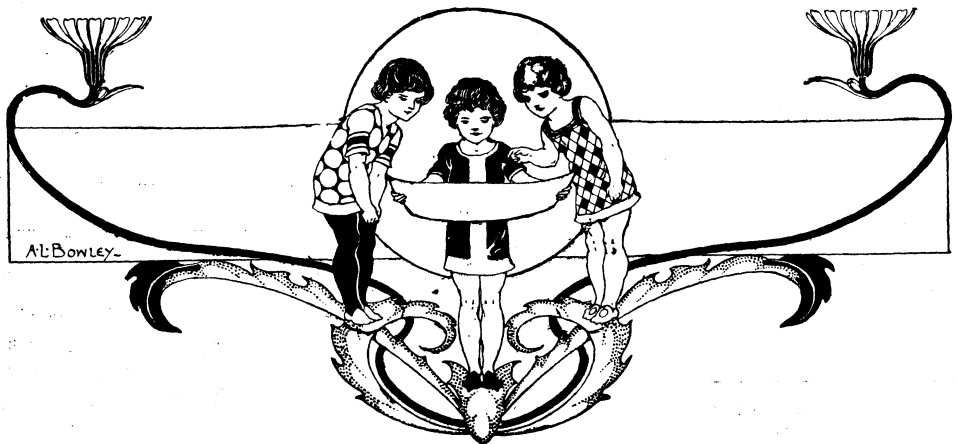


to the American Museum of Natural History, of Greek ornaments to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Yachting is his diversion, and he superintended the building of his steam yacht "Corsair" in every detail. For a long time he was commodore of the New York Yacht Club, to which he recently presented the land for a new clubhouse. After a hard siege at business Mr. Morgan goes for a cruise, and it is related that he often takes with him a mass of papers, and that when his friends look for him he is to be found below deck buried deep in figures, utterly oblivious to his surroundings. Fond of a fine dinner, a connoisseur in wines, and a judge of cigars, he is temperate in all these. Caring little for society, he occasionally enjoys a quiet party, and may warm into talkativeness, though never on business subjects. Anyone who has seen him at the dinners of the New England Society knows that he enjoys them. There he will sometimes join in the singing, but it is very rarely that he makes a speech. None of his few intimate friends are among his business associates. The outward mark of esteem which Mr. Morgan bestows upon a man is to present him with a collie dog from the kennels of his country home. A member of many clubs, he is too busy to be much of a clubman, but he has always been a church-goer, and, what is more, a church-worker, being a vestryman of St. George's Church, in Stuyvesant Square, and the unfailing friend and helper of its rector, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford. He has taken especial interest in the boys of the church, has helped devise means to keep them off the street and to teach them trades, and sometimes he attends the evening sessions of their club and talks to them. Two of his known philanthropies

have been the establishment, at a cost of over one hundred thousand pounds, of the now well known New York Trade School, in the upper east side of New York, and the founding of a smaller trade school in connection with St. George's Church.

Mr. Morgan has also given to Harvard University for the Medical School two hundred thousand pounds; for a great lying-in hospital near St. George's Church, two hundred and seventy thousand pounds; for St. John's Cathedral, one hundred thousand pounds; for help towards paying the debts of the Young Men's Christian Association, twenty thousand pounds; for the Loomis Hospital for Consumptives, some one hundred thousand pounds; for a library in Holyoke, Massachusetts (his father's birthplace), twenty thousand pounds; for preserving the Palisades along the Hudson River, twenty-five thousand pounds; for a new parish house and rectory for St. George's Church, sixty thousand pounds. He also contributed largely to the Queen Victoria memorial fund and to the Galveston relief fund; he presented St. Paul's Cathedral with a complete electric plant, and built a hospital at Aix-les-Bains, France.

And this is J. Pierpont Morgan, a powerful factor in one of the great departments of human activity, a man endowed with extraordinary energy and capacity, who has trampled forward in his own rough way, asking neither sympathy nor advice; who has been widely trusted and feared, little liked and much abused; who has attained great wealth, which he neither needed nor desired, except as a tool to carve a way to greater achievements; who has worked prodigiously—in short, a man who has lived his life and fought his fight to the limit of his power.



# A MATTER OF MOTIVES.

By ROBERT BARR.\*



WHEN one comes to think of it, I don't quite see how we of the upper classes can consistently look down on trade, while the Marquis of Morton has a personally conducted stall in Covent Garden, Lord Latimer a carriage-shop in Long Acre, the Countess of Sanderland a millinery establishment in Bond Street, and the Duke of Surrey an outfitter's warehouse off the Strand. Nevertheless, we young fellows in Oriel College thought ourselves vastly superior to the tradesmen with whom we dealt and from whom we accepted credit.

However, in one instance, pride was to have a fall; and I must confess that the bitterest day of my life was that on which I received my father's letter, saying I must leave Oxford and come at once to London, to face the stern realities of life, as he picturesquely put it, because his money had given out. This not unexpected announcement was all the more unwelcome because I was getting on so well at my college. I had a good place in the boat, and—if I do say it myself (it is not boasting, but merely stating an admitted fact)—I was the best cricketer the college possessed. I believe I should have done honour to my school had fate permitted me to remain; but, as I was compelled to leave it, there seemed no use in growling about the matter.

The interview with my father was brief and conclusive. He spoke pathetically of the sad position of a younger son; but that was nothing new, for he had always been a younger son, and the position covered a multitude of shortcomings. I was an only son, and so the younger and elder in one,

but precious little good it did me. I thought if my father drank more water and indulged in less betting, he might have been able to keep me at college; but I said nothing of this, for I liked him.

The Pater was well on with the third bottle that evening when I met him, and was inclined to be somewhat doleful regarding the prospects of our family, and pessimistic concerning the world in general.

"Billy, my boy, we're all going to the dogs, unless you can save the situation. Times are bad, Billy—cursedly bad, except commercially. Statistics show us that there never was a period when the rewards of trade were so enormous, and the dish—dishtra—distra"—with a final plunge—"bution of wealth so unequal. If it wasn't for the family, hang me, Billy! if I wouldn't turn—what do you call it?—Socialist, by jingo! Fill your glass, Billy."

"No, thank you, sir; I'm in training."

I had forgotten that I was not going back to college, but the dear old boy remembered it, and shed a few tears, although I tried my best to console him, saying it didn't matter, and I didn't mind in the least. He had been in the boat himself in the past days, and knew better. Now we were in the same boat together—the punt of poverty.

"Billy, the only good your father is to you is as an example. You study him, Billy, and do the opposite. Then you'll get along in this plebeian age. I've given great thought to your future, Billy. Times are changed, and we must change with them. I'm too old to change, but you are young, Billy, and the world's before you. And that's a great thing, Billy. You can't teach an old dog new tricks; but you're a puppy, Billy."

"Not very complimentary, Pater," I ventured to suggest.

"Oh! you know what I mean, Billy. You will have to make a dive in the City, and fetch up a big pearl, if you can."

"Do you mean the Stock Exchange, sir? I fear that is a form of gambling I know less about than of horses. Hadn't I better follow the custom of the family and stick to the turf?"

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"The turf has been our ruin, Billy. No, my boy, I don't mean the Stock Exchange. I refer to the more legitimate fields of commercial activity. I have not the money to pay a premium that will get you into anything grand, Billy, so you must depend largely on your own ability. I did a favour once or twice to a shopman named Briggs, and perhaps he has not forgotten it. He was a decent sort, as I remember him. He had a little shop in one of the back streets Victoria Station way. That you will have to find; I forget the address. I have written a letter of introduction, gently intimating that one good turn deserves another, and perhaps he can put you in the way of a place. With your education you ought to forge ahead—forge ahead, Billy. I have no fears but you will do your best."

"In what line of trade was Mr. Briggs?" I asked.

"He was by way of being a brass-fitter, or something of that sort."

"Is it your intention, sir, that I should learn brass-fitting?"

"That's as maybe, Billy. Needs must when What's-his-name drives, you know. We cannot be pickers and choosers, Billy."

So next morning early I set out, armed with the letter of introduction, to find Richard Briggs, brass-fitter, in no very enviable frame of mind. I searched in vain all about Victoria Station, and could hear nothing of R. Briggs, until I inquired at an ironmonger's.

"Old Dick Briggs?" said the ironmonger. "Oh, yes, I knew him; but, bless you! he's got on in the world, has Dick, and I've seen nothing of him for years and years. His business was made into a 'limited,' and it's on Victoriar Street . . . R. Briggs and Co . . . you'll see the sign up. 'Lectricians, they calls themselves now. Ye cawn't miss it.'"

This somehow cheered me, and I went along Victoria Street, looking to right and left, until I found the place. There was

nothing of the back street about this establishment. A great plate-glass window displayed the single word, "Accumulators," on it in white letters. I hoped this word was an omen, and that I should prove an accumulator myself, which very few of my family had ever been. Entering the shop, I was met by a man to whom I took an instant and intuitive dislike. If I may say so, he was greasily polite. He seemed too young a man to be the Mr. Briggs I was in search of, but I resolved to open conversation diplomatically, although I imagined him to be simply a shopman. I found afterwards I had underestimated his position. He was manager.



"You wish a situation. What can you do?"

"Is this Mr. Briggs?" I asked.

"No, sir," he replied. "What do you want of Mr. Briggs?"

"I have a letter here for him."

"Well, you're a little late in bringing it. Mr. Briggs has been dead three years come midsummer."

"Oh! I'm sorry to hear it," I muttered, not knowing exactly what else to say. But my sympathy was evidently misplaced, for the man seemed to have no regrets, and looked at me hard, without offering any further suggestion.

"Is there—is there either of his sons in?" I inquired with some hesitation.

"Naturally not. Mr. Briggs never had a son."

"Then who is the proprietor of this business?"

"I am the manager. Won't that do for you?"

I saw that our dislike was mutual, and that for some reason this person had determined to baulk any designs I had upon the establishment. However, I can be stubborn myself if need be. I said to him with the utmost urbanity—

"If you are the manager, you will doubtless answer my question. It can easily be found out, for it is not a State secret, you know. Who is the head of this firm?"

He answered with some surliness—

"Miss Briggs."

"Would you be good enough to ask Miss Briggs if she will see me?"

"I'll take in your letter," he said.

"I'll take it in myself, if you don't mind."

Leaving me standing there, he entered an inner room and closed the door after him. I could not help thinking that if Miss Briggs condescended to take me into her employ, I had made rather a bad beginning by getting the manager down on me, especially as he would be my chief. However, I could see no help for it, because he had been antagonistic from the moment he surmised I was not a customer. I suppose I had "applicant" written all over me, and applicants are never popular with *employés*. I pictured Miss Briggs as rather a martinet in her realm, because the manager had evidently been afraid to attempt any further bafflement of me, where a man accorded more liberty would not have hesitated to tell me his employer was busy or not in. This guess proved accurate. I also imagined her a tall, severe old maid, with a somewhat forbidding cast of countenance. In this surmise I was wrong.

"Step this way, please," said the manager, emerging. He held the door open for me, but did not venture to follow.

I was confronted by a *petite* young woman perched on a high stool, with very jet black hair, curly and closely cropped. Her eyes were exceedingly black and piercing, and I had an uncomfortable feeling that they saw instantly what a fool I was and how little I knew. They had a habit of blazing alight suddenly, as if the electricity she dealt in had flamed up within them, and I saw that even the manager might quail at meeting their glance in anger. She wore a man's collar and necktie, and her skirts were rather short. My first impression was that she resembled a boy masquerading as a girl.

"Give me the letter," she said shortly. I handed it to her without a word, and she read it without a word. Turning to me, she said, "You are Mr. Kilorme?"

"Yes."

"Where have I heard the name before? Any relation to Lord Kilorme?"

"He is my uncle."

"Um!" She took down a thin book, ran her finger over a list of names, found what she wanted, said sharply to a youth at another desk, "Get ledger No. 4."

The heavy volume was placed before her, and she consulted its pages, then closed them with a snap that sent the dust flying, giving expression again to that little closed-lip exclamation which I have designated by "Um!" but which does not at all represent the sound. She had a habit of using this interjection, and I cannot qualify it better than by saying it appeared to signify, "Just as I thought." The monosyllable was so eloquent that it convinced me she had looked up my father's name, and found that the obligation referred to in his letter had consisted of running up a bill with her father, which was never paid. I have a stupid schoolboy habit of colouring, or at least had at that time, and when she looked at me again, I was uneasily aware that my cheeks were very red. Nevertheless, there was a kindly twinkle in those midnight eyes of hers.

"You wish a situation. What can you do?"

"I fear I am in the willing-to-learn stage."

"Um! That's not of much advantage. Have you been to school?"

"I was at a public school, and have been three years in Oxford."

"Latin and Greek are not of much use in electric working."

"I should be sorry if they were, for I know little enough of either."

She did not smile, but her eyes danced, and she looked me up and down with more of interest than had hitherto been the case. Nevertheless, I was wholly unprepared for the next question, and very much taken aback by it.

"Why do you not say 'miss' or 'madam' when you address me? Did they not teach you politeness in Oxford?"

"Well, miss, I—I—beg your pardon," I managed to stammer, reddening like a sunset.

"Do you understand book-keeping?" continued this merciless young inquisitor, without ever a smile to relieve my embarrassment.

"No, miss."

"Did you take a science course?"

"Well—er—there was some science about, but I'm afraid I——"

"In Heaven's name what did they teach you, then?"

I began to be annoyed, not only at her searching questions, but at my own evident incompetence, so I said rather brusquely—

"Well, madam, I can carry that machine in the other room which two of your men were staggering under."

"The dynamo? Um! Then it is a porter's place you are seeking?"

In spite of myself I laughed, partly through vexation and partly through amusement at her gift of repartee. I was much relieved to see her smile just a little. But the smile lasted only a fraction of a second.

"Will twenty-five shillings a week satisfy you to begin on? I doubt if anyone else in London would give you as much for your qualifications. If you think you can get more, don't take my offer."

"I'm sure I could not get anything like it," I said, and then hurriedly added, "miss," which brought the twinkle to her eye again.

"Although I spoke to you a moment ago about politeness," she said very seriously, "it is for your manner rather than your extensive knowledge that I am engaging you. We do a good deal of work for gentle-folk, and I fancy your style of address may prove more suitable than Barclay's. It is merely an experiment, and we will see how it succeeds. Don't forget to say 'sir' when you are speaking to a gentleman customer."

I promised to remember; she called the manager in, addressing him as Barclay, gave me into his charge, and I was launched into business under a scowl from my immediate

chief. "Barclay," said Miss Briggs, with some tartness of tone, "you will answer any questions he asks, and give him whatever technical books he cares to study. I hope that before a week he will know some of the differences between a dynamo and an accumulator."

This latter remark rather offended me. I was ignorant, it is true, but not so ignorant as that, so I wired in on the books that were lent me, and asked questions of everybody. I had previously no idea electricity was so interesting, and wondered I had not learnt more of it at college. I also came to the knowledge that Miss Briggs was called Sally by her intimate friends. She always nodded to me when she came in, and once or twice spoke to me on one triviality or another connected with the business, but she gave no intimation that my progress pleased her. I knew I was getting along well, although she did not seem to recognise the fact.

As for Barclay, he was the most objectionable beast I had ever met, making things as unpleasant as he could for me in the absence of Miss Briggs, and actually fawning kindness and help upon me when she was anywhere about. I hoped the time would come when I might venture on punching Barclay's head, but I had to be more sure of my position first.

I had not been long there before I discovered how lucky I had been that first morning in finding Miss Briggs at her office, for most of the time she was elsewhere. She was the cleverest woman in all London, for her size, it seemed to me. No contract was taken by the firm unless she first looked over the ground. She had a speedy little electric motor-car that ran about thirty-five miles on one charge, and with this she tore round the Metropolis and the suburbs at a pace which only her great skill in managing the machine rendered at all practicable. On an average of once a week she had her book-keeper enter a sum ranging from ten shillings to five pounds which she had been fined for breaking the statute of limitation regarding speed. There was a special ledger account, headed "Travelling Expenses," in which these items were set down. The motor-car was painted with amazing vividness; yellow, scarlet, and a staring blue. I was looking at it, standing in front of the shop one day, as she passed through prepared for travelling, and something of disapproval of its gaudiness must have been noticeable in my expression. She was uncannily quick at reading one's

thoughts. She stopped abruptly and said, pulling on her driving gloves—

"Well, you don't approve of my motor-carriage, Mr. Kilorme?"

"I confess it seems to me a trifle loud, miss."

"Um! Loud? It's the quietest motor in London. It has a purr like a kitten."

"I mean rather pronounced in colour."

She looked with renewed interest at her vehicle for a few moments without speaking, then said—

"What colour would suit your refined tastes, Mr. Kilorme?"

"I should prefer black, or a dark olive green, with perhaps a thin red stripe, Miss Briggs."

"Um!" said she, and without further remark went out to the motor and was off like a flash of lightning.

"Well, Snobby," sneered Barclay, when she was gone, "that's a nice way to talk to a lady. She'll like that. Her motor-car is the prettiest one I've ever seen. Shows how much *you* know."

I rarely answered Barclay, and even if I had intended to do so on this occasion, there was no opportunity, for in rushed our American, as I called him—a breathless, frequent visitor of late. He was always on the jump, and gave one the idea that the world was to end in about two minutes, and that he had a good deal to accomplish in the interval. The American never took any notice of me. He seemed to know by intuition that I was an understrapper and of no account in the place. But Barclay and he had a row every time he honoured us with his presence. The American's quest was Miss Briggs, but invariably he missed her, which led me to reflections on my own luck in finding her the first morning I casually strolled in. The American's voice was piercing and insistent, so everyone in the shop had no difficulty in learning all he had to promulgate during his brief and eager visits. I gathered he was in the accumulator trade, but his great speciality was abuse of England and Englishmen. He seemed to be in a constant state of wonderment that a discerning Providence allowed such a slow-going country and such a stupid people still to exist. He evidently took the saturnine Barclay as typical of his race, and the contempt he poured on our heads in consequence was scathing. Now, I loved to interfere with Barclay in a quiet, helpful way, as if I wished to be of assistance to him, which action drove the usually stolid manager into something as

near a frenzy as he could reach. So on this occasion, instead of answering his sneer, I put in my oar in an amiable way which I knew would goad Barclay toward indiscretions.

"A moment sooner and you would have met Miss Briggs. She went out in her motor-car just as you were coming in."

The American wheeled round and took me in at an eagle glance.

"What! That little girl in a chromo on wheels? Is *that* Miss Briggs? Thunder! I thought it was an advertisement of a circus! Why, I've seen her all over town, like a flash escaped from a prism. That girl has some go about her, if she *does* live in England."

"Why don't you make an appointment with her?"

"Appointment? I've made a dozen appointments, and she hasn't kept one of them."

"There must be some mistake. Miss Briggs is an admirable business woman, strict at keeping an appointment. If you give me your name and address, I'll speak to her and——"

"Snobby!" cried Barclay, almost foaming at the mouth, "you go to the back of the shop and attend to your own business!"

"I was merely offering a suggestion——" I began humbly, but Barclay was in a rage.

"Get out of this!" he roared.

The American clutched me familiarly by the shoulder.

"Hold on, hold on, sonny," he said. "I can see you're a white man, and there's where you differ from a number on this island. You've got some sense, an ingredient entirely overlooked when this manager's storage battery was put together. I got no further use for you." And metaphorically he waved the irate Barclay out of existence. "Now, see here, my son. I'm Jared Hawkings, from Bangor, Main, U.S.A. Do you catch on? Well, you tell Miss Briggs I'm offering her the chance of her life. I've invented a storage battery that will run twice as long and weigh half as much as any now in the market. And the cost is so small that you'll be wondering all the time why you're not giving 'em away. So help me! the batteries you people are deluding a darn fool public with are heavy enough to sink a sanctified soul into partition, and they don't last any longer than a bundle of dry straw would in the same place. Will you tell Miss Briggs that?"

"I shall endeavour to transmit your meaning as well as our more prosaic English language will allow."



“‘Get out of this!’ he roared.”

Jared laughed boisterously and smote me genially on the back.

“Bully for you! *You’re* all right. Here’s my address, and I’m ready to call on her any hour, night or day. Impress her with the fact that this is important. I’m not pulling your leg. That’s right. Now’s her

chance to make a good bargain with me. The storage battery of my pocket-book is about exhausted and needs re-charging. I don’t make no bluff about it. If I had the cash, I’d rent the store next door, and with me in opposition to you, you folks wouldn’t sell another storage battery from now till



the day Gabriel toots his horn. That's right."

"You're not very logical, Mr. Hawkings. If the English are as stupid as you say they are, they'll go on buying our poor batteries, and leave your good ones alone."

"Oh! the English are not half so bad as they try to be. So long."

He bolted for the door and was gone, as if he had suddenly seen his dearest friend on the pavement.

Barclay was white-hot with rage, but I managed to cool him down. I knew there was an interesting time in store for me, and when he shouted out, "You young jackanapes! do you know who is manager here?" I said very quietly, "I know who very soon will be, if you do not mend your ways, Mr. Barclay. I quite understand your position, and sympathise with your difficulty. You regret that you took me in to see Miss Briggs that first morning, and from your standpoint I don't know that I blame you. You resolved you would not commit a like mistake the second time, and so you have foolishly stood between Jared Hawkings and Miss Briggs. If she ever finds that out, she will be displeased. I don't ask you to be decent, for that's too much to expect from you, but be as decent as you can, and I'll protect you as long as I am able. I'll ask the American not to tell on you."

Barclay muttered and spluttered a bit, but I saw he was frightened, and I expected to have an easier time in future.

I was pleased to have an opportunity of mentioning the American to Miss Briggs, not on his account at all, but on my own. The lady's communications with me had been so brief that no opportunity occurred of showing her how well I had followed her advice in studying electricity, and I was very sure Barclay had never given me any credit in that or in other things. As usual, she was perched on the high stool, like a bird on a twig, when I went in, and she whirled round to face me.

I began with a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of the accumulator, touched on its increasing usefulness, and the future that awaited it, spoke of its numerous disadvantages, and related the cause of them, hinted that America would probably yet produce the ideal storehouse of the electric fluid, indicated the tremendous advantage any firm would possess who had a monopoly of the perfected battery, suggested that it might be well to investigate the merits of Jared

Hawkings's invention. There was more real solid and accurate electrical information in that harangue than had ever been got into the same number of words outside an article in the *Electrical Review*. The young woman never spoke a word, but watched me intently with those very wide-open black eyes of hers, and several times this disconcerting gaze nearly switched off the current; but I was charged to my full capacity, and there was no break in the connections. Several times the smouldering fire in her eyes flamed up, and once there was a twitching of the corners of the lips, as if she said to herself, "This young man is piling it on," but she never interrupted me until I had finished, then she said clippingly—

"Why, Billy, you're a second Edison!"

I don't know how it is, but everyone calls me Billy sooner or later. I never quite liked the designation; it doesn't seem suitable for a man six feet high and stalwart in proportion, but from her lips it didn't sound at all bad, although I felt myself blushing again. She laughed a little at my evident confusion, and then plunged somewhat hurriedly into a discussion of the Hawkings accumulator. For reasons of her own, she did not invite Hawkings to call on her, but, taking me with her, called on him. His battery was tested and found, if not quite all he said it was, yet much superior to the one we were using. I conducted most of the negotiations, which resulted in her taking the vacant shop next door and setting up Hawkings in a business of which she owned the majority of stock. Hawkings had at first objected to giving her the controlling share, but as she furnished all the money, she insisted on holding the reins of power, and ultimately the shrewd Hawkings profited largely by the arrangement, as was right and proper.

Manager Barclay was told nothing of all this, and thought Hawkings had started opposition as he had long threatened to do. It always amused me when customers, offended by Barclay's manner, or not finding what pleased them, alleged they would go next door, for they had no more idea than Barclay himself that the two places were under the same proprietorship.

From this time forward I had little to do in the shop. Miss Briggs took me with her in her motor-car when she went to oversee contracts under way, or to estimate for new work, I acting partly as private secretary, partly as reporter of proceedings, partly as adviser. My salary had been raised several times without any solicitation on my part,

and, curiously enough, the motor-car had been painted a dark olive green, with thin red stripes. I think I earned my salary, for now it was my name and address the police took, and I attended the court and paid over the fines and costs. This saved Miss Briggs a great deal of time and annoyance, without limiting the speed of her car in the least. I got accustomed to a large salary much sooner than to her daring whisking in and out among the London traffic. It seemed amazing that we did not come to disaster several times a day, but I never knew her to touch another vehicle, although sometimes there was very little daylight between the hubs. My life at this time was very pleasant, and seemed likely to continue so, when suddenly it was clouded by an admission made by my father which changed the complexion of everything.

The conduct of Miss Sally Briggs became rather a puzzle to me. No woman understood the value of time better than she, yet on several occasions she drove out of London and through various charming parts of the country, with no particular object in view, so far as I could see. The radius of her motor-car had been largely extended through the adoption of the Hawkings accumulator, and I soon discovered that her waste of time came through her growing admiration for that capable inventor, although she endeavoured to delude me by the mention of another, whom I know she had never thought seriously of.

On one of these unnecessary trips we had passed Richmond and were bowling along toward Kingston, for once well within the legal limit of speed. Not that it made any difference in Kingston, she said, for the police there had got so in the habit of stopping her, that they would have taken her name and address if she had been walking to church. She was silent for some time, giving her whole attention to the carriage, when she spoke abruptly.

"Billy, you are adviser-in-chief to the firm. I am offered two contracts, and don't know which to take."

"Take them both, of course," said I, "if the prices are right."

"Um! I can't quite do that. They are proposals of marriage."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, not knowing what further to say. She glanced sideways at me and then went on with much imperturbability, when one considers the subject. I thought it rather strange and—well—a trifle indelicate to consult me on such a theme. I was

young and rather romantically inclined, I suppose, and the cool way she talked of marriage, as if it were the installing of the electric light in a country house, jarred on my nerves.

"One proposal is from Mr. Barclay. I have known him for a long time. He was manager for my father when I was a little girl."

I retorted lightly, "Well, you're not very big now"; but I saw she did not like that remark, so I hastened to add, "Barclay never lacked cheek."

"The other offer is from Mr. Jared Hawkings, late of Bangor, U.S.A."

"That's something more like," I said.

"What are you smiling at?" she asked, quick as a whip. I thought she hadn't noticed that, and replied in some embarrassment, making matters worse, "I—I—was thinking of the line in the song about how you fancied Hawkings for your other——"

"I don't think it is a subject for a jest, you know," she snapped angrily, giving a pull to the lever that nearly jerked the motor-car from under me. It is a blessing the Surrey police did not see the speed we gathered in the next minute. When she slowed down again, and I had caught my breath, I said seriously, "There is no comparison between the two men. Barclay is simply a surly brute. I never liked him, so you can take the usual trade discount off my estimate. But Hawkings is a man, and a very clever man."

"Um! Thank you. I shall marry Mr. Hawkings, then."

She stopped the motor, backed it, turned it round, and away we went to London, almost in silence, for the speed was great, and the vivid little machine required unremitting attention.

I hesitate to speak of my father, but his action and revelation are necessary to this recital. I excuse him by remembering that he was scarcely ever himself in those days, being a confirmed dipsomaniac. It was the drink, and not the man, that spoke. He had seemed to be much interested in Miss Briggs and her business, and was in the habit of asking me how she did, which inquiry I paid little attention to beyond answering civilly. On the evening after our trip beyond Richmond, my mind was filled with her and her matrimonial projects, and when my father asked after her welfare, I replied, and added that Miss Briggs was about to be married to a very clever American engineer whom she had met. My father

looked at me fixedly for a few moments, as if not comprehending my remark; then, to my astonishment, he brought his fist down on the table and said, with unnecessary emphasis, "It's not true. Somebody has been fooling you."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the lady told me so herself."

"You great booby! Don't you know she's a very rich woman?"

"What has that to do with it, sir?"

"To do with it? My son, my only son's a fool—that's what it has to do with it. You should have married her."

"Neither of us ever thought of such a thing, sir."

"You put me out of patience, Billy. The woman is in love with you, and has been this long time. You had only to say the word, and a fortune was in your grasp. But you are so confoundedly selfish that you never think of your poor old father, as long as you have enough money of your own to spend."

"I shared my money with you, sir, until you made your last haul at betting, and expect to share with you when that's gone."

"Betting!" cried the old man with great contempt. "I never made any money at betting all my life."

"I understood that was the source of your recent prosperity."

"You're a fool! The woman is dead in love with you."

"I assure you, sir, you are mistaken."

Here he lost all control of himself, and used language which it is unnecessary to repeat; but what struck me dumb was his statement that Miss Briggs had come to him, and proposed her union with me, giving him £500 on account, as one might say, while he had promised to lead me to a consideration of the match; and now everything was to be ruined by my blind obstinacy.

To say that I believed this would be doing me an injustice. My mind was in a whirl, and I did not know what part of the statement to credit and what to reject.

I could not go to Miss Briggs and demand her account of the transaction, for I still had too much respect and liking for her, yet my father could not have made up the story out of whole cloth. Her own confidences to me regarding her proposed marriage had struck me as strange at the time, and now they took on another tint. All my growing belief in myself had vanished. If there were even a remnant of truth in my father's disclosures, then my rise in the business had not been on account of merit, as I had fondly imagined, but through

favour. If others saw this, it was no wonder that Barclay despised me and took such little pains to conceal his contempt. I thought of



"He was scarcely ever himself in those days."

resigning my position; but if I did, how could I hope to pay the debt my father owed Miss Briggs? I also thought of having it out with her and learning the exact truth, but I could not bring myself to broach the subject.

On Saturday, when salaries were paid, I told the cashier to credit me with the amount of mine until further notice. Next week I was ordered to accompany my employer in her motor-car, as usual. We went across Westminster Bridge and so south through Croydon. She told me that she had had a new set of Hawkings's accumulators put in the vehicle which the American believed would take the machine to Brighton and back on one charge, so I gathered that I was likely to catch a glimpse of the sea before I saw London again, unless the Surrey police arrested us and refused to accept bail. Miss Briggs did not like the Surrey police, and delighted in eluding them. At no time did the joy of battle light up her fine eyes so thoroughly as when she headed her vehicle south. In every sense of the phrase she gave them a run for their money. "I think of opening a contra account," she said to me once, "and crediting myself with five pounds every time I evade the officers."

We had got safely through Caterham, and were at the top of the hill overlooking Godstone, with a fair country before us and a clear road, when she said, "Why did you refuse your salary last week?"

"I didn't refuse it. I merely had it placed to my credit."

"Um! Why did you do that?"

"I wished it to accumulate, like the electricity we deal in."

"Don't equivocate, please," she said sharply. "Answer me."

"I am anxious to pay the debt my father incurred."

"Um! I thought that was it. How came you to learn about the debt?"

"He told me of it himself."

"What did he say?"

"I'd rather not go into particulars, if you please, Miss Briggs."

"Now, Mr. Kilorme, you're an honest young fellow, and would be the last person in the world to do anyone an injustice. Your very refusal to tell me the particulars is an imputation on me. It gives me no chance to defend myself, or to explain, if I cannot defend."

"You are quite right, Miss Briggs; but, you see, I'm in a difficulty. On the one side is my own father, whom I—well, he's my

father. I can't quite say I don't believe him, can I? On the other side there is yourself, for whom I have the greatest regard—the *very* greatest regard—and—and liking—and so——"

"Yes, yes, I quite understand your position, quite. Now tell me all about it; that's the best way."

"Very well, Miss Briggs, I'll say at once that I don't believe a word of what was said to me, and if I am an undutiful son, I cannot help it. My father asserted that you paid him five hundred pounds if he would use his influence with me to—that is—he——"

"Get you to marry me," helped out Miss Briggs, with a calmness that took my breath away.

"Exactly."

The dainty tip of her very small boot had been pressed against the brake lever, and we had been sliding slowly down the hill, while this dialogue was going on. Now she lifted her foot, pressed a little current to her aid, and away we went at a terrific rate.

"Be careful, Miss Briggs. There is Godstone right ahead."

Without a word she slowed down to a moderate pace and so ran through the village. Just beyond Godstone the correct road turned to the left, but she went straight for Tilberstowe Hill, the steep street of the old Romans.

"Better take the other," I expostulated.

"I want to test Hawkings's batteries," she replied, turning on the full force and flying up the hill like a bird. "I think these are splendid accumulators," she added when we reached the top. I quite agreed with her. We ran down the hill a little quicker than I cared to go, and, after passing the railway station, she moderated the pace and spoke slower than was her custom.

"You evidently thought badly of me, because of my offer to your father, and the payment of the money."

"I did not believe it, as I told you before."

"It's true enough, Billy," she continued, with a forlorn tone in her voice. "But I think I owe you an explanation. In fact, that is why I wrung forth your avowal. I did not think you would object. I had looked up the record of the Kilorme family, and, as far back as it can be traced, there has not been one of you who hasn't married for money. Not one. Your uncle, Lord Kilorme, remained a bachelor, I am told, because he could not find an heiress rich enough to suit him."

"I dare say that is true," I replied coldly. "I have never seen my uncle, and know nothing of him."

"Well, I learned also that your father is heir to the title, and that you will yet be Lord Kilorme, in all probability. This tempted me. The Kilormes always married for money; I was a rich woman; why not? It looks feasible from a business point of view. How was I to know that you differed from all your forebears in your views of marriage? But there is one point I wish to have settled finally, and that is why I have brought on this conversation. Did you fancy I was in love with you?"

"I am not such a conceited ass," I replied, with some indignation.

"Um! I am very glad of that. It saves me the trouble of disabusing your mind of any such preposterous idea. The man I am in love with is Mr. Jared Hawkings."

"Then why don't you marry him?" said I somewhat bluntly; for, to tell the truth, I was tired of Hawkings eternally turning up, and felt an irritation that was unaccountable, because, after all, it was none of my business.

She laughed in an odd, mirthless sort of way, and said, "It will seem ridiculous, but you hit upon it that day at Richmond. I do not at all fancy Hawkings for my other name. If he were Lord Kilorme, I'd marry him to-morrow. Think how well it would look on the plate-glass window: 'Lady Kilorme, Electrician.'"

She stopped all further conversation by putting on the full force of the machine. We whisked through villages in a way that I thought reckless, and we left behind us a trail of screaming children and frantic policemen. The only reason I can see that we did not kill most of the population was because we came so silently and passed so quickly that no one had time to dodge, so Miss Briggs's magnificent steering avoided every obstacle. At last I saw a barricade across the road ahead, and what I took to be a phalanx of policemen. She saw it, too, and hissing "Hang on!" turned down a side road on two wheels with a suddenness that, in spite of her warning, nearly wrenched me from my place. We ran along an indifferent road for some miles, and then came to another main thoroughfare leading to Brighton. Here she stopped the motor, and once more my breathing became normal. She jumped down. Her cheeks were like roses and her eyes ablaze with excitement.

"Wasn't that glorious?" she cried. "I

believe those policemen broke the law in putting a barricade across the road. I must have my solicitor look into that matter."

"I know someone who broke the law, and it needs no solicitor to testify to the crime."

She laughed heartily at this and said—

"You are a clever boy, Billy. Jump down and help me."

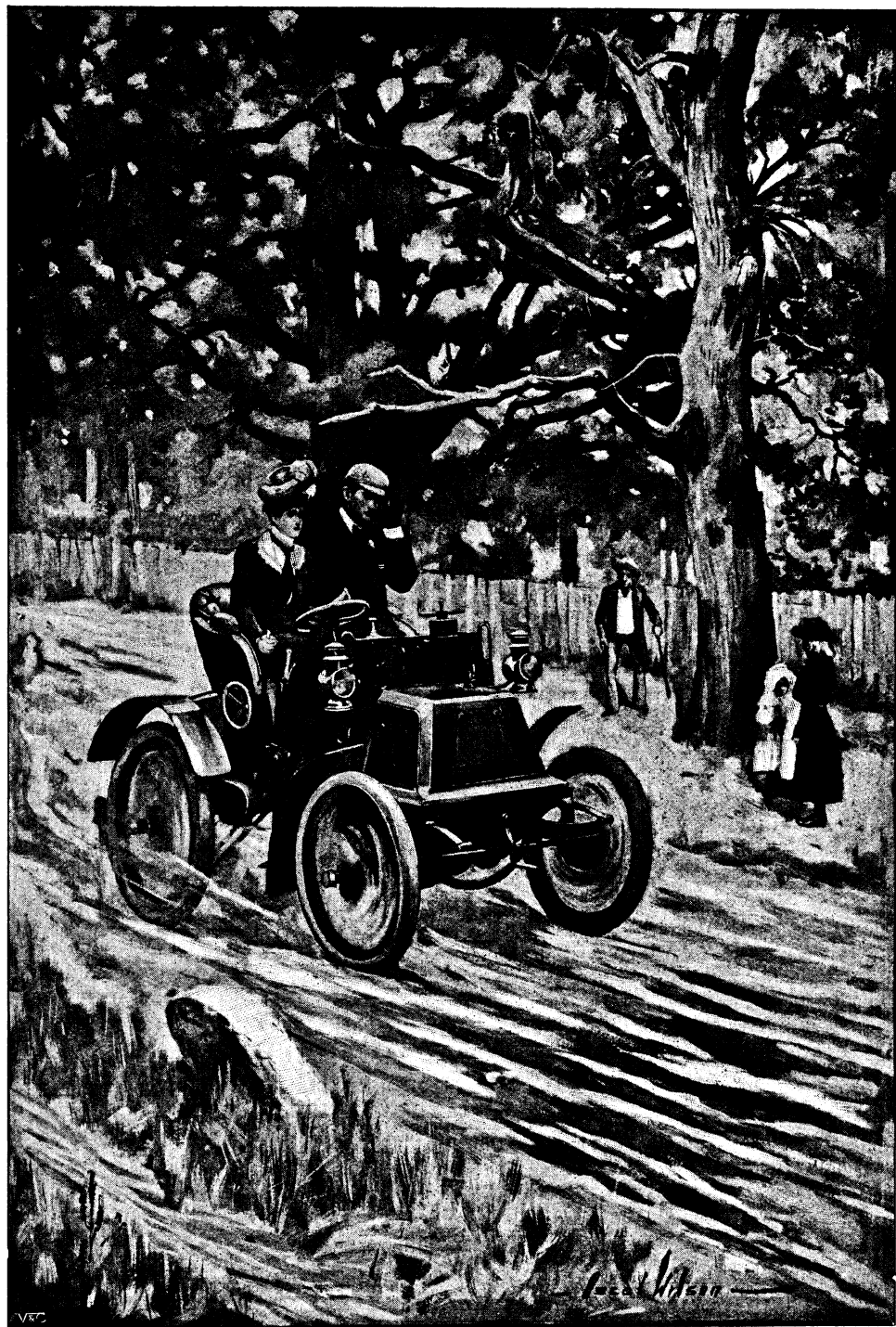
I obeyed with alacrity. She unsnapped a catch here and there, and the sides of the motor came off. She reversed them in a jiffy, I giving what aid I could. In a few moments there stood the old gaudy motor-car that I had objected to so long ago, crimson, yellow, and staring blue. She laughed again at my surprise.

"I suppose you imagined in your youthful sense of importance that I changed the colour of this machine because you didn't like it? Not so. It merely gave me an idea, and I had these sides made reversible. This is the first opportunity I have had of testing the device." She took off the toque she wore, stowed it away, and put on a young man's bowler hat. After making her man's collar and necktie a little more prominent, and adjusting her coat, she stepped into her place again, and when we spread the lap-robe over our knees, you would have sworn we were two young fellows out in a very Turneresque motor-car. The police of Brighton were looking for a reckless woman driving a dark automobile, so they allowed two youths in a sunset vehicle to pass slowly by unmolested.

We had lunch together, and the interest of Miss Briggs in the batteries seemed to have subsided, for she stored the motor at Brighton, and we came back together on the Pullman train, which she said was nice and handy for Victoria Street. There was but one other passenger, and he got out at Croydon. As we two neared London, Miss Briggs put out her hand impulsively.

"Billy, there is no misunderstanding between us now, and you won't think any the worse of me because I have been so frank with you, will you? And you won't talk of resigning, or of refusing your salary, or any nonsense of that sort? Things are to go on as they were before? Promise me that."

I took her offered hand in my right and covered it out of sight with my left. She seemed to wince a little at this; almost withdrew her hand, but allowed it to remain where it was. The deepening rose in her cheeks and the liquid diamond of her eyes made a combination so alluring that I swear



“ ‘ Be careful, Miss Briggs. There is Godstone right ahead.’ ”

I would have kissed her right there and then, had it not been for that shuddering little shrinking at the contact of my great paws, and her expressed preference for that man Hawkings, whom I found myself beginning to detest, in spite of his talent and good fellowship.

"Everything will be the same as formerly," I said, and she sighed slightly as she withdrew her hand.

Weeks passed on, and there was no change at the office. But at home the situation was somewhat worrying to me. My father had become irritable in his cups, taunting and sneering at me. This mood alternated with one almost equally difficult to bear—a cringing, ingratiating demeanour, which I did not at all like. In the latter temper he said to me, "Billy, when is Miss Briggs going to marry that other fellow?"

"I do not know, sir. She has ceased to take me into her confidence."

"Billy, I shall always think you a fool!"

"I am aware that is your opinion, sir."

"No, no, Billy, it isn't my opinion. You're a better man than ever your father was. You wouldn't lie, Billy, even if your fortune depended on it. I did Miss Briggs a great injustice, but I was muddled with drink, and thought what I said would bring about what I wanted. It has had the opposite effect, and it serves me right. They say, '*In vino veritas*,' Billy, but it isn't so. There was no truth in that story I told you of her. She did not come to me. I wrote to her saying I should like to talk to her over the prospects of my only son, and she replied giving me an appointment at her house in Kensington. I am an old hand, Billy, and I was certain, by the way her eyes glowed when we talked of you, that she was in love with you. I may have been mistaken, but I am not yet convinced that I was. I think you and I between us have queered the game. I asked her for a loan of £200, and she wrote me a cheque for £500."

I was on my feet by the time he had finished, and I think the expression of my face frightened him, for he began to hedge.

"I saw you did not believe me, Billy, so I thought it would not matter. But now I have told you the truth. Don't make it hard for me, Billy."

"But, sir, the lady herself told me you had spoken the truth. I did not believe the story until she confirmed it."

"Good Heavens! Billy, you never mentioned to her what I said?"

"She compelled me to tell her. She suspected something of the sort, and placed me in such a position that I had to tell."

"Wonderful little woman! Poor little girl! She did not want you to lose faith in your old father. Billy, she's too good for any of our kind."

Next morning I asked Miss Briggs if she would stay in her office until all the rest were gone, as I wished to consult her on a matter of importance. She flashed a quick look at me, in which there was a suggestion of alarm.

"You are not going to resign again, Billy?"

"Not unless you wish me to."

"Oh! very well. I shall be here."

When at last I had seen the back of Barclay, who had fussed about the shop an exasperatingly long time after everyone else had gone (the time-serving villain would have taken his departure soon enough if Miss Briggs had been absent), I entered the inner office, and saw the young woman in her usual place, scribbling figures on a sheet of paper with her pencil. There was a slight wrinkle of perplexity on her smooth brow as she looked up at me.

"Sally," I began, and she started at the name. I had always called her Miss Briggs before. "Sally, that story you related about the Kilormes and the title, and the deposit of money on account, was all a piece of fiction."

"Who told you that?" she asked quickly.

"My father told me the truth of the matter last night. Now, Sally, in punishment for your duplicity, you will have to marry the man you so brazenly deluded."

"Oh, Billy!" she gasped, her eyes filling, "it hurt me a little when I saw you believed that story. You are a nice boy, the very nicest boy I ever knew, and you think it right to attempt some sort of quixotic reparation. And that hurts me more than the other did. I shall never marry anyone. Never."

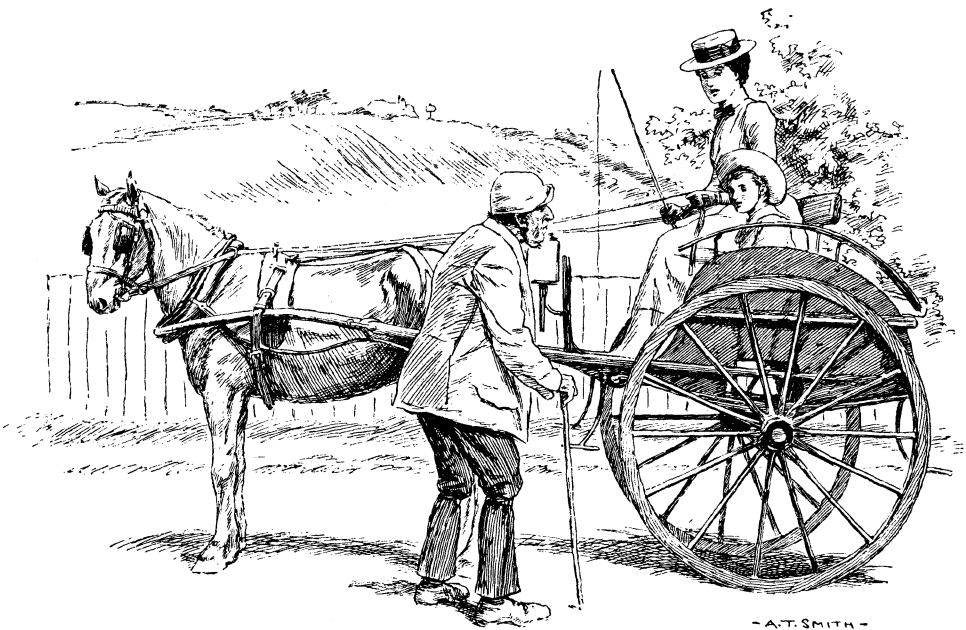
For answer I picked her up and held her high in mid-air, helpless, laughing at her.

"Oh! Billy, Billy!" she cried, "let me down at once! What if someone came in?"

"No fear, Sally. I took the precaution to lock the front door. Hang your riches and hang my prospective title! Will you promise, Sally, or shall I have to shake you into a sensible frame of mind?"

I drew her down to me like the little mid-air angel she was, and I learned something about electricity I had never known before when our lips completed the circuit.





CONCLUSIVE.

THE RECTOR'S WIFE: I hear you are ailing, Giles. What is wrong?  
 GILES: Dunno, m'm; the doctor 'e says I smokes too much and I drinks too much. "Rubbish!" I says; and then 'e says I don't take enough exercise. "Rubbish!" I says again; why, it's more 'an 'arf a mile to the "Red Lion," and up 'ill, too, inter the bargain.

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

A KENTISH farmer has recently discovered that by planting onions and potatoes in the same field in alternate rows the onions become so strong that they bring tears to the "eyes" of the potatoes in such quantities that the roots are kept moist, and a big crop is raised in spite of drought.



"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Barnes."

"Oh! n-no; everyb-body has his little peculiarity. Stammering is m-m-mine; what is y-yours?"

"Well, really, Mr. Barnes, I am not aware that I have any."

"D-do you stir y-your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"W-well, that is y-your p-peculiarity; most p-people u-use a t-teaspoon."



SEASIDE VISITOR: What's become of old Sam White?

LONGSHOREMAN: Died of heart disease last summer, sir. A visitor give him a shilling too sudden, like. My heart's very strong, sir.

A YOUNG British officer at the front recently wrote home to his father from South Africa: "Dear Father,—Kindly send me £100 at once. Lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in hospital without means." The answer was: "My Dear Son,—As this is the third leg you have lost, according to your letters, you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try to wobble along on any others you may have left."



"WHAT do we mostly raise in damp climates?" inquired the professor.

"Umbrellas," replied the intelligent student.



AUNT: It seems you only visit me when you want money.

NEPHEW: But, my dear aunt, I surely couldn't call more frequently!



MASCULINE CUSTOMER: Um! ah! Er, er—er! Er—! he! he!

JEWELLER (to his assistant): Bring that tray of engagement-rings here, Henry.



## A FAMILY DISTINCTION.

MISTRESS: And where did your mother take you for your holiday, yesterday, Mary?

MAID: Oh! we went to Madame Tussaud's, m'm: we always goes there when mother comes up to town. You see, it makes it so interesting 'avin' uncle in the Chamber of 'Orrors.

NEW TENANT: The cellar is full of water; it's disgraceful!

AGENT: And what did you expect? Champagne?



"Do you manage to make your fowls pay, yet?"

"Not so far; but as they have started to eat their own eggs, I am hoping that in time they will at least be self-supporting."



EMPLOYER (to new boy): Has the manager told you what to do this afternoon?

OFFICE BOY: Yessir; I'm to wake him up when I see you coming.

POMPOUS INDIVIDUAL: Are you aware, sir, that you deliberately placed your umbrella in my ear last evening?

FELLOW CLUBMAN: Most careless of me, I'm sure. I wondered what had become of it, and—would it be too much trouble to ask you to return it?



FARMER (to youthful trespasser): What do you mean by thieving in my orchard?

BRIGHT BOY: I was just going to climb up the tree to replace this apple, which, I see, has fallen down.



CUSTOMER: This steak is the toughest thing I've ever had here, waiter.

WAITER (confidentially): Then you ain't tried our roast chicken, sir.



“YOUTH PROPOSES, BUT—”

1. “How’s this, Kitty, not dancing? Why, where’s your naughty, rude partner?”
2. Here he is, enjoying a chastisement from nurse.



## FORCE OF HABIT.

EX-BARBER (who has turned waiter, and is unstrung by the miscarriage of a soda-water bottle and the appearance of his customer): Bay rum, sir? Bay rum?

JONES: Are you still troubled with your neighbour's fowls in your garden?

SMITH: No. They are kept shut up now. Every night I hid some eggs among the shrubs, and every morning, when my neighbour was looking, I went out and brought them in.

FIRST STRANGER: I think we must have met before? Your face seems very familiar to me.

SECOND STRANGER: Quite likely. I've been a warder at Portland for ten years, and before that I was master of a London workhouse.

He was a hungry-looking tramp, and he mournfully wailed as he approached the miser: "I haven't had a bite since yesterday!" "Nonsense!" snarled the wealthy one, "don't try your lies on me! I can see through you!" "Heavens!" gasped the beggar, "I know I'm pretty thin, but I never thought it was so bad as that!"

AMATEUR VIOLINIST: Did you notice that old man crying while I was playing my sonata?

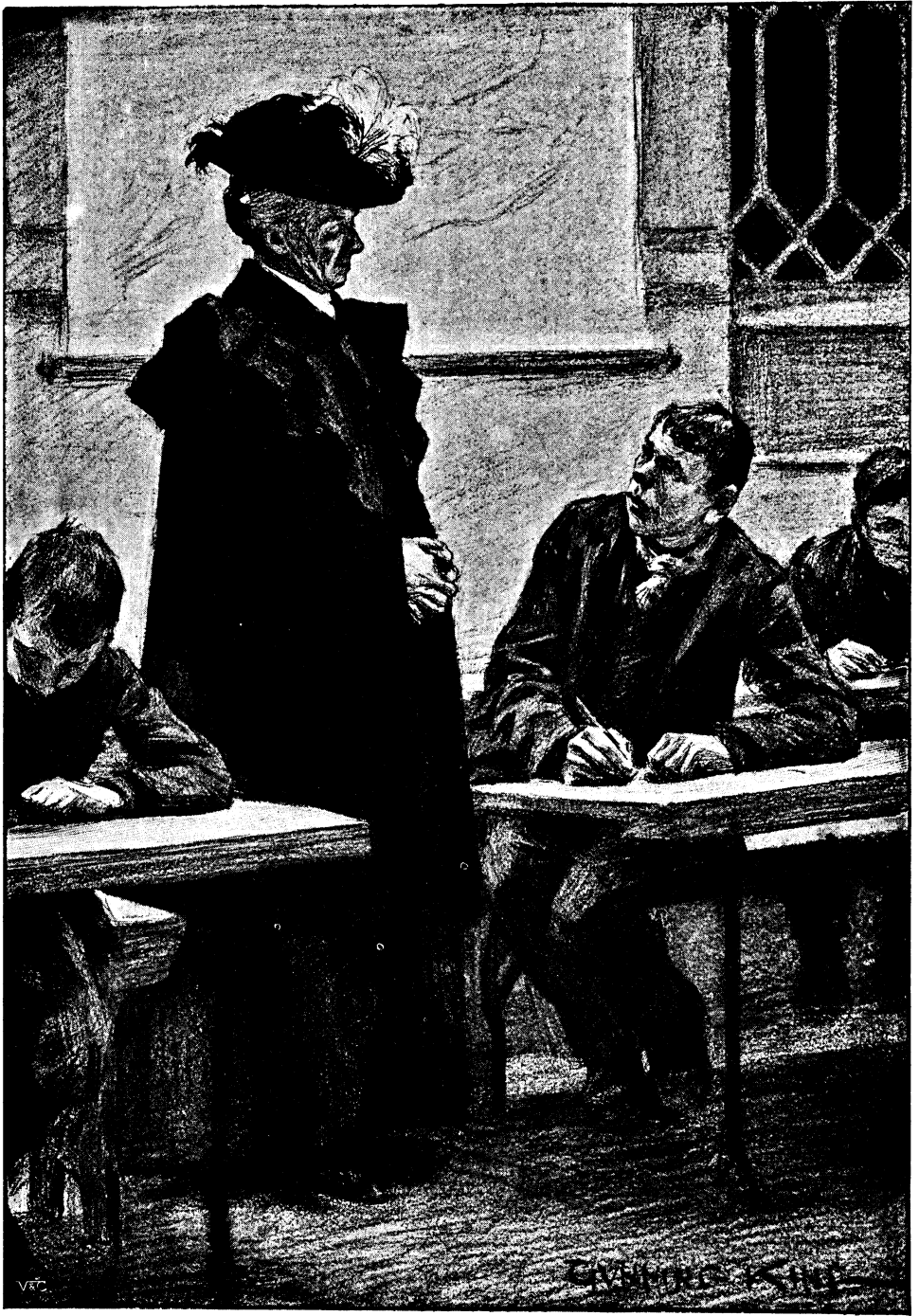
FRIEND: Yes, and I spoke to him. He said your playing reminded him of the old days when he was happy.

AMATEUR VIOLINIST: Was he a violinist?

FRIEND: No, he used to be a piano tuner.

MILLINER: This hat will last you a couple of seasons.

MISS MODISH: Oh! I don't want that kind of hat. Show me one that won't be fit to be seen in about four weeks.



SLIGHTLY CONFUSED.

LADY VISITOR TO NIGHT SCHOOL: I am very pleased to see you here again, and I hope you will become a regular attendant. By the by, have you been confirmed?

SCHOLAR (hesitatingly): Well, mum, I'm not quite sure, bat—er—I think I've got the marks on me arm!

A LADY in a train was quite annoyed by the fixed stare of a long, lank, leathery-looking woman sitting opposite her. She had piercing black eyes and she kept them fixed on the lady's face.

Finally the keen-eyed woman leaned across and said—

"'Scuse me, ma'am, but kin I ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I jist wanted to know if your complexion is natchreel, or if it's one o' these inameled kind I've heered of?"

"My complexion is natural, madam."

"It is? Well, I'm jist sorry to hear it. I was hopin' it was one o' the inameled kind, an' that you could tell me where I could get one like it. That's all. Thank you, ma'am," and she resumed her fixed gaze.

SMITH: Did you go out on Bank Holiday?

BROWN: No. I had a room that needed papering and painting, and I thought I'd stay at home and do it myself. But I can't stop to talk—I'm in a hurry. I've got to take my business suit to the cleaner's, and I must stop and buy a new carpet, and then hunt up some painters and paper-hangers to—put the finishing touches to that room, you know.



"How would you like your eggs cooked, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Does it make any difference in the cost?"

"No, sir."

"Then cook them with a nice slice of ham."



OVERHEARD AT ST. ANDREWS.

VISITOR: Do you get much carryin' in winter?

CADDIE: Na! There's nae muckle carryin' in winter. If it's no' snaw, it's frost; if it's no' frost, it's snaw; if it's neither frost nor snaw, it's rain; and if it's a fine day, it's shair tae be the Sawbath.







"MERCY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY BEATRICE OFFOR.

*Reproduced from the print by the Autotype Company.*

# UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION.

BY HALL CAINE,\*  
AUTHOR OF "THE ETERNAL CITY."

## VI.

EARLY the next morning we went up to Clousedale Hall. I was not surprised to find that both doctor and clergyman were there before us. They had come, however, to watch, not to resist, and were moving about in the breakfast-room with grim and silent faces. Mrs. Hill was looking worn and wretched.

"You are none too soon," she said in her low and nervous voice. Then she led the way upstairs.

It is impossible to say what effect the sight of Lucy had upon me. She was sitting in a boudoir which had a bedroom opening out of it. The beautiful pale face was now flushed and heated, the big blue eyes were keen and restless, there was something feverish and electrical in her manner; and her glossy chestnut hair, almost as dull as tow, was partly dragging over her shoulders. When she saw me she tried to escape, but I intercepted her at the bedroom door and did what I could to overcome the torment of her humiliation. She fell upon my neck, buried her face in my breast, and burst into tears. As well as I was able for the sobs that choked me, I tried to soothe and comfort her.

"You will soon be well again, dearest. Have no fear. I have brought a French specialist to see you, and you must do all that he asks and expects."

Then the hypnotist entered, and close behind came the doctor and the minister.

*Author's Note.*—In my ignorance of medical science I dare take no responsibility for the theories advanced in that part of this little novel which deals with the claims of hypnotism. I have only attempted, in the rôle of the autobiographical storyteller, to dramatise, as far as I know and understand them, the conflicting opinions of those who have written or spoken on the subject. My own contribution to the discussion of the great Drink Question is the simple and human one of exhibiting the power of Imagination on a victim of Alcoholism, and the mighty influence of Hope on a mind diseased.—H. C.

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Lucy held my hand during the first examination, and she seemed fairly quiet and tractable. But when an attempt was made to put her to sleep by causing her to fix her gaze for a few moments on some luminous object, she realised the intention instantly and broke into a fit of hysteria. It was agony to listen to her cries and to see the convulsive twitching of her features. The hypnotist called for brandy and offered her a small dose of it. She clutched at the glass with feverish eagerness. Her eyes at that moment were like balls of fire in darkness. Their wild gloating was terrible to look upon.

It was true enough that we had not come too soon. The attack was imminent. We must act now or not at all.

"Hypnogenic agencies," said La Mothe, "are difficult in a case like this, so we must needs try the mesmeric ones."

Without quite realising the difference, I consented to this change in the experiment, and then everybody except myself was ordered out of the room. Shall I ever forget what occurred? The scene that followed has left scars on my memory. It is with pain like that of tearing the bandage from a wound that I try now to recall it.

The magnetiser put my dear one to sit on a chair in the middle of the floor, and seated himself on another chair drawn up directly in front. Then, sitting face to face with her, he proceeded to make passes before her, and at length to apply his left hand on her breast in downward movements to what I now know as the hypnogenic zones. After that he reached over and passed his right hand across her shoulder and behind her body. Their foreheads touched. Lucy made a low, indistinguishable cry, and half turned to me with a movement either of appeal or of reproach.

The operation went on. Slowly, very slowly, with a calm that began to grow hateful, the magnetiser continued the downward pressure. Lucy's hysteria seemed to subside at every stroke of his hand. After a time her face, which had grown pale with fear, was inflamed as with pleasure, her eyes brightened

and became humid, their pupils dilated and their gaze became transfixed. She dropped her head, covered her face, and sighed audibly. I wanted to put a stop to everything, but did not know why I should do so.

The operation continued. Lucy's eyes grew dimmer, their vision seemed to be obscured, her breathing became short and difficult, as if she were beginning to suffer from an attack of nervous suffocation.

"The room is going round and round," she said in a thick, low voice, and again in a half articulate murmur, "It is going faster and faster."

"All right," said La Mothe, turning to me for a moment, and my impulse to intervene was checked.

Then my darling's body began to be agitated by sudden jerky movements. This was followed by languor and prostration. Finally, as the man reached across to her again she fell forward in his arms, swayed a moment, dropped her head over his shoulders, with eyes closed and neck extended, and with a sigh she lost consciousness.

"All right," said La Mothe again, but his tone of satisfaction revolted me. I wanted to lay hold of him by the throat and fling him out of the house. I knew now what the sensation of horror was which down to that moment had been vague. It was horror of the power that one human creature can by the mysterious processes of Nature wield over another, putting the soul to sleep and to death—for a time, at all events.

"Let me take her to her room," said La Mothe.

"Out of the way there!" I cried, and plucking my dear one from his arms I carried her into her bedroom and laid her upon the bed.

I was leaning over her, kissing her marble forehead, that was wet with my tears, when I became conscious that Godwin and McPherson were standing behind me.

"The intense excitement has produced catalepsy," said the doctor, and then after a moment he added, "She has merely fainted."

I repeated the words in French, and La Mothe smiled, shook his head, and answered, "No."

"Don't you see she has merely fainted?" said the doctor.

I repeated these words also, and the hypnotist replied, "Do people speak when they have fainted?"

"Of course not," said the doctor.

"Speak to her," said the hypnotist to me,

I leaned over the bed again and, looking down at the closed eyelids, cried in a loud tone, "Lucy!"

"Don't shout," said the hypnotist. "Her hearing is not duller. It is intensified. She hears all we are saying, as well as the ticking of our watches and the beating of our hearts."

In a breaking voice that was all but a whisper I spoke again.

"Lucy!"

The sweet lips, so softly closed, opened gently, and the voice of my dear one came like the voice of one who speaks as she is sinking into a sleep.

"Yes."

"Are you in pain?"

"Oh, no."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes."

"Do you wish me to hold your hand?"

"Oh, yes."

I lifted from the counterpane the thin, motionless fingers and enclosed them in my moist and swelling palms.

"Are you happy now, dearest?"

"Quite happy."

The doctor and the minister listened and looked on.

"She is exhausted, that's all," said Godwin, speaking in French.

"Do you mean that she is not asleep?" said the hypnotist.

"Certainly I do."

"Then arouse her. Make her sit up and talk to us in the common way of life."

The doctor accepted the challenge promptly. He raised Lucy in his arms and spoke to her, but she dropped back as one without bodily power.

"Raise her eyelids. Look at the pupils," said the hypnotist.

The doctor did so. "She is asleep," he muttered.

"But only in the somnambulistic phase," said the hypnotist.

Then he touched her eyebrows and her temples with a hard downward pressure; her breathing became slower and less audible, her face settled to a serene expression, and a faint tinge of colour rose to her cheeks.

"She is now in the deeper phase—she is in a trance," said the hypnotist.

"You mean that she is unconscious?" said the doctor.

"Quite unconscious."

"Lucy!" I cried again over the placid face, but there came no answer.

"Lucy! Lucy!"

There was not the quiver of an eyelid, not



“‘Have no fear. I have brought a French specialist to see you.’”

the shadow of movement on the lips. She was gone—gone to the great world of silence where the soul lives apart.

But I felt no fear now, no self-reproach, no misgiving. It was impossible to look into that silent face and be afraid. Never had my dear one seemed to me so softly beautiful, so like a happy sleeping child, so like an angel still on earth and yet cut off from the jar and fret of life. Her bosom rose and fell with the gentlest motion. I had to listen hard to catch the sound of her slow breathing. Her heart beat, regularly. She was at peace.

Oh! sleep, it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole.

Would this experiment succeed? When my darling awoke from this sleep of the soul, would the burning thirst of the flesh be gone?

"How long does the craving usually last?" said the hypnotist.

"Three days," answered Mrs. Hill (through me), rising from a chair at the back, where she had been sitting with covered face.

"Three! This is Wednesday. Thursday—Friday—Saturday—we'll waken her on Sunday morning. Meantime I will stay in the house, and if, as is probable, she should recover from the influence in the morning, I will put her under hypnosis again."

## VII.

I LEFT the hypnotist at Clousedale Hall and went back to the "Wheatshaf." Not until then did I realise what the tension had been, and what it still must be. How I passed the four nights and days ensuing I do not know. One creeping terror dominated every sleeping and waking hour—that Lucy would never come out of the trance in which our mysterious forces had laid her. I went up to the house constantly, and as often as I approached it I glanced nervously from the farthest point of sight to assure myself that the blinds had not been drawn down. I crept upstairs on tiptoe, and stole along the corridors like a thief. I know that, short as the time of waiting was, measured in relation to life, I wasted away in it and grew pale and haggard. It ought to have reassured me that all this time the hypnotist did not turn a hair. A smug content shone on his face as often as I looked at it with fearful eyes. Lucy's condition continued good. Her pulse was regular and her heart normal. She took nourishment in sustaining quantities by the means they had of passing it through her almost motionless lips.

I had no thought to waste on the people of Cleator, but it was impossible not to know that in some way public opinion was against me. Even Mrs. Tyson, the landlady, at first so friendly a soul, was clearly looking at me askance. Suspicion, which I had feared might settle on Lucy, was resting on myself instead.

But I lived through everything, and even Saturday night came at length. It was the night before the morning appointed for Lucy's awakening, and I did not attempt to sleep. When I ought to have gone to bed I wandered out into the locality of the mines, and at early morning I found myself, like a lost soul, encircling the smelting-house of "Owd Boney." The bank fires burning the refuse of iron ore sent a red glow into the world of darkness. Mountains and dale were blotted out; nothing was visible but the tongues of flame leaping from the squat mouths of the chimneys, and nothing was audible but the deep panting of the labouring engine that brought the iron out of the bowels of the earth. In my mood at that time it seemed a fit scene for the mysterious and awful rites which were being enacted in the big house behind the trees, with my love as the silent and unconscious subject.

The morning dawned very fresh and bright and beautiful. The sun shone and the birds sang, and there was no cloud or wind. As early as I dare I went up to the house. The doctor and the Scots minister arrived soon after me. I could not help seeing in their grim sallowness a certain satisfaction at my nervousness and pallor. It was almost as if they hoped for a tragic issue, or at least foresaw a ghastly triumph over me if things should not go well.

La Mothe joined us after a period of waiting. He looked cheerful and spoke cheerily. There was an irritating atmosphere of everydayness about the man's manner. He had been sleeping and had just awakened. I think he yawned as he bade us "Good-morning!"

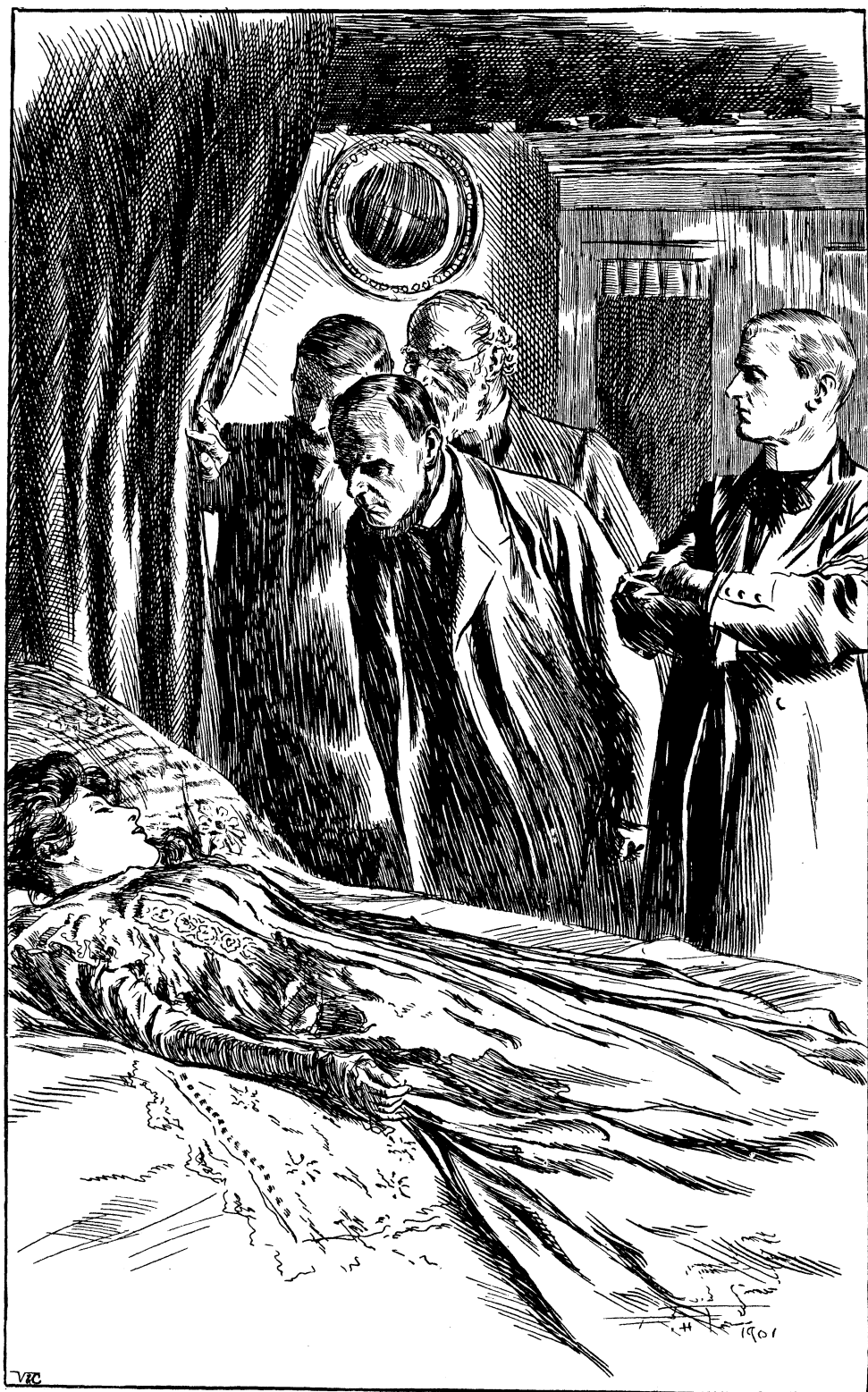
In due course we all four passed into the bedroom. That peaceful place was full of a holy calm. Lucy lay there as I had last seen her, with the tranquil face of a sleeping angel. I thought I had never seen a human countenance so saintly. Not a line of evil passion, not a trace of that spiritual alloy which the touch of the world brings to the soul that is fresh from God. The air around her seemed to breathe of heaven.

"Is everything ready, nurse?" said the hypnotist.





"The operation went on."



“Do you mean that she is not asleep?”



"Yes," said Mrs. Hill, again through me.

"Bring up that small table and set it near to the bed."

This was done.

"Now set a wine-glass on the table, with the decanter of brandy."

This was done also. The time for the awakening was at hand. There was no sound in the room except the chirping of the

putting his fingers lightly on her forehead, raised her eyelids with his thumbs. Her pupils were turned up—I could not look at her, I could not look away.

At the next moment the hypnotist was leaning closely over her, with his face close to her face, blowing softly into her eyes.

There was a measureless period of suspense. Lucy lay without a sign of life.



"I remember—you brought the French doctor early this morning."

cheerful fire, the singing of the birds outside, the shuffling of the feet and the rasping of the breath of the hypnotist. The rest of us were very quiet. Our very hearts seemed to stand still.

I must have lived a lifetime during the next two minutes. The tension was terrible. No physical agony can compare with the agony of suspense like that.

The hypnotist approached my darling, and,

The hypnotist was holding the eyelids wide open and blowing strongly on to the pupils. The pupils were moving—they were coming down.

Then, close to the silent face, very close, the hypnotist began to speak. In a loud, deep voice, caressing and yet commanding, he cried, "You're all right!"

Lucy's eyelids twitched under his fingers, but there was no other response.

"You're all right!" cried the hypnotist, as one calling into a deep cavern.

"All right! All right!"

The voice seemed to be dragging back the reluctant soul.

The sleeper moved. There was a clutching of the counterpane, a swelling of the bosom, a deep, audible breathing, and then the whole body rolled over on its side, as a child does when it is awakening in the morning from the long, unbroken sleep of the night.

I had begun to breathe freely again under mingled feelings of relief and joy.

"Speak to her," said the hypnotist.

I tried, but could not; then tried again, and uttered a husky gurgle.

"Have no fear. She is quite safe. In two minutes more she will be awake and well. Speak to her. Let your voice be the first that she hears on returning to consciousness and to the world. Recall some incident of the past—the more tender the better. We will leave you."

He motioned the doctor and the minister to go out with him, and they passed into the boudoir together. I reached over to my dear one and took her hand and kissed her, and then in a whisper I called her by her name.

"Lucy!"

There was a moment's silence, as if the soul of the sleeper were listening, and then in a toneless, somnambulistic voice she answered—

"Yes."

"Do you remember the day we parted in London?"

There was another pause, and then came a flood of words.

"What a lovely sunset! See how sweetly the red glow stretches down the river! How beautiful the world is! And how good!"

I remembered the words. I had heard her speak them before. She was living over again the incidents of our last evening at Sir George Chute's.

"What a long, long time it must be before we meet again! Christmas! Will it ever come? I shall count the days like the prisoner of Chillon."

I remembered how I had answered her when she said this before, and in the same way I answered her again.

"Let us hope that, like him, you will not become too fond of your prison to leave it for good when I come in the spring to fetch you."

There was a little trill of laughter, like the ghostly echo of the merry note which

had danced in my ears on that June night when we sat on the balcony looking down at the sleeping Thames.

"They are lighting the lamps in the drawing-room. Would you like me to sing something?"

In another moment my darling was singing from her bed in the breaking sleep of her spirit, just as she had sung to me at that happy parting seven months before—

"And when my seven long years are gone—"

Suddenly the voice broke and then frayed away, and the song stopped. Lucy moved and opened her eyes. I was face to face with her, and she looked on me with a bewildered gaze. Then the light of love came into her eyes, and in an ardent, penetrating, passionate tone she cried, "Robert!" and reached out her arm to me.

"I was dreaming of you," she said. "I thought we were together in London and I was singing."

"And so you were, my love," I answered, as well as I was able for the sobs that choked me.

Then she raised herself on her elbow and realised where we were.

"I remember—you brought the French doctor early this morning. What time is it now?"

I made what shift I could to answer her question, and little by little everything came back. Her distress was more than I could bear to witness, and I crept away.

Yet before I left the room I realised that the hypnotist, who had come to the little table, was pouring brandy from the decanter into the glass.

"Offer her this," he said in his own language to the nurse, who had been hovering about the bedhead.

But Lucy only glanced at the glass, and then, with a look of repulsion and a voice of pain, she cried—

"No, no! Take it away. It makes me sick."

In the agony of my suspense I had forgotten our mission. We had succeeded. The drink craving was gone.

## VIII.

LA MOTHE was enraptured with his success.

"We have taken only one step yet," he said. "We have staved off a single attack. But we must put the lady under the hypnotic sleep again and again, until the chain of the periodic craving is broken. And if that will not suffice to cure her, we must have recourse



“No, no! Take it away. It makes me sick.”

to therapeutic suggestion. While she is under influence we must impress it upon her that drink is a sickening poison which she ought never to touch."

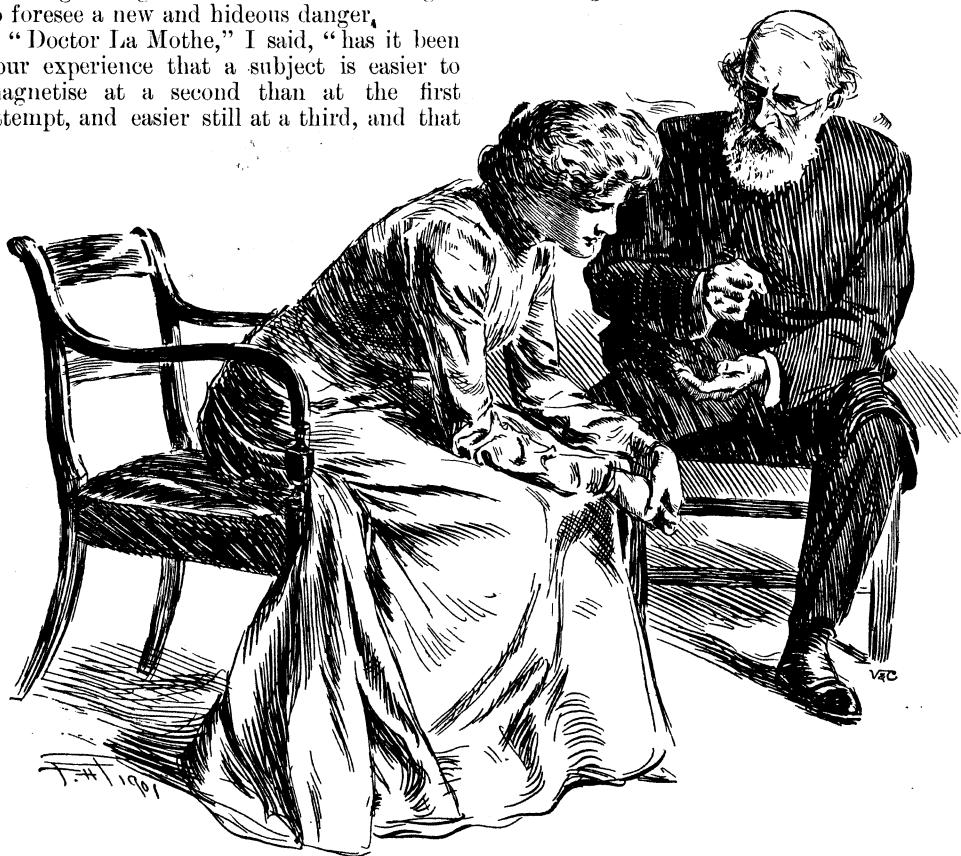
But I could not nerve myself to go on. To allow Lucy to slip back again and again to the world of silence and darkness was more than I dared think of. Then my feeling of repulsion against the occult powers, and against the means of using them, was now stronger than ever, notwithstanding the good results. And I began to foresee a new and hideous danger.

"Doctor La Mothe," I said, "has it been your experience that a subject is easier to magnetise at a second than at the first attempt, and easier still at a third, and that

that they were constantly following him about the house with the eyes of devoted dogs."

"Ah!"

It must be just as I foresaw. When I thought of the scene of the magnetising, the prospect of a fascination based on such forces as were there brought into play terrified and revolted me. La Mothe seemed to guess at the nature of my objection, for he began to argue the claims of hypnotism as distinguished from those of mesmerism.



"Lucy and McPherson were much in each other's company."

the difficulty grows less and less at each successive effort?"

"Certainly," said La Mothe, with eagerness; "we should have no such scene again as we went through on Wednesday morning."

"And has it been your experience, also, that the subjects of the magnetiser become more and more attached to him, as though drawn and held by the fascination of his own personality?"

"That was Mesmer's chief difficulty," said La Mothe. "It is told of his subjects

"In hypnotism," he said, "the operator's personality is not an active force. Your English doctor, Braid, saw this clearly, at a moment when the very mention of mesmerism would have deprived him of his practice and ruined him for life. Hypnotism requires no commerce between the body of the operator and the body of the subject."

"But it requires instead," I urged, "the acquiescence of the subject's will."

"In the first instance, certainly," said La Mothe.

"Only in the first instance?"

"Well, the first few instances."

"That is to say," I said, "that the subject who has once or twice or thrice submitted her will to the will of the hypnotist slackens her hold of it little by little."

"I think that may be allowed."

"And in the long run, if the experiment were carried so far, there might come the complete subjugation of the will of the subject and the complete domination of the will of the operator."

"Opinions among authorities," said La Mothe, "are divided on that point. The schools of Salpêtrière and of Nancy part company on the question (among others) of whether the free will remains unbroken or the hypnotised subject is a mere automaton."

"But what is your own opinion?"

"My own opinion is that the will of the subject does in the long run, and after many operations, assimilate itself to the will of the operator."

"That means," I said, "that if the operator is a good man the influence he exercises will be for good."

"Most certainly," said La Mothe.

I did not urge the opposing fact, that if the operator is an evil man his influence must be for evil. My mind was already made up. Whatever La Mothe might be, if the powers he exercised were what he described, the risk that Lucy would run in being made subject to them was so fearful that no gain seemed great enough to justify the change. The remedy would be worse than the disease. On the one side was the drink craving, with its blasting curse; on the other side either the moral danger of a power which no man should wield over any woman, or else the malign domination of the very soul itself.

I had had enough of hypnotism and mesmerism. They might offer a means of cure for Lucy, but I could not bear to think of them. They revolted me. I paid La Mothe his fee, and with a shrug and a sneer he went back to London. When he was gone I asked myself where I stood. No nearer the end which I had set out to reach. One spasm of the drink craving I had postponed or passed over. But another would come soon, and perhaps it would come with redoubled force.

## IX.

I STAYED a fortnight longer in Cumberland. It was a tender, pathetic time. Lucy's health grew better every day, yet her spirits

did not improve. There was a look of trouble in her face, and sometimes her eyes would fill when the talk was cheerful and I was doing my best to be very merry. I noticed that the visits of the Scots minister were frequent. Lucy and McPherson were much in each other's company. I did not intrude upon their conversation, thinking it might refer to the good works on which they were engaged together. But one day I saw them part with undisguised anger on his side and some confusion upon hers, and then I knew that his visits had involved a more serious and personal issue. Lucy told me what it was. It concerned myself so closely. With eyes on the needlework that was in her trembling fingers she let slip the truth.

"Robert," she said, "don't think too hard of me."

"What is it?" I said.

"Try to forgive me if I have given you so much trouble, so much pain——"

I saw it coming.

"Tell me—what is it, Lucy?"

"I want to go into a Sisterhood."

"Good God!" I cried, "can you mean it?"

"I have thought it over very carefully," she said. "There is nothing else left for me to do. It is my only hope, my only refuge. If I am ever to conquer this curse, it can only be there. And if I am not to conquer it, where else can I hide myself so well? Besides, I feel that it is right and just. I know all about my grandfather and how he made our money. That needs an expiation, and we know what is written about the third and fourth generation. But I am very sorry for your sake, Robert. It was very sweet and beautiful—all we hoped and expected—but then—but then——"

Her cheeks were becoming red, her eyes moist, and her voice husky.

"Lucy, my darling," I said, "you are not very well yet. By and by you will be better, and then everything will seem different. All the world will be changed, and you will wonder how you could ever have made this resolution. Let us not think of it any more now, that's a good girl."

My reason was more selfish than I had allowed. It was impossible for me to discuss with this sweet and tender creature an infirmity so ugly and so abject. I was asking myself what it was that had led to her determination, and telling myself that imagination was the most potent factor in life. Lucy wanted to go into a Sisterhood because the idea of an hereditary curse had taken possession of her imagination. What

was the drink craving in her case? What must it be in nearly all cases? It was the idea that drink controlled the will. The drunkard drinks because he thinks he cannot help it. Drink is the hypnotist, and every time the victim yields to its sway its influence becomes more powerful. The first of its attempts upon Lucy was the moment when she first tasted, for then the bulwark of her will was broken down. Imagination may bring to pass the thing it fears, and Lucy's imagination, dominated by the thought of a curse inherited from her grandfather, was working out the results which the curse predicted.

On the other hand, was there no poison in her blood? No organic mischief set up by two generations of alcoholism? The eagerness with which she had clutched at the brandy immediately before her trance, and the repulsion she had shown at sight of it when she awoke, seemed to point to some absolute bodily predisposition quite independent of imagination.

But the only standing ground I could find anywhere was that, if an imaginative idea had been the beginning of Lucy's disease, another and healthier imaginative idea might perhaps be her medicine. What was therapeutic suggestion but imagination working on imagination? The sleep was no part of the primary thing, but only necessary for that subjugation of the opposing will wherein the imagination of the operator might have free play with the imagination of the subject. Then why not the imagination without the sleep? Why not my imagination against that of Lucy? And where was the imaginative idea with which I could overcome her belief in the curse? There lay her salvation, if only I could find it.

## X.

ON my way to London I picked up the evening papers at Rugby. They were full of my quondam acquaintance, La Mothe. He had made a sensation by improvising a sort of private hospital for the cure of inebriates. The Society for Psychical Research had investigated certain of his cases, and their report was favourable. His success was already very great. In a country house a few miles out of London he was at full swing. The patients were chiefly ladies.

Late that night I was sitting alone in my chambers, thinking of all that had happened so strangely, when I heard footsteps on the pavement below and voices approaching my own building.

"This is Pump Court, sir, and this is number five." It was the porter from the lodge outside.

"Thank you, thank you," was the answer in a cheery tone, which came to me as a ghost of some old memory.

Then there was a heavy and uncertain step on the naked wooden stairs. I knew that the stranger was coming to me, and before he had knocked at my door I had got up to open it. At the next moment my father and I stood face to face.

"Does Mr. Har——" he began, and then, looking into my face, he cried, "Robert!" and laid hold of me by both hands.

I had not seen him for nearly fifteen years. His hair had become white and he was now an elderly man. But if the change in my father was great, the change in me must have been still greater.

"Let me look at you, my boy," he said, and without releasing my hands he drew me to the lamp, held me at arm's length, threw back his head, and scanned me from head to foot. I remember that I laughed during this scrutiny, and bore it with that indulgence which in a son comes so near to condescension.

My father was much affected, but he did all he could to conceal his emotion under a boisterous manner.

"So I've taken you by surprise, eh? Come earlier than I was expected, have I? Well, I thought I would take you on the hop, young fellow. Here I am, at all events, straight away from Charing Cross, and all my luggage in the hands of the Customs. Couldn't wait for the examination, you see. And now you've just got to put me up, for I'm not going to budge out of these rooms to-night!"

Thus he laughed and rattled on, telling me of his journey, his vacation, the time of his return, and interrupting every other sentence with exclamations on the change in myself which had transformed me from boy to man. By and by he stopped in the torrent of his talk, looked round at a photograph of Lucy which stood on the mantelpiece, blinked at it, picked it up, and said —

"This?"

I nodded my head, and he settled his glasses and gazed into the face in the photograph with a long and earnest gaze.

"Well?" I asked.

"She's *beautiful*!" he answered. "*Beautiful*!" he said again, with a long, warm utterance of the word; and, after a moment, "She's a good woman," he said tenderly.

We sat late, and talked on every subject except one subject, and that was the subject





“‘I want to go into a Sisterhood.’”



nearest to my heart. Of Lucy's illness I could tell my father nothing, and I occupied myself at every pause in devising subterfuges by which I could prevent Sir George Chute from telling him. Somewhere in the early hours of morning my father unwittingly struck at an angle the thought that was dominant in my mind. He was talking of my mother, of whom I had no memories, for she had died in my childhood.

"Poor, dear mother! she had strange fancies," he said. "The last of them came just before her death. It was an odd thought, and of course a harmless one, but I really believe it brightened and cheered the sweet soul at the dark hour of the end."

"What was it?" I asked.

"You'll laugh. It was nothing—nothing a man could ever mention except to his son. In fact, it was about *your* son."

"Mine?"

"Yes. You were only a child then, but she thought she saw you as you might be at seventy, and with a son of your own by your side."

"Well?"

"You were a judge yourself, and your son—well, your son was being made Lord Chancellor of England!"

I laughed; we both laughed; and then we sighed and were silent. My father was thinking of my mother; I was thinking of Lucy. Here was an idea, a dream, a fancy, a madness exactly the opposite in nature and effect of that which had clouded the life of my dear girl. Just as the curse that had taken possession of the mind of Lucy's grandfather had overshadowed his life, and carried its darkness onwards to the lives of his son and his granddaughter, so had the blessing that had germinated in the weakness, perhaps, of my mother's failing mind brightened the end of her days and brought some after-glow, some shadow as of sunset flame into my own existence! Now, if I could oppose the one superstition against the other! If I could only

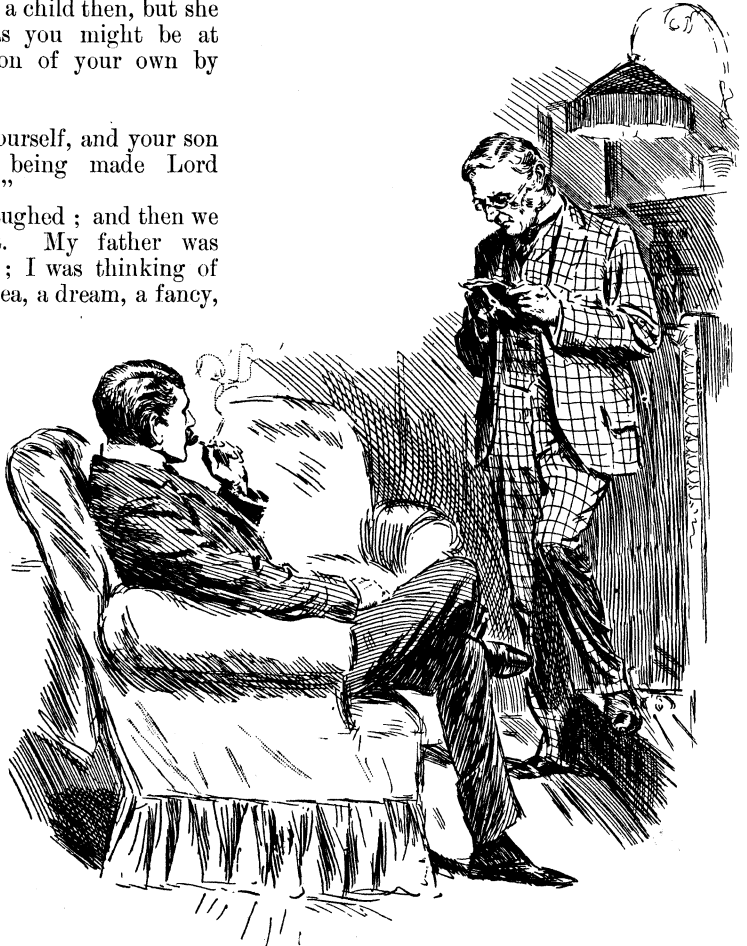
believe what my mother had believed, as Lucy believed what her grandfather had believed! If imagination could bring about the fate it feared, why could it not also bring about the fortune for which it hoped?

My father slept that night in my bed, and I made shift with the couch in my study. The sound of his measured breathing came to me through the door between during the long hours in which I lay awake.

## XI.

FULL of a new thought, I was eager to get back to Cumberland, and ten or twelve days after my father's arrival in England I parted from him with certain obvious excuses and took train for Cleator.

"Don't be too long sending me that telegram, and I'll be after you like quick-sticks," said he at Euston.



"'She's a good woman,' he said tenderly."

Sir George Chute was with him, and I had sworn our old friend to silence.

"Good-bye," said he loudly; and then, putting his head in at the carriage window, "Do nothing rash," he said in significant tones.

I nodded my head for reassurance and assent, and the train started on its way. It was the same night mail as I had travelled with on the occasion of my first journey. Again I changed at Penrith, and changed a second time at the little junction in the mountains. It was now several weeks later, and early spring had begun to breathe over the widening year. The morning was still very young, but the day had dawned, and over the hills to the east were the first pink rays from the unrisen sun. In the waiting-room of the little wooden station-house I found the same group of miners, smoking their clay pipes over the crackling sticks of a newly kindled fire. They remembered me, and with easy good manners recalled the name of Lucy. It was common talk by this time that she intended to go into a kind of Anglican convent.

"We allus knew it would come to that," said one. "She's a vast ower good for the world, is Lucy Clous'al."

It was Sunday morning, and I was at breakfast in the "Wheat-sheaf" when the bells began to ring. I thought it probable that Lucy would be at church, and I was not disappointed. From my seat at the back I saw her in the pew under the pulpit, which had been empty on my former visit and decorated with ivy and holly and flowering gorse. She was dressed in a black that was almost like crape, and it made her pale face still more pale and spiritual. I do not think she saw me. With head bent she knelt through a great part of the service, and when it was over I did not attempt to speak to her. Some secret voice seemed to tell me that it should not be there, it should not be then, that I should launch upon her what I had come to say. From a few paces back I saw her pass out with reverent step, and my whole heart yearned for her, but I let her go.



"Nothing was said, and I passed out of the house."

Next day—Monday—with the sun shining, the birds singing, the butterflies tossing in the air, and all the world turning to love and song, I went up to Clousedale Hall and asked for Mrs. Hill. The faithful old servant had a nervous and worn-out look, as of sleepless hours and bitter sorrow. I asked if I might see Lucy.

"Youdale, from the mines, is with her now," she said; "and I know that Cockbain, the solicitor, is to come again in the afternoon."

Her wrinkled face quivered as she used these names, for she saw that I recognised their significance as indicating preparations towards that change in life which was meant to be so near.

"Then I'll invite myself to dinner—you

dine at six ?" I said ; and with that I shook the trembling hand again. I thought there was a kind of half-despairing appeal expressed in the good old face as it looked into mine at the door, but nothing was said, and I passed out of the house.

We were quiet and almost constrained that night at dinner. Lucy spoke very little, but she looked at me from time to time. She seemed to be saying farewell to me with her eyes.

I did what I could to be calm, and even to talk cheerfully, but my whole heart was in rebellion. As I glanced across the table at my dear one, with her pale face and large, liquid eyes, I was seeing her in a nun's dress, living within chill and sunless walls amid clouds of incense. I was seeing myself, too, going through the world as a homeless straggler. To have stretched out hands for the golden wine of life and been so near to quaffing it when the cup was dashed from our lips seemed cruel and monstrous. It was as much as I could do to keep up the flow of conversation without painful pauses, and when Mrs. Hill rose and left us, giving me another look of supplication as she passed out, my impatience could support itself no longer.

"So you are going away, Lucy ?" I said.

"Yes," she answered in a faint voice.

"You are going into the Sisterhood ?" I said.

"I have made all preparations," she said ; and she indicated some of them.

"And are we to part like this, Lucy ?"

"It is better so," she said. "And I thank God that I saw what it was right to do before it was too late to do it !"

"You are thinking of me ?" I said.

"How can I help it ?" she answered.

"When I remember that you are now at the beginning of life, and how nearly, though unwittingly, I had wrecked everything, not only for yourself, but perhaps for your children——"

"You still think you are under the curse ?" I said.

"How can I think otherwise ?" she replied. "Remember my grandfather and my father, and think of myself. Then your own experiment seemed to prove it."

"But have you not reflected," I said, "that the power of such an idea is only in proportion to the belief in it ? That is the true psychology of a curse always. When you see a man, or a family, or even a nation, labouring like blind Samson against what seems like fate, if you look closely, you will

find that the only fact is the fancy. That is your own case, Lucy. There is nothing really amiss with you. You have only to deny belief to the idea that killed your grandfather and your father, and all will be well."

She remained unshaken. "It is impossible," she said. "At all events, I dare not trust myself."

I came to closer quarters. "And what about me ?" I asked.

"You ?" she answered in a faltering voice ; "you are to forget me."

"Forget you, Lucy ?"

"No, not that, either," she said. "I cannot wish you to forget me. I shall always remember your goodness, Robert, and—and I wish you to think of me as—as one who is lost to you in death."

"But it is not death, Lucy—that's the cruelty of it. It has none of the peace of death, and I cannot reconcile myself to it."

She could not answer me, and I saw that her bosom was heaving.

"Lucy," I said, "have you nothing more to say to me ?"

"Nothing," she answered in a breaking voice. "Yet wait ! Yes, I have something to say."

"What is it ?"

"I thought I had already gone through our last hour of parting."

"When ?"

"When you were in London and I was here alone."

It was very hard to go on. "Well ?" I asked.

"I had hoped you would not come again, Robert ; but since you have come, there is one thing you can do—you have not done it yet."

"Tell me what it is, Lucy."

"Release me from our engagement. Do it for my sake. It is my last request. Will you ?"

"I will."

There was a little gasp, as of surprise, at the swift declaration, and then a low, slow reply—

"You are very good, Robert."

"But I have something to say, Lucy."

"Yes ?"

I passed over to the other side of the table and leaned on the back of the chair beside her.

"Lucy," I said, "you are living under the influence of an idea which takes the form of fate itself. It follows you and clouds your whole existence. Now, I am living under the influence of an idea also."



“‘No, no!’ she cried; ‘don’t say it.’”

She shuddered and said, "Is it a curse?"

"No, but a blessing," I replied. And then I told her of my mother's dream, my mother's fancy, my mother's dying hope. A hush fell on the room as I spoke, and I could see that my dear one was deeply touched.

"That is very, very beautiful," she said in a hushed whisper; and then, with a quick glance, "but do you believe it?"

I summoned all my resolution and replied bravely, "With all my heart."

"You believe that in the fulness of time it will come to pass?"

"I do."

Her eyes began to glisten, and she said, not without an effort, "That must be a great, great source of strength to you, Robert—to think that you will marry and be happy and have children, and that they will do well in the world some day——"

She was breaking down. I had ploughed deeply and torn at the tenderest fibres.

"And believing that, Lucy," I said, "trusting in that, feeling confident of that——"

"Yes?"

"I ask you again to be my wife."

"No, no!" she cried; "don't say it."

"I do say it, Lucy, for I know that the blessing, and not the curse, will triumph."

She had risen as if to fly from the room. "Don't tempt me," she said.

I reached over her, and, in spite of her resistance, I put my arms about her neck and drew her back to her chair.

"Lucy," I said, "I love you—you know that. With all my heart and soul and strength I love you. I will not think of losing you. Love is stronger than any curse."

I don't want to think of you as one who is dead. I want your living heart to answer my heart. I have set my stake on your love, and I mean to keep it. Lucy, my dear Lucy, you are mine. I have been waiting for you all these years; you have been waiting for me. You shall not bury yourself in a convent. I want you, my darling—you, you, you! I want the breath of your hair, the light of your eyes, the kiss of your lips. Come to me, come to me, come to me!"

I had liberated her, and now stood facing her with my arms outstretched. She swayed a moment as one who was struggling hard, and then, trailing her hand along the table, my brave girl came to me—came to me with a faint cry that was half a sob and half a laugh, and fell upon my breast.

That night I telegraphed for my father.

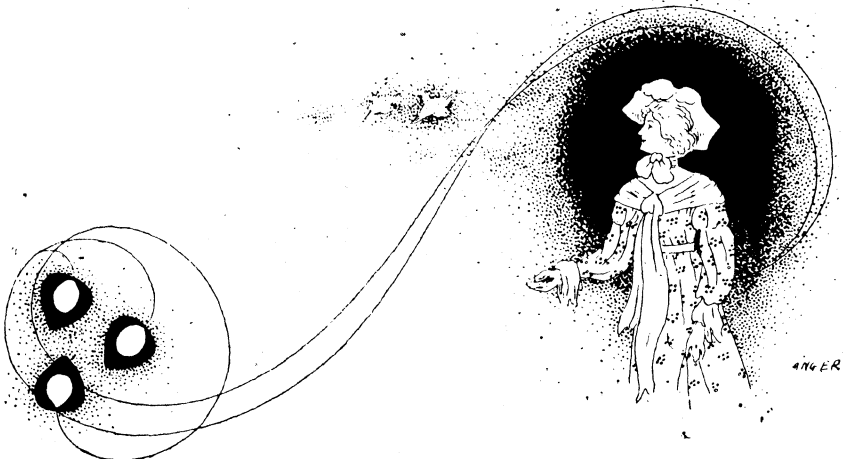
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It all happened five-and-thirty years ago, and assuredly the blessing has thus far got the better of the curse.

Hope! It is the one infallible physician. There is no evil it may not conquer, for where it cannot destroy the disease it can drive away the fear that makes the disease fearful. It is the one prophecy which is always the beginning of its own fulfilment; it is the one universal possession, and "the miserable have no other medicine." No man is utterly lost who has not lost his hope. No ship is a derelict, though abandoned by the body of her crew, while one living soul remains on board.

Ideas are eternal and immortal, omnipresent and omnipotent, and Hope is the father of all ideas that have comforted and sustained and strengthened and governed us since the beginning of the world.

THE END.



# “FOR DEBT.”

**F**OURTEEN days for “contempt of court”—ominous phrase that between the commas. The county court judge has made an order that a certain debt shall be paid within a certain time. Circumstances have been too strong—compliance has been impossible. You are summoned to show cause why, in default, you should not be committed to prison. The hearing takes place in a distant town. Circumstances are, just then, so strong that you are unable to put in a personal appearance—being without the money with which to pay your fare. Shortly afterwards—you having, in the interim, received no sort of notice as to what has taken place at the distant court—the high bailiff of your district writes to tell you that he has received a warrant for your arrest. He has, he says, written, of his own initiative, to your creditors’ solicitors, asking if they will allow him to suspend the execution of the warrant for a week—to give you a further opportunity to pay. They have complied with his request. He hopes—in his letter—that, within the week, the money will be paid. You go at once to see him. You tell him you would if you could—you only wish you could! You never have been able to pay since the debt was incurred—circumstances have been too strong. He is a kindly hearted man—though a shrewd man of the world. He is convinced, of his own experience, that imprisonment for debt does no one any good, neither the man who owes, nor the man who is owed, nor the onlookers who have to contribute to the support of destitute debtors. In your case he will write again, asking still to be allowed to give you time. You return home, hoping that some miracle may happen so that you still may pay. Four days afterwards you admit a young man at your front door. He has come to enforce the warrant. Your creditors have, that morning, instructed the high bailiff to take his prisoner at once—they decline to concede another hour. You and your wife put a few things in a bag—your wife trying her best not to let you think that she will cry her eyes out directly you are gone. She wishes you to take four and threepence in

your pocket. Argument, at such a moment, would mean hysterics—and a scene. Her breath comes in great sobs as she kisses you. You give way. You take the money—leaving her with just one shilling. A small payment is due to you upon the morrow; it is on that she is relying; you hope, with all your heart and soul, that it will come. You go with the bailiff—to gaol—because circumstances have been too strong.

The bailiff is a communicative youngster, kindly hearted, like his chief. You are only the third one he has “taken.” He is paid by the job, he will receive five shillings for “taking” you. He considers it money easily earned—he would have received no more had you “dodged” him for days. The county gaol is two-and-twenty miles away, in a lovely country, on the side of a hill, on the edge of the downs. You reach it about half-past four on a glorious July afternoon. You and your custodian are admitted through a wicket in the huge doors. The bailiff shows his warrant. The gatekeeper tells you to go straight on. You go straight on, across an open space, up half a dozen steps, under a lofty arch, which has some architectural pretensions, to a room on the left. The room is a sort of office. In it are two warders, a policeman, and a man from whose wrists the policeman is removing a pair of handcuffs. The bailiff delivers his warrant to one of the warders. Certain entries are made in a book. The bailiff obtains a receipt for you—and goes. It is only when he has gone that you realise you are a prisoner. One of the warders favours you with his attention.

“What’s in that bag?”

“Only a change of clothing, and my work. Can I not work while I am here?”

“Don’t ask me questions. You oughtn’t to have brought any bag in here—it’s against orders. How much money have you got?” You hand him over four and twopence—on the way you have expended a penny on a bottle of ink. “Can you write? Then put your name here.”

You affix your signature to a statement acknowledging that you have handed the warder the sum of four and twopence. Another warder enters—an older man. He addresses you—

“What’s your name?” You tell him.

"Your age? your religion? your trade?" You allow that you are a poor devil of an author. He goes. The first warder favours you again.

"Take your boots off! Come here!" You step on to a weighing-machine. He registers your weight. "Put your boots on again. Come along with me, the two of you."

He snatches up your bag, you follow him, accompanied by the gentleman who wore the handcuffs. Unlocking a door, he leads the way down a flight of stone steps to cells which apparently are beneath the level of the ground. "In there!" Your companion goes into one of them. The door is banged upon him. "In here!" You go into another. The door is banged on you. You find yourself alone in a whitewashed cell which contains absolutely nothing but a sort of wooden frame which is raised, perhaps, twelve inches from the floor of red and black lozenge-shaped tiles. After some three or four minutes the door is opened to admit the older warder. He hands you some books—without a word. And, without a word, he goes out again and bangs the door. He has left you in possession of a Bible, a prayer book, hymn book, an ancient and ragged volume of the "Penny Post"—in its way a curiosity—and a copy of "Quentin Durward"—Routledge's three and sixpenny edition, almost as good as new. Presently the first warder reappears.

"What property have you got about you?"

You give him all you have, he returning your handkerchief. Having given him everything, he satisfies himself that you have nothing more by feeling in your pockets.

"Can't I have my work? It is in my bag. Can't I work while I am here?"

"Ask all questions when you see the governor to-morrow." He vanishes. Another five minutes, he appears again. "Come along. Bring your books!"

You go into the corridor. Another person is there—in a brick-coloured costume, on which is stamped, at irregular intervals, the "broad arrow." You recognise the gentleman who wore the handcuffs.

"Here you are!" The warder hands you a distinctly dirty round tin, holding, as you



"You and your wife put a few things in a bag."

afterwards learn, a pint, filled with something which is greyish brown in hue, and a small loaf, of a shape, size, and colour the like of which you have never seen before. The warder observes that you are eyeing the contents of the tin distrustfully. "That's good oatmeal, though you mayn't like the look of it. But it isn't the body you've got to think about, it's the soul—that's everything."

He says this in a quick, cut-and-thrust fashion which suggests that, behind the official, there is marked individuality of character. With the gentleman in the brick-coloured costume, you follow him up the flight of steps you not very long ago descended. He unlocks the door. "Stand here." Your companion stands. "You come along with me!" He unlocks another door, you follow him down another flight of stone steps into a lofty ward, on one side of which are cells. He shows you into one. Being in, he bangs the door on you. You are in a cell which is own brother to the one which you have quitted, only that this one makes some pretence to being furnished. It is, perhaps, ten



feet by eight feet. The roof is arched, rising, probably, to quite twelve feet. Walls and roofs are of whitewashed brick. The floor is tiled. Opposite to the door, about five feet from the ground, is a small window. Panes of ground glass, about two inches square, are set in a massive iron frame. The only thing you can see through the window are iron bars. If you get through the window, you will still have to reckon with the bars.

The furniture consists of a wooden frame, about two feet by six. An attenuated mattress, which you afterwards learn is stuffed with coir. A pillow of the same ilk. A pair of clean sheets, which, by the way, the warder gave you, and which you have brought into the cell. A pair of blankets, which look as if they had not been washed for years. A coverlet, which, in common with the rest of the bedding, is stamped with the "broad arrow." There is a heavy wooden stool. A table perhaps eighteen inches square. In one corner is a shelf. On it is a wooden soap-box, containing an ancient scrap of yellow soap, a wooden salt-box containing salt, a small comb, and a round tin, very much like a publican's pint pot. On the floor are a tin washing-basin, a covered tin, which you find you are supposed to use for personal purposes, a home-made hand broom, an odd collection of rags, some whiting, by the aid of which latter articles you are required to keep your cell and your utensils clean and in good order.

While you are taking a mental inventory of your quarters a voice addresses you. Turning to the door, you perceive that, near the top of it, is a "bull's eye" spy-hole, covered on the outside by a revolving flap. This flap has been raised, someone is looking at you from without.

"Where are you from?" You vouchsafe the information.

"How long have you got?" You again oblige. "Never say die! keep up your pecker, old chap!"

"Are they going to keep me locked in here?"

"Till you've seen the doctor in the morning, then they'll let you out. Cheer up!"

The speaker disappears, the flap descends. You try to cheer up, to act upon the advice received, though, to be frank, you find the thing a little difficult. You taste the stuff in the tin. It may, as the warder said, be good oatmeal, but, to an unaccustomed palate, it is not inviting. You try a morsel of the mahogany-coloured loaf. It is dry as sawdust, and sour. Opposite you, against the

wall, hangs a printed card. It is headed, "Dietary for Destitute Debtors." You are a destitute debtor—for the next fourteen days this will be your bill of fare. For breakfast and for supper, daily, a pint of gruel, six ounces of bread. For those two meals there does not seem to be a promise of much variety. For dinner, on Mondays and Fridays, you will receive six ounces of bread, eight ounces of potatoes, and three ounces of cooked meat, without bone; or as a substitute for the meat, three-quarters of an ounce of fat bacon and eight ounces of beans—you wonder how they manage to weigh that three-quarters of an ounce. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, four ounces of bread, six ounces of potatoes, and three-quarters of a pint of soup. On Wednesdays and Sundays, four ounces of bread, six ounces of potatoes, and six ounces of suet pudding.

Stretching out the mattress upon the wooden frame, you endeavour to digest the circumstances of your situation and the prospect of such a dietary. In the ill-lighted cell the shadows quickly deepen. There is a clock somewhere in the prison. It noisily clangs out the half hours and the hours. Soon after it has announced that it is half-past seven there is a sound of hurrying footsteps, a clattering of keys, a banging of doors. All is still—curiously still. In your cell it is much too dark to read. You make your bed. Undressing, you get between the sheets—immediately discovering that they rival sandpaper for roughness. The bed is just wide enough to enable you to lie flat upon your back—if you turn, unless you are very careful, you either strike against the wall or fall upon the floor. Also, you are not long in learning that it contains other occupants besides yourself. You have heard and read a great deal about the cleanliness of prisons. However that may be, it is quite certain that cleanliness has no connection with that particular set of bedding. It is alive. All night you lie in agony—literally. The clanging clock makes darkness hideous—it seems to accentuate the all-prevailing silence. Your brain is in a whirl—thoughts are trampling on each other's heels. To mental discomfort is added physical. When the earliest glimpse of dawn peeps through the caricature of an honest window you rise and search. There is slaughter. Rest is out of the question. Putting on your clothes you pace the cell. Soon after six the door is opened, an officer thrusts in his head.

"All right?"

You answer, "Yes"—what can you tell

him? He disappears and bangs the door. At half-past seven there is a sound of the unlocking of locks and of footsteps. The warder, reappearing, hands you a tin and a loaf, own brother to those which you received last night.

"Can't I wash?"

"Haven't you any water?" He looks round your cell. "You haven't a water can. I'll bring you one."

He presently does—a round, open tin, painted a vivid blue, containing perhaps three quarts of water. You fill your basin and wash—the first pleasant thing you have done since you saw the gaol. Then you consider your breakfast. You are hungry, hungrier than you would have been at home—but you cannot manage the gruel, and the bread still less. Apart from the flavour, the gruel is in such a dirty tin that you cannot but suspect its contents of being dirty, too. The bread is hard, dry, and sour, bearing not the faintest resemblance to any of the numerous varieties of bread which you have tasted. Hungry as you are, you give up the attempt at eating. Sitting on the bed, you take up "*Quentin Durward*," which, these many years, you have almost known by heart. About half-past ten your door is thrown wide open.

"Stand up for the governor!" cries a warder.

You stand up. A short man is in front of you without a hat on, attired in civilian costume. Between fifty and sixty, with grey hair and beard, carrying a pair of glasses in his hand, quiet and unassuming—a gentleman, every inch of him. He puts to you the same sort of questions which have already been put to you by the officers at the gate.

"What are you here for? Where do you come from? Have you"—here was a variation—"anything to ask me?"

"Can I not work while I am here?"

"What are you?"

"An author. I have a commission for some work. If I cannot do it while I am here, I shall not be able to get it in in time."

"Did you bring anything with you?"

"I brought everything—paper, pens, and ink."

"Certainly you can work, you are entitled to work at your trade. I will see that the things are sent to you."

He goes, leaving, somehow, an impression behind him that you are not entirely cut off from the world, after all. Another half hour passes; the officer who received you at

the gate fetches you "to see the doctor!" "Seeing the doctor" entails the unlocking and locking of doors, and quite a journey. You are finally shown into a room in which a young man sits writing at a table. He looks up. "Is this a debtor?" Then to you, "Is there anything the matter with you?"

You tell him that, to the best of your knowledge and belief, there is not. He looks down. You have seen the doctor, and he has seen you; you are dismissed. The officer escorts you back to your ward.

"Now you've seen the doctor," he tells you, as he unlocks the door, "you needn't go back to your cell, if you don't like."

He lets you through, re-locks the door, and vanishes. You go down the steps alone, and at your leisure. You perceive that the ward is larger than you last night supposed. It is paved with flagstones. On one side there are two tiers of cells—one tier over yours. The upper tier is on a level with the door through which you have just come. An iron gallery runs down the front of it the whole length of the ward. Strolling along the flagstones, you find that an open door, almost opposite your cell, admits you into what, were the surroundings only different, would be quite a spacious and a pleasant garden. There is grass in the centre—in excellent condition—flower-beds all round. Between the grass and the beds is a narrow pathway of flagstones. Three or four men are walking on this pathway. At sight of you, with one accord, they come and offer greeting. It reminds you, in rather gruesome fashion, of your schooldays, of your first arrival at school—there is such a plethora of questions. You vouchsafe just so much information as you choose, eyeing the while your questioners. There are four of them—as doleful looking a quartette as one would care to see. These men in prison because—they could pay, but wouldn't!—or can, but won't! Upon the face of it the idea is an absurdity. Apart from the fact that the clothes of all four would not, probably, fetch more than half a sovereign, there is about them an air of depression which suggests, not only that they are beaten by fortune, but that they are even more hopeless of the future than of the past. Yet they strive to wear an appearance of jollity. As to their personal histories, they are frankness itself. One of them is a little fellow, about forty-five, a cabman. He is in for poor rates, £1 12s. It seems funny that a man should be taken twenty miles to prison, to

be kept there at the public expense, because he is too poor to pay his poor rates. Another is a hawker, a thin, grizzled, unhealthy-looking man, about fifty; his attire complete would certainly not fetch eighteenpence. As he puts it, there is something of a mystery about his case—a moneylending job—two-and-twenty shillings.

"The worst of it is, I paid two instalments. The judge, he ordered five shillings a month. I pays two months; then I has a slice of bad luck; then I gets here; and there's ten bob thrown clean away."

A third is an old man—he owns to sixty-six—unmistakably an agricultural labourer. He is the healthiest looking and the best dressed of the lot. He has evidently put on his best clothes to come to gaol, the chief feature of the said best clothes being a clean pair of corduroys. The story he tells is a queer one. He was away harvesting. His "old woman" bought a dress from a tallyman. She said nothing of her purchase to him, said nothing even when two months afterwards she died, aged sixty-eight—she must have been a dress-loving old lady! It was only after he had buried her that he

learned what she had done. The tallyman presented a claim for eighteen shillings.

"This here dress wasn't no good to me; it were as good as new, so I says to this here chap, 'You can have it back again'; but this here chap he wouldn't have it, so here I be."

The fourth man appears to be the clearest-headed member of the party. He is a bricklayer's labourer, aged thirty-four. He is in for £1 16s., an ancient baker's bill. His story also has elements of queeriness. The bill was incurred nearly four years ago. He fell from a scaffold, was in hospital six months, his home was broken up; the baker, taking pity on his misfortunes, forgave the bill. Later on the baker himself was ruined. A speculator—you are destined to hear a good deal about this speculator; it seems that he sends a regular procession to the county gaol—bought up the baker's book debts. He immediately "went for" the bricklayer's labourer, who had the worst of it, and who, in consequence, is here. When in full work the labourer earns a pound a week. He was out of work for four weeks before he "came in." The day after he did "come in," his

wife and six children went upon the parish. A pretty state of things!

It seems that there are four other prisoners for debt. But just now they are shut off in a room at the end of the ward, having an exercise-ground of their own; there is apt to be too much noise if the prisoners are all together.

Presently a warden appears, not only with your writing materials, but also with your bag, its contents left untouched, with all your property, indeed, except your watch, your tobacco, and your



"Here you are!"

money. Almost simultaneously dinner appears, at noon. You are presented with two tins and a tiny loaf. The door leading to the exercise-ground is closed. With your dinner in your hand you troop up the stone steps with your companions. You discover that there is a large room at the end of the upper tier of cells, "First Class Misdemeanants" being painted on the panels of the door. There being, for the moment, no prisoner of that particular class, you have the use of it. It contains tables and stools, all sorts of things—among others, wooden spoons. Armed with a wooden spoon, you investigate your tins. It is Wednesday. At the bottom of the large one, which is dirtier than ever, is a slab of suet pudding, brown in hue. With the aid of your spoon and your fingers you eat it; though lukewarm and sticky, it is grateful to your anxious stomach. In the smaller tin are two potatoes, in their jackets, said jackets having, apparently, never been washed. You eat the potatoes, too; but though you are hungrier than ever, the bread you cannot manage. On your mentioning that you could dispose neither of your supper nor of your breakfast, the labourer and the cabman tear off to your cell downstairs, immediately returning in possession of your despised food, which they eat with voracity. They assure you that you will be able to eat anything after you have been here a few days, even the tins. You learn that if you make your wants known to an officer, he will purchase whatever you choose to pay for. Your chief anxiety is to work. You know from experience that you cannot do good work upon an empty stomach. Slender though your resources are, you resolve that you will devote at least a portion of them to the purchase of something which you will be able to eat for breakfast and for supper.

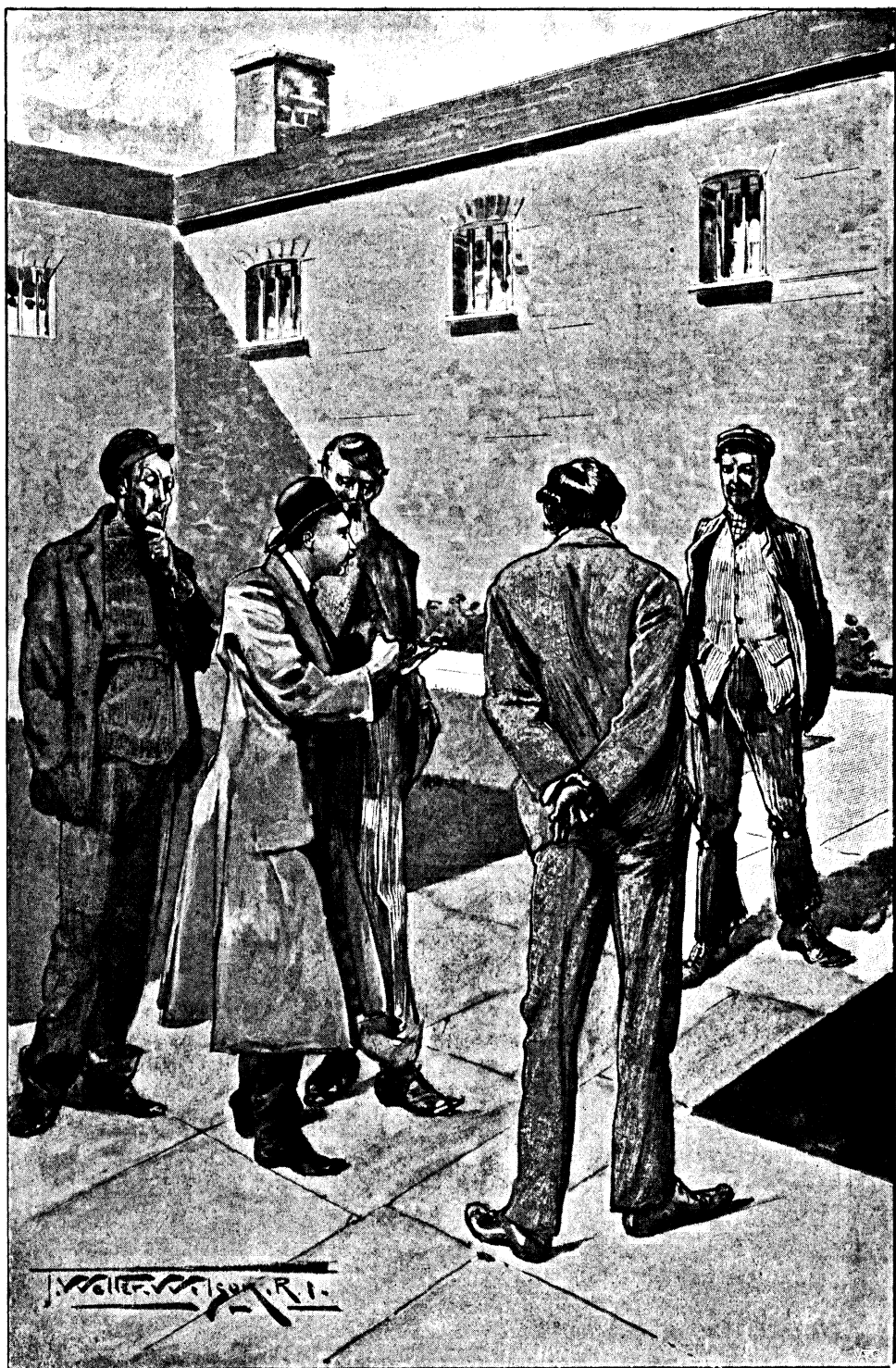
In the afternoon, as you are working in your cell—with the door open—a warder enters the ward. You make known to him your wants. He says he will send you the officer whose duty it is to make purchases for prisoners. When the officer comes, you request him to lay out two shillings for you to the best advantage, and learn, to your dismay, that on the day on which you make a purchase you are supposed to be keeping yourself, and therefore receive none of the prison rations. It is too late to recede, so you tell the officer to make the best of your two shillings. You work till half-past four, then go into the exercise-ground, which was opened again at two, till five. At five it is

closed for the night. Supper is served. You dispose of the greater portion of the gruel, this time you even dispose of some of the bread. Work in your cell till past seven, then stroll with the others up and down the ward. The room at the end of the lower ward has been unlocked. The prisoners are all together. The four you have not seen prove to be very like the four you have—two of them are here at the suit of the speculator in old and bad debts, who is responsible for the presence of the bricklayer's labourer; for poor rates another. A small calculation discloses the fact that a little over ten pounds would set all the eight men free. Shortly before eight you are locked in your cell till the morning. Another night of agony! When at half-past six the warder looks in to ask if you are all right, you answer "No"—you have not closed your eyes since entering the gaol—you have been eaten alive.

"I'll bring you a change of bedding." He does. "You'll find these all right, they've never been issued. You can't keep things clean this side—most of them wear their own clothes, you see, and they come in all alive, oh!"

You exchange your bedding for that which he brings, thankfully, wishing you had spoken before. About seven the same officer reappears. He brings your "things." There is a half-quartern loaf, two ounces of tea, quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of cheese, tin of corned beef, couple of lemons; you never knew what good food was till you found yourself in possession of those supplies. Directly his back is turned, breaking a corner off the loaf, you rub it against the butter. If they would only allow you the use of a tin knife, what a godsend it would be! A kettle of boiling water is brought at breakfast time. Putting some tea in your pint pot, with a piece of lemon peel, you fill it from the kettle. Although you have to drink your tea from the teapot, you make a sumptuous meal.

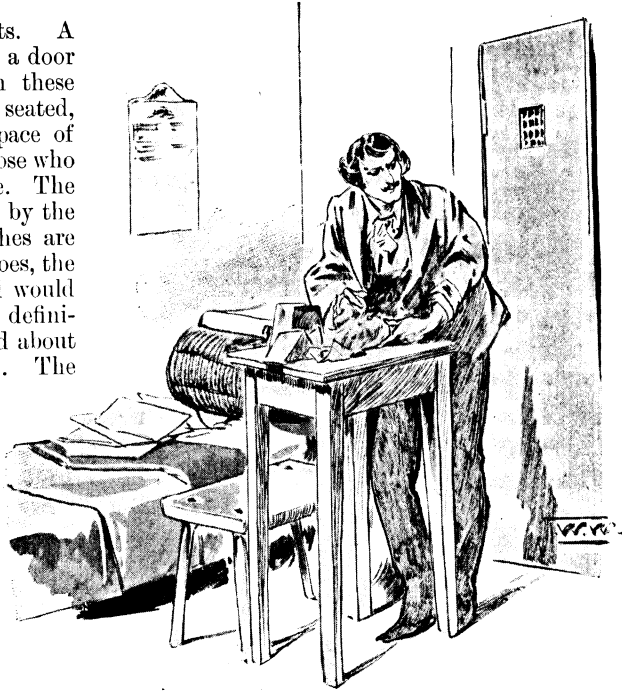
At half-past eight you go with the other Church of England prisoners to chapel, a large room, which would probably seat five hundred, allowing to each person the same amount of space which he occupies outside. The debtors occupy the back seats. There is a gallery overhead. There are four raised seats on either side, against the walls; a warder sits on each of them. A pulpit is at the other end, an altar of rather a nondescript kind—which it need be, seeing that the Roman Catholic service is held here, too



"As to their personal histories, they are frankness itself."

—a couple of screens, more raised seats. A warder is standing before the altar ; a door is at either side of him. Through these doors, so soon as the debtors are seated, begins to enter a stream of men, a space of several feet being between each. Those who are awaiting trial are the first to come. The prison costume of blue serge worn by the majority means that their own clothes are unfit to wear. So far as appearance goes, the four or five men in their own apparel would come within the scope of the immortal definition of a gentleman. You have heard about some of them in the debtors' ward. The slight young fellow in black is a post-office clerk ; he has to stand his trial for stealing a letter which contained a cheque. So soon as he reaches his place he falls upon his knees and prays. He wants all the help which prayer can bring him ; in all human probability there is penal servitude ahead. The highly respectable-looking individual, with carefully trimmed black hair and whiskers, who sits on the bench in front of you upon your right, is charged with stabbing his wife ; luckily, she is not dead. The big, sandy-haired fellow upon his left, right in front of you, has rank murder to answer for. The story of his crime has been for weeks the talk of the countryside ; a dramatic story, with glimpses of livid tragedy. He and his paramour, being shut out one night from the workhouse, took refuge on the hills under the shelter of an overhanging rock. In the night they quarrelled ; he slew her with a stone. In the early morning a shepherd met him running across the hills, wet with her blood. Stopping, the man told the shepherd what he had done. Returning together, they found the woman under the rock, dead, her head and face battered and broken, the stone beside her.

The trial men are followed by the convicted prisoners, in brick-coloured costumes ; some with knickerbockers—those sentenced to penal servitude, who are waiting to be drafted to a convict station ; some in trousers—those who are sentenced to not more than two years' imprisonment. The warders stand up as they enter, watching them as cats do mice. Each man is careful that he is a certain distance behind the man in front of him. They sit five on a bench which would comfortably accommodate twenty, in rows, each man exactly behind his fellow. While the procession continues, a woman passes behind



"Directly his back is turned, breaking a corner off the loaf, you rub it against the butter."

one of the screens—a female warder. She commences to play a series of voluntaries on an unseen harmonium—"The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden," "There is a Green Hill"—airs which seem strange accompaniments to such a procession. The chaplain is away for his holidays. The schoolmaster reads the service—an abbreviated edition of Morning Prayer. He does not read badly. The congregation seem to listen with reverent attention, which is not to be wondered at, with the warders eyeing them like hawks. They join heartily in the responses, which is, again, not strange, considering that the only chance they have of hearing their own voice is in chapel. At the end a hymn is sung—"Thine for ever ! God of Love"—under the circumstance, an odd selection. The congregation sing with the full force of their lungs, perhaps strangely ; the result is not unpleasing. The female prisoners are in the gallery overhead. A woman's voice soars above the others, clear as a bell. You wonder who it is—officer or prisoner. After the hymn, the schoolmaster pronounces the benediction. The service is over.

You work nearly all that day. How your companions manage without work is beyond your comprehension. This is an excellent

school for the inculcation and encouragement of the Noble Art of Loafing. In the afternoon another prisoner is introduced. He calls himself a blacksmith, is about sixty, has scarcely a shirt to his back, and is here for poor rates! Later on, two more. One is in prison clothes; the other cowers in a corner of his cell, refusing to have intercourse with anyone. Presently the story goes that he is crying. The fellow in the prison clothes has been brought from a town more than thirty miles away, sentenced to fourteen days imprisonment, for a debt of twelve and sixpence.

When, shortly before five, ceasing work, you go into the exercise-ground for a breath of air, you find a warder with a bundle under his arm. In the corner is a brick erection, with, fitted into the wall, a thermometer to register over 300° Fahrenheit. It is the oven in which they bake the prisoners' clothes. In the bundle under the warder's arm are the clothes of the twelve-and-sixpenny debtor. A debtor's clothes must be in an indescribable condition before they constrain him to wear the prison uniform. This man's rags—the warder, who is in a communicative mood, declares that you cannot call them clothes—are about as bad as they can be. It is only after the thermometer has continued, for some minutes, to register a temperature of over 230° that their unmentionable occupants are effectually destroyed.

You sleep better that night; the new bedding—from, at any rate, one point of view—is clean. The next day you come again upon prison rations, eked out, if you choose, with what is left of your own supplies. It is Friday. The Litany is read in the chapel. With what strenuousness do the members of the congregation announce that they are miserable sinners! After chapel you are beginning work, when a warder calls your name.

"Put your things together—bring your sheets and towel—your discharge has come. Don't keep me waiting; come along!"

In a maze you ram your things into your bag. You follow the warder. He takes you to a room in which the governor is seated at a table. He addresses you.

"Your discharge has come." To the officer: "Get this man his discharge-note, and such property as you may have of his."

Bewildered, you question the governor.

"But who has paid the money?"

"No one. You are discharged at the instance of your creditors. I will read you my instructions."

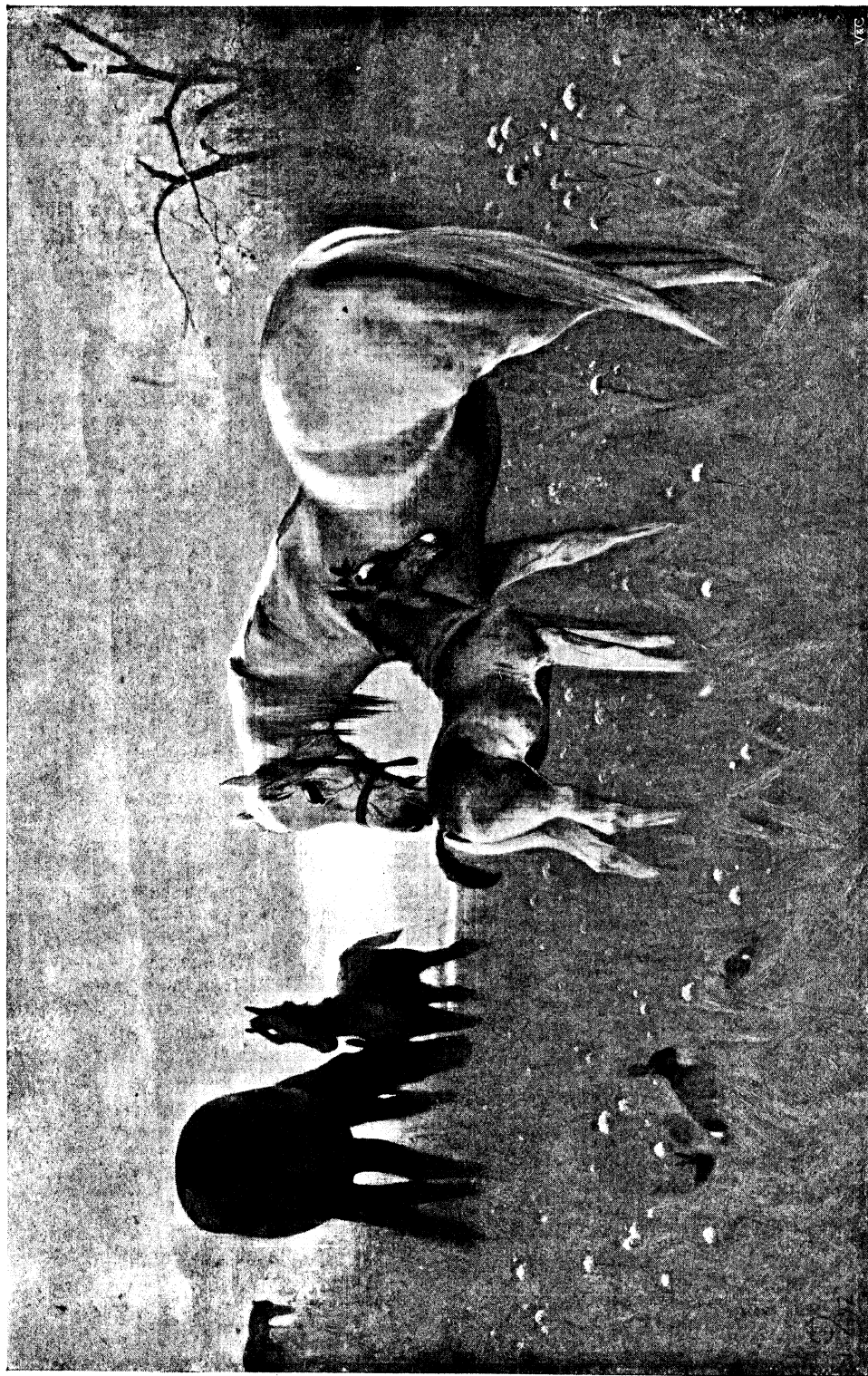
He does. They are to the effect that your creditors having made an application for your release, the registrar of the county court from which you were committed directs the governor of the gaol to discharge you from his custody forthwith. When he has finished reading, he hands you a letter which has come to you from your wife. Still at a loss to understand exactly what has happened, a few minutes later you find yourself outside the gates.

You have been a prisoner not three whole days. As you look around you—realising that you are once more your own man—you wonder what a man feels like, in his first moments of freedom, after he has been a prisoner three whole months. And years? Think of it! . . .

On reaching home you find that your wife has received a letter from your creditors. Somewhat later in the day they have been making inquiries into the truth of your statements. They have ascertained that it is a fact that circumstances have been too strong for you, that you have been unable to pay. That being the case, they tell your wife, being unwilling to keep you any longer in gaol, they have given instructions for your immediate release. So here you are. It seems strange, in these days of abolition of imprisonment for debt, that creditors should still have the power of sending their debtors to gaol when they please—and, when they please, of letting them out again.







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*By the Autotype Company.*

# THE KNIGHT OF MAYFORD.

By H. C. BAILEY,\*

*Author of "My Lady of Orange."*

MANY a year ago, when lance and sword still ruled the land, and a kingdom's fate was turned by a hundred bows of yew, Sir Bertram D'Aylesford, Lord of the Manor of Thorpe, Warden of the King's Peace, sat in his own hall, with his lady beside him, and his squires and men-at-arms at the great table below the dais. His armour flashed back the sunlight as he sat there, a mighty man of his hands. His head and neck were bare, and the brown bull neck rose tall and sinewy out of the bright steel.

"So Gaston de la Tour is riding?" quoth Sir Bertram D'Aylesford. He leant back in his great oak chair and bent his brows at the messenger.

"Riding he is," said the messenger. "Out at dawn from his nest in the hills; riding hot-foot over meadow and tilth, with a line of dead men to mark his trail—till the homesteads flare at sundown, and the barns lie all in a ruddy low."

"Humph!" said Sir Bertram D'Aylesford.

"Never a village but knows his shield, never a child but hath learnt to run from the Grey Wolf's Head, never a maid in all our shire but fears the riders of De la Tour. Not a township have we——"

"Now a plague on all priests!" cried Sir Bertram D'Aylesford, rapping his fist on the table. "Look up, Sir Priest; look a man in the eye! Where is the good Gaston?"

"God knoweth!" said the priest piously, and he crossed his hands on his breast.

Sir Bertram lay back in his chair again. He took his wife's hand and played with it; then, as the brown, sinewy fingers closed on her soft white hand, "Sweetheart, sweetheart," said he, "I will e'en go look for this Gaston!" and he laughed to himself softly, looking into her eyes.

"Not alone, Bertram!" cried the Lady Elinor. "Nay, not alone!" At the word the squires and men-at-arms in the hall leant forward, eagerly listening.

"Aye, I will go alone. Saddle me Roland. Sweetheart, I have heard very much of this Gaston. It will do me good to see him. I grow fat." A growl of disappointment ran round the hall. Sir Bertram rose to his full height—a man of the biggest English stock. He looked down on his men and chuckled.

"Ye quarrelsome knaves!" he cried. "Can ye not be happy without breaking of heads? Am I to find fights for you? I am Warden of the King's Peace, and I go on a very peaceful errand!"

There was sudden silence for a moment, until some squire, who had stuffed his fist in his mouth in vain, broke out into a choked guffaw. But under Sir Bertram's eye there was none would second him; and Sir Bertram, turning from them with a grim smile, dropped on his knee beside his lady and kissed her hand.

"Sweetheart, would you grudge me the honour?" he said softly. "Is it good that I should fear the French thief?"

Her left hand lay on his curly hair.

"Bertram, Bertram, knight-errant still!" she said.

"Till I die, sweetheart," quoth Sir Bertram D'Aylesford.

So he mounted the great steed and rode away southward over the heather. All was bare then where now are the pinewoods about Woodham and Sherewater. The sun was drawing towards the west as Sir Bertram crested the hill and saw the blaze of purple heather stretching away over the billowy moor to Chobham; and there behind him he heard a snatch of song:—

"A knight came out of the wood so green,  
Sing hey, ho ho ho, ho ho!  
D've mark his golden gaberdine?  
Sing hey for the bow, the bow!"

Sir Bertram stopped. Up the hill after him, astride a sturdy mare, came a squat, swarthy figure with a great yew stave slung on its back.

"I said I would ride alone, Dick," said Sir Bertram.

"So ye did," growled Dick.

"Well, knave?" said the knight angrily.

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"Up the hill after him, astride a sturdy mare, came a squat, swarthy figure."

"Well, sir?" said the bowman.

"Why do you follow me?"

"I know Gaston de la Tour," growled Dick, and the fierce eyes met fiercely.

"Obstinate knave!" cried Sir Bertram, but there was a laugh in his eyes. "Come then, in Heaven's name! But remember—stand off, Dick!"

"Aye, aye, I'll stand off," growled Dick, "a fair bow-shot off."

Together the knight and his man came to Horsell, and by the lych-gate of the churchyard, on the brow of the hill, they paused and looked eastward long and hard.

"Boy there, running," growled Dick, and they turned their horses and rode down the hill.

A mile beyond the end of the village stood a cottage all alone, and about it was a hedge of holly grown to a tall man's height. Behind that hedge the boy was gasping out his story, and the knight and his man trotting silently over the turf reined up silently to hear.

"Master Denzil, Master Denzil—the Lady May and her father!" stammered the boy breathlessly.

"Yes, yes?" It was a sharp voice that answered.

"She—the Grey Wolf riders—they came this morning—broke in un-awares—" and a sharp cry cut him short.

"May! May! What of her?"

At that Sir Bertram moved in his saddle.

"They have her—she is bound to the great gate, and the Grey Wolf swears he will marry her by the sunset. A priest is there. They are drinking in the hall—a score of riders. And all our men—"

But his listener was gone—dashed into the

house and broke out again, with a great scythe in his hand and his priest's frock kilted to the girdle. Then Dick, looking up at his master, saw the black eyes alight with the battle fire, and chuckled. Out through the wicket-gate dashed the priest, and Sir Bertram spurred his horse forward, and he smiled as he cried—

"Whither away, Sir Priest?"

The priest stayed in his course, eyed him, and through his teeth he said—

"Are you a knight?"

"And I keep to my trade. Do you, Sir Priest." And he waved his hand at the scythe.

But the priest broke past him, crying—

"I go to save a lady; if you be a knight, come, too!"

"And a very fair offer!" cried Sir Bertram D'Aylesford, and trotted after him. "But tell me, what does a priest with a lady?"

"Or what may any man do with a scythe?" growled the archer.

"What is the lady to you?" muttered the priest.

"Why, a knight loves every lady in the land; but a priest—eh, man, a priest?"

But the priest had no answer. His face flushed as he ran at Sir Bertram's stirrup, and the knight chuckled and glanced at Dick.

And indeed it was very true that the Grey Wolf riders had come to Mayford Hall. Soon after dawn they came, riding down from their lair in the downs above Albury. There at Mayford they found only Sir Simon of Mayford, and his daughter the Lady May, and some half-score of idle serving-men. Sir Simon ever was a man of peace—would give the price of a fair manor for a crabbed writing in an ancient tongue. His boast it was that he had never been inside his armour for twenty years. Therefore Sir Bertram D'Aylesford and his friend and sworn brother, Harry of Silvermere, scorned Sir Simon Mayford with a mighty scorn. But the Mayford lands are fair and fat—meadow and cornland in the rich Wey valley; and the Mayford maid was very fair; and so there swept down upon Mayford, Gaston de la Tour, the freebooter of Touraine, seeking the lands and the lady.

The Grey Wolf's banner came to the courtyard, and all ways at once ran the men and maids; and Gaston de la Tour in his inlaid armour stalked up the hall.

"Hail, Sir Simon!" and then from the courtyard came the screams of women; and the Lady May grew white as death. But Gaston de la Tour laughed.

"We must have our joke!" said he; and he eyed the trembling figures before him and laughed again.

But at that the lady found her voice.

"You coward!" she cried. "You coward!"

Gaston's black eyes blazed, his dark face flushed.

"Fore Heaven! I will teach you to speak me fair," he cried. He stamped his mailed foot on the ground and his men rushed in. "Take them out, the old ram and his ewe; tie them up to the gatepost, one on either side. Ah! my lady, you shall learn to speak me fair!" He patted her cheek and, leaning forward to whisper, said, "And at nightfall, lady, you marry me!"

She flushed and caught her breath, and Gaston's men, laughing, dragged her away. They bound her to the gatepost. The cords drawn tight pressed her loose robes tight about her, made furrows on her breast. But withal she held her proud head high and her full lips set firm. Over against her her father was bound, and his head fell on his breast. Never one of all the serving-men came near save the boy that was her page, the boy that bore her message to Denzil Grey, the priest.

All the afternoon Gaston and his men drank and feasted in the hall at Mayford; with them sat a priest who had helped them in more than one dark deed. This priest was to marry the Lady May to Gaston de la Tour.

The shadows had grown long when Sir Bertram D'Aylesford came in sight of Mayford Hall. Floating from the roof was the banner with the Grey Wolf's Head, and, as he saw that, Sir Bertram loosed his sword in his scabbard and tried the weight of his lance. But Denzil's eyes were fixed on the gateway, and he quickened his pace as he looked. Bertram's hand fell heavily on his shoulder.

"Nay, nay, Sir Priest," said he, and he laughed. "We come on a very peaceful errand. I am Warden of the King's Peace; who breaks that peace must deal with me. Ah! I see a good man in armour. Dick, thou knave, keep our priest here and keep the peace," and Sir Bertram spurred forward alone. Dick dismounted heavily.

"Sit down, priest," he growled. "What! would you doubt Sir Bertram D'Aylesford? You shall keep the peace!" And he pushed the priest to the ground. "And I—I will keep the peace, too . . . but I think I will string my bow." He laughed gruffly.

While Dick the archer strung his bow, Sir Bertram D'Aylesford galloped up to the man in armour. He was one of Gaston's men, reeling down to a farmhouse on some devil's errand. But Sir Bertram spurred across his path.

"Lend me your armour, friend," quoth he.

"G-g-go to the devil!" said Gaston's man.

"All in good time," quoth Bertram, and hit him over the head. Then, dismounting, he took from him breastplate and helm and sword, and galloped back to his priest.

"Now, reverend sir, throw away that holy weapon, put on the armour of men, and go rescue your lady," quoth Bertram; and Denzil without a word did as he was bid. Bertram slapped him on the back with a gauntleted hand.

"Let me see you run at Gaston!" he cried, and he eyed the priest sharply through the bars of his helmet. And the priest dashed forward at once. Then Bertram lay back in his saddle and laughed.

"By the Powers—the priest is a man!" he cried. "Up after him, Dick!"

"Slow and sure," growled Dick, and he twanged his bowstring, mounted, and spurred away.

The priest it was who cut the lady's bonds; the archer who came to the hall door first; but the priest again who dashed in alone, half-armed, on twenty of the best swordsmen in the shire. The archer stopped in the doorway, and there, as the sunlight poured in behind him, he took his stand, and the great bow twanged the battle song. The priest was fighting madly in a crowd of men, and ever behind him the great bow twanged, and the grey goose feathers found their men. Denzil the priest was down, beaten to his knee, under a score of blows, and then on a sudden through the great window leapt a man in armour, stood on the sill, while the sunlight flashed on his panoply of steel, and leapt down like a lion to the sheepfold, shouting—

"D'Aylesford! D'Aylesford!"

He ran at the crowd; his great sword fell through the sunlight and rose red. Fell again, this way and that, while his shield caught blows all round him.

"To my back, Denzil," he cried. "D'Aylesford! D'Aylesford!" At each cry a man went down, and while Denzil the priest stood at his back and fought those who would have smitten him behind, Bertram D'Aylesford dashed through the Mayford Hall and drove before him the Grey Wolf riders. The

archer stood in the doorway, an arrow ready on the string; but he shot twice only at those who sought to run. And at last only Gaston de la Tour was left, fighting desperately a losing fight.

"Ah! Gaston, Gaston!" cried Bertram D'Aylesford, and he smote heavily again and again. Gaston fought to reach the doorway, drawing back and back, and Bertram cried—

"Ware arrows, Gaston!" and Dick the archer laughed, and twanged his bowstring loudly with his thumb. Then, before Gaston's shield could rise to meet it, a stroke crashed down on his helmet, broke it and clave his head. And Sir Bertram leant on his sword, breathing hard.

"So, Gaston," said he. Then he turned to Denzil. "And so there is peace at Mayford!" said he. "How do you fare? What! God's death! sit down, man!" He pushed Denzil to a chair, tore from his own helmet his wife's white kerchief that he wore always, and pressed it to a wound in the throat. Denzil the priest was very pale, and his priest's frock was wet and warm. But a voice cried from the doorway—

"Let me come to him!" And Dick the archer stood aside as the Lady May ran up the hall. She lifted the helmet from Denzil's head and looked at the wound.

"Give me water, sir," she cried, and Sir Bertram bowed and went out.

"Ah! Denzil, so you came for me," she said very softly, and she kissed his hand. Denzil flushed again, caught her own hand in his and kissed it.

"My lady, I am your servant. It is God's will that I can be no more."

But the archer heard and he laughed.

Sir Bertram came with a great bowl of water, and he smiled in his helmet as he saw how the lady hung over Denzil. Denzil, looking up, saw his twinkling eyes, and flushed; but the Lady May was busy with his wound. Sir Bertram took off his helmet and wiped his brow.

"It is as I said—I grow fat, Dick," said he.

But Dick the archer only answered—

"And that man is a priest."

"Why, so he is, by his frock; but—Dick, stop me that rogue!"

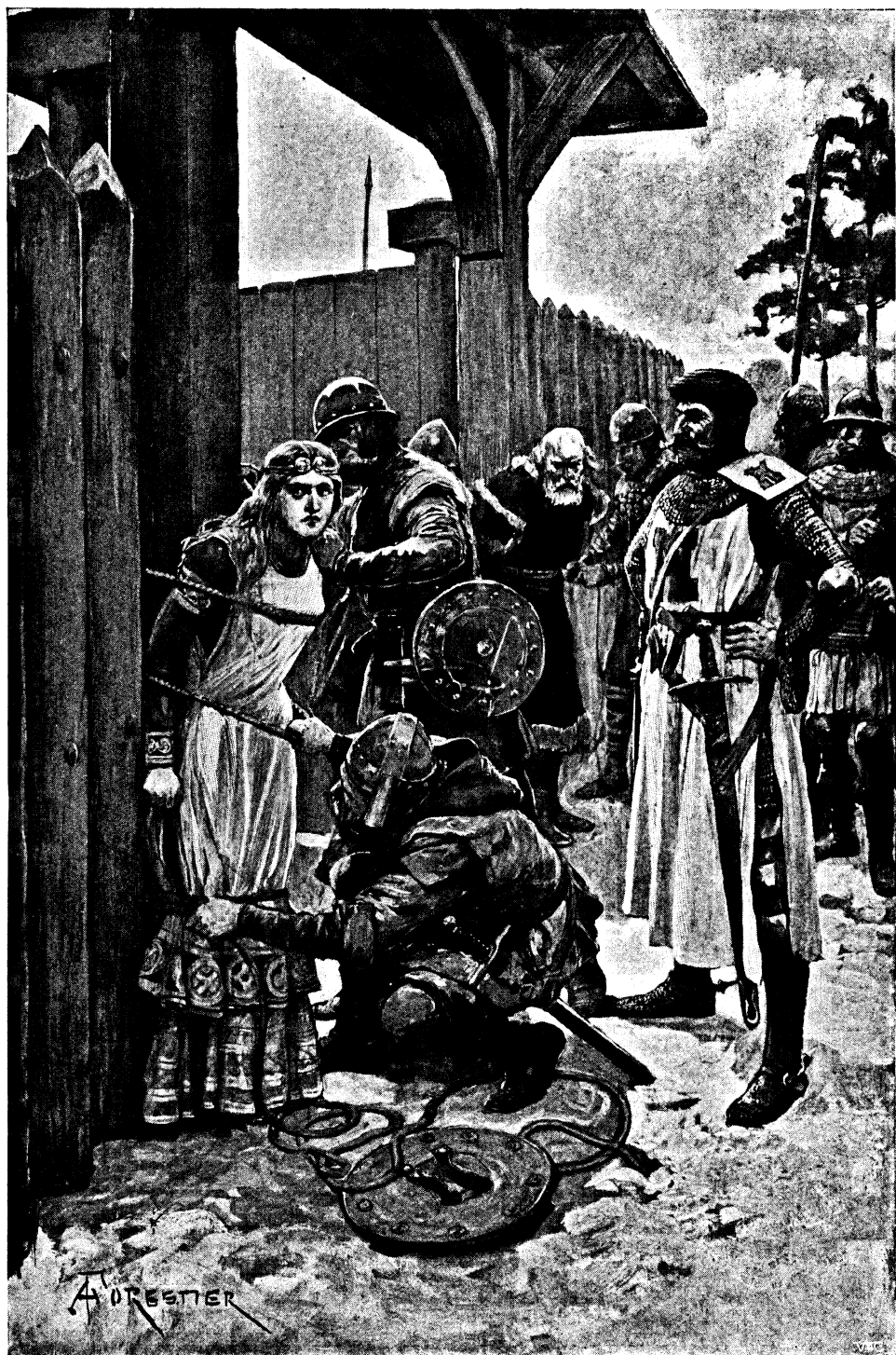
Across the garden Gaston's priest was scuttling away.

Dick caught up his bow.

"Stop, knave!" he shouted, and an arrow, loosed on the instant, whistled by the priest's ear. The priest fell on the ground.

"Keep him," said Sir Bertram carelessly.





"They bound her to the gatepost."

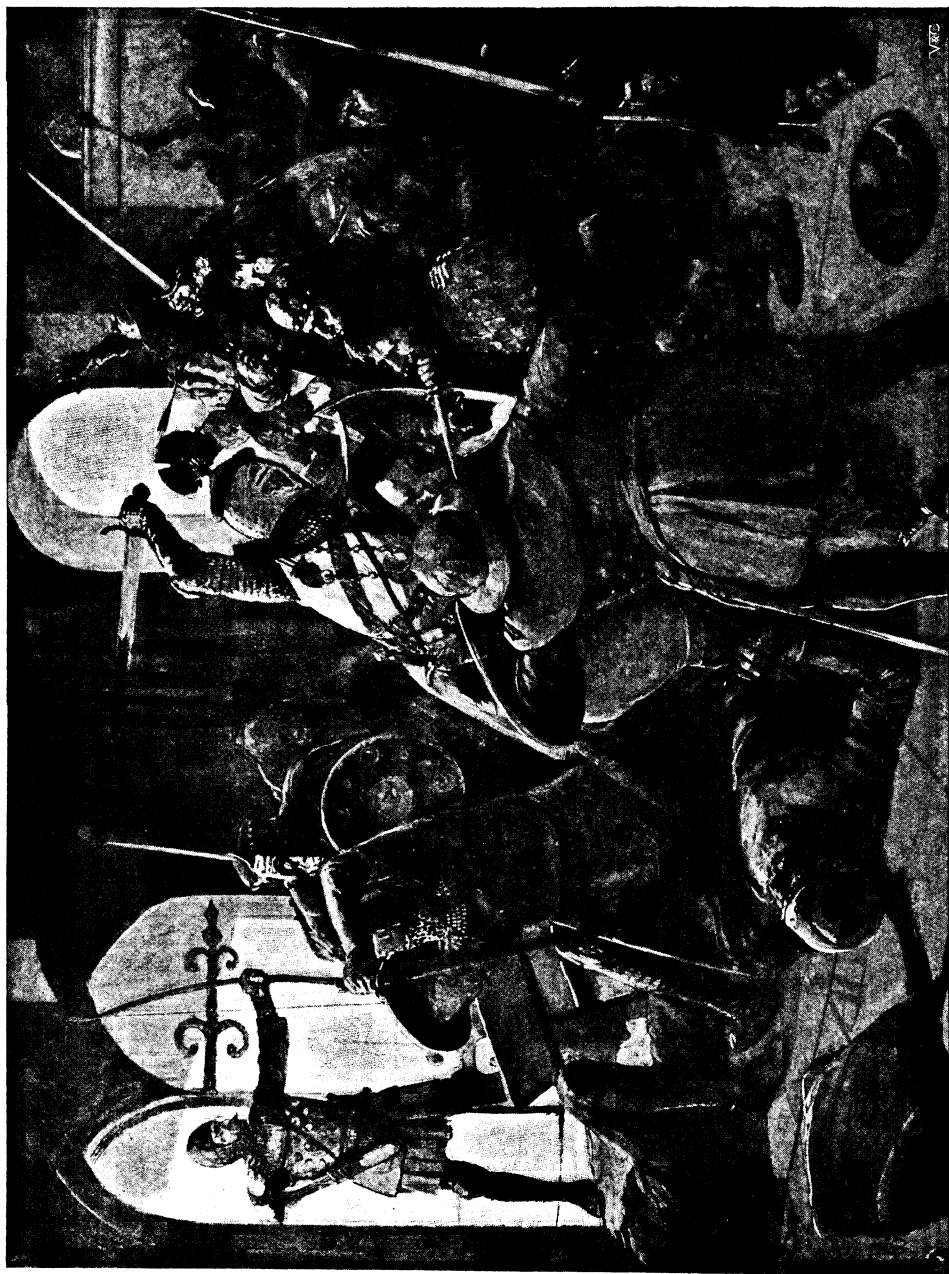
"I may want him." And he went to speak with Sir Simon.

"Here has been very pretty fighting, sir," said he.

by the way, who is he? He appears to know the family."

"He is in holy orders, Sir Bertram."

"Full orders?" asked Bertram.



"Bertram D'Aylesford raged through the Mayford Hall and drove before him the Grey Wolf riders."

"I am infinitely your debtor, sir," cried Sir Simon.

"Less mine than his," said Sir Bertram quickly, with a wave of his hand. "And,

"He is but a poor lay brother," said Sir Simon; "but he hath a very pretty learning. It is but a little while since he expounded to me a perplexed passage in Tullius



Cicero ; and of the great seer Aristoteles I believe of a verity he knoweth more than I."

"Now, the seer Aris-what-is-it ? may the Fiend confound !" muttered Sir Bertram ; but aloud he said (for he was a blunt man), "Then he is free to marry ?"

"It hath been decided," said Sir Simon, "by the Œcumenical Council of Holy Church at——" and Sir Bertram was seized by a violent fit of coughing.

"*Caput vicensimum*——" Sir Simon went on.

"Oh ! the devil !" said Sir Bertram. "My dear Sir Simon, I have no learning in these things, and if you will talk Hebrew——"

"It was Latin, sir," said Sir Simon.

"Bah !" said Sir Bertram. "Then why does he not marry ?"

"I have sometimes thought that he was in hopeless case."

"Now, I do not think that," said Sir Bertram.

"Knowing his low estate, that love was not for him, he——"

"Loved her all the more," said Sir Bertram.

"Sought the bosom of the Church," said Sir Simon.

"Well, why not hers ?" Sir Bertram asked.

"Sir Bertram D'Aylesford, you speak of my daughter !" cried Sir Simon angrily.

"Why, that is true !" said Sir Bertram. "In all honour and love, as I would have every man speak of woman." He stopped in his walk and laid his hand on Sir Simon's arm. "Sir Simon, he is a man of his hands. Ye saw him run in on them all alone. Splendour of Heaven ! Harry of Silvermere would do it—I would do it—but before God I know none other would do the like. Before I sleep this night I will give him the honours that he hath won. Do you give him the maid. Faith, if man ever won woman, he hath won her, too !"

"He is of low birth," said Sir Simon doubtfully.

"Low birth !" cried Bertram. "Man, I will make him knight. The knight that is made by my sword need not care for his birth. Do you owe him naught ? If he had not come this day, your plight would have been very ill. Sir Simon, I am not used to ask for favours, and yet I do pray you for this."

"It is for May to choose," said Sir Simon, and Bertram laughed.

"Dick, thou knave, bring chairs," he cried. So he and Sir Simon sat together in the garden. "Bring the boy Denzil and the maid. So, now are we set. By my right as Lord Warden of the King's Peace I hold here a Court. The King's peace hath been broken in this manor of Mayford. I will take order that no man break it again." He bent his heavy black brows on the Lady May. "You trouble the King's peace, lady." He pointed to Denzil. "Here is a good man nearly slain for you. Shall the King's lieges be slain for a girl ?" he cried.

Then the priest Denzil answered, "Aye, Sir Bertram, even as you would have given your life."

"You jest, sir," said Sir Bertram angrily. "I am no wanton brawler. I rush into no fights for a girl that loves me not."

Then Denzil blushed ; but the Lady May's voice was very low, and she said—

"Sir Bertram, that is not true." And having said it her face was dark with shame.

But Sir Bertram slapped his hand on his thigh.

"Fore Heaven ! I shall need my priest," said he. "Kneel, Denzil, kneel !" And as Denzil knelt he drew his sword and gave the accolade. "Rise, Sir Denzil ; serve God, honour the King, love thy love !" So Denzil rose. "Now bring me my priest," said Bertram.

And the Lady May fell on her knees and kissed Sir Bertram's hand.

But he lifted her and kissed her cheek. "Lady, Sir Denzil is a very wise and prudent knight," said he.

There were they married by Gaston's priest, and that night they all rode back in the gloaming to Sir Bertram's castle, and the Lady Elinor welcomed them all. When she heard the story she rose and kissed the Lady May many times, for men say that Sir Bertram won the Lady Elinor even so.

Now, if all these things be not true—if I have not told them as I found them set out in the chronicles of D'Aylesford, then is there no family in my own shire where the eldest son is ever Denzil and the eldest daughter May.





A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.  
FROM THE PICTURE BY OSCAR WILSON.

# THE VANISHED PRIME MINISTER.

By HENRY A. HERING.\*



HE mysterious disappearance of the Prime Minister of England, which caused such a sensation throughout the whole of civilisation, is within the recollection of the youngest ratepayer, yet the actual facts of the case have

never been made public; even the Duke himself did not know them. But there is really no reason why they should any longer be withheld, and they are now freely given to the world.

On the day of his disappearance the Duke of Guiseley, who, according to the usual custom, filled the offices of Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, dined alone at his official residence in a state of considerable disquietude. North, south, east, and west there was trouble, and nothing but trouble. In Africa, with a European Power and with a native tribe. In India there was fire, pestilence, and famine; there was the usual business on the frontier, and the retiring nature of the rupee was never more remarkable. There was friction with the United States and with Russia. At home there was a big strike and a Budget deficit to face, and the by-elections were going the wrong way. All these things had happened before, but they had never occurred at one and the same time. No wonder that the Prime Minister was upset. Feeling unequal to social intercourse, he decided to ignore his half-promise to Lady Merton, and instead to take a solitary stroll. He left his house at nine o'clock, intending to return in an hour or so, and never again crossed its threshold as Prime Minister.

His Grace walked along the crowded streets, in which he was only one inconspicuous item, and for some time revelled in the sense of his own insignificance. If he could only lose himself in the throng and be forgotten! Let

others take up the tangled skein of the State. So his thoughts ran on, until he suddenly drew himself up and dismissed them as unworthy of himself. He was a strong man, and could bear the burden of it all—a strong man, a little depressed just then, he admitted, and, by the way, thirsty—that over-seasoned savory, no doubt. Yes, he had a thirst, and he looked round for means to quench it.

Ah! here was an evidently popular buffet. Should he enter? No, he would be recognised by the gilded youth who crowded it, and his position would be a little undignified. Two doors further on was a chemist's shop. That would do. The Duke walked in and asked for a glass of water.

The chemist's assistant, who was at that moment engaged behind the counter in working up the atomic weights for an examination, looked up abstractedly.

"Water? Certainly, sir," he said, and with his head full of symbols and figures he groped for the bottle of distilled water which was handy on the shelf. Absently he filled a glass and gave it to the Prime Minister, who drank and was refreshed. The shilling left on the counter recalled the assistant's wandering thoughts.

"He must have wanted it badly," he said to himself, and then his eye wandered to the shelf in estimation of value given. A wave of horror overspread the assistant's face. He had used the wrong bottle.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "I've given him the Water of Lethe!"

And so he had.

Now, the peculiarity of the Water of Lethe was that it brought absolute forgetfulness to the mind of the drinker for a space of time depending on the size of the draught. The chemist's assistant had pretty well filled the glass, and the Prime Minister had drunk it to the last drop, for he was very thirsty; and cold sweat gathered on the assistant's brow when, after a brief calculation, he knew that the gentleman who had left the shilling on the counter would for the space of three years and a month or two forget all that he had ever learned, all that had gone before, even his own name and every debt he owed. He felt a little easier when he reflected that

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the drinker would be a long time before he knew who was to blame for the catastrophe—and much might happen in the interval.

The Water of Lethe was in much request by ladies or gentlemen who had done things which prevented their consciences from resting at nights. Two drops would lull the most vigorous conscience to sleep for eight hours, and usually the water was not taken in greater quantities. Never till that night had a whole glassful been drunk straight off, and it was particularly unfortunate that the drinker should have been the Prime Minister of England, for his mind held information of extreme value to the nation.

After leaving the shop he was conscious of a soothing sensation. All the troubles of the day seemed to disappear. Then he forgot there ever were troubles—ever were pleasures—ever was anything—forgot all, all;—and the Prime Minister of England walked blindly across the road at the imminent risk of his life, sat down on a seat in a park, and nodded benevolently at the moon and the stars, blinking like a new-born babe.

He sat there for a long time in a state of vacuous placidity—thinking of nothing, just as he had done for a few days, maybe weeks, some sixty years before. He stayed there so long that respectable people ceased to pass, and at length very shady ones came. There were two of them—two burglars out on business.

"If there ain't a bloomin' torf all by 'is little self alone!" said one of them, and there was a hurried exchange of whispers.

"Fine evenin', sir," said the other, seating himself beside the Duke, who smiled fatuously, but said nothing.

"My crikey!—dumb," said the first speaker, taking his seat on the other side.

"Sorry for yer hinfirmitiy, sir," the other continued; but it was evident the gentleman didn't hear him.

"Deaf, too," said the first burglar. Then he started making polite remarks about the weather in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. The swift movement of the hands and fingers pleased the Prime Minister, and he crowed with delight.

"Dotty!" exclaimed both burglars simultaneously.

"Deaf, dumb, and dotty! You're a gem, old party," said burglar Number One, as he caught hold of the Duke's watch and chain and skilfully abstracted them from his person. The other felt in his coat and took his pocket-book and papers. In two minutes they had absolutely cleaned out the Prime Minister's

pockets and taken possession of all his jewellery.

At first their victim evinced signs of alarm, but he quickly relapsed into serene stolidity, and the burglars grew hilarious at the size of their haul and its ease. Then burglar Number One insisted on changing headgear with the Duke, and Number Two would have his coat. Finally they became boisterous in their mirth, and one of them knocked the helpless statesman on the grass, whereupon the poor man howled vigorously, and the burglars decamped, the one in a silk hat, and the other in a smart overcoat with an astrachan collar.

Some minutes afterwards an individual came sauntering along with unsteady gait. He was a red-whiskered man in a bowler hat, and he walked with his hands in his pockets. His attention was arrested by the sight of an old gentleman in evening dress, with a corduroy cap wrong side up on the back of his head, sitting on the grass and sobbing violently. The new-comer stopped and stared, stared very hard indeed, and then burst into unsympathetic laughter.

"Well, I'm——" he commenced, and then he stopped short, as though he couldn't find a participle adequate for the occasion. He went up to the Prime Minister and stood over him.

"Good evenin', your Grace," he said.

The Duke did not respond to the overture. He stared vacantly at him and continued sobbing.

The red-whiskered man sat down on the vacant seat, and apostrophised him in unsteady accents.

"It's a shockin' position to be in, your Grace," he said. "The Prime Minister drunk and incapable—wearin' a blue ribbon, too. It's a case for the police. Your Grace may remember once threatenin' me for less."

The Duke evinced no recollection of the circumstance, but society seemed to comfort him, for he ceased to cry.

"I wonder now whether I ought to call for the police or send for the Leader of the Opposition, your Grace?" continued the man. "You've said some nasty things about him lately. I think it 'ud look well in a charge-sheet, though. Hi! Robert!" he shouted.

But the police were not at hand at that moment, and a new idea seemed to strike the red-whiskered man, for he slapped his knees with glee and then got up.

"Allow me to assist your Grace," he said with much ceremony. The Duke took his proffered hand and struggled to his feet.



"There were two of them."

"Will your Grace condescend to accept my poor hospitality?" the man went on. "It's Robson. You remember Robson, your Grace, your faithful valet, Robson—poor, injured Robson? Blowed if he do, though," he muttered. "He's too far gone. But he's steady enough on his pins. He's been hypnotised, that's what it is." Gaining confidence from the Duke's evident helplessness, he seized his arm and tucked it under his own. "Come on, Guiseley," he said, and marched him away. Once he stopped to pull up the collar of the Duke's coat, and to button it in front, lest the white shirt should attract attention. Further on he hailed a hansom and gave the driver an address, bundled the Duke inside, and himself followed. Twenty minutes later they stopped at the corner of an obscure street in Gray's

Inn Road. Mr. Robson paid the fare and marched his companion on a few streets further, then down a still obscurer turning, and finally stopped before a very humble dwelling. He inserted a key in the lock, opened the door, pushed the Duke in, and closed it again. Then he turned on the gas.

"Welcome, your Grace," said Mr. Robson. "Welcome to my lowly abode. I'm sorry it ain't better, but your Grace was stingy, and the perks were small. Still, it runs to beer, your Grace." He produced a couple of half-pint bottles, drew the corks, and filled two glasses. "Your 'ealth, Guiseley!" he said, as he raised one to his lips.

The Duke followed his example and drank. Mr. Robson waved him to a chair.

"Now, your Grace," said he, "we've got accounts to settle. You discharged me for

drink and theft. A jolly old toper on the quiet like yourself should know somethin' on the drink question, so we'll hold the first charge proved ; but it was 'orrid mean to say I had no right to your clothes, for your fit is my fit, 'cept in 'ats. You've a natty bit of suitin' on just now, and I'm short of evenin' dress at the moment—had to decline a pressin' invitation in consequence from the Markiss of Spiers and Pond only yesterday. Besides, it ain't safe for a man of your years to be sittin' on the grass in claw-'ammers. I'll find you somethin' more suitable for agricultural purposes, and I'll trouble your Grace to change."

He went upstairs and quickly returned with some rough wear, and under his skilful superintendence the Duke undressed and put them on.

"Seems like old times, Guiseley," Mr. Robson remarked during the process. "We never took more pains when we were agoin' to dine at Marlborough House, did we ? Hullo ! what have you done with your ticker, and your links and studs ? If your bloomin' purse ain't missin' ! Well, if this ain't rough ! It's just like yer, you mean old fossil !" and Mr. Robson gave vent to his annoyance in language marked and expressive. It required another bottle of beer to soothe his injured feelings, and then he went on, "The Blue Ribbon I'll keep as an heirloom, Guiseley ; the Bath would have contented me, but when the Prime Minister himself brings the Garter, it ain't for me to decline." He carefully stuck it athwart his waistcoat. "Now, my lords," said he, placing the Duke's glasses on his nose, and mimicking his action in debate, "the noble Markiss 'as taunted me with ignorance of the dwellin's of the indignant poor. I fling his remarks back in his eye, for this very night I visited the hovel of my old friend Robson—good old Robson—sandy-whiskered Robson—who treated me to 'arf a pint of prime October,



"And your 'air's too long, Guiseley."

and let bygones be bygones, like the blamed good sort he is !

"Which reminds me," he resumed in his natural tones. "You may remember objectin' to my whiskers, Guiseley ; you said they was glarin', and made me shave ; but if whiskers is bad, a long, foreign-lookin', pointed beard is wuss, much wuss, and yours 'as got to go."

He produced a pair of scissors and cut the Prime Minister's beard close to the skin. "And your 'air's too long, Guiseley ; I was allus implorin' you to get it cut. They'll be



makin' you Poet Laureate if you don't mind." Mr. Robson applied the scissors remorselessly to the Duke's venerable locks, till it might well be doubted if even his Grace's secretaries would have recognised him in the grizzled old man in the pilot jacket who sat there serenely blinking at the ex-valet.

At last Mr. Robson laid down the scissors, but for some time longer he apostrophised his late master. He only gave in from want of breath and the absence of response.

"Well, Guiseley," said he in conclusion, "if you're above talkin', it ain't for me to detain you. I should very much like to fortygraph you and send your picture round to the crowned heads of Europe. If one reached Windsor Castle, you'd jolly well get the sack, my boy; but I can't do it, as the electricity isn't on to-night. Anyway, I'll send you on where you'll be more appreciated. Let me see, I wonder who'd fancy you most?"

Mr. Robson looked round for an inspiration, but it was not immediately forthcoming. "Salvation Army Shelter, that's the best I can think of," he muttered, "unless I shot you down at the French Ambassador's; I think he'd like to see you in your present rig-out. Then his eye chanced on a visiting-card placed conspicuously in front of the clock on the mantelshelf. A broad grin spread over Mr. Robson's face. "Yes, that'll do. What a surprise packet for the old bantam! Teach him not to be so free with his bloomin' pasteboards in future!"

He reached down the card, which bore the inscription—

REV. ELIJAH TIMMINS, B.A.,  
61, Rebecca Street,  
Bethnal Green, N.E.

"I'm goin' to send you to this white-chokered gent, Guiseley," he said. "No doubt you'd prefer an archbishop or a cardinal, but we don't keep those articles in stock just now. This is a gentleman who runs a conventicle, and if you tell him who you are, he'll give you some straight tips on the Disestablishment question. Blowed if Guiseley ain't asleep! He's no sort of company to-night. Here, wake up, old man!"

The Duke evinced a strong disinclination to move. It needed a good deal of persuasion and some force to get him out of the house, and then it was ten minutes or so before Mr. Robson found a vehicle for his purpose—a four-wheeler.

"Chawles," said he to the driver, "I want you to take my friend to this address. Tell

the reverend gentleman you've brought his nephew from—er—Majorca."

"From what?" growled the cabby.

"Majorca. Don't forget. It's one of the Balearic Islands. There are four of them—Majorca, Minorca, Alderney and Sark," explained Mr. Robson, with knowledge derived from long intercourse with a Prime Minister.

"I know 'em," said the cabby coldly. "Once had a hen from those parts."

"By-bye, old man," said Robson, when he had thrust the Duke inside and closed the door; "love to Elijah." Then to the driver, "Don't forget—nephew from Majorca." As the cab drove away he added to himself, "And I'd give a sovrin to see the parson's face when he gets him."

It was nearly one o'clock when the cab drove down Rebecca Street and stopped at No. 61. The driver got off his box, rang the bell, and knocked vigorously. In a few minutes a bedroom window opened and a male head in a nightcap protruded.

"Who's there?"

"Your nevvvy from Minorky," came the answer.

"Who?" cried the astonished minister.

"Your nevvvy from Minorky. It's one of the Bally Islands," said the cabman.

"I haven't got a nephew in Minorca," said the bewildered parson.

"Of course you 'aven't. You've got 'im 'ere now," replied the Jehu, who was a stickler for precision in conversation.

"I don't know him. It's a mistake," said the minister.

"No mistake at all," shouted the cabman. "'Ere's your own card-de-wisit. Come down and own 'im like a man."

"I shan't!" said the minister.

At this moment a window in the house opposite opened, and another head appeared.

"What's the row?" inquired its owner.

"I've brought a prodigal 'ome, and 'is white-chokered uncle won't take 'im in," explained the indignant cabman.

"Shame!" said the voice. "Shame!"

The minister heard this conversation with dismay. That very evening he had had an extremely unpleasant interview with his deacons, who had been careful to assure him that his growing unpopularity might soon necessitate his removal from that particular sphere of action. It was one of the deacons who had called out "Shame!"

"I can't stop 'ere all night," said the cabby to his fare. "Out you come, and talk to yer affecshunit uncle yerself." Then



was heard the sound of voices disputing, and of violent interjections of wrath from the interior of the cab, from which the Jehu presently emerged, with his fare in his arms. Other windows now opened, other inquiring heads appeared, and the deacon was energetic in his explanation of the situation.

"Your navvy's in a dead faint!" shouted the cabman, when he had deposited the Duke on the doorstep. "If you leave 'im out overnight, it'll be easy for you if you git orf with manslaughter. Are you comin' down or not?"

Mr. Timmins no longer hesitated. He was firmly convinced that there was some wretched mistake, but it could be rectified on the morrow. Two minutes later the door was opened and the cabman had his foot inside.

"Ten bob is my fare," he said.

"Ten shillings!" expostulated Mr. Timmins.

"Ten bob, and no less. Cheap enough, too, for bringing yer preshus navvy all the way from Minorky. It'll be fifteen if I 'ave to wait much longer."

"My purse, Mary!" called out the luckless minister, and while his wife was searching for it he and the cabman brought in the weary Duke, depositing him on the sitting-room sofa, where he at once fell fast asleep. The cabman was paid and drove away, the neighbours closed their windows, and Mr. and Mrs. Timmins surveyed their guest.

"I've never seen him before," said the minister. "It's some horrible mistake." Then he gloomily inspected his card, which the driver had deposited on the sideboard.

"He has a fine head," remarked his wife, who was the optimist of the family.

"Looks as if he'd just left prison," replied her husband. "But we can do no good to-night. I'll fetch some blankets down, and then we'll leave him."

Mr. Timmins slept little that night, and his wife still less, for an inward conviction was growing upon her. At 5 a.m. she communicated it to her husband.

"Elijah," she said, "it's Uncle Sam!"

"Ah!" was the unsympathetic-reply.

"He went to the backwoods of Australia when I was quite a child, and he always said he'd come back. He's very rich."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mr. Timmins, in whose bosom the ten-shilling fare rankled.

"Depend upon it, I'm right," said his helpmate, and, having settled the matter to her satisfaction, the worthy lady dropped off to sleep.

About seven, hearing movement in the room below, she dressed and went downstairs to welcome her visitor. He was looking out of the window when she entered the room.

"Uncle Sam, I'm glad to see you," she said, going towards him.

The Duke turned. Seeing a smiling face and outstretched hands, he also smiled and advanced, and they shook hands affectionately.

"I hope you feel better this morning?" she went on.

Her visitor said something unintelligible in reply. She repeated the question, and still came the mysterious sounds.

Considerably alarmed, she left the room and ran upstairs to her husband. "It is Uncle Sam," she said, "but he has forgotten his native tongue. He can only speak Australian."

"Rubbish!" said Mr. Timmins.

"Come and see for yourself. I've heard of such things happening."

Mr. Timmins hurriedly dressed, went downstairs, and was introduced. Uncle Sam smiled and shook hands heartily, but nothing understandable came from his lips.

"This is awful, simply awful!" cried the poor minister. "Whatever shall we do with him?"

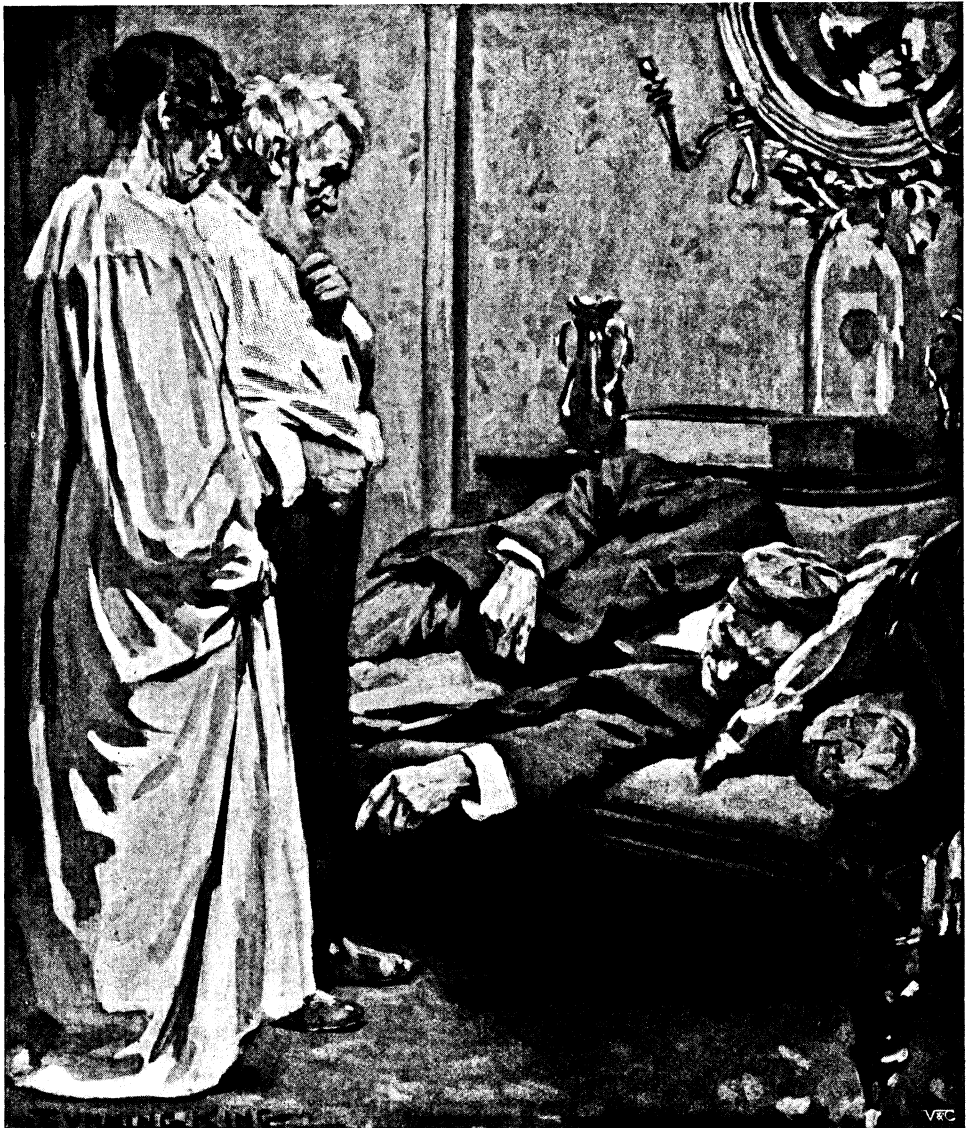
"Teach him English, to begin with," said his wife. "Uncle Sam—Elijah—Mary," she said to the Duke, indicating the various personalities as she spoke. The Duke followed the sounds and soon mastered them. This scheme of instruction was continued at the breakfast-table, and before the meal was over their visitor showed a nice discrimination between the sounds for marmalade and butter, thereby causing the minister's spirits to rise from zero to a trifle below freezing point.

The news of the arrival of Mr. Timmins's nephew—sometimes mentioned as uncle or grandfather—of course spread rapidly and caused a considerable sensation in the locality; but before the day was over it was almost forgotten in the consternation caused by the disappearance of the Prime Minister. Happening, as it did, in the midst of serious foreign complications, with which the Duke was considered to be the only statesman strong enough to deal, it caused a panic. The Funds fell to 83, and there was a run on the Bank of England. A reward of five thousand pounds for the discovery of the Duke was offered the following day, and subsequently increased to ten, but offered in vain.

It may be asked if no one connected the appearance of the stranger at 61, Rebecca Street with the disappearance of the Prime Minister; but it would almost have required the gift of second sight to see any resemblance between the grizzled old man in the shabby clothes who couldn't speak English, and the distinguished-looking statesman in evening dress, wearing the Ribbon of the Garter and an astrachan-collared coat, advertised for.

While another was taking up the pilotage of the State, the Duke of Guiseley, now

known as Samuel Bailey, was progressing in elementary education. Though he had to start with the simplest rudiments, he did so with a man's brain and a brain of great power. Within the month he could express his thoughts with comparative ease, and was beginning subtraction; within the year he could read and write, was learning French, and was as quick at figures as you would expect a Senior Wrangler to be under the circumstances. As he was diligent and liked work he had little difficulty in getting employment, and the thirty shillings a week



"Mr. and Mrs. Timmins surveyed their guest,"

he ultimately earned enabled him to considerably assist the Timminses' exchequer. But it was as lamentable as extraordinary that he could say nothing about his Australian property, nor about anything previous to his arrival in Rebecca Street. It was supposed that he had had a stroke.

Thus three years passed—three years, two months, and a day—when one night Samuel Bailey, the respected invoice clerk of Hitchens and Hitchens, indigo merchants, retired to rest feeling strangely excited. He fell into a fitful slumber, waking about midnight in much confusion of thought. Indigo was strangely mixed up with India and the rupee, Nephew Elijah with the French Ambassador, and Mary with Her Majesty herself, while a bewildering succession of equally confused phantasmagoria ran across his brain. Again he dozed and again awoke. This time his thoughts were clearer. "Ah!" he thought, "the Cabinet meets at twelve. I must see the Chancellor before then. I shall have ciphers from Paris and Cairo by eleven, and the Ambassador does not come till four. Then we shall know definitely one way or the other."

He fell fast asleep, and was only awakened by a knock at his door. He wondered why Robson—no, Fuller—didn't come in. Again a knock.

"Yes?" he called out.

"You're late, Uncle Sam," came the reply.

"Breakfast has been waiting this half-hour."

Though much astonished at this address, he called out "All right!" sprang out of bed, and pulled up the blind. "Heavens! where am I?" he thought, glancing at the dingy room and the dismal view outside. He caught sight of his face in the glass and was petrified, for he was clean-shaven. And yet there immediately came the consciousness that he had shaved of late. He turned to his watch for the time. This clumsy silver thing wasn't his—his was a gold repeater—and yet that silver one seemed familiar, after all. What a muddle he was in! He gave up speculating, ceased to wonder why Fuller wasn't there to help him to dress, got into his things mechanically, and as mechanically walked downstairs. It was as in a dream. He felt like an actor awaiting his cue.

There were two strangers in the little breakfast-room—no, not strangers, for he knew them—one was Mary and the other Elijah. But who were Mary and Elijah? And why did they call him Uncle Sam?

"I'm afraid you'll be late at the office, uncle," said Mary, and the Duke caught

himself looking at the clock in dismay. Hitchens and Hitchens, indigo merchants, flashed across his brain. He was due there at nine. There were twenty chests of indigo to check. But what about the Cabinet at twelve, and the Ambassador? There must be important despatches and telegrams waiting for him.

The Duke leaned his head on his hand in utter perplexity.

"I'm afraid you're not well, Uncle Sam," said Mrs. Timmins. "Take a day off. I'm sure Mr. Hitchens will allow it. Elijah shall call at the office and explain."

The Duke caught at the suggestion. "Thank you—er—Mary," he said. "I do feel a bit queer. Will you do me the favour of calling upon Mr. Hitchens and explaining, Elijah?"

Mr. Timmins, inwardly wondering at the ceremonious politeness of the old man, promised to do so. He was about to go, when the Duke said "Stop!" and waved him to a seat in an authoritative manner utterly new in Uncle Sam.

"Elijah and Mary," he said, "will you have the goodness to tell me who I am?"

Mr. and Mrs. Timmins glanced at each other in dismay. Was he going to have another attack?

"Why, you are Uncle Sam, of course," said Mary, at length.

"So you seem to think—but I'm not quite sure that I am. In fact, I'm quite sure that I am not," said the Duke, with growing conviction.

"If you are not Uncle Sam, who are you?" asked Mr. Timmins.

"I am the Duke of Guiseley."

Mr. and Mrs. Timmins looked at each other meaningly. "Of course you are the Duke of Guiseley," said Elijah. "We always knew that."

"Then why do you call me Uncle Sam?"

"Oh! that's a pet name we have for you," said Mary.

"But, madam," said the Duke, "what reason is there for a pet name?"

"Quite so," said Mr. Timmins soothingly. "What reason? No reason at all."

The Duke was annoyed at this quibbling, but he kept his temper.

"Will you have the goodness to tell me," he went on, "how long I have been with you?"

"About three years," said Mr. Timmins.

"Three years!" exclaimed the Duke.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."



"Bounding down three at a time."

"How did I come?"

"You came in a cab—from Minorca."

"In a cab from Minorca?" cried the astonished statesman.

"We had only the cabman's word for it," Mr. Timmins explained, "and we think he must have been mistaken. You really came from the interior of Australia."

The Duke pressed his hand to his head. His brain was reeling. "If I am not mad, I soon shall be," he said.

"No, no, uncle," said Mrs. Timmins. "We hope not—with rest and quiet. You must stay at home for a time. Elijah shall see Mr. Hitchens and explain."

"Hang Mr. Hitchens!" snapped the sorely

tried Duke. "I beg your pardon, Mary, but I hardly know what I am saying."

"I'm sure you don't, uncle," said Mary. "Just sit quietly here, and I'll get you something soothing."

"Nonsense," said the Duke. "I can't stay here. There are important despatches waiting for me at the Foreign Office. I must attend to them at once, but I shall come back to get to the bottom of this mystery." Saying which the Duke walked towards the door; but Mr. Timmins jumped up and placed himself in front of it, while his wife seized hold of the Duke's hands.

"Sit down, uncle," she said. "I beg of you to calm yourself. Elijah shall go for your letters, and you can answer them here without delay. There is a pillar-box at the corner, you know."

"Madam," cried the indignant Duke, "I beg of you to release my hands. Come away from the door, Elijah."

"I shan't," said Mr. Timmins firmly.

The Duke of Guiseley, being a diplomatist, never attempted to gain by force what persuasion would accomplish. Therefore he now sat down on the sofa.

"Elijah and Mary," he said, "listen to me. I am not mad, as you think I am, nor am I your uncle. I am the Duke of Guiseley. How I got here passes my understanding, but that is of little consequence at the moment. Despatches of vital importance are waiting for me at the Foreign Office, and I must go there at once. You shall come with me, Elijah; and if they refuse to acknowledge me there, I promise to return at once."

The Duke spoke very quietly, and what he said impressed his hearers. It might be wiser to humour the old man than to irritate him by forcible detention.

"All right, uncle," said Elijah. "We'll

go at once. Better have the doctor here at twelve," he whispered to Mary.

At the end of the street, despite Mr. Timmins's remonstrances, the Duke hailed a hansom. He said little on the way—he was trying to arrange his thoughts. Only then did he grasp what an absence of three years meant to him. But he could not believe it. There must be some absurd mistake somewhere. At last they drew up at the Foreign Office. The Duke almost ran up the steps. He went straight to the doorkeeper's office in the entrance-hall and asked, "Is Sir Rupert in?" Sir Rupert Taunton was the Permanent Under Secretary.

"Have you an appointment, sir?" inquired the man.

"No. I am the Duke of Guiseley."

The doorkeeper's deferential demeanour changed. "It's no use," he said. "We've had two of your name calling every week since I came here, and my instructions are to admit no more."

"There, Uncle Sam," said Mr. Timmins, pulling the Duke's coat. "It's no use. Come away."

"Be quiet, Elijah," said his Grace. Then, turning to the attendant, "Will you give me a sheet of paper and an envelope, please?" He said this with the grand air of authority he could adopt when necessary. Many a time it had quenched opposition at a Cabinet council. The doorkeeper did his bidding.

The Duke hastily scribbled a few lines and closed the envelope. "See that Sir Rupert gets it at once," he said.

Uncle Sam's audacity struck terror in the heart of Mr. Timmins; and when a few minutes later there was the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps, Elijah clutched his hat tightly and with his eye measured the distance to the street-door.

An important-looking old gentleman now appeared on the stairs, bounding down three at a time. For a moment he hesitated, then ran up to the Duke, caught his hands, and shook them again and again.

"Your Grace—your Grace!" he said, and the gladdest of tears filled his eyes. The Duke was hardly less affected, while the doorkeeper stood at sympathetic attention.

Then the Duke turned. "There, Elijah," he said, "will you believe me now?"

Mr. Timmins stood there, a man transfixed—red and white by turns. He tried to say something, but the words caught in his throat.

"It's all right, Elijah," said the Duke, laying his hand on his shoulder. "Now come upstairs, and Sir Rupert shall explain the mystery to us."

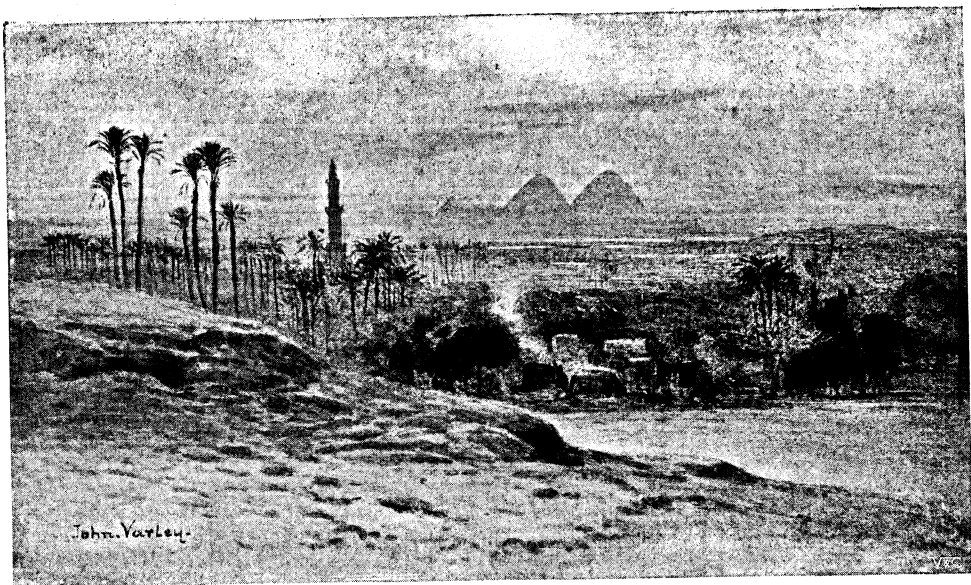
But that Sir Rupert was unable to do.

The reappearance of the Duke of Guiseley, and the extraordinary circumstances connected with it, caused a tremendous sensation in the country. The denizens of Rebecca Street were as gratified as astonished to learn they had for so long harboured a Prime Minister unawares, and the excitement was intense when on the following day the Duke came to have high tea once more with Elijah and Mary. The street was crowded, and the deacon let his windows at a premium. Vociferous cheers for his Grace, interspersed with others for "Old Sam Bailey," greeted his arrival, and when Mary met him on the doorstep, and he kissed her as usual, the excitement reached fever-heat.

The ensuing week Mr. and Mrs. Timmins removed, to make plans for the spiritual welfare of Nonconformists on the Duke's estate, and the frowns of deacons no longer trouble the worthy couple.

The Duke found that his despatches had long since been answered by his successor, so he devoted what time the legal complications consequent on his return allowed him to trying to unravel the mystery of his extraordinary disappearance and metamorphosis; but he devoted it in vain. He himself was at fault. He remembered going for a stroll on the night in question—and then came a terrible blank. The wish for a drink and the purchase of the fateful draught were scarcely registered on his brain when the record had been washed out for ever by the Water of Lethe. He remembered the stroll, and then nothing more till he found himself as Samuel Bailey, living with his nephew Elijah and his niece Mary, at 61, Rebecca Street; and all the expert assistance he called in did not help him one jot.

Two people could have thrown light upon the matter—the one a chemist's assistant, who is always failing in his examinations, owing to his defective knowledge of the atomic weights; the other a red-whiskered man who keeps a low public-house in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane; but somehow, for reasons of their own, they elected to keep silence.



DISTANT VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS FROM OLD CAIRO: SUNSET.  
*From a picture by John Varley in the possession of the Author.*

## ROUND THE PYRAMIDS.

BY JOHN WARD, F.S.A.\*

LET us suppose, as Euclid has it, that Cairo has been visited, and that we are now driving out under the shade of the beautiful leafy road that leads us, in an hour or so, to the foot of the rocky platform on which the Great Pyramids stand.

Though twenty miles away, the three mountains of masonry arrest attention and are clearly seen, dominating the landscape. But in Cairo itself we lose sight of them altogether, as the city lies low and the banks of the Nile are fringed with tall palms, from which Ismail's shady avenue leads westwards for seven miles or more. So we do not see the Pyramids again until we are almost under their shadow. Whether Ismail planned it so, I know not; but it is, in my mind, a great advantage to the first visit. One forgets them, riding through the motley throng of the Kasr el Nil Bridge, and the busy crowd of natives in every kind of conveyance, mounted on camel or donkey, or rapidly trudging along on foot. For it is a populous region, and the great city of Cairo

absorbs vast supplies of agricultural produce. Processions of patient camels, overladen with fresh clover from the meadows, impede the way. The bridge is hardly passable in the morning; or at noontime, when the carts, camels, and donkeys return, unladen save by their masters bringing home their gains. Then the bridge has to be opened for an hour or so, to allow the *gyassas* or trading boats to pass up or down.

In the evening the road becomes the fashionable drive for mounted representatives of British occupation, in mufti, and for native gentlemen and their ladies, veiled and unveiled. For the Moslem women carefully hide their faces, while the Coptic ladies are not unwilling to show them. Smart little victorias carry the cosmopolitan, mercantile population of Cairo out for an airing in the cooler atmosphere of the evening. The crowd is brightened up by British soldiers of every sort of uniform, walking along as if the place belonged to them.

We are bent for "Mena House," the excellent hostelry situated on the verge of the desert, just below the Pyramid-platform. As we near this, every peep which we get

\* Copyright, 1901, by John Ward, in the United States of America.



through the trees at intervals shows us the increasing size of the Great Pyramid, till at length, when we descend at the foot of the widely extended terrace, the huge structure seems to fill up the landscape. As the sun lowers it casts its shadow for a mile or more, and towards sunset stretches right across the wide Nile valley.

Emerging from the shade of Ismail's leafy *lebbekh* trees, we have unexpectedly arrived at Mena House, a long, irregular series of buildings climbing up the sandy slope of the desert platform. We sit under the shade of the hotel verandah and enjoy our tea in the

regain health, as he had done himself. He was fortunate in finding an accomplished English architect in Cairo, Mr. Henry Favarger, to whom he gave *carte blanche* as to design, aspect, and style of architecture, etc. But without spring water such a building would have been a failure, so Mr. Favarger's first effort was to sink a well. Boring down into the dry sand, at thirty feet or so he discovered an unlimited supply of crystal water. This was all done by native labour. The spring has never failed, and gives sufficient for all the wants of the great establishment, for a large stock of



DATE PALMS GROWING ON THE SITE OF LOST MEMPHIS.

open. The two Great Pyramids seem a part of the hotel establishment, and in the clear air seem only a few yards off, in reality under half a mile.

Now let us enter the hotel; no matter how warm the external air may be, it is always cool inside. An English gentleman of wealth had resided here for some seasons in a small house rented from the Khedive. The desert air restored him to health, and someone suggested that he should buy a large tract, mainly desert-land, and establish, for the good of mankind, a hotel or sanatorium. So his gratitude took the form of building a hotel where people might sojourn to

cattle and horses, and also supplies a marble swimming-bath. Favarger chose for his style of architecture that of the most beautiful mosque in Cairo—the shrine, it may be called, of Kait Bey. Every opening in the spacious dining-room is copied from one of those of this gem of Saracenic architecture: the result is the most beautiful, cheerful, and commodious of dining-halls. The decoration is simple, and, strange to say, though copied from a tomb, there is nothing sad in its style; it is the most cheerful of apartments, lofty and airy, utterly free from draughts, though cool and fresh when the hottest weather reigns outside. The hall and pas-



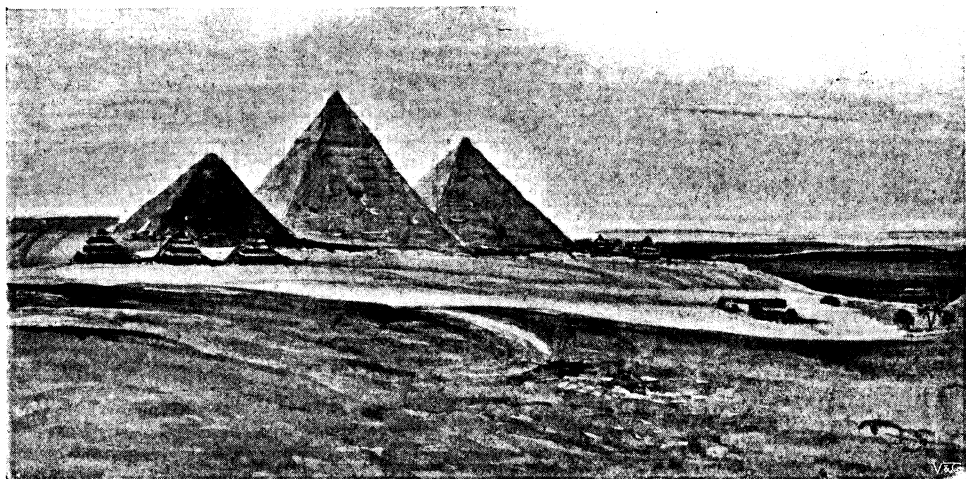
sages, the drawing and music rooms are all in equal taste. Many of the doors and carved *mushra-biyeh* work are ancient, inlaid with great taste and beautiful arabesque designs. Mr. Favarger spent several years in collecting these old pieces of valuable marquetry, which are quite superior to modern production. The staircase and passages of the hotel are of marble, simply treated. The spacious porch is of carved wood, which completely excludes the sun, and yet the full view of the Great Pyramid is uninterrupted. This is a good house of rest for as many days or weeks as can be spared.

But I undertook to describe the first ride round the Pyramids. It is well to start early; whether humble donkey or stately camel be chosen must depend on the traveller's taste or experiences. The donkeys here are good, and there are some fair camels to be had. As to guide, if Ali Gabri can be secured, he is the best. "An honest gentleman," as Pro-



CAMEL FAIR, NEAR THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.

fessor Petrie terms him, after an acquaintance of many years. This native antiquarian was Petrie's servant and friend in all his wonderful survey of this Pyramid field for several years. He learned much from his kind master. (Dr. Petrie's splendid work on the Pyramids is unfortunately out of print, but much of the information is given in the learned Professor's "History of Egypt," Vol. I.) Ali can point out where, several feet beyond the present stonework, the line



THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH, FROM THE SOUTH.

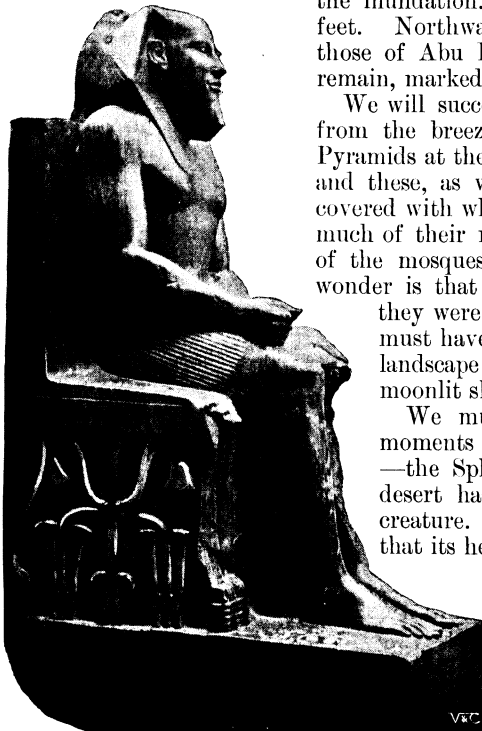
*From a picture by the Author.*

of the ancient marble casing of the Great Pyramid can still be traced. He can also show, cut into the rock under the sand, all the points of Petrie's measurements, and for those who trust themselves to his guidance days and weeks can be profitably spent. Everything known about the wonderful monuments is familiar to him; he is perfectly truthful and one of the most modest and gentle of men. For a number of years he has been my guide to the Pyramids, and every time I learn something from him that is new to me.

Let us ride round the nine Pyramids of Gizeh. The first is the oldest, the greatest, and by far the best built. This, always known as the *Great Pyramid*, was built by Khufu, the Cheops of the Greeks, about 3950 B.C. It covers as much space as Lincoln's Inn Fields, and when perfect was over 480 feet in height. It is well worth ascending to the top. Then you see that there are many other Pyramids, group beyond group, extending to the south, as far as the eye can reach along the edge of the great Libyan Desert, looking down on the green valley of the Nile. The warmly tinted eastern cliffs, whence came all the stone for the artificial mountain on which we stand, bound the landscape. These are the Mokattam Hills. The blocks were floated across the Nile during the inundation. Cairo, with its thousand minarets, lies at our feet. Northwards another group of Pyramids once existed, those of Abu Roash. Now, however, nothing but their sites remain, marked by heaps of broken stone and granite.

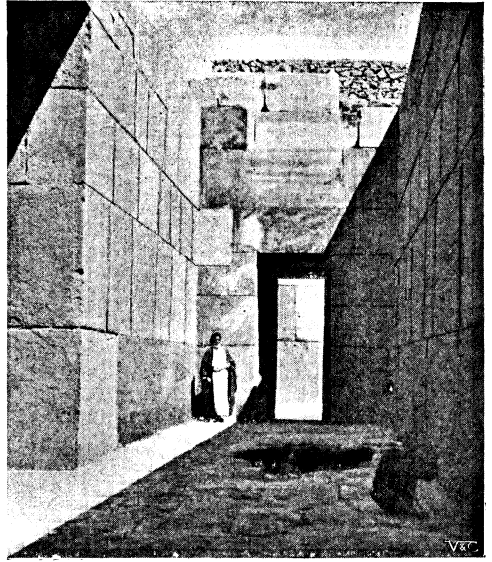
We will successively visit all the Pyramid fields. Descending from the breezy summit, we have a peep at the three small Pyramids at the western side, built for the daughters of Khufu, and these, as well as the great one, were, when perfect, all covered with white polished limestone. All have had this, and much of their rocky core, stolen away. We are told that most of the mosques of Cairo were built from the Pyramids—the wonder is that so much remains. In the days of the Romans they were perfect, and their glistening, polished surfaces must have been a marvellous sight, gleaming in the sunny landscape or under the light of Egypt's glorious starry or moonlit sky.

We must, however, direct our attention for a few moments towards a far older monument than Pyramids\*—the Sphinx. Once on an eminence, the sand of the desert has swallowed up the substructure of the huge creature. The Greek and Roman writers all assure us that its head and face were lovely; now, the poor battered countenance, with the nose entirely gone, has little trace of its former beauty. But the



STATUE OF KHAFFRA.

*Found in the well of the temple near the Sphinx.*



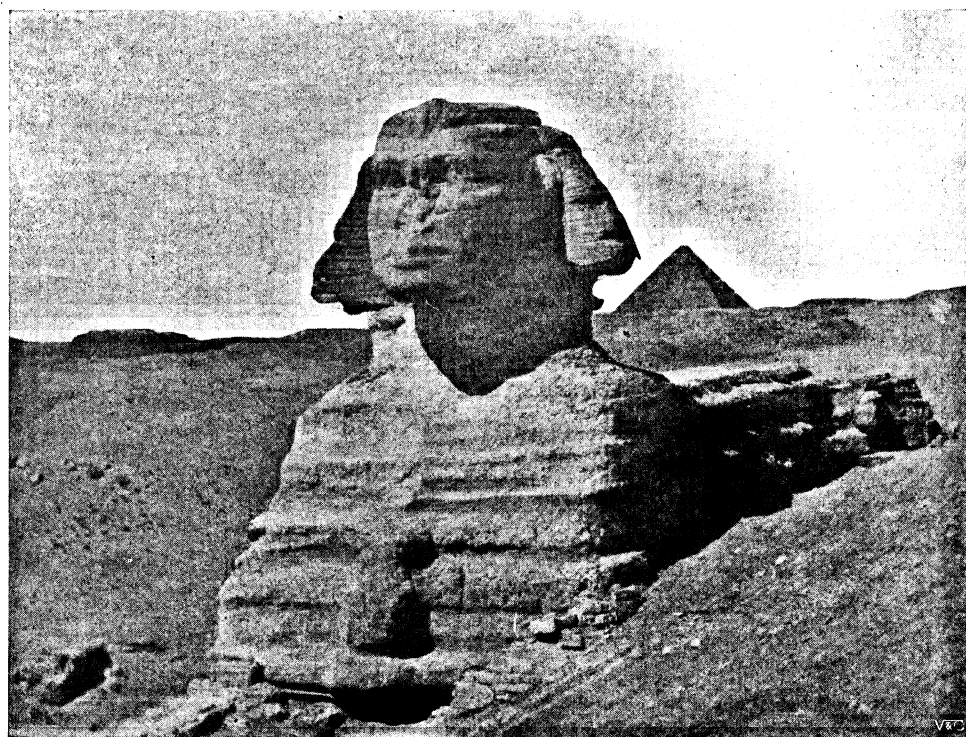
THE TEMPLE OF THE SPHINX.

*Ali Gabri in the rear; and the well where the sixteen statues were found.*

\* The interior of the Great Pyramid should be visited to see the wondrous masonry of the several mysterious passages and the two chambers. In one of them the empty granite coffin of the king still remains. It is so much larger than the entrance that it must have been built in at the beginning. The lofty ascending passage in the interior is most extraordinary, and its use has never been explained.



THE GREAT PYRAMID, THE SPHINX, AND THE GRANITE TEMPLE.



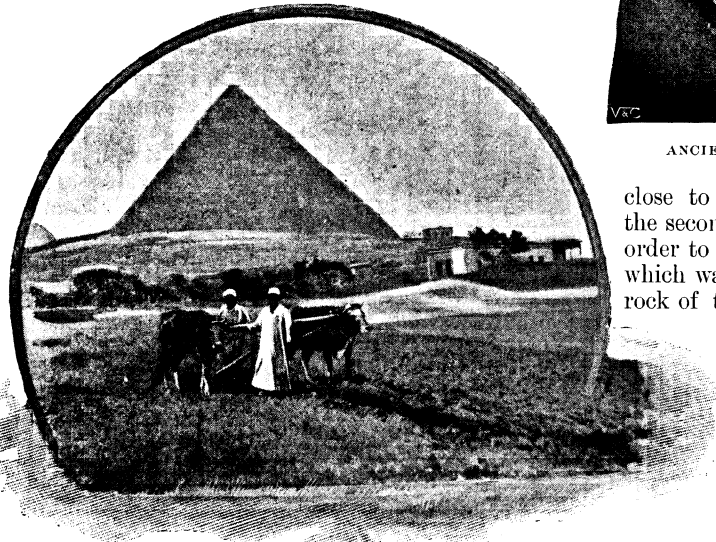
THE SPHINX.

great, earnest eyes are perfect, and in certain lights seem to glow with life and intelligence. The mouth, too, is uninjured. The head was perfect up to 1200 A.D., and it was only when the fierce Mamlouks were a power in the land that they made it a target for their matchlocks—regarding it as an evil spirit. I possess a little model, in green basalt, found near the spot, which shows what a sweet expression the ancient face once bore. The Sphinx was there, a monument of hoary antiquity before the Pyramids were built.

Each Pyramid possessed a causeway—still to be traced—which was made to carry the vast blocks from the Nile's bank to the site required. The river, at the time of the erection of the Pyramids, flowed



ANCIENT MODEL OF THE SPHINX.



PLOUGHING BY THE GREAT PYRAMID.

the builder of the second Pyramid. Only a portion of it has been excavated. The temple is made of magnificent blocks, eighteen feet long, of red Assouan granite, so exquisitely jointed that the seams are scarcely visible. The inner chambers are lined with polished alabaster. A deep well was found here, into which sixteen statues of Khafra had been violently thrown—possibly at the time of the Persian invasion. The most perfect statue is in Cairo Museum, and evidently a portrait from life, cut in diorite, one of the hardest stones known. It is the oldest portrait in the world.

We mount our steeds once more and ride up the ancient causeway to the second Pyramid. It was built by Khafra about 3860 B.C. It seems loftier than the "Great" one, but this is only because it stands on higher ground and possesses, near the top, part of its original casing. It was really

close to them. The causeway of the second Pyramid was diverted in order to avoid injuring the Sphinx, which was carved out of the living rock of the desert.

Let us descend into the great temple, which has recently been dug out, beside the Sphinx. It seems now a crypt, but once stood high above the desert level. This was built by Khafra,



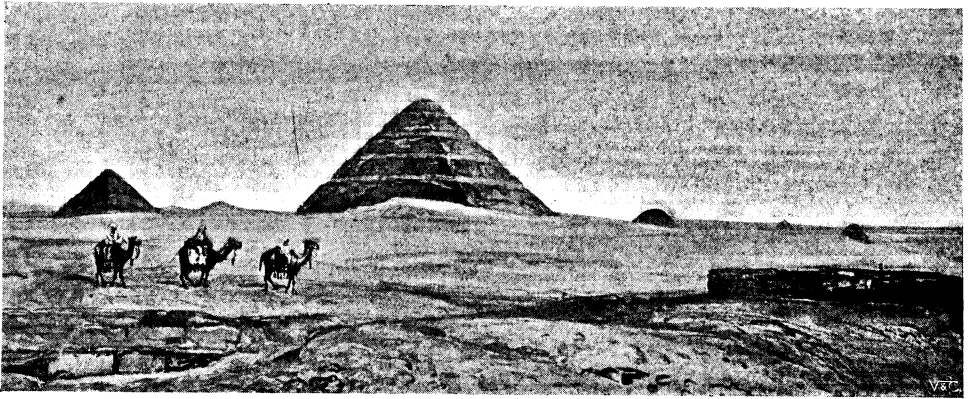
LOST MEMPHIS: STATUE OF RAMSES THE GREAT.

some ten feet less in height when both were perfect. On the east side there are the ruins of a temple, which must have been a superb structure. Some of the polished granite blocks are still to be seen below, and the whole ground for some acres around is full of chippings of alabaster, granite, and diorite, many of which have polished sides, showing that they are fragments of sculptured objects. A ride round the second Pyramid is worth the trouble; we then see that a vast platform for the great building has been excavated behind, and a terrace extended out in front. Here Petrie found the dwellings (or, rather, their foundations) of the 100,000 workmen



ABUSIR, THE GREAT PYRAMID.

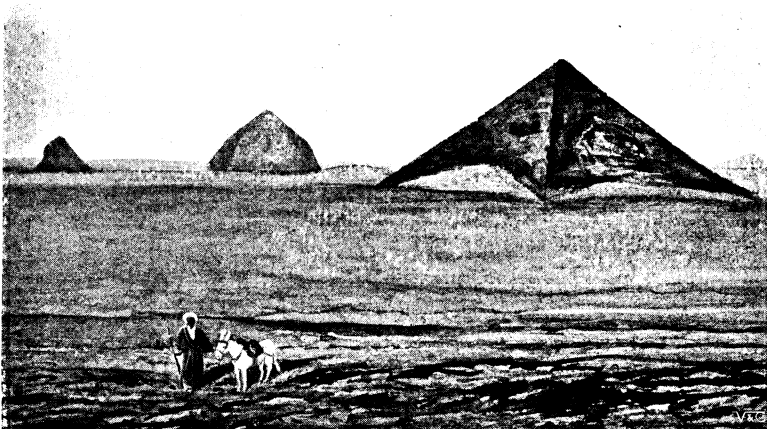
possible. Therefore the giving employment to 100,000 men was a praiseworthy object. To do such good work they must have been



THE STEP PYRAMID OF SAKKARAH: MARIETTE'S HOUSE ON RIGHT.

who were employed in building the first Pyramid, during the summer seasons of twenty years. For in summer the Nile covers all the land; no agricultural labour is

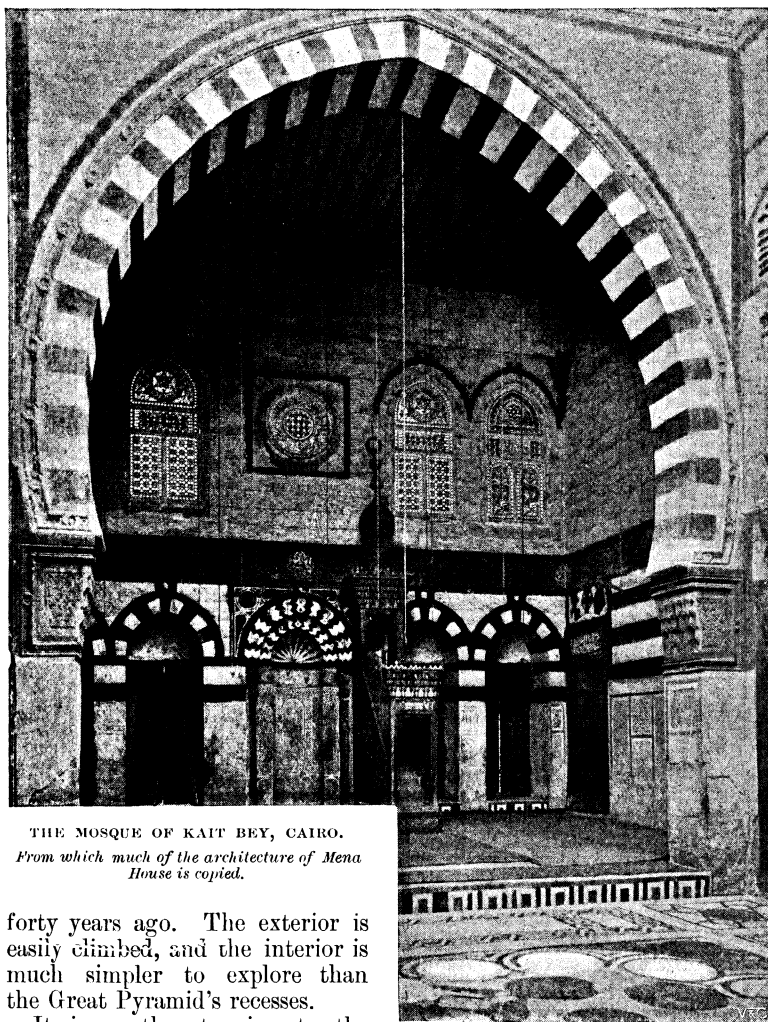
well fed and well paid. There is no appearance of forced labour or scamped work about the first Pyramid. We are now near the enclosure of the third Pyramid, and



PYRAMIDS OF DAHSHUR.

should ride round it. It also had its temple on the east side, and had three small pyramids on the south side. These were all undoubtedly built by Menkaura, for himself and his family. It is much smaller than either of the two large ones, but was encased with red granite, perhaps as compensation. The coffin and body of the king were found in it some





THE MOSQUE OF KAIT BEY, CAIRO.  
From which much of the architecture of Mena House is copied.

forty years ago. The exterior is easily climbed, and the interior is much simpler to explore than the Great Pyramid's recesses.

It is worth returning to the hotel by the western rocky desert—the sunsets seen from there are lovely in the extreme. When nearing the Great Pyramid we notice numbers of stone *mastabas*, or built tombs, with flat roofs, and doors opening into small apartments. These are frequently carved and painted. These tombs have deep shafts sunk in the rock, where the mummies were deposited. They were made for the great ones connected with the courts of the kings whose tombs were the Pyramids themselves. The common people were of no account in those days, and were buried in pits, huddled together anyhow.

For those who have time, Abu Roash, the ruins of the northern group, about seven miles off, can be visited in four or five hours, starting early by the desert track and returning by the villages under the palm-trees'

shade when the sun is high.

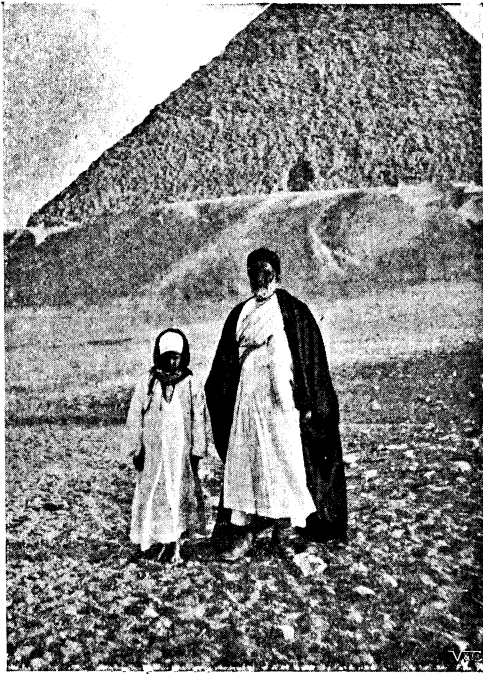
The Pyramids of Abu Roash have nearly all been quarried away, but there is still to be seen a vast chamber cut out of the rock, once the centre of the largest Pyramid, and the ground all around is strewn with red granite chippings, showing that much of this great structure must have been built of granite from far Assuan. There were many pyramids here, we are told, but the names of their royal owners, whatever they were, have not yet been discovered.

The next excursion to pyramid fields should be past the Gizeh group, about six miles across the desert, to that of Abusir. These are not so old as those we have seen, and have been built with less care and with inferior stone. But they are

worth visiting. There were fourteen of them, and each contained, no doubt, the body of a king, possibly of V Dynasty (3500 B.C.). No doubt proper research would discover their origin, and perhaps they still contain their ancient tenants.

But when we have rested awhile, the Pyramid of Sakkarah, with its stepped outline and noble situation, tempts us onward. We have ridden for many miles over the ancient necropolis of the lost city of Memphis—for all the desert, from the first pyramid to the last, is one vast burial-place. We actually ride for miles over hard sand strewn with human bones—so ancient are they that they are light as pith. In the hot summer months, when no tourists are about, the Arabs rifle the mummy pits and tombs, seeking for beads, scarabs, and curios of all

sorts among the mummy cloth. The scientific searchers are not much better—it is seldom that *savants* “tidy up” after their work. It



ALI GABRI AND HIS SON, THE “HADJI.”

is not right—the poor remnants of mortality should be returned to their native earth. To resume our journey—five miles from Abusir we arrive at the Pyramid-platform

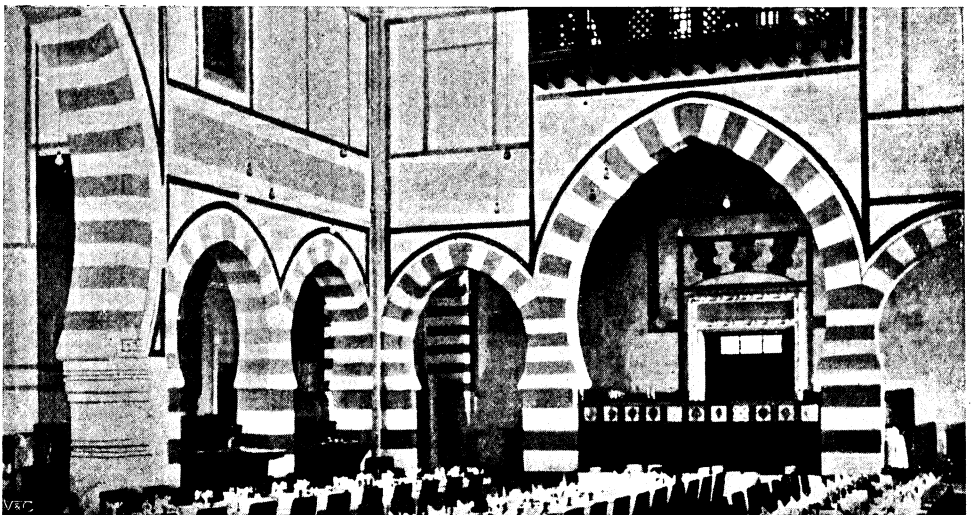
of Sakkarah. Here we are in the centre of another necropolis, still possibly containing the ashes of the inhabitants of Memphis, or, it may be, of some other lost city, whose very name or site we do not know.

Every part of the ground seems to contain tombs, and there are dangerous pits all around, making it difficult to ride over, so we must proceed with caution. These shafts have been made by the



MR. FAVARGER, ARCHITECT OF MENA HOUSE.

Arabs in search of plunder, and some of the larger openings lead down to painted sepulchres, which were discovered by Mariette and De Morgan and other scientific disturbers of the dead. Several of these painted tombs have now gates and janitors appointed by the authorities, and tickets for inspecting them have to be purchased. The tomb of Meri is worth visiting; it is triple, like a great underground house, with separate wings for himself, his wife, and his son. Then



DINING-ROOM, MENA HOUSE.



there is, a little way off, the tomb of Thyi, who was a great man in his day and had charge of several of the Pyramids. All the scenes of his life are depicted—his country house and his sporting scenes. He extols his importance and his wealth, as a proof that he is worthy of good treatment at the hands of the gods in a future life.

A wooden hut in the desert is thoughtfully



KING HOR, XII DYNASTY.

*Wooden statue found at Dahshur.*



SOUTH BRICK PYRAMID, DAHSHUR.

*Showing the shafts by which the Author descended with M. de Morgan; now closed up.*

the holy Apis. Many of these are monoliths of granite, brought all the way, no one knows how, from Assouan. When the sun's rays are not so fierce, we mount our steeds once more and ride round the great Stepped Pyramid—it is a remarkable object, and evidently number one of such structures. Built of small stones and without mortar of any sort, it is wondrous how it has stood for, possibly, 7,000 years or more. The king who built it must have been a powerful ruler, but his architect of not much account when compared with those who built the great Pyramids we have seen.

Then we pass the ruins of the Pyramid of Unas. This is worth alighting to visit.

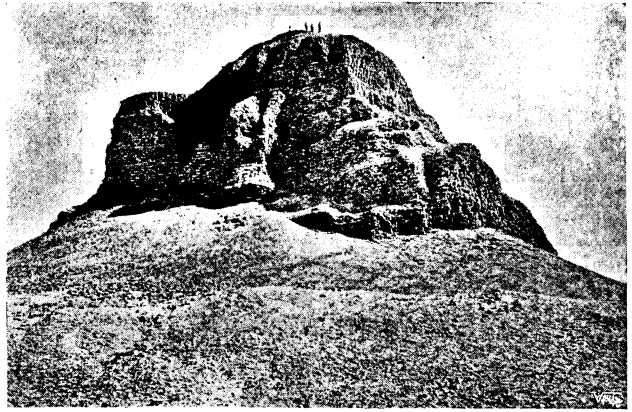
placed at the disposal of tourists at this point. Here they can rest from the fierce sun. It is by no means luxurious. But in refuge from the heat, lunch is welcome, though enjoyed on bare boards and sheltered by rude stone walls.

This was the house of the great explorer, Mariette. He lived here for several years. The Mausoleum of the Sacred Bulls, lost for 2,000 years, was discovered by him quite near this. It is a long, dark journey underground, but should be visited. There are many granite coffins, each as large as a room, which once contained



THE BOAT FOUND IN DAHSHUR PYRAMID, 5,000 YEARS OLD.

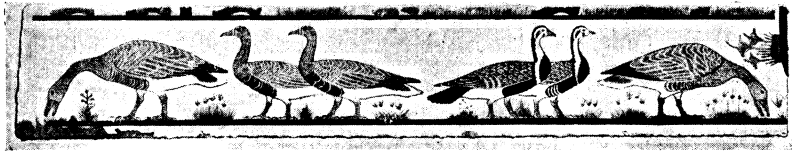
Mr. John Cook had it opened. The central chamber is easily entered and is perfect. The king's last resting-place is there, intact, and his stone coffin. In it were found his bones, which they carried off to the Museum. They might have left them there and protected them from further insult. None of the older Pyramids possess written records on their walls. This one is stored with hieroglyphic texts and prayers for the rest of the soul of the king till the Resurrection. The hieroglyphs are beautifully done, carved in the rocky walls and painted in pale blue. Unas was a great king, and lived about 3560 B.C. I have a scarab of his which possibly came from this Pyramid. There are many heaps of rubbish about, which we know mark the sites of the Pyramids of



NORTH BRICK PYRAMID, DAHSHUR, NEAR WHERE TREASURE WAS FOUND.

quicken their paces, and we are, in less than an hour, among the greenery which shades the site of the once greatest city of the world, Memphis. The first king we know

of who ruled over all Egypt was Mena, the sponsor for the name of our hotel. He diverted the course of the Nile and built himself a city where its bed had been.



THE OLDEST PICTURE IN THE WORLD.  
*From Medum.*

Pepi, Teta, and other great ones of the same old family of kings.

It is time now to turn homewards. Let us vary the route by the green fields and shady palm-groves which hide buried Memphis. It is a charming ride through a rich and populous country, once we descend from the sandy desert platform inhabited only by the dead. Before quitting the higher level, however, let us rein up and look away south and west. There are still Pyramids to be visited: four or five are in sight which we have missed — we must come back another day to see them. Now our beasts, their heads being turned homewards,

This was surrounded by dykes, to keep out his enemies, or at least to regulate the annual inundation. Perhaps, long after his time, some enemy of Egypt cut the dykes—in any case, Memphis was swallowed up, and all its temples and palaces are underground



THE PYRAMID OF MEDUM.

or beneath the present Nile. Nothing remains but vast mounds of rubbish and a few pools to mark where once were the Sacred Lakes. Two colossal statues of Ramses the Great lie, where Herodotus saw them standing, before the Temple of Ptah or Vulcan. The city of Memphis was, therefore, in a perfect state about 450 B.C. Now it is gone for ever. One of the prostrate statues is very perfect, though the rising waters have weakened his understanding, and his feet have given way. He lies with his placid, handsome face looking up to heaven, like a warrior taking his rest. The dagger in his belt bears his name, clearly cut in hieroglyphics. The title is repeated more fully on his shoulder, that no one may mistake the identity of the greatest monarch of his time. As there is nothing more to be seen of Memphis, we get back to our hotel, wondering if old Mena, with all his glory, was as comfortably lodged.

We can ride another day through the palm-groves of Memphis (their shade is charming), and make our way direct, leaving Sakkarah on our right, to the Pyramids of Dahshur. There are four Pyramids, two of stone and two of brick, at Dahshur. The stone pyramids have never been explored, and are almost as perfect as when built. They may be older than those of Gizeh. Some day these pyramids will be tunnelled under and their ancient tenants' names discovered. The two heaps of rotten, sunburnt brick, nearer the Nile valley, were once, externally at least, handsome structures. Both these Pyramids were recently explored by M. de Morgan. Here the tombs of two royal princesses were found, deep down in the rock. These had escaped spoliation in ancient times, while hundreds of others had been systematically rifled—not by Arabs, but by good old Ramses the Great himself—the gentleman we saw lying on his back, looking up to heaven, smiling and happy. For the royal resting-places at Dahshur, though “late” structures (about 2600 B.C.) for Egypt, and, therefore, only built of brick internally, were once “whited sepulchres” and encased with marble. De Morgan showed me the white polished casing still remaining round their hidden bases—all the rest had been stolen away. But Ramses the Great, who lived only 1250 B.C., had “late” ideas, and needed money, so he systematically robbed the sepulchres of his predecessors of their gold and jewels. These two small tombs of princesses had been for-

gotten. M. de Morgan showed me them himself. I was lowered down a shaft about forty feet, then led along a tunnel in the rock, with tomb-chambers on each side. Jewellery and gold ornaments to the value of £70,000 were discovered. They are now all to be seen in the Cairo Museum, and are the finest ancient jewellery ever found in any country. In another tomb De Morgan found the coffin and wooden statue of a hitherto unknown king, by name of Hor—a handsome man, who must have died young.

From this wide desert platform, in the far distance we see yet another Pyramid, standing alone on an eminence. This is the great stone core of Medum Pyramid, a very ancient one, of which Seneferu, who lived before Cheops (4000 B.C.), was undoubtedly the builder. Few tourists visit it, and yet the finest and most ancient objects in the Cairo Museum were discovered in its vicinity. I trusted to finding camels or donkeys there—I found some wretched animals, but saddles there were none; there had never been such a thing at Medum. The very word for a saddle was unknown in the district. I mention this, for saddles and good donkeys should be taken by railway from Cairo with those who would visit Medum.

It is well worthy of a visit. It stands on a vast heap of white stone chippings, for the whole outer structure of the Pyramid has been carried off, and is even now being quarried, and the stone burnt for lime, or shipped down the Nile. There was a vast cemetery here. The celebrated wooden statue in the Cairo Museum, known as “The Sheikh el Beled,” also the stone statues of Rahotep and his wife Nefert, came from Medum. The oldest painting in the world, a flock of geese, precisely like life, was found in a tomb here.

A short railway journey beyond this leads to the Fayum, where the ruins of two other Pyramids are found—those of Illahun and Hawara. They were built of crude brick, plated with white polished limestone. The kings interred within them were ascertained by the indefatigable Petrie to be the two monarchs of the XII. Dynasty (Usertesen II. and Amenemhat III.), who, by the irrigation and reclamation of the Fayum oasis, added a new province to Egypt, and chose the scene of their successful labours to be the locality of their Pyramid tombs. This remote province has for 4,500 years been one of the richest in Egypt.

# UNEXCEPTIONABLE REFERENCES.

By E. NESBIT.\*



"HOOTS!" said the gardener, "there's nae sense in't. The suppression o' the truth's bad as a lee. Indeed, I doot mair hae been lost for th'ane than t'ither."

"I aw! Mr. Murchison, you do use language, I'm sure!" tittered the parlourmaid.

"I say nae mair than the truth," he answered, cutting bloom after bloom quickly yet tenderly. "To bring hame a new mistress to the hoose

and never to tell your bairn a word about the matter till all's made fast—it's a thing he'll hae to answer for to his Maker, I'm thinking. Here's the flowers, wumman; carry them canny. I'll send the lad up wi' the lave o' the flowers an' bit green stuff in a wee meenit. And mind you your flaunting streamers agin the pots."

The parlourmaid gathered her skirts closely, and delicately tip-toed to the door of the hothouse. Here she took the basket of bright beauty from his hand and walked away across the green blaze of the lawn.

Mr. Murchison grunted relief. He was not fond of parlourmaids, no matter how pretty and streamered.

He left the hot, sweet air of the big hothouse and threaded his way among the glittering glasshouses to the potting-shed. At its door a sound caught his ear.

"Hoots!" he said again, but this time with a gentle, anxious intonation.

"Eh! ma lammie," said he, stepping quickly forward, "what deevilment hae ye been after the noo, and wha is't's been catching ye at it?"

The "lammie" crept out from under the potting-shelf; a pair of small arms went round Murchison's legs, and a little face, round and red and very dirty, was lifted towards his. He raised the child in his arms and set her on the shelf, so that she could lean her flushed face on his shirt-front.

"Toots, toots!" said he, "noo tell me——"

"It isn't true, is it?" said the child.

"Hoots!" said Murchison for the third time, but he said it under his breath. Aloud he said, "Tell old Murchison a' aboot it, Miss Charling, hinney."

"It was when I wanted some more of the strawberries," she began, with another sob, "and the new cook said not, and I was a greedy little pig: and I said I'd rather be a greedy little pig than a spiteful old cat!" The tears broke out afresh.

"And you eight past! Ye should hae mair sense at siccan age than to ca' names." The head gardener spoke reprovingly, but he stroked her rough hair.

"I didn't—not one single name—not even when she said I was enough to make a cat laugh, even an old one—and she wondered any good servant ever stayed a week in the place."

"And what was ye sayin'?"

"I said 'Guid ye may be, but ye're no bonny'—I've heard you say that, Murchison, so I know it wasn't wrong, and then she said I was a minx, and other things, and I wanted keeping in order, and it was a very good thing I had a new mamma coming home to-day, to keep me under a bit, and a lot more—and—and things about my own, own mother, and that father wouldn't love me any more. But it's not true, is it? Oh! it isn't true? She only just said it?"

"Ma lammie," said he gravely, kissing the top of the head nestled against him, "it's true that yer guid feyther, wha never crossed ye except for yer ain sake syne the day ye were born, is bringing hame a guid wife the day, but ye mun be a wumman and no cry oot afore ye're hurted. I'll be bound it's a kind, genteel lady he's got, that'll love ye, and mak' much o' ye, and teach ye to sew fine—aye, an' play at the piano as like's no."

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The child's mouth tightened resentfully, but Murchison did not see it.

"Noo, ye'll jest be a douce lassie," he went on, "and say me fair that ye'll never gie an unkind word tae yer feyther's new lady. Noo, promise me that, an' I ken fine ye'll keep tae it."

"No, I won't say anything unkind to her," she answered, and Murchison hugged himself on a victory, for a promise was the one thing sacred to Charling. He did not notice the child's voice as she gave it.

When the tears were quite dried he gave her a white geranium to plant in her own garden, and went back to his work.

Charling took the geranium with pretty thanks and kisses, but she felt it a burden, none the less. For her mind was quite made up. When she had promised never to say anything unkind to her "father's new lady" she meant to keep the promise—by never speaking to her or seeing her at all. She meant to run away. How could she bear to be "kept under" by this strange lady, who would come and sit in her own mother's place, and wear her own mother's clothes, and no doubt presently burn her own mother's picture and make Charling wash the dishes and sweep the kitchen like poor dear Cinderella in the story? True, Cinderella's misfortunes ended in marriage with a prince, but then Charling did not want to be married, and she had but little faith in princes, and, besides, she had no fairy godmother. Her godmother was dead—her own, own mother was dead, and only father was left—and now he had done this thing, and he would not want his Charling any more.

So Charling went indoors and washed her face and hands and smoothed her hair, which never would be smoothed, put a few treasures in her pocket—all her money, some coloured chalks, a stone with crystal inside that showed where it was broken, and went quietly out at the lodge gate, carrying the white geranium in her arms, because when you are running away you cannot possibly leave behind you the last gift of somebody who loves you. But the geranium was very heavy—and it seemed to get heavier and heavier as she walked along the dry, dusty road, so that presently Charling turned through the swing-gate into the field-way, for the sake of the shadow of the hedge: and the field-way led past the church, and when she reached the low, mossy wall of the churchyard she set the pot on it and rested. Then she said—

"I think I will leave it with mother to take care of." So she took the pot in her

hands again and carried it to her mother's grave. Of course they had told Charling that her mother was an angel now and was not in the churchyard at all, but in heaven; only heaven was a very long way off, and Charling preferred to think that mother was only asleep under the green counterpane with the daisies on it. There had been a green coverlet to the bed in mother's room, only it had white lilac on it, and not daisies. So Charling set down the pot, and she knelt down beside it, and wrote on it with a piece of blue chalk from her pocket: "*From Charling to mother to take care of.*" Then she cried a little bit more, because she was so sorry for herself; and then she smelt the thyme and wondered why the bees liked it better than white geraniums; and then she felt that she was very like a little girl in a book, and so she forgot to cry, and told herself that she was the third sister going out to seek her fortune.

After that it was easy to go on, especially when she had put the crystal stone, which hung heavy and bumpy in the pocket, beside the geranium pot. Then she kissed the tombstone where it said, "Helen, beloved wife of—" and went away among the green graves.

Mother had died when she was only five, so that she could not remember her very well; but all these three years she had loved and thought of a kind, beautiful Something that was never tired and never cross, and always ready to kiss and love and forgive little girl however naughty she was, and she called this something "mother" in her heart, and it was for this something that she left her kisses on the gravestone. And the gravestone was warm to her lips as she kissed it, because the sun had been kissing it, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was on a wide, furze-covered down, across which a white road wound like a twisted ribbon, that Charling's courage began to fail her. The white road looked so very long; there were no houses anywhere, and no trees, only far away across the down she saw the round tops of some big elms. "They look like cabbages," she said to herself.

She had walked quite a long way, and she was very tired. Her dinner of sweets and stale cakes from the greeny-glass bottles in the window of a village shop had not been so nice as she expected; the woman at the shop had been cross because Charling had no pennies, only the five-shilling piece father had given her when he went away, and the

woman had no change. And she had scolded so that Charling had grown frightened and had run away, leaving the big, round piece of silver on the dirty little counter. This was about the time when she was missed at home, and the servants began to search for her, running to and fro like ants whose nest is turned up by the spade.

A big furze bush cast a ragged square yard of alluring shade on the common. Charling flung herself down on the turf in the shadow. "I wonder what they are doing at home?" she said to herself after awhile. "I don't suppose they've even missed me. They think of nothing but making the place all flowery for *her* to see. Nobody wants me——"

At home they were dragging the ornamental water in the park—old Murchison directing the operation with tears running slow and unregarded down his face.

Charling lay and looked at the white road. Somebody must go along it presently. Roads were made for people to go along. Then when any people came by she would speak to them, and they would help her and tell her what to do. "I wonder what a girl ought to do when she runs away from home?" said Charling to herself. "Boys go to sea, of course; but I don't suppose a pirate would care about engaging a cabin-girl——" She fell a-musing, however, on the probable woes of possible cabin-girls, and their chances of becoming admirals, as cabin-boys always did in the stories; and so deep were her musings that she positively jumped when a boy, passing along the road, began suddenly to whistle. It was the air of a comic song, in a minor key, and its inflections were those of a funeral march. It went to Charling's heart. Now she knew, as she had



"'It isn't true, is it?' said the child."

never known before, how lonely and miserable she was.

She scrambled to her feet and called out, "Hi! you boy!"

The boy also jumped. But he stopped and said "Well?" though in a tone that promised little.

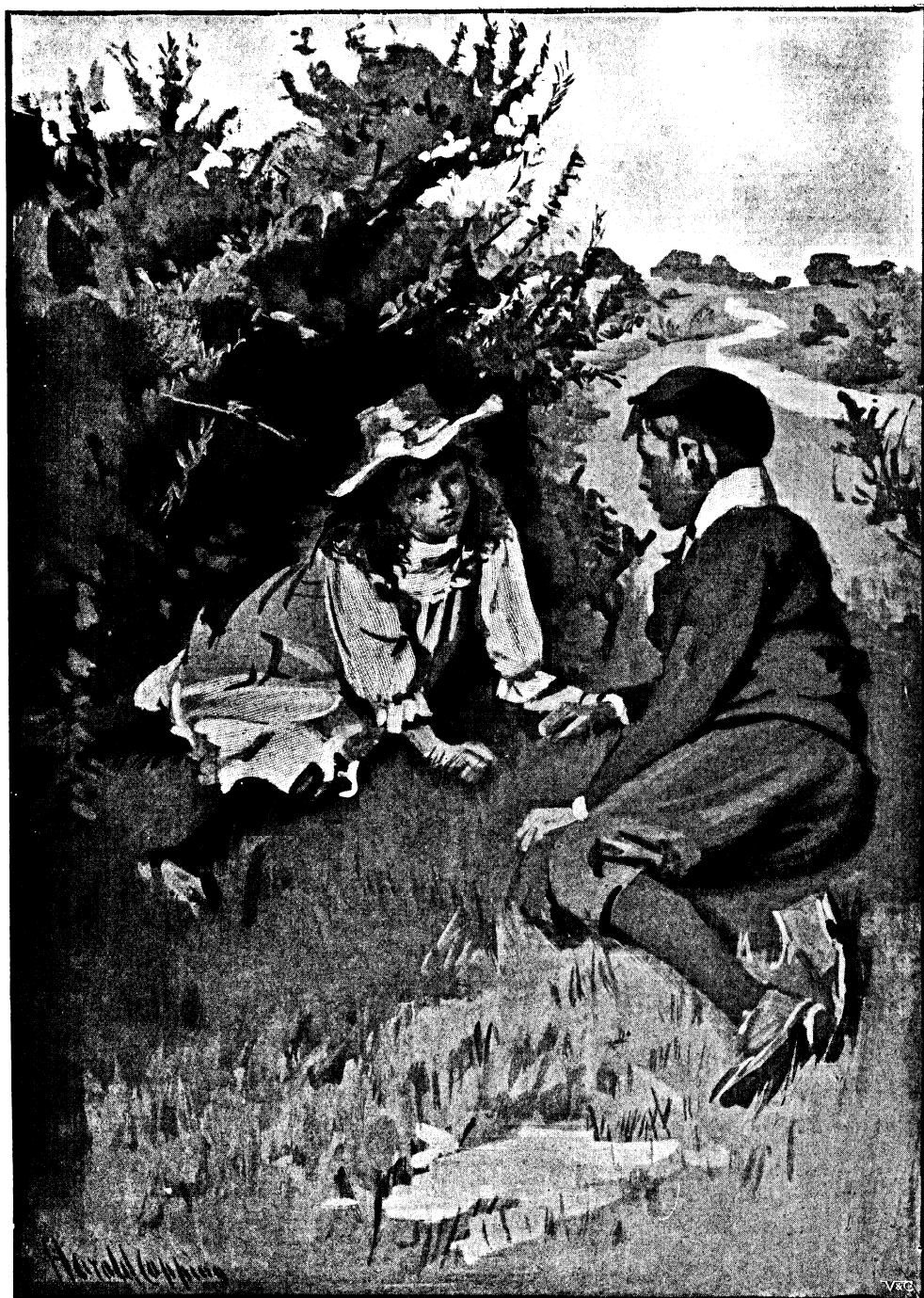
"Come here," said Charling. "At least, of course, I mean come here, if you please."

The boy, a well grown lad of twelve or fourteen, shrugged his shoulders and came towards her.

"Well?" he said again, very grumpily, Charling thought; so she said, "Don't be cross. I wish you'd talk to me a little, if you are not too busy. If you please, I mean, of course."

She said it with her best company manner,





“Won't you tell me the real true truth?”

and the boy laughed, not unkindly, but still in a grudging way. Then he threw himself down on the turf and began pulling bits of it up by the roots. "Go ahead!" said he.

But Charling could not go ahead. She looked at his handsome, sulky face, his knitted brow, twisted into fretful lines, and the cloud behind his blue eyes frightened her.

"Oh! go away!" she said. "I don't want you! Go away; you're very unkind!"

The boy seemed to shake himself awake at the sight of the tears that rushed to follow her words.

"I say, don't-you-know, I say;" but Charling had flung herself face down on the turf and took no notice.

"I say, look here," he said; "I am not unkind, really. I was in an awful wax about something else, and I didn't understand. Oh! drop it. I say, look here, what's the matter? I'm not such a bad sort, really. Come, kiddie, what's the row?"

He dragged himself on knees and elbows to her side and began to pat her on the back. With some energy: "There, there," he said; "don't cry, there's a dear. Here, I've got a handkerchief, as it happens," for Charling was feeling blindly and vainly among the coloured chinks. He thrust the dingy handkerchief into her hands, and she dried her eyes, still sobbing.

"That's the style," said he. "Look here, we're like people in a book. Two travellers in misfortune meet upon a wild moor and exchange narratives. Come, tell me, what's up?"

"You tell first," said Charling, rubbing her eyes very hard; "but swear eternal friendship before you begin, then we can't tell each other's secrets to the enemy."

He looked at her with a nascent approval. She understood how to play, then, this forlorn child in the torn white frock.

He took her hand and said solemnly—

"I swear."

"Your name," she interrupted. "I, N or M, swear, you know."

"Oh, yes. Well, I, Harry Basingstoke, swear to you—"

"Charling," she interpolated; "the other names don't matter. I've got six of them."

"That we will support—no, maintain—eternal friendship."

"And I, Charling, swear the same to you, Harry."

"Why do they call you Charling?"

"Oh! because my name's Charlotte, and mother used to sing a song about Charlie being her darling, and I was her darling,

only I couldn't speak properly then; and I got it mixed up into Charling, father says. But let's be getting on. Tell me your sad history, poor fellow-wanderer."

"My father was a king," said Harry gravely; but Charling turned such sad eyes on him that he stopped.

"Won't you tell me the real true truth?" she said. "I will you."

"Well," said he, "the real true truth is, Charling, I've run away from home, and I'm going to sea."

Charling clapped her hands. "Oh! so have I! So am I! Let me come with you. Would they take a cabin-girl on the ship you're going to, do you think? And why did you run away? Did they beat you and starve you at home? Or have you a cruel stepmother, or stepfather, or something?"

"No," said he grimly; "I haven't any step-relations, and I'm jolly well not going to have any, either. I ran away because I didn't choose to have a strange chap set over me, and that's all I am going to tell you. But about you? How far have you come to-day?"

"About ninety miles, I should think," said Charling; "at least, my legs feel exactly like that."

"And what made you do such a silly thing?" he said, smiling at her, and she thought his blue eyes looked quite different now, so that she did not mind his calling her silly. "You know, it's no good girls running away; they always get caught, and then they're put into convents or something." She slipped her hand confidently under his arm, and put her head against the sleeve of his Norfolk jacket.

"Not girls with eternal friends, they don't," she said. "You'll take care of me now? You won't let them catch me?"

"Tell me why you did it, then."

Charling told him at some length.

"And father never told me a word about it," she ended; "and I wasn't going to stay to be made to wash the dishes and things, like Cinderella. I wouldn't stand that, not if I had to run away every day for a year. Besides, nobody wants me; nobody will miss me."

This was about the time when they found the white geranium in the churchyard, and began to send grooms about the country on horses. And Murchison was striding about the lanes gnawing his grizzled beard and calling on his God to take him, too, if harm had come to the child.

"But perhaps the stepmother would be nice," the boy said.

"Not she. Stepmothers never are. I know just what she'll be like—a horrid old hag with red hair and a hump!"

"Then you've not seen her?"

"No."

"You might have waited till you had."

"It would have been too late then," said Charling tragically.

"But your father wouldn't have let you be treated unkindly, silly."

"Fathers generally die when the stepmother comes; or else they can't help themselves. You know that as well as I do."

"I suppose your father is a good sort?"

"He's the best man there is," said Charling indignantly, "and the kindest and bravest, and cleverest and amusingest, and he can sit any horse like wax; and he can fence with real swords, and sing all the songs in all the world. There!"

Harry was silent, racking his brain in the effort to find arguments to lead this small rebel back into the paths of common sense.

"Look here, kiddie," he said slowly, "if your father's such a good sort, he'd have more sense than to choose a stepmother who wasn't nice. He's a much finer chap than the fathers in fairy tales. You never read of *them* being able to do all the things your father can do."

"No," said Charling, "that's true."

"He's sure to have chosen someone quite jolly, really," Harry went on, more confidently.

Charling looked up suddenly. "Who was it chose the chap that you weren't going to stand having set over you?" she said.

The boy bit his lip.

"I swore eternal friendship, so I can never tell your secrets, you know," said Charling softly, "and *I've* told *you* every single thing."

"Well, it's my sister, then," said he abruptly, "and she's married a chap I've never seen—and I'm to go and live with them—and she told me once she was never going to marry, and it was always going to be just us two; and now she's found this fellow she knew when she was a little girl and he was a boy—as it might be us, you know—and she's forgotten all about what she said, and married him. And I wasn't asked to the wedding because they wanted to be married quietly; and they come home from their hateful honeymoon this evening, and the holidays begin to-day, and I was to go to this new chap's house to spend them. And I only got her letter this morning, and I just took my journey money and ran away. My boxes

were sent on straight from school, though—so I've got no clothes but these. I'm just going to look at the place where she's to live, and then I'm off to sea."

"Why didn't she tell you before?"

"She says she meant it to be a pleasant surprise, because we've been rather hard up since my father died, and this chap's got horses and everything, and she says he's going to adopt me. As if I wanted to be adopted by any old stuck-up money-grubber!"

"But you haven't seen him," said Charling gently. "If *I'm* silly, *you* are, too, aren't you?"

She hid her face on her sleeve to avoid seeing the effect of this daring shot. Only silence answered her.

Presently Harry said—

"Now kiddie, let me take you home, will you? Give the stepmother a fair show, anyhow."

Charling reflected. She was very tired. She stroked Harry's hand absently and after a while said—

"I will if you will."

"Will what?"

"Go back and give your chap a fair trial."

And now the boy reflected. "Done," he said suddenly. "After all, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Come on." He stood up and held out his hand. This was about the time when the cook packed her box and went off, leaving it to be sent after her. Public opinion in the servants' hall was too strong to be longer faced.

The shadows of the trees lay black and level across the pastures when the two children reached the lodge gates. A floral arch was above the gate, and wreaths of flowers and flags made the avenue gay. Charling had grown very tired, and Harry had carried her on his back for the last mile or two—resting often, because Charling was a strong, healthy child and, as he phrased it, "no slouch of a weight."

Now they paused at the gate of the lodge.

"This is my house," said Charling. They've put all these things up for *her*, I suppose. If you'll write down your address I'll give you mine, and we can write and tell each other what *they* are like afterwards. I've got a bit of chalk somewhere."

She fumbled in the dusty confusion of her little pocket while Harry found the envelope of his sister's letter and tore it in two. Then, one on each side of the lodge gatepost, the children wrote, slowly and carefully, for some moments. Presently they exchanged papers,

and each read the one written by the other. Then suddenly both turned very red.

"But this is *my* address," said she. "The Grange, Falconbridge."

"It's where my sister's gone to live, anyhow," said he.

"Then—then——"

Conviction forced itself first on the boy.

"What a duffer I've been! It's *him* she's married."

"Your sister?"

"Yes. Are you *sure* your father's a good sort?"

"How dare you ask!" said Charling. "It's your sister I want to know about."

"She's the dearest old darling!" he cried. "Oh! kiddie, come along; run for all you're worth, and perhaps we can get in the back way, and get tidied up before they come, and they need never know."

He held out his hand; Charling caught at it, and together they raced up the avenue. But getting in the back way was impossible, for Murchison met them full on the terrace, and Charling ran straight into his arms. There should have been scolding and punishment, no doubt, but Charling found none of it. And, now, who so sleek and demure as the runaways—he in Eton jacket and she in spotless white muslin—when the carriage drew up in front of the hall, amid the cheers of the tenants and the bowing of the orderly, marshalled servants?

And then a lady, pretty as a princess in a fairy tale, with eyes as blue as Harry's, was hugging him and Charling both at once; while a man, whom Harry at once owned to be a man, stood looking at the group with grave, kind eyes.

"We'll never, never tell," whispered the boy. The servants had been sworn to

secrecy by Murchison. Charling whispered back, "Never as long as we live."

But long before bedtime came each of the runaways felt that concealment was foolish in the face of the new circumstances, and, with some embarrassment, a tear or two, and a little gentle laughter, the tale was told.

"Oh! Harry, how could you?" said the stepmother, and went quietly out by the long window with her arm round her brother's shoulders.

Charling was left alone with her father.

"Why didn't you tell me, father?"

"I wish I had, childie; but I thought—you see—I was going away—I didn't want to leave you alone for a fortnight to think all sorts of nonsense. And I thought my little girl could trust me." Charling hid her face in her hands. "Well! it's all right now; don't cry, my girlie." He drew her close to him.

"And you'll love Harry very much?"

"I will. He brought you back."

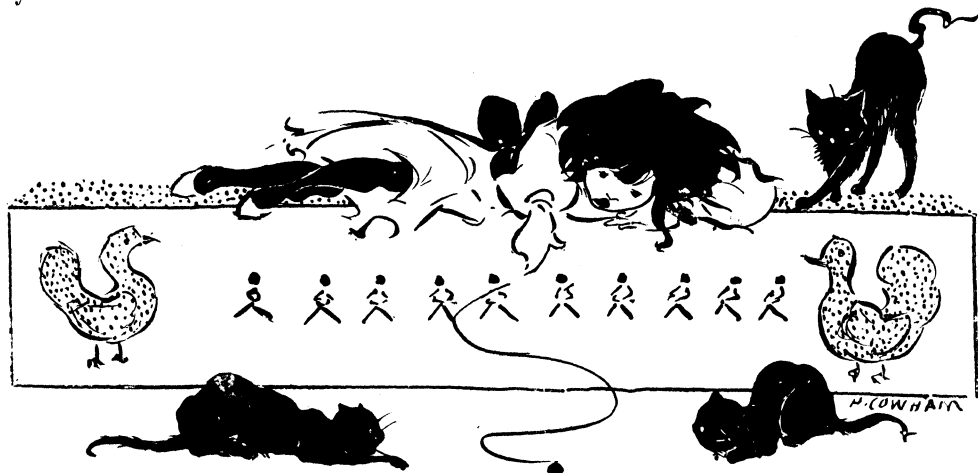
"And I'll love *her* very much. So that's all settled," said Charling cheerfully. Then her face fell again. "But, father, don't you love mother any more? Cook said you didn't."

He sighed and was silent. At last he said, "You are too little to understand, sweetheart. I have loved the lady who came home to-day all my life long, and I shall love your mother as long as I live."

"Cook said it was like being unkind to mother. Does mother mind about it, really?"

He muttered something inaudible—to the cook's address.

"I don't think they either of them mind, my darling Charling," he said. "You cannot understand it, but I think *they* both understand."



# BALL-HOPPING EXTRAORDINARY.

BY FRANK HOLMFIELD.

*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.*

THE bawl and the ball play prominent parts in the comedy of childhood.

We become familiar with both at the very earliest age. Later on, at cricket, "footer," and tennis, the ubiquitous ball again makes its appearance in our lives. In fact, paradoxical as it may seem, the ball game is one that is never played out.

During the past month or two the bouncing ball has cropped up in a new place. It has bounced its way into the programme of our evening entertainment, where no doubt it will continue to "bob up serenely" for some time to come. Ball-hopping, as presented recently to patrons of the Empire's principal palace of variety, the Alhambra, has been reduced to a science, and the effects produced cannot be denied their claim to be wonderful.

Everybody may make a ball hop in a more or less conspicuous manner; but when that simple art is so improved upon that we hear reproductions of familiar sounds, such as the thunder of an approaching express, the thump of horses' hoofs, the burr of a steam saw, and so on right away to the cooing of a turtle dove or the sighing of the sea, we cannot but conclude that Messrs. Robertus and Wilfredo, the two young American performers who manipulate a set of balls with such extraordinary effect, possess that infinite capacity for taking pains which is called genius.

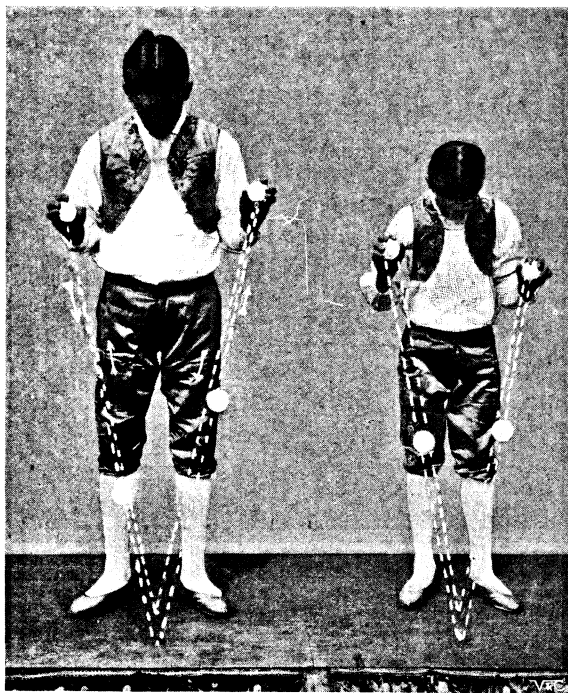
From six to a dozen balls are used in the various "acts" of this bouncing show. About the size of those used in tennis, they are made of the purest rubber obtainable, solid, and cost about five shillings each. The exercises, if they may so be called, are exceedingly interesting to watch, apart from the illusive sounds produced as each comes in contact, in perfect rhythm, with the

platform. Only those with the quickest eyes and supplest hands can hope to emulate the simplest of the feats, for the balls seem to dart at lightning speed from hand to hand, forming, *en route*, the most beautiful of curves and angles. So rapidly are the balls hopped that, to the eyes of the spectator, they seem to form definite white lines in their flight, with an effect which is almost indescribable.

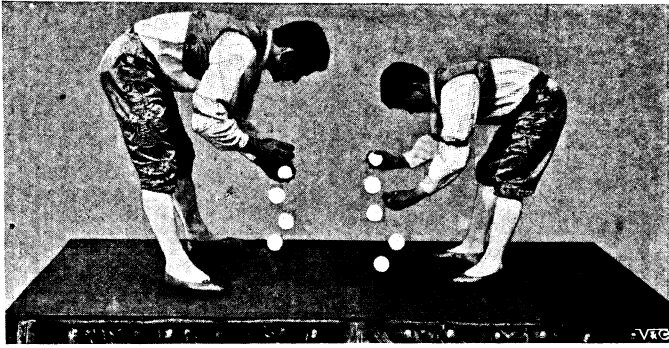
One of the most striking effects produced is that in which the sound of a starting train is first borne upon

the senses of the audience, then the increasing speed, the rush and roar of a fifty-miles-an-hour express, the gradual slowing down and stoppage.

The manipulators, to produce these effects, stand facing the audience, and, holding a couple of balls in each hand, skilfully pitch the spheres downwards. They are rapidly passed from right to left hands, each ball being thrown in unison, touching the platform in its flight, as shown in the accom-



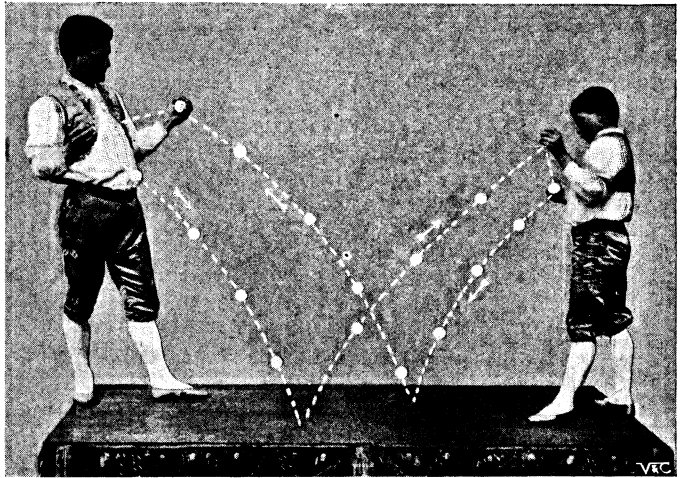
1.—Producing the sound of a starting train, full speed, slowing, and stopping.



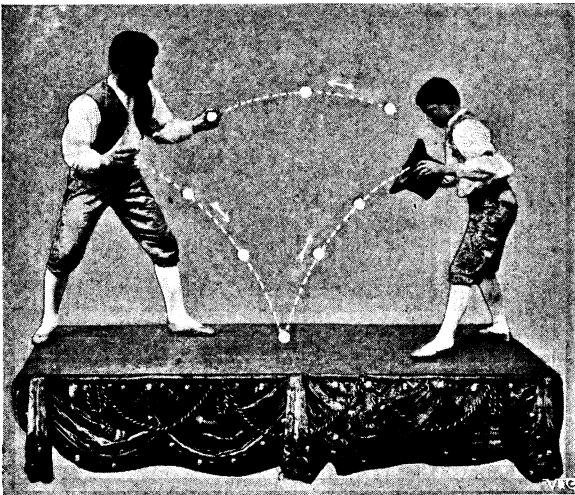
II.—The marching of soldiers and the boom of distant guns.

panying photograph. As a single *faux pas* would spoil the effect—and what, under ordinary circumstances, is more erratic than a rubber ball?—the skill necessary to keep up the illusion must be prodigious. Seldom, indeed, does a ball fail to find its billet. It almost seems as though some invisible guideline kept each one in its unerring course.

In most of the exercises to be described, the ears as well as the eyes of the spectators are entertained. Now it is the plaintive lowing of a cow that is heard; then the sighing of the sea, or the rustle of the wind



III.—Hopping a dozen balls from the right hand of the thrower to the platform, thence to the left hand of the catcher, passing from his left to right hand, thence to the platform, and up again to the left hand of the thrower, thence to right.



IV.—The performer who wears the top-hat suddenly snatches it from his head and catches the whole of the balls as they are showered from the hands of the thrower, by way of the platform.

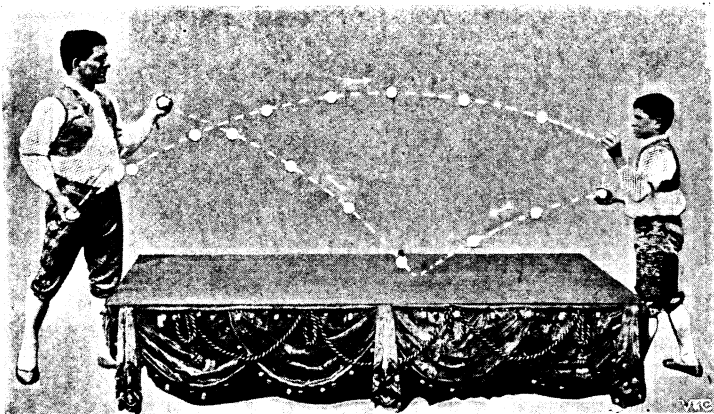
amongst a forest of trees; again we listen to the growling of a mastiff or the sharp, short bark of a terrier; anon comes the sound of artillery fired far away, or the tramp of armed men—in fact, this wondrous manipulation of balls carries away the imagination as does the playing of a pianoforte by a Paderewski, or the touch of a Kubelik upon the strings of a superb violin.

In the exercise shown in

photograph No. III., a dozen, sometimes more, balls are used and kept in constant flight. The balls, in lightning-like succession, are sent from the right hand of the thrower to the platform, forming a slight curve before they strike. Thence they bounce upwards to the left hand of the catcher, and are passed into the right, to be pitched once more on the platform; thence upwards to the left hand of the thrower, passed to right again; and so on, a continual stream of balls ever in flight, and forming an extremely pretty sight as the snow-white spheres glide with mathematical precision from point to point, one never varying from the lines of that which it immediately precedes.

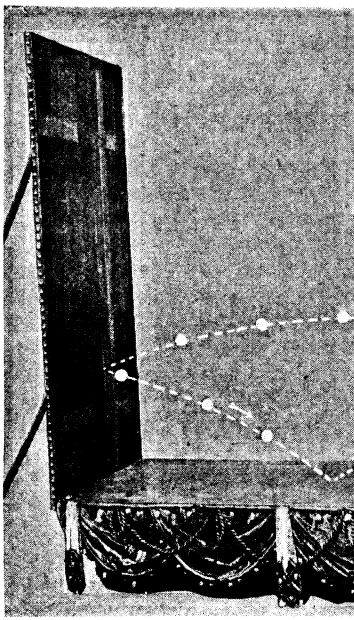
The younger performer then dons a top-hat, and again the balls speed



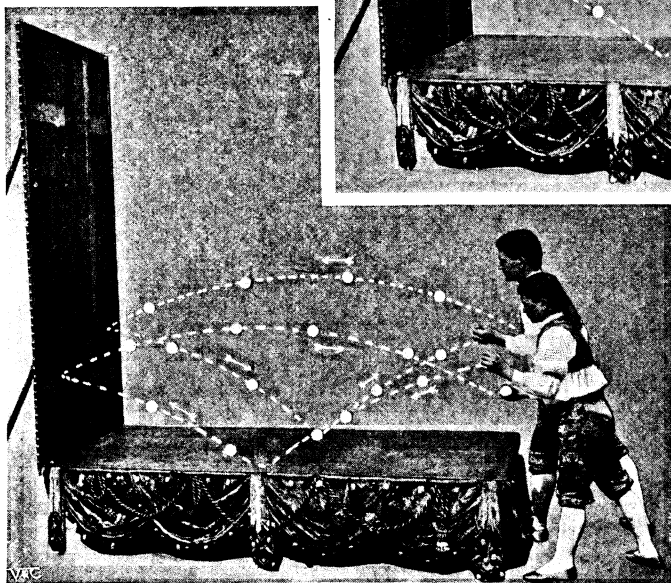


V.—The balls are thrown from the man's right hand to the youth's left, thence to the latter's right, bounced on the platform, describing a curve into the left hand of the man, and thence to his right.

merrily on their course. Suddenly, however, the top-hat is snatched from his head by the wearer, who, instead of catching the balls in his hand as before, dexterously "pots" the whole of the dozen balls in the hat, as they are showered at top speed from the hand of the thrower, to rebound from the platform. The neatness of this trick must really be seen to be properly appreciated, for the quickness



VI.—From his left hand the player throws the balls to strike the upright frame, thence they rebound to the centre of the platform, and up again to the player's right hand.



VII.—This is a very difficult and bewildering figure.

of eye and dexterity needful to snap off the hat just in the nick of time to receive the shower of balls can never be shown by the art of photography.

A rather pretty figure is that which is formed by the balls as shown in photograph No. V. The performers have descended from the platform, standing one at each end. With a quick, graceful movement the man on the left throws the dozen balls, one following another at tremendous pace, to his *vis-à-vis*, who catches each one, as it arrives, in his left hand, passes it on to his right, bounces it on the centre of the platform, when it rises in a slight curve to the left hand of the

older manipulator, who again sends it on a similar journey, the flight of rushing balls continuing for a minute or two.

An upright covered frame is now fixed at one end of the platform, and this enables the ball throwers to form some very dainty figures and to produce the most



VIII.—The older player throws from the left hand to the platform, the balls hopping against the right-hand panel and thence to the thrower's right hand. The younger player goes through a somewhat similar figure.

illusive sounds such as have been described already.

The younger player first goes through a smart exercise alone, as shown in photograph No. VI. He stands at one end of the platform, balls in hand. Throwing from the left, each ball strikes the covered frame about eighteen inches above the level of the platform, whence it rebounds to the centre of the latter, rising again to the player's right hand, and thence to the left. All the balls, of course, travel at the highest speed. The dexterity of throw and catch necessary to keep the balls in perfect flight is marvellous, for the slightest twist imparted to any of the spheres would simply shoot them out of their course and spoil the figure.

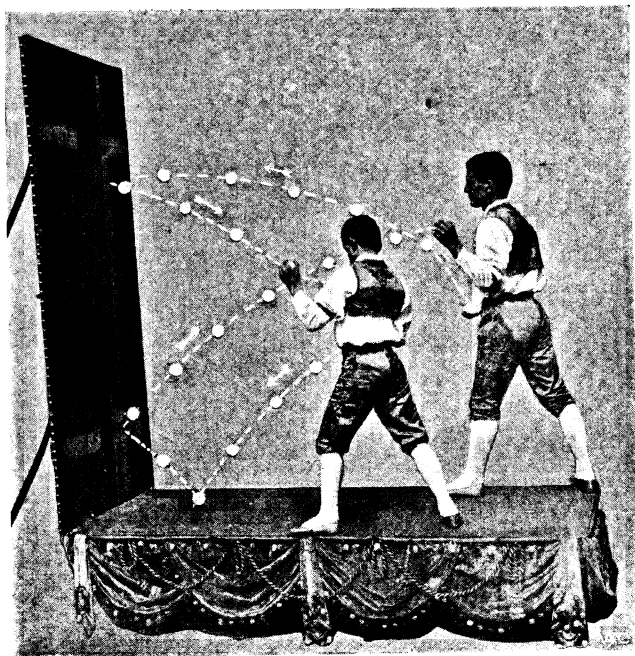
Next we find the pair hard at work on one of the most difficult and bewildering of figures, as will be seen by a glance at photograph No. VII. But one would want to attempt to perform the feat before understanding how complicated are the movements of the balls.

The balls are first thrown at the usual high speed from the right hand of the older player against the right hand panel of the upright frame. Thence they rebound to the centre of the

platform and into the player's left hand. At the same time a similar number of balls are thrown from the left hand of the younger player to the centre of the platform, rising thence to the left hand panel of the upright screen, rebounding in a semicircle to the thrower's right hand. With the balls travelling in so many directions, to the eyes of the spectator the movements are simply bewildering; but, cool and calm, and with the greatest precision, the players continue their seemingly complicated manipulations, the balls rarely missing their course until the "act" is completed.

The pair of champion ball-bouncers now mount the platform again to give us another

taste of complicated figures (No. VIII.). The older player throws from the left hand to the platform, the balls hopping against the right-hand panel of the frame, and thence to the thrower's right hand and on into the left to repeat their journey. The younger player throws from the left against the panel, the balls rebounding from the panel downwards



IX.—This complicated figure is one of the smartest in the whole performance.

to the platform, thence upwards to the thrower's right hand, being tossed from that to the left to be sent again on their travels. Another bewildering "act."

Perhaps the smartest figure of the lot (No. IX.), is now tackled. The bigger performer throws the balls from his right hand against that panel of the frame facing him. They rebound to the left hand of the youth, who shoots them as they arrive in turn into his right hand, to be thrown down on the platform a foot in front of the upright, against which it rises and strikes, whence it rebounds to the first player's left hand, and on into his right, to be immediately sent away on a repetition of its former rapid flight.

So far as appearances go, the concluding figure (No. X.) is the most striking one of all. The taller of the performers stands on the platform close to the open end, whilst the young player stands down behind. Quickly and gracefully a shower of balls falls against the lower part of the upright frame, rebounding to the platform, and thence upwards to the thrower's left hand, and into his right for their further flight. Down below, the younger player throws the balls on a longer curve. They strike the frame, rebound to the centre of the platform, thence into the right hand, and so on to the left, to be thrown again and again.

It is a very pleasing sight to watch the balls, in snowy curves, go through such varying evolutions, each stream of white spheres invariably following a regular, unwavering line, whilst producing sounds which need no words of the manipulators to explain.

"How is it done?" I asked Mr. Robertus.

"Simply by constant practice," was the reply. "Each of those figures you have seen has taken us months to perfect for public exhibition. The balls used must be perfectly round, and I need hardly tell you they require the most careful handling. We are enabled to achieve extraordinary angles only by giving each ball a certain twist as it leaves our hands. You try how hard it is

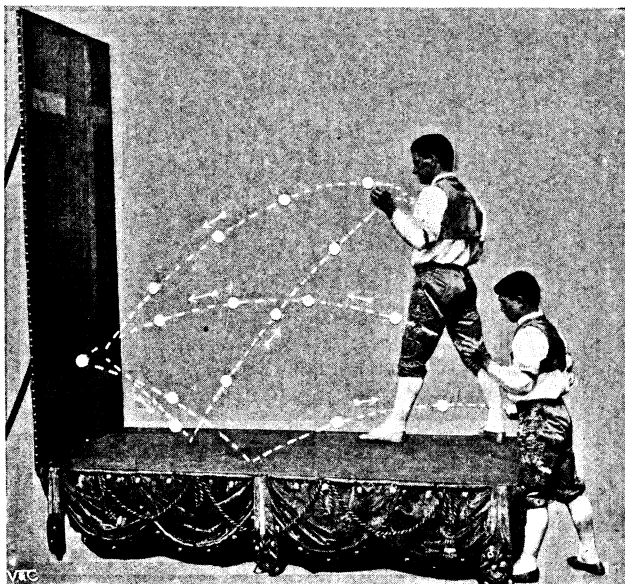
to make a ball take precisely the same course in bouncing."

The experiment was made—and proved a miserable failure.

"That's what my first great difficulty was—indiarubber balls are so erratic. But we overcame it by careful practice. We found, too, that, in spite of the most particular selection, an indiarubber ball—solid as these are—is apt to get out of shape after a little use. We have to watch each one most carefully. One badly shaped ball may spoil a whole figure if it is not discovered in time.

"Oh, yes; we have had some suggestions from geniuses who think we ought to add sensation to dexterity. One man not long ago wrote to us suggesting that it would produce a magnificent effect if we used blazing balls on a darkened stage!

"A German professor of mathematics challenged us a couple of months ago. He declared he could produce all our figures after an hour's practice. Our manager, for advertisement sake, encouraged him, and the professor duly appeared on the stage in the evening to 'wipe us out.' In two minutes he had the whole theatre laughing at him, but he only gave up when he received a tremendous blow in the eye from a rebounding ball, with which he had asserted he could form the most difficult figure."



X.—So far as appearances go, this figure is the most striking of all.



"THOMAS," observed my aunt, as she entered the room, "I have taken you by surprise."

She had. Hamlet could scarcely have been more surprised at the appearance of the ghost of his father. I had supposed that she was in the wilds of Cornwall. She glanced at the table at which I had been seated.

"What are you doing? — having your breakfast?"

I perceived, from the way in which she used her glasses, and the marked manner in which she paused, that she considered the hour an uncanonical one for such a meal. I retained some fragments of my presence of mind.

"The fact is, my dear aunt, that I was at work a little late last night, and this morning I find myself with a trifling headache."

"Then a holiday will do you good."

I agreed with her. I never knew an occasion on which I felt that it would not.

"I shall be only too happy to avail myself of the opportunity afforded by your unexpected presence to relax, for a time, the strain of my curriculum of studies. May I hope, my dear aunt, that you propose to stay with me at least a month?"

"I return to-night."

"To-night! When did you come?"

"This morning."

"From Cornwall?"

"From Lostwithiel. An excursion left Lostwithiel shortly after midnight, and returns again at midnight to-day, thus giving fourteen hours in London for ten shillings. I resolved to take advantage of the occasion, and to give some of my poorer neighbours, who had never even been as far as Plymouth in their lives, a glimpse of some of the sights of the Great City. Here they are—I filled a compartment with them. There are nine."

There were nine—and they were about the most miscellaneous-looking nine I ever saw. I had wondered what they meant by coming with my aunt into my sitting-room. Now, if anything, I wondered rather more. She proceeded to introduce them individually—not by any means by name only.

"This is John Eva. He is eighty-two, and slightly deaf. Good gracious, man! don't stand there shuffling, with your back against the wall; sit down somewhere, do. This is Mrs. Penna, sixty-seven, and a little lame. I believe you're eating peppermints again. I told you, Mrs. Penna, that I can't stand the odour, and I can't. This is her grandson, Stephen Treen, aged nine. He cried in the train."

My aunt shook her finger at Stephen Treen, in an admonitory fashion, which bade fair, from the look of him, to cause an immediate renewal of his sorrows.

"This is Matthew Holman, a converted drunkard, who has been the worst character in the parish. But we are hoping better things of him now." Matthew Holman grinned, as if he were not certain that the

hope was mutual. "This is Jane, and this is Ellen, two maids of mine. They are good girls, in their way, but stupid. You will have to keep your eye upon them, or they will lose themselves the very first chance they get." I was not amazed, as I glanced in their direction, to perceive that Jane and Ellen blushed.

"This," went on my aunt, and into her voice there came a sort of awful dignity, "is Daniel Dyer. I believe that he kissed Ellen in a tunnel."

I also hoped, in the privacy of my own breast, that he would not kiss young women while he was in the streets with me—at least, while it remained broad day.

"This," continued my aunt, leaving Daniel Dyer buried in the depths of confusion, and Jane on the verge of tears, "is Sammy Trevenna, the parish idiot. I brought him, trusting that the visit would tend to sharpen his wits, and, at the same time, teach him the difference which exists between right and wrong. You will have, also, to keep an eye



"Mr. Pollifen represents, in our party, the quality of intelligent interest."

"Please ma'am," cried Ellen, and her manner bore the hall-mark of truth, "it wasn't me, and that I'm sure."

"Then it was Jane—which does not alter the case in the least." In saying this, it seemed to me that, from Ellen's point of view, my aunt was illogical. "I am not certain that I ought to have brought him with us; but, since I have, we must make the best of it. I only hope that he will not kiss young women while he is in the streets with me."

upon Sammy. I regret to say that he is addicted to picking and stealing. Sammy, where is the address card which I gave you?"

Sammy—who looked his character, every inch of it!—was a lanky, shambling youth, apparently eighteen or nineteen years old. He fumbled in his pockets.

"I've lost it," he sniggered.

"I thought so. That is the third you have lost since we started. Here is another. I will pin it to your coat; then, when you are lost, someone will be able to understand

who you are. Last, but not least, Thomas, this is Mr. Poltifen. Although this is his first visit to London, he has read a great deal about the Great Metropolis. He has brought a few books with him, from which he proposes to read selections, at various points in our peregrinations, bearing upon the sights which we are seeing, in order that instruction may be blended with our entertainment."

Mr. Poltifen was a short, thick-set individual, with that in his appearance which was suggestive of pugnacity, an iron-grey, scrubby beard, and a pair of spectacles—probably something superior in the cobbling line. He had about a dozen books fastened together in a leather strap, among them being—as, before the day was finished, I had good reason to be aware—a "History of London," in seven volumes.

"Mr. Poltifen," observed my aunt, waving her hand towards the gentleman referred to, "represents, in our party, the quality of intelligent interest."

Mr. Poltifen settled his glasses on his nose and glared at me as if he dared me to deny it. Nothing could have been further from my mind.

"Sammy," exclaimed my aunt, "sit still. How many times have I to request you not to shuffle?"

Sammy was rubbing his knees together in a fashion the like of which I had never seen before. When he was addressed, he drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and he sniggered. I felt that he was the sort of youth anyone would have been glad to show round town.

My aunt took a sheet of paper from her handbag.

"This is the outline programme we have drawn up. We have, of course, the whole day in front of us, and I have jotted down the names of some of the more prominent places of interest which we wish to see." She began to read. "The Tower Bridge, the Tower of London, Woolwich Arsenal, the National Gallery, British Museum, South Kensington Museum, the Natural History Museum, the Zoological Gardens, Kew Gardens, Greenwich Hospital, Westminster Abbey, the Albert Memorial, the Houses of Parliament, the Monument, the Marble Arch, the Bank of England, the Thames Embankment, Billingsgate Fish Market, Covent Garden Market, the Meat Market, some of the birthplaces of famous persons, some of the scenes mentioned in Charles Dickens's novels—during the winter we had a lecture

in the schoolroom on Charles Dickens's London; it aroused great interest—and the Courts of Justice. And we should like to finish up at the Crystal Palace. We should like to hear any suggestions you would care to make which would tend to alteration or improvement—only, I may observe, that we are desirous of reaching the Crystal Palace as early in the day as possible, as it is there we propose to have our midday meal." I had always been aware that my aunt's practical knowledge of London was but slight, but I had never realised how slight until that moment. "Our provisions we have brought with us. Each person has a meat pasty, a potato pasty, a jam pasty, and an apple pasty, so that all we shall require will be water."

This explained the small brown-paper parcel which each member of the party was dangling by a string.

"And you propose to consume this—little provision at the Crystal Palace, after visiting these other places?" My aunt inclined her head. I took the sheet of paper from which she had been reading. "May I ask how you propose to get from place to place?"

"Well, Thomas, that is the point. I have made myself responsible for the entire charge, so I would wish to keep down expenses. We should like to walk as much as possible."

"If you walk from Woolwich Arsenal to the Zoological Gardens, and from the Zoological Gardens to Kew Gardens, you will walk as far as possible—and rather more."

Something in my tone seemed to cause a shadow to come over my aunt's face.

"How far is it?"

"About fourteen or fifteen miles. I have never walked it myself, you understand, so the estimate is a rough one."

I felt that this was not an occasion on which it was necessary to be over-particular as to a yard or so.

"So much as that? I had no idea it was so far. Of course, walking is out of the question. How would a van do?"

"A what?"

"A van. One of those vans in which, I understand, children go for treats. How much would they charge, now, for one which would hold the whole of us?"

"I haven't the faintest notion, aunt. Would you propose to go in a van to all these places?" I motioned towards the sheet of paper. She nodded. "I have never, you understand, done this sort of thing in a van, but I imagine that the kind



of vehicle you suggest, with one pair of horses, to do the entire round would take about three weeks."

"Three weeks? Thomas!"

"I don't pretend to literal accuracy, but I don't believe that I'm far wrong. No means of locomotion with which I am acquainted will enable you to do it in a day, of that I'm certain. I've been in London since my childhood, but I've never yet had time to see one-half the things you've got down upon this sheet of paper."

"Is it possible?"

"It's not only possible, it's fact. You country folk have no notion of London's vastness."

"Stupendous!"

"It is stupendous. Now, when would you like to reach the Crystal Palace?"

"Well, not later than four. By then we shall be hungry."

I surveyed the nine.

"It strikes me that some of you look hungry now. Aren't you hungry?"

I spoke to Sammy. His face was eloquent.

"I be famished."

I do not attempt to reproduce the dialect: I am no dialectician. I merely reproduce the sense; that is enough for me. The lady whom my aunt had spoken of as "Mrs. Penna, sixty-seven, and a little lame," agreed with Sammy.

"So be I. I be fit to drop, I be."

On this subject there was a general consensus of opinion—they all seemed fit to drop. I was not surprised. My aunt was surprised instead.

"You each of you had a treacle pasty in the train!"

"What be a treacle pasty?"

I was disposed to echo Mrs. Penna's query, "What be a treacle pasty?" My aunt struck me as really cutting the thing a little too fine.

"You finish your pasties now—when we get to the Palace I'll see that you have something to take their place. That shall be my part of the treat."

My aunt's manner was distinctly severe, especially considering that it was a party of pleasure.

"Before we started it was arranged exactly what provisions would have to be sufficient. I do not wish to encroach upon your generosity, Thomas—nothing of the kind."

"Never mind, aunt, that'll be all right. You tuck into your pasties."

They tucked into their pasties with a will. Aunt had some breakfast with me—poor

soul! she stood in need of it—and we discussed the arrangements for the day.

"Of course, my dear aunt, this programme of yours is out of the question, altogether. We'll just do a round on a 'bus, and then it'll be time to start for the Palace."

"But, Thomas, they will be so disappointed—and, considering how much it will cost me, we shall seem to be getting so little for the money."

"My dear aunt, you will have had enough by the time you get back, I promise you."

My promise was more than fulfilled—they had had good measure, pressed down and running over.

The first part of our programme took the form, as I had suggested, of a ride on a 'bus. Our advent in the Strand—my rooms are in the Adelphi—created a sensation. I fancy the general impression was that we were a party of lunatics, whom I was personally conducting. That my aunt was one of them I do not think that anyone doubted. The way in which she worried and scurried and fussed and flurried was sufficient to convey that idea.

It is not every 'bus which has room for eleven passengers. We could not line up on the curbstone, it would have been to impede the traffic. And as my aunt would not hear of a division of forces, as we sauntered along the pavement we enjoyed ourselves immensely. The "parish idiot" would insist on hanging on to the front of every shop-window, necessitating his being dragged away by the collar of his jacket. Jane and Ellen glued themselves together arm in arm, sniggering at anything and everything—especially when Daniel Dyer digged them in the ribs from behind. Mrs. Penna, proving herself to be a good deal more than a little lame, had to be hauled along by my aunt on one side, and by Mr. Holman, the "converted drunkard," on the other. That Mr. Holman did not enjoy his position I felt convinced from the way in which, every now and then, he jerked the poor old soul completely off her feet. With her other hand my aunt gripped Master Treen by the hand, he keeping his mouth as wide open as he possibly could; his little trick of continually looking behind him resulting in collisions with most of the persons, and lamp-posts, he chanced to encounter. The deaf Mr. Eva brought up the rear with Mr. Polifien and his strapful of books, that gentleman favouring him with totally erroneous scraps of information, which he was, fortunately, quite unable to hear.

We had reached Newcastle Street before



"I felt that Mr. Poltifen regarded both myself and my proceedings with austere displeasure."

we found a 'bus which contained the requisite amount of accommodation. Then, when I hailed one which was nearly empty, the party boarded it. Somewhat to my surprise, scarcely anyone wished to go outside. Mrs. Penna, of course, had to be lifted into the interior, where Jane and Ellen joined her—I fancy that they fought shy of the ladder-like staircase—followed by Daniel Dyer, in spite of my aunt's protestations. She herself went next, dragging with her Master Treen, who wanted to go outside, but was not allowed, and, in consequence, was moved to tears. Messrs. Eva, Poltifen, Holman and I were the only persons who made the ascent; and, the conductor having indulged in some sarcastic comments on things in general, and my aunt's *protégés* in particular, which nearly drove me to commit assault and battery, the 'bus was started.

We had not gone far before I had reason to doubt the genuineness of Mr. Holman's conversion. Drawing the back of his hand across his lips, he remarked to Mr. Eva—

"It do seem as if this were going to be a thirsty job. 'Tain't my notion of a holiday—"

I repeat that I make no attempt to imitate the dialect. Perceiving himself addressed, Mr. Eva put his hand up to his ear.

"Beg pardon—what were that you said?"

"I say that I be perishing for something to drink. I be faint for want of it. What's a day's pleasure if you don't never have a chance to moisten your lips?"

Although this was said in a tone of voice which caused the foot-passengers to stand and stare, the driver to start round in his seat, as if he had been struck, and the conductor to come up to inquire if anything were wrong, it failed to penetrate Mr. Eva's tympanum.

"What be that?" the old gentleman observed. "It do seem as if I were more deaf than usual."

I touched Mr. Holman on the shoulder.

"All right—leave him alone. I'll see that you have what you want when we get down;

only don't try to make him understand while we're on this 'bus."

"Thank you kindly, sir. There's no denying that a taste of rum would do me good. John Eva, he be terrible hard of hearing—terrible; and the old girl she ain't a notion of what's fit for a man."

How much the insides saw of London I cannot say. I doubt if anyone on the roof saw much. In my anxiety to alight on one with room I had not troubled about the destination of the 'bus. As, however, it proved to be bound for London Bridge, I had an opportunity to point out St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bank of England, and similar places. I cannot say that my hearers seemed much struck by the privileges they were enjoying. When the vehicle drew up in the station-yard, Mr. Holman pointed with his thumb—

"There be a public over there."

I admitted that there was.

"Here's a shilling for you—mind you're quickly back. Perhaps Mr. Poltifen would like to come with you."

Mr. Poltifen declined.

"I am a teetotaller. I have never touched alcohol in any form."

I felt that Mr. Poltifen regarded both myself and my proceedings with austere displeasure. When all had alighted, my aunt, proceeding to number the party, discovered that one was missing; also, who it was.

"Where is Matthew Holman?"

"He's—he's gone across the road to—to see the time."

"To see the time! There's a clock up over the station there. What do you mean?"

"The fact is, my dear aunt, that, feeling thirsty, he has gone to get something to drink."

"To drink! But he signed the pledge on Monday!"

"Then, in that case, he's broken it on Wednesday. Come, let's get inside the station; we can't stop here; people will wonder who we are."

"Thomas, we will wait here for Matthew Holman. I am responsible for that man."

"Certainly, my dear aunt; but if we remain on the precise spot on which we are at present planted, we shall be prosecuted for obstruction. If you will go into the station, I will bring him to you there."

"Where are you going to take us now?"

"To the Crystal Palace."

"But—we have seen nothing of London."

"You'll see more of it when we get to the

Palace. It's a wonderful place, full of the most stupendous sights; their due examination will more than occupy all the time you have to spare."

Having hustled them into the station, I went in search of Mr. Holman. "The converted drunkard" was really enjoying himself for the first time. He had already disposed of four threepennyworths of rum, and was draining the last as I came in.

"Now, sir, if you was so good as to loan me another shilling, I shouldn't wonder if I was to have a nice day, after all."

"I dare say. We'll talk about that later on. If you don't want to be lost in London, you'll come with me at once."

I scrambled them all into a train; I do not know how. It was a case of cram. Selecting an open carriage, I divided the party among the different compartments. My aunt objected; but it had to be. By the time that they were all in, my brow was damp with perspiration. I looked around. Some of our fellow-passengers wore ribbons, about eighteen inches wide, and other mysterious things; already, at that hour of the day, they were lively. The crowd was not what I expected.

"Is there anything on at the Palace?" I inquired of my neighbour. He laughed, in a manner which was suggestive.

"Anything on? What ho! Where are you come from? Why, it's the Foresters' Day. It's plain that you're not one of us. More shame to you, sonny! Here's a chance for you to join."

Foresters' Day! I gasped. I saw trouble ahead. I began to think that I had made a mistake in tearing off to the Crystal Palace in search of solitude. I had expected a desert, in which my aunt's friends would have plenty of room to knock their heads against anything they pleased. But Foresters' Day! Was it eighty or a hundred thousand people who were wont to assemble on that occasion? I remembered to have seen the figures somewhere. The ladies and gentlemen about us wore an air of such conviviality that one wondered to what heights they would attain as the day wore on.

We had a delightful journey. It occupied between two and three hours—or so it seemed to me. When we were not hanging on to platforms we were being shunted, or giving the engine a rest, or something of the kind. I know we were stopping most of the time. But the Foresters, male and female, kept things moving, if the train stood still. They sang

songs, comic and sentimental; played on various musical instruments, principally concertinas; whistled; paid each other compliments; and so on. Jane and Ellen were in the next compartment to mine—as usual, glued together; how those two girls managed to keep stuck to each other was a marvel. Next to them was the persevering Daniel Dyer. In front was a red-faced gentleman, with a bright blue tie and an eighteen-inch-wide green ribbon. He addressed himself to Mr. Dyer.

"Two nice young ladies you've got there, sir."

Judging from what he looked like at the back, I should say that Mr. Dyer grinned. Obviously Jane and Ellen tittered; they put their heads together in charming confusion. The red-faced gentleman continued—

"One more than your share, haven't you, sir? You couldn't spare one of

them for another gentleman—meaning me?"

"You might have Jane," replied the affable Mr. Dyer.

"And which might happen to be Jane?" Mr. Dyer supplied the information. The red-faced gentleman raised his hat. "Pleased to make your acquaintance, miss; hope we shall be better friends before the day is over."

My aunt, in the compartment behind, rose in her wrath.

"Daniel Dyer! Jane! How dare you behave in such a manner!"

The red-faced gentleman twisted himself round in his seat.

"Beg pardon, miss—was you speaking to me? If you're alone, I dare say there's



"The police did not think there was much likelihood of any of the stolen property being regained."

another gentleman present who'll be willing to oblige. Every young lady ought to have a gent to herself on a day like this. Do me the favour of putting this to your lips ; you'll find it's the right stuff."

Taking out a flat bottle, wiping it upon the sleeve of his coat, he offered it to my aunt. She succumbed.

When I found myself a struggling unit in the struggling mass on the Crystal Palace platform, my aunt caught me by the arm.

"Thomas, where have you brought us to?"

"This is the Crystal Palace, aunt."

"The Crystal Palace! It's pandemonium! Where are the members of our party?"

That was the question. My aunt collared such of them as she could lay her hands on. Matthew Holman was missing. Personally, I was not sorry. He had been "putting his lips" to more than one friendly bottle in the compartment behind mine, and was on a fair way to having a "nice day" on lines of his own. I was quite willing that he should have it by himself. But my aunt was not. She was for going at once for the police and commissioning them to hunt for and produce him then and there.

"I'm responsible for the man," she kept repeating. "I have his ticket."

"Very well, aunt—that's all right. You'll find him, or he'll find you; don't you trouble."

But she did trouble. She kept on troubling. And her cause for troubling grew more and more as the day went on. Before we were in the main building—it's a journey from the low level station, through endless passages, and up countless stairs, placed at the most inconvenient intervals—Mrs. Penna was *hors de combat*. As no seat was handy, she insisted on sitting down upon the floor. Passers-by made the most disagreeable comments, but she either could not or would not move. My aunt seemed half beside herself. She said to me, most unfairly—

"You ought not to have brought us here on a day like this. It is evident that there are some most dissipated creatures here. I have a horror of a crowd—and with all the members of our party on my hands—and such a crowd!"

"How was I to know? I had not the faintest notion that anything particular was on till we were in the train."

"But you ought to have known. You live in London."

"It is true that I live in London. But I do not, on that account, keep an eye on what is going on at the Palace. I have something

else to occupy my time. Besides, there is an easy remedy—let us leave the place at once. We might find fewer people in the Tower of London—I was never there, so I can't say—or on the top of the Monument."

"Without Matthew Holman?"

"Personally, I should say 'Yes.' He, at any rate, is in congenial company."

"Thomas!"

I wish I could reproduce the tone in which my aunt uttered my name! it would cause the edges of the sheet of paper on which I am writing to curl.

Another source of annoyance was the manner in which the red-faced gentleman persisted in sticking to us, like a limpet—as if he were a member of the party. Jane and Ellen kept themselves glued together. On Ellen's right was Daniel Dyer, and on Jane's left was the red-faced gentleman. This was a condition of affairs of which my aunt strongly disapproved. She remonstrated with the stranger, but without the least effect. I tried my hand on him, and failed. He was the best-tempered and thickest-skinned individual I ever remember to have met.

"It's this way," I explained—he needed a deal of explanation. "This lady has brought these people for a little pleasure excursion to town, for the day only; and, as these young ladies are in her sole charge, she feels herself responsible for them. So would you just mind leaving us?"

It seemed that he did mind; though he showed no signs of having his feelings hurt by the suggestion, as some persons might have done.

"Don't you worry, governor; I'll help her look after 'em. I've looked after a few people in my time, so the young lady can trust me—can't you, miss?"

Jane giggled. My impression is that my aunt felt like shaking her. But just then I made a discovery.

"Hallo! Where's the youngster?"

My aunt twirled herself round.

"Stephen! Goodness! where has that boy gone to?"

Jane looked through the glass which ran all along one side of the corridor.

"Why, miss, there's Stephen Treen over in that crowd there."

"Go and fetch him back this instant."

I believe that my aunt spoke without thinking. It did seem to me that Jane showed an almost criminal eagerness to obey her. Off she flew into the grounds, through the great door which was wide open close at

hand, with Ellen still glued to her arm, and Daniel Dyer at her heels, and the red-faced gentleman after him. Almost in a moment they became melted, as it were, into the crowd and were lost to view. My aunt peered after them through her glasses.

"I can't see Stephen Treen—can you?"

"No, aunt, I can't. I doubt if Jane could, either."

"Thomas! What do you mean? She said she did."

"Ah! there are people who'll say anything. I think you'll find that, for a time, at any rate, you've got three more members of the party off your hands."

"Thomas! How can you talk like that? After bringing us to this dreadful place! Go after those benighted girls at once, and bring them back, and that wretched Daniel Dyer, and that miserable child, and Matthew Holman, too."

It struck me, from her manner, that my aunt was hovering on the verge of hysterics. While I was endeavouring to explain how it was that I did not see my way to start off, then and there, in a sort of general hunt, an official, sauntering up, took a bird's-eye view of Mrs. Penna.

"Hallo, old lady! what's the matter with you? Aren't you well?"

"No, I be not well—I be dying. Take me home and let me die upon my bed."

"So bad as that, is it? What's the trouble?"

"I've been up all night and all day, and little to eat and naught to drink, and I be lame."

"Lame, are you?" The official turned to my aunt. "You know, you didn't ought to bring a lame old lady into a crowd like this."

"I didn't bring her. My nephew brought us all."

"Then the sooner, I should say, your nephew takes you all away again, the better."

The official took himself off. Mr. Poltifen made a remark. His tone was a trifle sour.

"I cannot say that I think we are spending a profitable and pleasurable day in London. I understood that the object which we had in view was to make researches into Dickens's London, or I should not have brought my books."

The "parish idiot" began to moan.

"I be that hungry—I be! I be!"

"Here," I cried; "here's half-a-crown for you. Go to that refreshment-stall and cram yourself with penny buns to bursting point."

Off started Sammy Trevenna; he had

sense enough to catch my meaning. My aunt called after him.

"Sammy! You mustn't leave us. Wait until we come."

But Sammy declined. When, hurrying after him, catching him by the shoulder, she sought to detain him, he positively showed signs of fight.

Oh! it was a delightful day! Enjoyable from start to finish. Somehow I got Mrs. Penna, with my aunt and the remnant, into the main building and planted them on chairs, and provided them with buns and similar dainties, and instructed them not, on any pretext, to budge from where they were until I returned with the truants, of whom, straightway, I went in search. I do not mind admitting that I commenced by paying a visit to a refreshment-bar upon my own account—I needed something to support me. Nor, having comforted the inner man, did I press forward on my quest with undue haste. Exactly as I expected, I found Jane and Ellen in a sheltered alcove in the grounds, with Daniel Dyer on one side, the red-faced gentleman on the other, and Master Stephen Treen nowhere to be seen. The red-faced gentleman's friendship with Jane had advanced so rapidly that when I suggested her prompt return to my aunt, he considered himself entitled to object with such vehemence that he actually took his coat off and invited me to fight. But I was not to be browbeaten by him; and, having made it clear that if he attempted to follow I should call the police, I marched off in triumph with my prizes, only to discover that the young women had tongues of their own, with examples of whose capacity they favoured me as we proceeded. I believe that if I had been my aunt, I should, then and there, have boxed their ears.

My aunt received us with a countenance of such gloom that I immediately perceived that something frightful must have occurred.

"Thomas!" she exclaimed, "I have been robbed!"

"Robbed? My dear aunt! Of what—your umbrella?"

"Of everything!"

"Of everything? I hope it's not so bad as that."

"It is. I have been robbed of purse, money, tickets, everything, down to my pocket-handkerchief and bunch of keys."

It was the fact—she had. Her pocket, containing all she possessed—out of Cornwall—had been cut out of her dress and carried clean away. It was a very neat



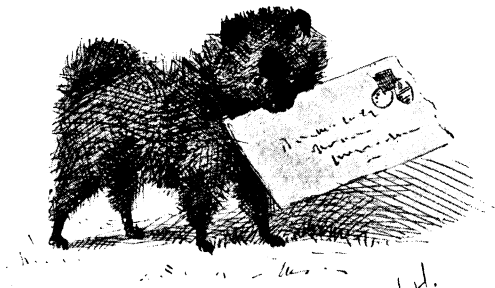
piece of work, as the police agreed when we laid the case before them. They observed that, of course, they would do their best, but they did not think there was much likelihood of any of the stolen property being regained ; adding that, in a crowd like that, people ought to look after their pockets, which was cold comfort for my aunt, and rounded the day off nicely.

Ticketless, moneyless, returning to Cornwall that night was out of the question. I put "the party" up. My aunt had my bed, Mrs. Penna was accommodated in the same room, the others somewhere and somehow. I camped out. In the morning, the telegraph being put in motion, funds were forthcoming, and "the party" started on its homeward way. The railway authorities would listen to nothing about lost excursion tickets. My

aunt had to pay full fare—twenty-one and twopence halfpenny—for each. I can still see her face as she paid.

Two days afterwards Master Stephen Treen and Mr. Matthew Holman were reported found by the police, Mr. Holman showing marked signs of a distinct relapse from grace. My aunt had to pay for their being sent home. The next day she received, through the post, in an unpaid envelope, the lost excursion tickets. No comment accompanied them. Her visiting-card was in the purse ; evidently the thief, having no use for old excursion tickets, had availed himself of it to send them back to her. She has them to this day, and never looks at them without a qualm. That was her first excursion ; she tells me that never, under any circumstances, will she try another.





A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM LIFE.

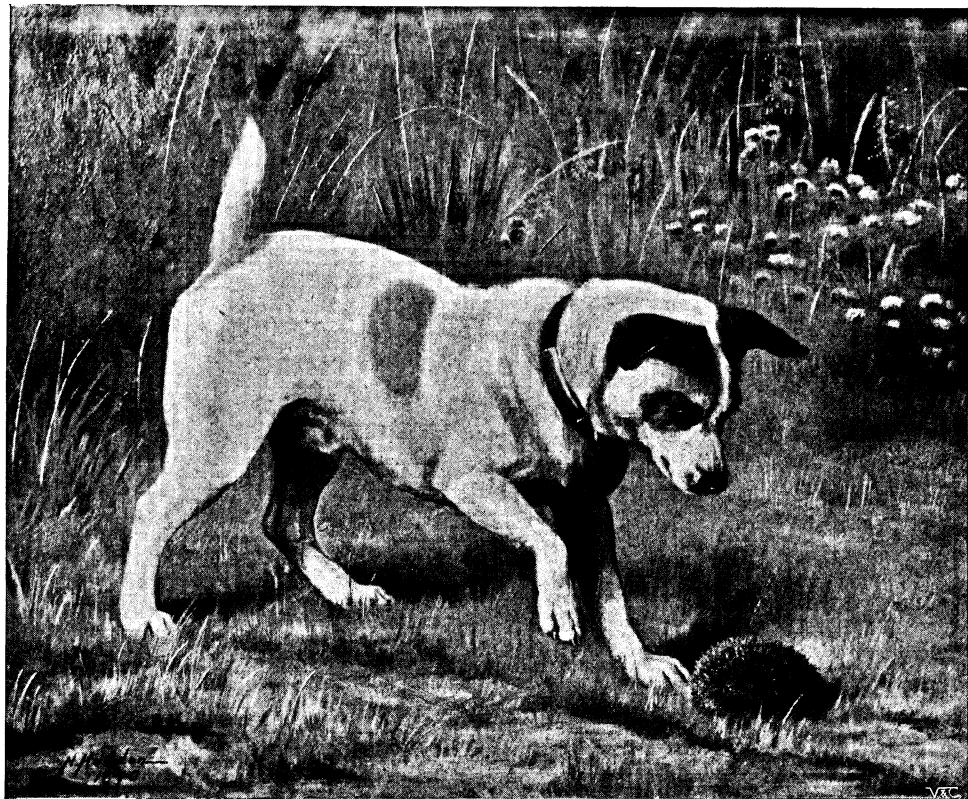
*By permission of Hon. and Rev. F. Dutton.*

**T**O many people there is no greater ordeal than that of sitting for a portrait—yet very few ever take into consideration the fact that it may be even more of a trial to the artist. Anxious, as he may well be, to do the utmost justice both to his subject and to his art, what can the artist find more dispiriting than a sitter who speedily becomes restive or easily bored?—and, alas! the majority of people fall easily under one of these two headings.

## DOGS AND CATS AS SITTERS.

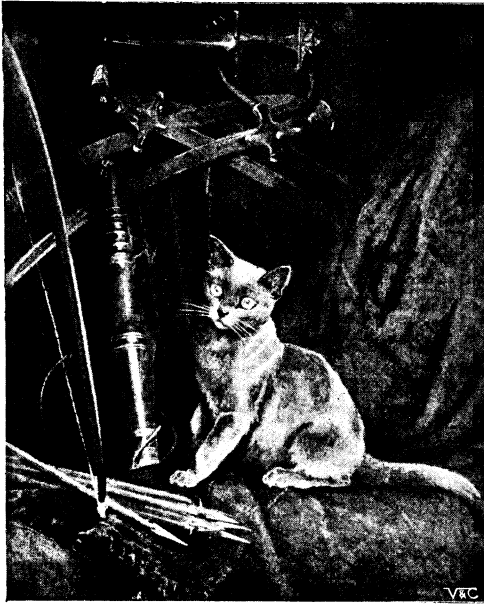
BY NELLIE HADDEN.

My own experience goes to prove that animals on the whole are far more satisfactory sitters than human beings. For instance, what elderly gentleman could you keep not merely awake, but also exhibiting a lively intelligence, by so simple a device as a live hedgehog rustling beside him in a paper bag? True, it might make him sit up at first, but the novelty would soon wear off. Whereas I found this device most successful in the case of a phlegmatic little terrier, "Bobbie," who was once posed in my studio. He was a keen sportsman, with a marked predilection for hedgehogs; hence it



1.—"BOBBIE": A SPORTING CHARACTER.

*By permission of Lady Isabella Keane.*



II.—THE ONLY CAT FOUND IN CHITRAL.

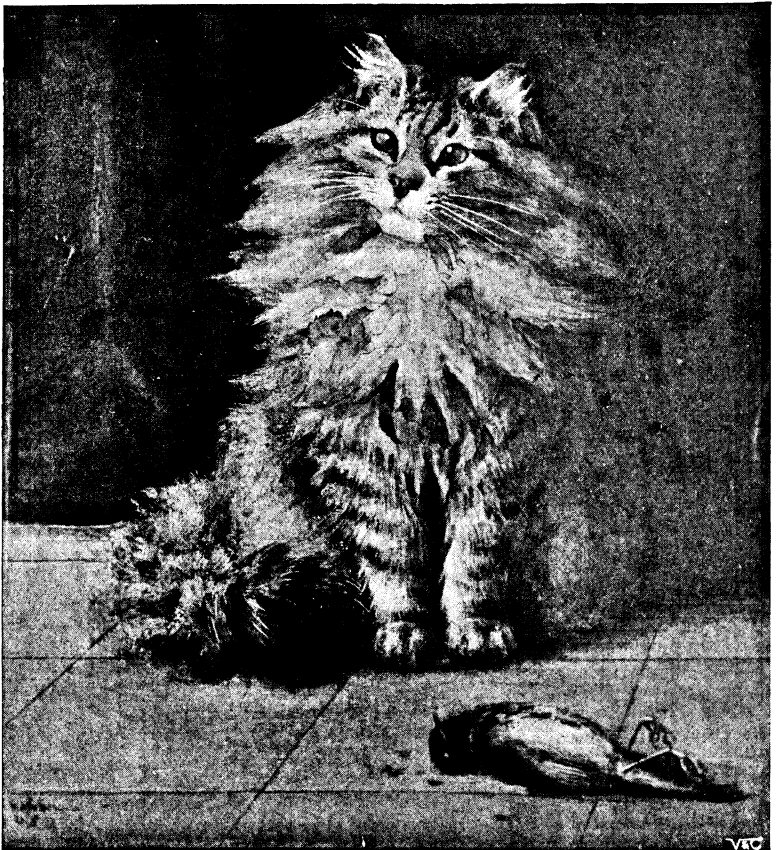
By permission of Sir William Gatacre.

was an easy matter to keep him on the *qui vive* throughout the whole length of each sitting, without actually gratifying his curiosity; moreover, the animal in the paper bag unconsciously played its part with praiseworthy perseverance, leaving me free to devote myself to the work in hand.

Though I have had many odd experiences with animal sitters in general, I have only space now to refer to the dogs and cats of my acquaintance. Perhaps one of the most interesting of these was a curious little cat, with a mole-like skin, that

was brought by Sir William Gatacre from Chitral in 1895. She was the only cat discovered in that place. I found her a most difficult subject to deal with, as she had none of the reserve and dignity of the home-made article. She was all life and activity, and would run up the curtains with a zest that was distinctly distracting—from the artist's point of view. At other times she would give vent to the most pitiful little cries, more like those of an infant than of an animal. She soon succumbed to our climate, dying in little over a year, despite the utmost care bestowed on her by her devoted mistress.

For studio purposes cats are much more difficult to manage than dogs. They have an exasperating habit of curling themselves up in a comfortable position, when the mood seizes them, and turning their backs on the portrait painter with a most perfectly studied show of indifference; or they will look contemptuously at any dainty that may be placed



III.—“BOGIE,” OR “WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?”

By permission of Miss H. G. Williams.



IV.—“CORINNE.”

*By permission of Mrs. Lockwood.*

before them, and walk off nonchalantly, as though their habitual attitude were a bland disregard of food. I tried an experiment with our own cat, “Bogie,” which proved most successful. He was a splendid specimen of a silver-grey chinchilla (stolen, alas! and never since recovered). The first time he sat to me I put him on a table and attached him, by means of a collar and a string, to a bar running across the studio ceiling. After a while he got bored and jumped down, only to find himself swinging in mid-air. Of course, I rushed to the rescue; but “Bogie”

took the lesson promptly to heart, and never again attempted to jump down after he had been posed. I doubt whether a dog would have taken in the situation quite as quickly.

As a general thing I have found it much easier to manage animals in the absence of their owners. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. “Corinne,” the handsome poodle whose portrait I painted in miniature on ivory, turned her back on me the moment we were left alone, and howled dismally without stopping. Could anything be more

disconcerting? In the end her master or mistress had to assist at every sitting.

A model sitter was the dog I have designated "Jock No. I." He was well known in many parts of London, sedately trotting after his master in Piccadilly, or giving a *ton* to St. James's Street. He had a paw in all his master's pies—this busy



V.—"JOCK NO. II."

*By permission of Miss Lucy Hadden.*

"Jock." Until that master married, he saw him to his work every morning. He accompanied him on his wedding tour (after being shown the marriage lines), and on their return felt it his duty to remain at home and guard the house which contained his mistress. After his portrait was finished, he would sit up and "pose" every time he met me, for sitting meant biscuit.

"Jock No. II."



VI.—"JOCK NO. I."

*By permission of William Sayer, Esq.*

had a pathetic little face, but he was not so interesting as my own old friend and model, "Jock No. III." The latter began to sit at the early age of six weeks, and how he hated



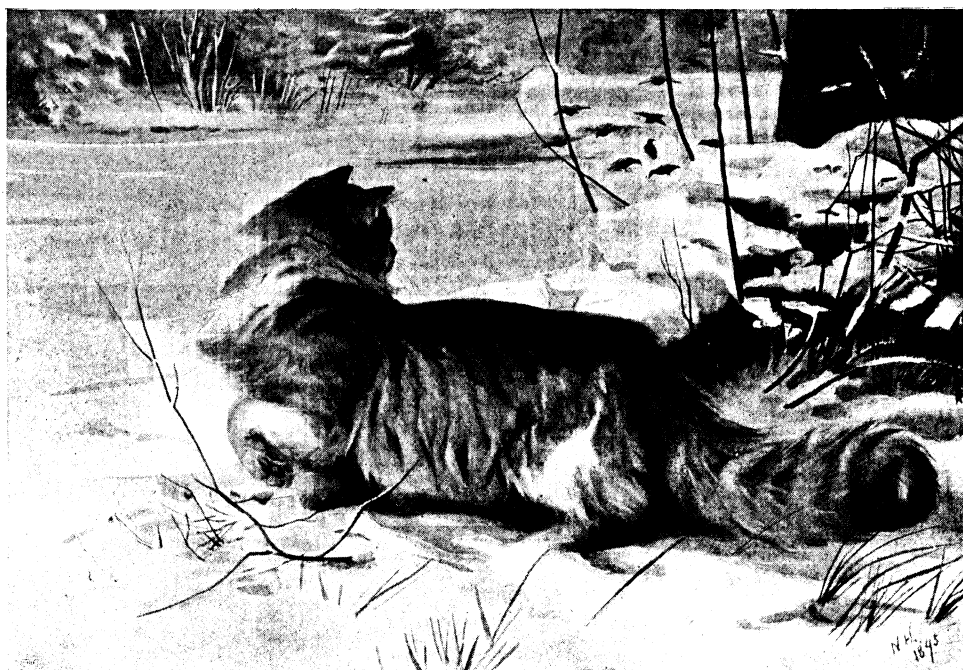
VII.—"JOCK NO. III.": "THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS."





VIII.—BLUE PERSIAN KITTENS, "PROMISING BUDS."

*By permission of John M. Wood, Esq.*



IX.—"GAMBOGE, THE BIRD-FANCER."

*By permission of Miss H. G. Williams.*



X.—“VENUS.”

*By permission of John Devereil, Esq.*

it at first! Later he became so accomplished in the art, and was so jealous of other sitters, that I had to shut him up when they arrived. He loved his food, as most dogs do, and a greedy dog is the easiest to keep quiet and alert; but he would also sit and “look on” (as in the illustration on page 300) while his friends lapped, in spite of the remarks published with a reproduction of this picture in one of the papers to the effect that no dog could be made to look on while a cat fed. Good little “Jock”! He is gone to the “happy hunting grounds!”

Perhaps one of the most difficult subjects I ever had to paint was the handful of Blue Persian kittens shown in illustration VIII. “Promising Buds” they were called; but to the artist they were anything but promising, for the little electric atoms were all over the place.

“Gamboge” is a large yellow gentleman, like a tawny tiger. Most cats object to walking in snow, and when compelled to do so from the force of necessity they shake each paw as they lift it, with an air of marked disgust at finding themselves in such circumstances. But “Gamboge” is an exception, and looks particularly handsome against the white background when prowling stealthily after the birds.

“Venus” was one of three beautiful

bulldogs. Whether seated in a row in their respective baskets or rushing out barking at the chance caller, this trio invariably struck terror to the heart of the timid stranger. In reality “Venus” was the most good-natured and confiding of dogs, and became so much attached to me that when I left the house she wanted to come with me. “Victor” was a perfect



XI.—“VICTOR.”

*By permission of Col. J. C. Dalton, R.A.*





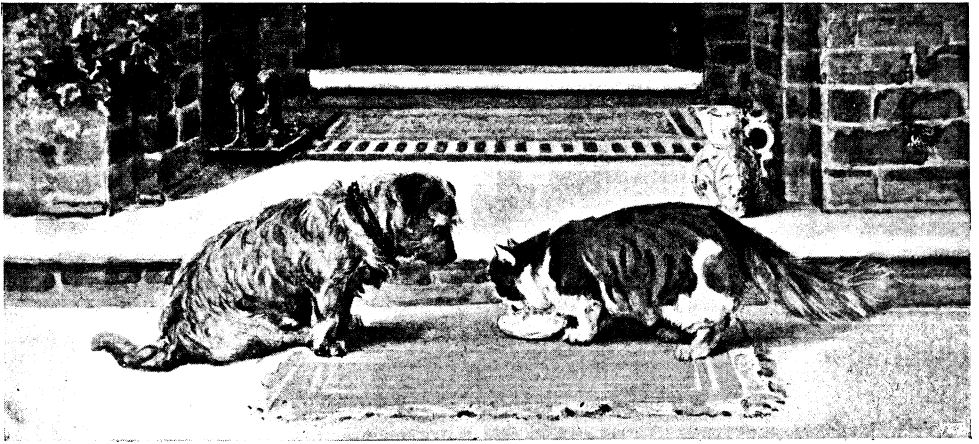
XII.—"THE WITCH OF BRIGHTON."

*By permission of H. Senior, Esq.*



XIII.—"ROMETTA."

*By permission of Lady Willes.*



XIV.—"THE ONE WHO LOOKED ON."

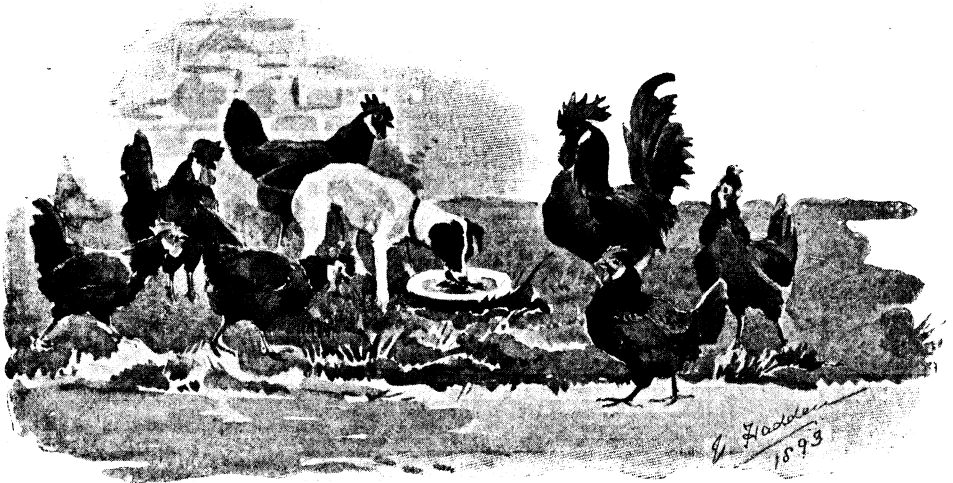
*By permission of Mrs. Whitfield.*

gentleman. He usually sat "with his arms crossed," as an old servant described him. He and I lunched together during the sittings at an A. B. C. shop in London, and his manners, as he gravely mounted a chair opposite me and partook of sponge cake, might be copied with advantage by some humans.

The "Witch of Brighton" was well known there, and quite a professional beauty. It is a great pleasure to paint a beauty who is not self-conscious, and this lady gave herself no airs, though she was most openly flattered and praised to her very face.

Another very dainty sitter was "Rometta,"

a native of Rome. She would pose with all the ease of an Italian model. Perhaps no greater contrast could be presented than this graceful little foreigner and the bulldog "Venus." It seems strange that both should come under the heading "dog"; yet each in its way was equally interesting. And it is amazing what character and individuality will reveal itself in animals as one cultivates their personal acquaintance and devotes all one's attention to their idiosyncrasies during a number of sittings. With their lack of affectation, and their general intelligence, it would be difficult to find more entertaining sitters than cats and dogs.

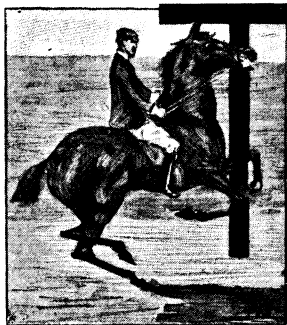


"THE BLACK WATCH."

*By permission of W. P. Ker, Esq.*

# A BID FOR POPULARITY.

By FRED WISHAW.\*



HERE was no doubt about it, Prince Ludovic of Manolia was not popular among his father's subjects. He did his best, after his fashion, to please the people, but for one reason or

another he failed to commend himself to them.

Ludovic was naturally anxious that the people over whom he was destined one day to rule should comport themselves towards him with something at least of the affectionate respect due to persons of royal rank. He piped, but the worthy Manolians refused to dance. They would make no pretence of idolising him. They were polite, even deferential; they bowed when he drove past them in the streets, and so forth; but they rarely, if ever, cheered him, preferring to treat his appearance among them, and the orations which he sometimes, on festive or special occasions, addressed to them, with chilling silence. It was no sentimental reason that prompted Ludovic to wish for more popularity. The Prince had very little sentimentality about him. He was a practical young man, and his reason for desiring the love of his people was a sensible one. He felt that the dynasty to which he belonged both was and must remain insecure so long as it did not rest founded and riveted upon the love of his subjects.

"It won't do, my good Sebastian," said Prince Ludovic one evening to his father's Court Chamberlain; "this sort of thing will not do. You heard and saw what happened to-night at the House of Representatives when the Army Bill was brought up for its second reading? When Von Engelhart in his speech spoke of the devotion of the people towards the dynasty, and of the interest which Prince

Ludovic is known to take in the passing of this bill—why, *Himmel!* man, there was laughter—audible laughter! Yes, and worse, someone hissed—and I present in the House! I say it won't do."

"Your Royal Highness knows better than to suppose that the frothy exclamations of a few extremists in the House are any indication of the real feeling of the nation," said the old man deferentially.

"My Royal Highness has eyes and ears in his head," said the Prince, "which is more than can be said of some of my father's officials."

"The heart of the people beats true to its king and—er—to the members of his house," said Sebastian.

"Sebastian, I never know whether you are a pompous hypocrite or merely a plausible incompetent," said Ludovic. "Why do you persist in attempting to persuade me that black is white—in other words, that I am anything but undoubtedly and inexplicably unpopular with the people? A prince need not be a fool; he has eyes and ears like another, sometimes even a brain of sorts."

Sebastian bowed. He himself was not very fond of the Prince, and was very well aware that the people refused to take him seriously, and were even at times inclined to dislike him. Ludovic was too fond of making unpleasant remarks—of which his last was an example—to have endeared himself to Mr. Chamberlain Sebastian.

"If your mind is made up upon the question, sir," said the older man, "it is no part of my duty to attempt to persuade you to the contrary."

"Quite right, Sebastian; spoken like a sensible being for once! Now, see here! What have I left undone towards these ingrates that might have been done in order to gain their confidence and affection? Tell me, and I will do it."

"At the moment I can think of nothing, sir," said Sebastian, still sore and angry.

"Ah! but I begged the favour of your company to-night on purpose to receive your advice upon this very point. I believe you have some intelligence. Forget my hasty words of a moment ago, and exercise

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your wit to assist me. I want no compliments, but only thoughtful consideration and suggestion. Now, see here. I have adopted tactics which have been successful in the case of princes of other States. I have taken the chair at many patriotic meetings, and have spoken as a patriot. What has been the result? Cold insinuations that I am a foreigner, and that others have a better right to take the lead in matters near to the heart of the Manolian people. Is it my fault that my father was a German prince? I endeavour to show my respect for the religion of the State by attending the cathedral on every possible occasion, and I am called a humbug by the Press. It is done in veiled terms and reads courteously, but the meaning and the intention are plain. I preside over meetings for the improvement of the condition of the people, and the Radical papers publish exaggerated statistics, showing the ruinous expense involved in supporting a Royal house, while the comic prints present their readers with gross and idiotic sketches of bloated beings, crowned and made to look something like myself, seated upon the heads of the poor—the libel entitled, ‘Improving their Condition!’ Well, one cannot please everybody, Sebastian, but I do all these things with the best intentions.”

“It is hard, indeed, your Royal Highness,” said the minister, “that your wholehearted and unselfish efforts to advance the good of your future subjects should be so misjudged by them. They insist upon regarding your every gracious action, if I understand the matter, as a clumsy attempt to win over their affections with obviously interested motives—as a step taken for the advantage, that is, of your dynasty, and not with an honest desire for the good of the people.”

“I have already apologised for my rudeness, Sebastian. For Heaven’s sake cease to bombard me with your sarcasms, and help me with some intelligent counsel! You may take it that I desire to capture the people for my own ends—there! The good of the people is never absent from my thoughts—how should it be? The country’s weal is my own, but I am working at present among my own cabbages. I admit that I am unpopular. I really don’t think I deserve it. The Manolians do not appreciate me, being prejudiced, probably, against me because the blood in my veins is German, and not of their own South American vintage. Well, what in Heaven’s name am I to do?”

Sebastian considered awhile.

“There are the subscription lists. The people might like to see your name over larger contributions.”

“You know very well I am as poor as a rat, Sebastian. How can I? Be reasonable, man!”

“Am I to speak, sir, without fear of giving offence?”

“Say what you like. I am serious.”

Sebastian coughed. “Firstly, the people do not like hypocrisy,” he said, “and of this fault they suspect your Highness, as you yourself have shown. Secondly, my advice is that you should—if I may say so—exercise more caution in your private life. The morganatic marriage which you appear to contemplate——”

“Yes, yes, Sebastian, in this matter you are right. I have realised it already, and I may say that—well—I am doing as you intend to suggest. I have anticipated your advice. I am taking steps. Nevertheless, though all this may be good as far as it goes, it is merely tinkering the leak. You are to suggest a *coup*—something heroic, something that will land me at a bound in the hearts of the people! Come, now, think. If only the plague would attack this city, I believe I should be foolish enough to visit the hospitals, or do something equally heroic. In a word, I would fly aloft, I would soar, but there is no ground to push off from. Like the philosophers, I could move the world, but I must have a foothold.”

Sebastian was silent, considering.

“I think, sir,” he said at last, “that it is possible I may find myself able to suggest a scheme. I have an idea, but——”

“Then tell it to me quickly,” said the Prince, flushing. “Listen, Sebastian, if you will help me in this matter, I give you my princely word that you shall not regret it. You shall be Chancellor—I swear it. Come! what is this plan?”

“Your Highness must allow me to consider it. With your permission, sir, I will sleep over the bare project which has suddenly found conception in my brain. It may be that by the morning my plan will come to the birth. Will you rest in patience, sir? I would relieve your curiosity at once, but it is better, I think, to wait.”

“Then come to breakfast, and be sure that your plan is hatched by then,” said the Prince, and with some unwillingness he allowed the old man to depart.

Sebastian returned in the morning, looking flushed and radiant.



“Did you see him? Did you tell him? Will he keep his promise?”

“I think I have it, sir,” he said; “but I warn you that you may be astonished at the first hearing, and perhaps—though I scarcely think it—inclined to turn against the plan I have conceived.”

“At any rate, let us hear it,” said Ludovic, “for I perish of curiosity.”

“Then I will not cause you to wait, sir. And first let me bring forward, as examples of the theory I am about to propound, the

case of Prince Bruno, of Pegrim—you remember his popularity during the last years of his life; of Alexander II., of Russia, after the first attempt; and, descending to a more humble level, of the Home Minister of Vandolia, who became, as is well known, the darling of the people after——”

“Sebastian,” said Ludovic, with difficulty controlling himself, “what the deuce are you talking about?”

“These are merely examples, sir, to prove the soundness of my premises. Each of these persons, in their later years, achieved that which you so greatly desire, the capture of the great heart of the people; and the secret of their popularity lay in the fact that each was shot at by one of the very people he desired——”

“Silence, fool!” cried Ludovic, starting angrily to his feet. “This is treason! I will call the Guards, I will——”

“Be calm, sir, I entreat you,” said Sebastian. “See, I am an old man and unarmed; you are young and far stronger than I. Allow me to finish the exposition of my scheme. In each of these cases the popularity of the individual dated from the moment of his attempted murder. It was the natural revulsion of the feelings of the people—a matter of conscience; first pity, then introspection and a consideration of the circumstances which led to the outburst; the desire to make amends for what had, after all, been an act of injustice——”

“Come! enough! in a word, you wish me to be shot at?” growled the Prince.

“Your Royal Highness has exactly hit the mark.”

“Blue Heaven! man, don’t use so ill-omened an expression. On consideration, I do recognise that there might possibly be the germ of a practical suggestion in what you have said. But there are many objections. The first—who is to make the attempt, and on what supposed grievance?”

“We will find an assassin—I beg your Highness’s pardon, an agent—without difficulty; it is a matter of finance. As for plea, it is part of our strategy that the wretch is proved a lunatic, and that he has attempted to murder you for some trivial reason, such as that he does not approve of the cut of your coat or the colour of your tie; so that the people will say one to another, ‘After all, what have we ourselves against this good prince which is saner than the grievance of this lunatic? Nothing. We have nothing against him! Is this *grand seigneur*, then—our future king, mark you

—to be assassinated because of the colour of his tie?’”

Prince Ludovic listened with frowning face; gradually the clouds cleared and he began to smile.

“By all the saints! Sebastian,” he said cordially, “I believe you are a genius, after all. This attempt is, of course, a bogus affair, a thing put up by you and me. No one else, mind you, is to be a party with us. That, remember, is a *sine quâ non*.”

“Excepting the assassin himself, Highness. His complicity is, of course, necessary to our scheme.”

“Of course, of course. Stop! I think I can improve upon your idea, which I take to be that we should engage some needy individual to snap a pistol at me. Am I right, so far?”

The minister bowed.

“Good! Now I propose that *you* should be attacked, Sebastian, and I grapple with the assassin. It appears to me that such an action on my part would appeal to the people more effectively than merely to sit impassively and be shot at.”

“Ah! sir, you do not, I fear, appreciate the exquisite delicacy of the web which I would spread for the capture of the people. It is important that you, and not I, should be the assaulted one, in order that you may forgive. Moreover, though we should find someone, I doubt not, ready to figure as the assailant, it would be less easy to persuade him to be grappled with.”

“But in any case the police would grapple with him! Even our Manolian police would surely exert themselves to the extent of effecting an arrest in such a case!”

“Pardon, sir, but that contingency is provided for. You interpose on behalf of our would-be assassin, who would otherwise be roughly handled by the police; and, though you are not permitted—speaking deferentially—to indulge to the full your generosity, the culprit is led gently away, in order that his sanity may be inquired into. All this will tell. The people will speak of it to one another, and gradually the desired end will be attained.”

Prince Ludovic considered awhile in silence; then he rose and shook the older man by the hand.

“The idea is good,” he said; “I will try it. But mark, Sebastian, not a soul, not even my father, is to be informed. You shall not even speak again to me of this matter. I wish to hear no more of it until the morning of the event itself. Let it





"She shouted something as she fired."

take place next Wednesday, when I go to open the new Patriotic Institute. You shall drive with me. See that your plans are thoroughly and carefully laid. No harm must happen to our accomplice, by the by," he added as an afterthought, "and, above all, not a word or a hint."

"I shall be most careful, Highness," said Sebastian, bowing himself out. "Nothing shall occur to mar the complete success of my plans."

On the Tuesday morning, the day before the event, old Sebastian had a piece of luck. He had wandered about the town for two days, unsuccessfully searching for an agent whom he believed, at first sight, he might trust; but the matter was, as he reminded himself, a somewhat ticklish one, and it was necessary to exercise the greatest caution in the selection of an accomplice.

On that Tuesday morning the minister observed a policeman accosting a veiled lady who loitered about the Palace gates. He saw the constable march her off to the police department, and bade him bring her instead to his own office. He knew something of the lady, he said, and would see to the matter himself.

"But she is carrying a pistol, Excellence; the affair is imperative," protested the policeman.

But Sebastian only said, "Do as I tell you—bring her along. The poor thing is mad," he added confidentially. "I will deprive her of her weapon and let her go."

"Let her be shown into my private office," said Sebastian, when informed that the constable had arrived with his prisoner at the Chamberlain's office. Then he cross-questioned the woman, who declared defiantly that she had loitered outside the Palace gates for two days, waiting to see a certain Court official whom she intended to shoot. Questioned as to the name of her intended victim, and the nature of his offence, she flushed and was about to speak, but changed her mind and would say no more but that her cause was just.

"Nevertheless," said Sebastian, "yours is a serious and unpardonable offence. You have threatened the peace and safety of the community, and you will be severely punished—unless——"

Then Sebastian, to the unspeakable amazement of the young woman, who was, he was surprised to see, an extremely pretty girl, expounded his stratagem, designed, as he truthfully explained, to gain for the Prince the sympathy of the people, who for some

mysterious reason had thus far withheld from him their affections.

The girl's eyes flashed as Sebastian told his tale.

"And I am asked to do this—I?" she exclaimed, when he had finished—"to flash an empty pistol in the face of his Royal Highness? Dear Heaven! And why, pray, have you chosen me—me, of all people?"

"The merest accident," the old man explained. "I saw you arrested, and thought that possibly your pardon and one hundred pounds in cash might induce you to help me in this matter. You should, of course, be privately liberated immediately after the event, and the money should be paid you at the same time."

"Well, I accept the offer," said the girl, to Sebastian's intense relief, for indeed, if she had refused and had eventually gone away with his secret, it would have been a very awkward matter.

Then Sebastian arranged all details with his new friend, whom he found quite zealous and enthusiastic for the success of the scheme. The matter seemed to amuse her very greatly, which was, the minister thought, just as well. As for fear, she appeared to feel none whatever.

"You will be perfectly safe from the anger of the crowd," he explained, "for I am making arrangements for a double force of constabulary at and about the spot which we have chosen for our little play."

Sebastian then took her loaded revolver and substituted an empty one. Ladies, he laughingly explained, were not quite to be trusted with firearms—they were never quite sure when they were loaded and when they were not.

When the young woman reached her home, she entered a room where a beautiful girl, her sister, lay pale and ill. The invalid flushed as the other entered.

"Well," she said, "did you see him? Did you tell him? Will he keep his promise?"

The first girl kissed her sister and silently shook her head. Tears filled her eyes. Presently she went into her own chamber and took from her pocket a letter, a well-thumbed thing that seemed to have been there some time, or else to have been read often. She read it over now, and the reading seemed to fill her with fury and madness, for, after crushing it back into her pocket, she stamped up and down the room, her eyes bright and furious, her bosom heaving, her cheeks flushed. Then, suddenly, she

sat down and laughed and laughed till she was tired.

"Of all people, *me*!" she exclaimed. "Of all the tens of thousands in this city, to have chosen *me* for this enterprise! After all, there is a Heaven above us."

\* \* \* \* \*

The opening of the Patriotic Institute of Manolia was a very great function. The handsome building had been presented to the nation by the King, Ludovic's father, in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of his accession; but the opening ceremony he was obliged, perforce, to leave to his son, who at this time did most of that kind of work for his father, the King being now an old man and unequal to much excitement and exertion.

Crowds of people lined the streets, but the densest portion of the throng was at the corner where the Via Venezuele crosses the Avenue des Théâtres—a fine, wide circus, and situated at perhaps the busiest spot in the great city. Here it was that Sebastian had instructed his accomplice to take her stand, and here, too, a strong body of *gendarmes* and policemen formed an extended line between procession and people, in order that the way might be kept clear for the carriages.

The excitement was intense as the first troop of mounted Guards, resplendent in cuirasses and helmets, passed down the moving lane of people. The Guards were popular and came in for an ovation from the delighted throng. When the Prince's turn came to pass, he would not receive such a welcome as this, though it was to be hoped he would not be allowed to go by in absolute silence. Meanwhile, Prince Ludovic sat bolt upright in his carriage, with Minister Sebastian beside him. The Prince was no coward, yet as he slowly neared the fatal spot at which the "attempt" was to take place, he found some difficulty in maintaining his *sang-froid*.

"I think I would rather you told me the exact spot, Sebastian," he said. "How far from us is it now—twenty yards, forty, a hundred? Stay! glance at my face. Do I acknowledge the greetings of the people with dignity and composure?" Poor Ludovic was trying very hard to look as though he were unaware of an approaching catastrophe. This is a difficult exercise, and his success was only moderate.

"If I might make a suggestion, Highness, smile a little from time to time. The spot is, I should say, fifty yards from us now. Converse easily with me. Your composure

is excellently feigned, but avoid a strained expression in the eyes."

"Describe this person who is to attack me—is he tall, short, dark?"

"Pardon, Highness, we agreed, you will remember, that it is better you should remain in ignorance, lest you should appear to seek for someone in the crowd. See, what a display of police and *gendarmes*! It does one good to look at so fine a body; for——"

Sebastian's sentence was never completed. At this moment something happened which sent a thrill of horror throughout the startled crowds. A woman had rushed out between two policemen, seized the side of the open landau with her left hand, while with her right she presented a pistol within a few feet of the face of the Prince. She shouted something as she fired—once, twice, thrice. Afterwards those standing within hearing argued and quarrelled much as to what she had said, accounts differing greatly. Some were certain that she had shouted, "You lied to her, and therefore I kill you!" others that she had declared Manolia desired no German princes; and so forth, each being equally positive as to the correctness of his own version.

As for the three shots, one broke a window just over the heads of a party of sightseers looking out of it; the second knocked Prince Ludovic's helmet off his head and into the midst of the horrified mob several yards away; and the third bullet flew Heaven knows whither, for a policeman had by that time caught the assassin by the arm, thus diverting the shot and preventing others.

Ludovic, in spite of the terrible surprise and shock of his really narrow escape, played his part to perfection, displaying an amount of nerve which certainly did him great credit, and which was observed with satisfaction, to his advantage, by the crowd. He gave orders that the police should treat the prisoner with consideration. She was a poor lunatic, he said; he knew her and had befriended her—the matter was of no consequence. Let her be treated gently and carried to a place of safety.

The cheers which greeted Ludovic from this point and until the end of his journey amounted almost to an ovation. Assuredly he had never enjoyed such a reception as this before to-day. It seemed as though old Sebastian's plan had borne immediate fruit. Ludovic ought to have been a happy man, yet his face looked drawn and haggard as he sat in his carriage, silent and thoughtful. Many noticed this as he passed back from

the Institute to the Palace. Not a word had been addressed by the Prince to Sebastian from the moment of the catastrophe until now. Sebastian himself seemed to be utterly overwhelmed, and sat white and speechless beside the Prince. So they arrived at the Palace.

Here an inspector of police, following Ludovic to his private apartment, asked for an interview and was admitted. The Prince did not give him time to speak.

"The prisoner is to be released," he said, "unconditionally. Do you understand me?—unconditionally. She is insane. Stop! Has she spoken?"

"Not a word, Highness; she will not speak. This letter was found upon her person, Highness. I have thought it better to bring it straight to your Highness. No one else has seen it. The letter appears to be signed by your Highness."

"You did well and shall be rewarded. Now see that this woman is released without question and without condition. She is insane—do you understand me? As for this letter, it never existed."

The inspector bowed and departed.

Ludovic opened the letter and read it. It was the crumpled thing which had enraged the sister only yesterday when she read it in her own chamber. It was the letter which had broken a woman's heart, the letter he had written in deference to the supposed wishes of his people.

Ludovic passed his hand over his damp brow. "It was Elsa," he said, "her sister!" Then for an hour he sat and thought.

Of his thoughts came two results, one positive and the other negative.

The first was that he contracted, after all, a morganatic marriage; the second that Sebastian was never made Chancellor.

As for the marriage, the inconstant people not only forgave the now popular Prince—they loved him the better for his courage and fidelity.

"Here is a prince," they said, "who has allowed the dictates of old-fashioned love and the desire for honest domestic happiness to triumph over mere considerations of State. God bless Prince Ludovic and his sweet bride!"



# CURIOSITIES OF THE CUSTOMS.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

A. KEMP.

**F**EW people have any real conception of the manifold interests of His Majesty's Customs. The popular idea of this busy department, which plays such an important part in matters affecting the Imperial revenues, is that its functions consist chiefly in the examination of the personal belongings of travellers from foreign parts, and in the collection of the duties on tobacco, spirits, and a few other "necessaries" of modern life. As a matter of fact, the work of the Customs is not only enormous, but of infinite diversity, much of it being quite outside the increment of revenue.

A Customs officer has to be a man of parts. He must needs have some of the characteristics of the detective, the lawyer, the man of business, the diplomat, the chemist, the manufacturer, the sailor, and the man of science—besides a great deal more. His lot is commonly one of hard work and not too extravagant emolument; he is sent hither and thither at the mercy of his Board, uprooting himself from some place where he has pitched his tent domestic, only to repeat the process a little later on, to the disturbance of his household gods—and goddesses. But a Customs man is generally a cheerful soul, ever ready to do his duty, no matter at what cost to himself.

Among the decidedly odd jobs that fall to the hand of the Customs department is the checking of the lists of immigrant aliens and the examination of the rags which do duty for clothes with many of the poor folk who flock to this happy England of ours in

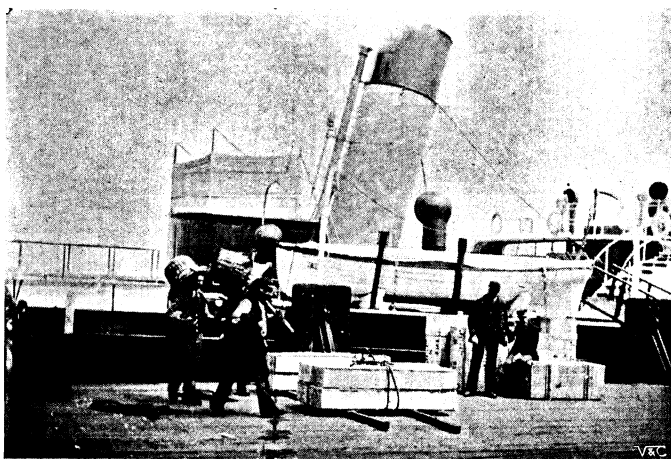
their thousands—and, it must be added, in all their native dirt. "Packages containing corpses" likewise have to be dealt with by the Customs officer, in accordance with the rules and regulations laid down for his guidance. A gruesome duty, but a necessary one, for the supposed "corpse" may, in the absence of proper and official certification, turn out to be a barrel of spirits or a big box of cigars.

In a country like England, dependent so largely on foreign supplies of food, stringent

regulations are necessary for the safeguarding of the health of the home consumers. The importation of cattle is obviously a matter of great importance, and the Customs have to see that no "live meat" comes from some thirty prohibited countries,

European, Asian, and African, and that what is permitted to be imported from the few remaining regions of the globe arrives in good condition and fit for John Bull's larder. The whole of the foreign meat supply is hedged around with regulations, which, it is scarcely needful to add, are faithfully enforced by the vigilant officers of the Customs to whom the duty of supervision is entrusted.

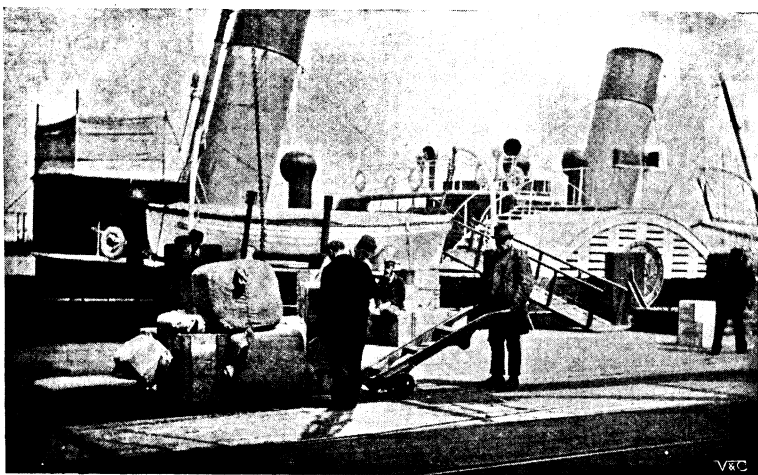
We are hearing much of Land Registry Acts and the machinery for their efficient administration; but it will be an unhappy day for the lawyers if property in land is ever transferred and dealt with in the simple, speedy, and inexpensive fashion sanctioned by the Customs in regard to property in ships. A shipowner can get his vessel "registered," and obtain a parchment certi-



"DOCKERS" AT WORK.

ficate of registry containing all the necessary particulars of measurement and so forth, for the modest charge of one shilling. He can mortgage or otherwise deal with his estate and interest in the vessel, and have all the usual steps legalised for an even smaller cost—to wit, nothing! Anyone can obtain information as to the legal ownership in a ship by paying an inspection fee of a shilling, and certified copies of any mortgages, bills of sale, and other interesting documents for a trifling sum. All this work is done in the Long Room of a Custom House. Everyone has heard of the literally Long Room of the London Custom House, but it is not generally known that the oftentimes poky and decidedly shabby apartments in provincial Custom Houses, where work of a similar character is done to that disposed of in the metropolitan establishment, are also called "long rooms." But the average official looks not to names, but to precedents.

Happily for the navigator, the English coast is well supplied with lighthouses, buoys,



A CLOSE INSPECTION.

and light-vessels, towards the maintenance of which the imposts known as "light dues" are in part devoted. The Customs collect these dues from both home and foreign ships touching at English ports, and it occasionally happens that part of their duty is to take the strangers' measure, very literally, in order to ascertain the tonnage and determine the amount properly payable for these useful coast defences.

Everyone knows that the sands and channels of our coasts are subject to constant change; and for the furtherance of the safety of ships and sailors it is necessary that the masters of vessels should be kept

informed of these vagaries of the shoals. The Customs undertake the work. A wrecked vessel is sometimes in a position dangerous to navigation, or it may be that floating wreckage adds a new risk to the mariner. All these and cognate facts are reported by the Customs, and the Trinity authorities either take the necessary steps for the removal of the obstructions, or, if this is not practicable within a given time, notices



A THOROUGH SEARCH.





WEIGHING TOBACCO.

are framed by them and circulated by the Customs to all concerned. Again, a wrecked vessel will very frequently break up and scatter its *disiecta membra*, comprising, it may be, portions of a valuable cargo, along quite a considerable stretch of coastline. The ubiquitous Customs officers take charge of the flotsam and jetsam, and act as intermediaries between the salvors and the owners—not always the most delightful of tasks. On a pinch, too, the man in blue will act as auctioneer!

The immortal Dibdin sang—

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack;

but cherubs seem to be at a premium in these more prosaic days, and hence it is, perhaps, that the duty of guardian angel has fallen upon the broad shoulders of the Board of Trade. At a great many ports the Customs play the watchful part instead, and look after the sailor's well-being in many ways—his food, wages, accommodation on ship, the loading and stowage of the cargo, the payment of his allotments while he is away, the transmission of his wages when he gets home, the banking of his savings, and a dozen other things. When a seaman dies, the Customs often take charge of his goods, chattels, and moneys, to be handed over to the poor fellow's relatives—on sufficient proof, of course. The Customs officer is also frequently a recording as well as a guardian angel, and the registers that he keeps are really almost beyond enumeration. Fishing apprentices, too, are indentured

by the Customs, who stand to them *in loco parentis*, and soften, as far as may be, the rigours of their lot. The Customs also enrol and pay that important arm of our national defence, the Royal Naval Reserve, besides acting as paymaster to pensioners.

Quite apart from the preparing of the statistics of the enormous import and export trade of the country—a Brobdingnagian task, in all verity—upon the Customs

falls the duty of enforcing the provisions of the Merchandise Marks Act, a statute which is designed to prevent the palming off upon the unwary goods that are apparently of British manufacture, but which are in reality made beyond His Majesty's dominions. It is, of course, a comparatively simple matter to discover a colourable imitation of a British-made article, but the difficulty is to anticipate some roguish trick by which the counterfeit may, after it has passed the examination test, assume the guise of the real. Inscriptions, "Made in Germany," might easily be removed unless certain precautions were taken, perhaps by the substitution of some insignificant part on which the legend appears. Hence it is that the distinguishing mark is commonly required to be on some vital part of the article, failing which it is sent to "the Board" for adjudication, and possible rejection. Sometimes goods are sent over to us bearing no mark whatever. In such cases the Customs are powerless, and the matter is left to the discretion of the police, to take up and prosecute. English-made goods have such a high reputation all over the world that the preventive measures taken here are greatly a protection to customers everywhere. England is very largely a market, and goods to the value of millions of pounds sterling are sent here, only to be exported in the ordinary course of business to our customers abroad. It is therefore of the first importance that foreign-made goods of inferior quality should not be allowed to

come into or leave the country under a false pretence of British make, to the delusion and pecuniary loss of the innocents who abound both at home and abroad. Englishmen are pardonably proud of the excellence of British-made watches, and while fully alive to the merits of watches of foreign manufacture, and to their comparative cheapness, a wise insistence is observed in regard to the marks indicating the place of origin of both watches and cases. A watch or case of foreign origin, and not bearing a distinguishing mark accordingly, is permitted to be stamped by one of the Assay authorities in this country, provided that the word "foreign" is clearly shown on the shield wherein the year of production and carat value are indicated. By this means a purchaser knows that he is buying a foreign-made article which has passed the test imposed by our own goldsmiths' companies. The shield for a gold case is cruciform, while that for silver is octagonal. The movement of a foreign watch has to be distinctly marked with the place of origin.

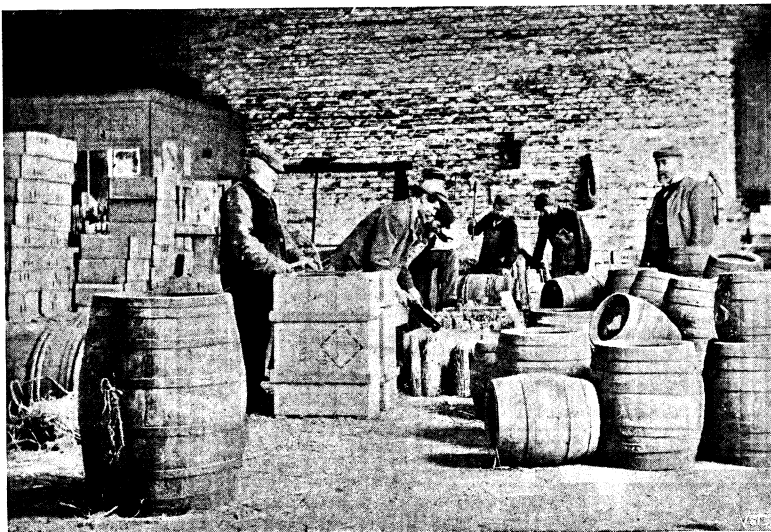
The collection of the revenue of dutiable articles forms in reality but a small part of the work of the Customs department, although a



GAUGING.

most important one to the national exchequer. A hundred years ago there were about 1,500 articles subject to impost, realising an annual income of about six millions sterling. To-day there are about a dozen things subject to duty, but the income derivable is approximately twenty millions—not counting the thirty millions yielded by the Excise. Apart from the small duties payable on tea, coffee, cocoa, dried fruits, and the like, the large amount leviable on spirits and tobacco makes the temptation to defraud very great. The detection of spirits in all sorts of apparently innocent preparations is one of the most difficult things that the Customs have to do, and is the subject of incessant

vigilance. An infinity of delicate laboratory tests have to be made where "obscuration" exists, and upon the amount of spirit discoverable in the article duty is enforced. Such apparently guileless compounds as medicinal extracts, tooth washes, corn cures, remedies for asthma, liquid fish glue, elixirs of iron or opium, pomades, oil of tar or mustard, liquid soap, eucalyptus vinegar, and liquid prepara-



DETERMINING THE DUES.

tions of beef have been found to contain ethylic alcohol and other liquids liable to duty, and duty they have to pay according to their deserts.

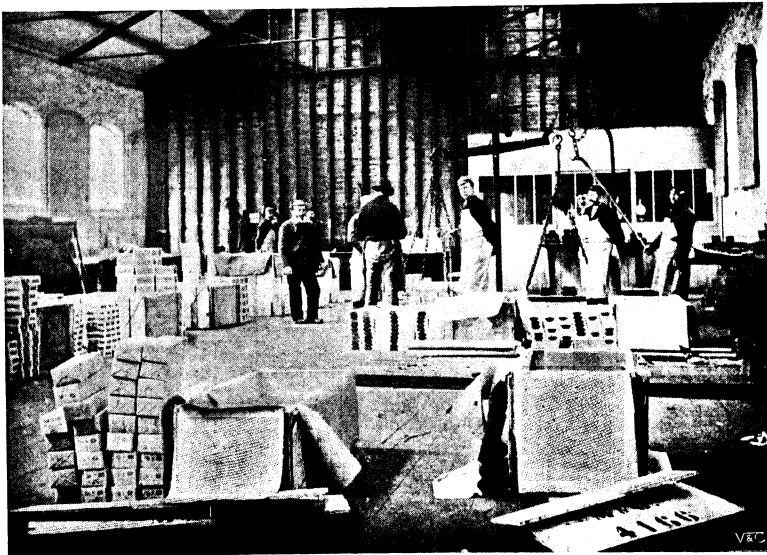
It goes without saying that the officers of His Majesty's Customs are perfectly loyal and faithful in protecting the revenue of the King, and it says much for the integrity of the service that, although the flock of preventive men is very numerous, black sheep are seldom, if ever, found. Some years ago, however, a tide surveyor abused his position by systematic fraud and foul dealing, and was only discovered by a bit of over-reaching with some of his dupes. It was his habit to buy tobacco abroad, and hire small vessels through an agent, who would see to the loading of the contraband and give instructions for the run to the surveyor's own port. The goods would usually be landed surreptitiously, he partaking in the profits of the run; but the perfidious scoundrel would occasionally seize what were really his own ships and cargoes, and have the crews arrested. In the result, he would get a share of the proceeds of the vessel when sold, poll-money for each member of the crew convicted, and a poundage on the contraband seized. This went on for some time without suspicion being attached to the arch-conspirator; but a day of retribution came, and he righteously got his *congé* from the service. But so willing were the public at the time to wink at smuggling, that the corporation of the borough where the nefarious operations had

been carried on actually gave to the culprit, some little time after his dismissal in disgrace, a snug and profitable post as harbour-master!

The dodges that have been resorted to from time to time to evade the full payment of duty can only be described as ingenious. At one time duty was charged on tobacco by its weight, without regard to the quantity of moisture. An inventive soul hit upon the expedient of consigning his tobacco to some place in the Channel Islands, where the leaf was systematically dried and then packed by hydraulic pressure into barrels to prevent the absorption of an appreciable quantity of moisture during the few hours' run to an English port. Duty was then paid on the weight, and afterwards, when the tobacco was manufactured, it was allowed to absorb sufficient moisture to its own normal liking—a splendid profit obviously resulting on the transaction. For a long time this lucrative performance went on, but ultimately the Government got wind of it and damped things very effectually by charging a proportionately higher rate of duty on tobacco that contained less than the normal amount of moisture. The Channel Island calidarium was thereupon incontinently closed.

Formerly gloves were chargeable with duty, and many were the expedients resorted to in order to evade payment. Ladies of position would smuggle quantities of hand-wear in the most barefaced manner, and to this day it is no infrequent thing for the fair sex to take an infinity of pains to conceal

about their persons goods that they fondly imagine to be subject to duty, such as silks and laces, but which in reality are as free as air. Rather a clever trick was played upon the Customs authorities some years ago by a wily one who contrived to get a quantity of gloves into the country practically duty free. This was his expedient: He imported to a place on the coast a case of gloves, all right-handers, and refused to pay duty



WEIGHING CIGARS FOR DUTY.

on them. Of course, they were detained by the authorities. Soon afterwards he imported to London a similar case containing nothing but left-handers, and went through the same process with regard to them. Later on, the two lots were put up for sale in the ordinary course at the two ports of entry, and as the gloves were practically useless they were sold for a mere trifle—in each case to the importer himself. Needless to say, the transaction was remunerative; but it is not on record whether he tempted fortune a second time in this way.

Sailors are frequently old offenders in the gentle art of smuggling. Probably their habitual criminality is the result of heredity. Smuggling was so common a thing all round our coasts in the bad old days, that it is little wonder that the descendants of Will Watch and other famous runners of contraband have inherited the instincts of their forefathers, and to some extent acquired their habits. The Customs officers, however, are up to practically all the dodges of "Jack," whose resourcefulness is sometimes sorely tried in order to get his beloved tobacco ashore unsoiled by the touch of the revenue officer. All sorts of unlikely places and things aboard ship are used for stowage, but perhaps the most innocent method of concealment was that adopted by some old salts who left a big loaf of bread on the fo'c'sle table, apparently uncut and altogether honest. As a matter of fact, it was a hollow mockery as far as its nutritive properties were concerned, but a very solid comfort in a nicotianian sense; for it was packed tight with cigars. "The Queen's Pipe" smoked them, the jolly jack tars being themselves "smoked" in the process!

Not the least interesting thing in connection with the Customs is the number of eminent men who have been in its service, men who have helped to make English history in more senses than one. Among these are Geoffrey Chaucer, the *doyen* of our poets, William Congreve, Nicholas Rowe, Matthew Prior, and Adam Smith, whose "Wealth of Nations" is one of the classics of English literature.



OVERHAULING SUSPECTED LUGGAGE.

A curious circumstance is the fact that although Sir Christopher Wren lived to a good old age, the only building of his design that was destroyed by fire in his lifetime was the third Custom House ever erected. This was burnt down in 1711, some forty-three years after it was built.

At the present day, the average Customs officer hates wearing the uniform prescribed by the powers that be. And, generally speaking, it is a greasy, shabby sort of thing, of anything but royal significance, barring the crown that appears on the buttons and cap. Formerly, however, officers from highest to lowest wore gorgeous robes of scarlet and gold, not to speak of court dresses with the inevitable "trimmings" of rapier, silk stockings, and elaborate shoe-buckles of silver. The chief Customs officer frequently went about with a semblance of the state of the Lord High Chancellor of the realm.

The Comptroller of the Customs had to take a mighty oath in olden times. Here it is, *verbatim et literatim* :—

"Ye shall swear, that well and truly ye shall serve the king in the office of Comptroller of the king's Customs and Subsidies, in the place of Customer, and truly ye shall enter all the goods and things customable, the which shall come to the said Port or shall pass from the same; and that ye shall no gift take for to do your office, nor for anything that may fall in disadvantage of the king, nor any merchandise nor anything customable, ye shall not suffer to pass out of the said Port, without Custom due paid · and

ye shall do the office yourself, and dwell thereupon in your proper office, without making any deputy or substitute under you ; and ye shall write the rolls with your own hands, and the king's profit ye shall await, and do in as much as ye may after your knowledge and power, as God help you and His saints."

Coming down to modern times, some of the reports made by the illiterate are dis-

tinctly funny. A salvor, on reporting the finding of a conical buoy, stated in cold ink that it was "a comical boy, painted black, supposed foreign." Another genius entered agricultural implements as "surgicultral" implements ; ice as "dry goods" ; while an instance is on record where a man was literally hoist with his own petard by the entry : "Alexander Gunn, discharged for making a false report."



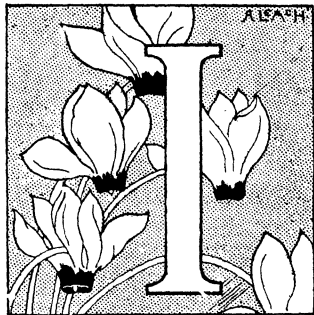
"LIKE GRANDPA." FROM THE PICTURE BY J. LAWSON.

# THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.\*

SECOND SERIES.

No. II.—THEIR MR. BENT.



In these records it has been shown that Mr. T. Thompson made at one time and another a great deal of money, it should also be remembered in counter-

poise that his personal liberality was at all periods very handsome. He was no indiscriminate giver, and (although he was always described as a "pushing" fellow) he was never a man who gave with one eye on the printed subscription lists. Fully three-quarters of his benefactions were held as a secret between himself and the recipient. Indeed, he had a very delicate sensitiveness about this matter.

He was notoriously a keen judge of men and motives, and was a difficult person to impose upon. He was dangerous, too, because when he discovered that his charitable instincts had been tampered with, he was touched in his sorest spot, and showed a vindictiveness which surprised many people and warned a good many more.

He was by no means strait-laced over the matter. He often gave to some idle rogue, on the elementary principle that the rogue wanted a sovereign more than he did. But it was when his feelings of pity had been worked upon, and he parted with money, and later on found that he had been swindled, that he began to get ugly. To score back on these occasions had grown to be an absolute passion with him. He was not very choice about his methods, either; any stick that would beat this peculiarly dirty kind of thief, was in T. Thompson's eye a good stick.

Still, as was natural, he got imposed upon now and again, and on one particular occasion his tender feeling for poverty and sickness was made the lever against him for a very ingenious piece of deception.

He was coming out of the mill that day, dog at heel, after a terrific spell of work, and intended to walk home (or, rather, to trot as soon as he came out into the country) by way of exercise. Twenty-mile spins of this description always gave him more enjoyment for his dinner, especially if the weather were cold or rainy.

But on this occasion he was stopped at the office door by a small boy who said—

"Oh! Tom, there's Sarah Olroyd wants to see tha'. Shoo's enjoyin' very bad 'ealth this three week nah."

"Why, she only tumbled down and broke her wrist."

"T'sheckle willn't mend. Shoo's been to t'bone-setter, an' 'e cannot get it to knit; an' shoo's got a bottle thro' t'infirmiry an' all, an' that's been no good, nawther. Ye gave her t'recommend."

"I know I did. The fool of a woman ought to have had her shackle set at the infirmiry, instead of messing about with quacks. Tell her to call here for another recommend to-morrow, and go across to the infirmiry again."

"Shoo cannot. Shoo's summat wrang ov 'er insides an' all, an' shoo's been ligg'in' i' bed ever sin' Bowlin' Tide Monday, so they tell ma. They say shoo's fair clemmed to dee-ath."

"Who says?"

"T'young feller as telled me to slip along an' tell ye."

"Why didn't he come himself? Who was he?"

"Ar dunnoa."

"Looks as if no one was taking any special care of Sarah Olroyd, anyway. I'll just go and see for myself what's wrong. Where does she live?"

"Oop t'entry, just past 'Delver's Arms,' i' Silsbridge Loin. Third 'ouse. T'young

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"He had to stoop his head to avoid the lintel."

feller telled me shoo war livin' i' t'cellar-'oil nah."

"You don't seem to know much about it, anyway. There's a penny for you to buy spice with. Come along, Clara."

Clara, that scarred and intelligent mongrel, came up from the opposite side of the street, where she had been passing compliments with a trio of fox-terriers, and she and Tom set off at their usual town pace of four and one-quarter miles to the hour. Tom hated moving slowly, even over a pavement.

"Poor old Sarah!" he mused as he walked. "Silly old fool! why on earth does she go to a quack? And why doesn't she let me know she is hard up, the improvident old idiot? Pride, I reckon. But I'd like to twist somebody's tail for not telling me earlier. Poor old Sarah!"

Mrs. Olroyd had been an acquaintance of Tom's when he was a workman, and ever since he had set up as a master (excepting for that short time when the mill was out of his hands) he had always found her employment as a weaver, and taken care that she had good warps and could earn good wages. She had no earthly claim on him beyond this item of

early acquaintanceship, but that did not count in Tom's mind; neither did the fact of her improvidence, nor the detail that she had a long list of not very attractive failings. In health he would have lectured her on the lot of these points—had lectured her, in fact, more than once, and in good strong Yorkshire at that; but here she was, poor and ailing, and it was these facts of her needs and misery that alone he remembered.

He stopped once on his way at a grocer's shop, and bought tea and tinned salmon—those luxuries beloved of the poor—slipped these into his pocket, and continued once more his rapid walk.

Presently he came up the hill and found himself amongst the Silsbridge Lane slums. He looked around him with familiarity and disgust. He had once himself found residence there, and he had seen to it that his residence had continued for a very small number of weeks. The squalor, the foulness, and the misery of it nauseated him. If this were poverty, any change must be for the better. And that, as much as anything else, was the beginning of the ambition which had set him a-climbing the ladder of success with such extraordinary quickness and fortune.

That obscure public-house, the "Delver's Arms," he knew from ancient experience, having frequently exchanged his coppers there (when coppers were scarce with him) for mugs of inferior beer. The "entry next beyond" it was new to him, but easily found, though narrow of entrance. He stood under six feet in height, but he had to stoop his head to avoid the lintel, and, once inside, his shoulders shaved the walls.

The air in that narrow passage was sour and stale. One jumping gas-jet illuminated it. In the cinder-paved yard beyond, three lean cats were indulging in personalities, but retreated hurriedly at the sight of Clara.

There were no numbers up in this squalid court, but Tom counted out the third house for himself, and noted that it had two outer doors. One entrance stood at the head of a flight of steep, stone steps; the other lay six feet below yard-level, for the use of the cellar occupant.

The other houses round the yard gave no visible sign of prosperity, but this third house outdid them all. The paint hung from its rotting woodwork in strips and blisters; the glass of most of its windows was gone, and grimy rags bulged in its place; every ensign known to poverty and squalor was flaunted there brazenly. It was

just a rookery common enough in that period before municipalities took the dwelling-house question in hand, and it is typical of T. Thompson that the crusade against these hovels was largely of his raising.

But at that particular moment he was concerned solely with the welfare of Mrs. Olroyd. "Fool Sarah was to come down to a hole like this!" he muttered angrily, and went down the littered steps towards the cellar. "Confound her silly pride! Why didn't she send for me earlier?"

He lifted the latch of the door, opened it, knocked, and walked inside. He saw an empty, earth-smelling room, stone paved, strewn with rubbish, and lit indifferently by a tiny window glazed with four grimy panes. A half-sucked orange on the floor pointed to a recent visitor, but there was no further sign of residence.

"Looks as if I had got to the wrong shop," thought Tom. "I wonder if that boy, whoever he was, was trying to get a rise out of me? I don't think it altogether. I know a liar when I see one—it's business to be able to pick out liars—and he looked and talked like an ordinary truthful urchin. Besides, Sarah Olroyd did break her wrist, and is far too old-fashioned to go to an ordinary doctor, and therefore probably has fallen amongst quacks and is pretty bad. Anyway, I must find out where she lives."

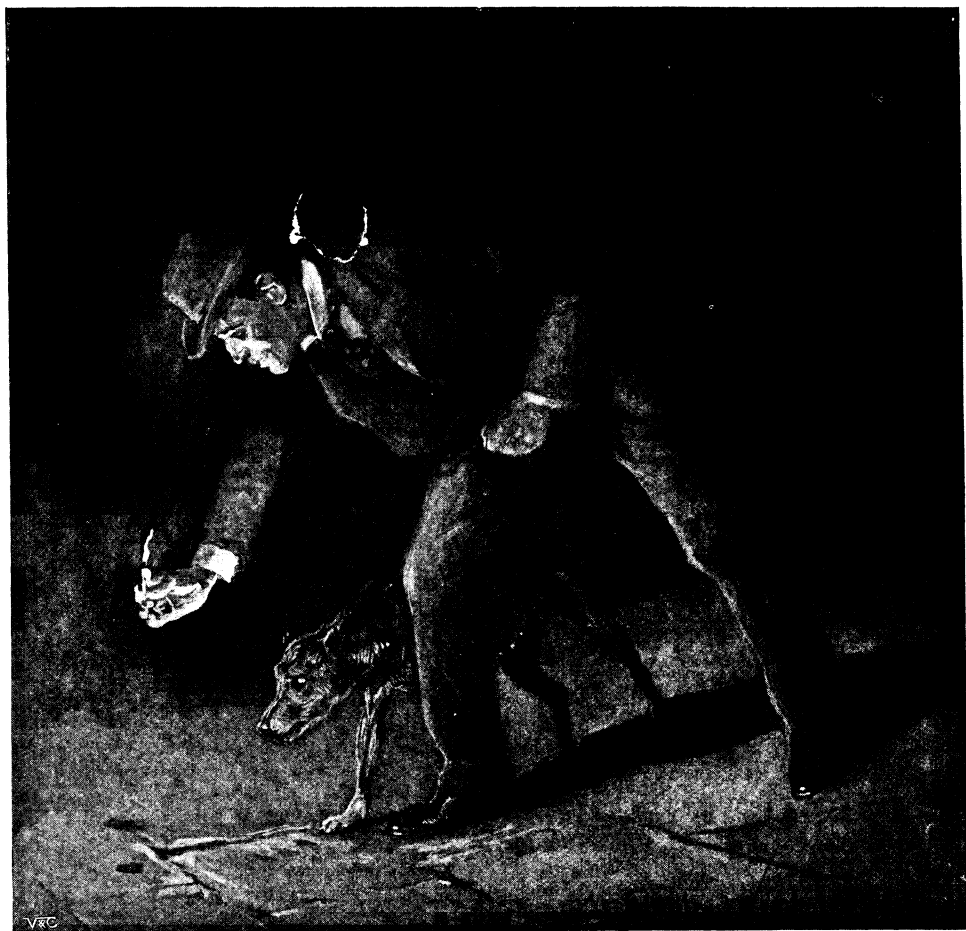
He was on the point of turning to go, but out of disgusted curiosity took one more look round the cellar, and, with eyes now more used to the gloom, made out another door in the further shadow.

"Hullo! Sarah!" he called out. "You in there?"

There was no answer, but when he strained his ears (which through poaching practice had grown very sensitive to tiny sounds) he thought he heard the rustle of breathing.

"Perhaps she's asleep," he mused. "Perhaps she's too far gone to answer. By gory! I shall never forgive myself if Sarah dies from neglect, when a little cash and a little care might have pulled her through, the poor old reprobate!"

He walked smartly across the dirty flags, pushed open the further door, which squeaked and yielded heavily, and stepped inside. Yes, certainly there was a bed against the wall. He let go the door, which slammed to behind him, and fumbled in his pocket for a match. He had trouble in striking it, because everything was clammy and damp. But at last it gave its tiny flare of light, and the cellar sprang up into view.



"Noted a couple of cigar-butts on the floor."

There was the bed surely enough, recently slept in, but now untenanted. A candle in a socket of French nails sprouted from the top of an empty orange-box which stood by the bedhead. Tom lit the candle and noted a couple of cigar-butts on the floor.

"Now, where the dickens have I got to?" he wondered. "Sarah is a curious old woman, and has some peculiar tastes. But she doesn't smoke cigars. Clara, dog, I think we'll just leave the matter of Mrs. Olroyd alone for the time being, and trot away out home. This seems to be the wrong shop for us, anyway. Peugh! I can do with some fresh air after this hole."

He blew out the candle, crossed over to the door, and put finger and thumb on the latch.

It refused to move.

He rattled and shook it. He pressed and pressed. Tom was, as has been reported

many times in this history, a young man of exceptional strength and physique, and presently under his vigorous persuasion the iron latch bent down till it met the handle.

"Well," thought Mr. Thompson, "I don't know whose property I am damaging, but I've business the other side of that door, and so here goes."

He put a sturdy shoulder to the planking and shoved. It creaked, but did not yield. He thrust again, scientifically, taking care to get the heaviest of his pressure exactly over the lock. He felt the door yield a trifle; in fact, there was a noise that told that the catch of the latch had cracked away. He threw himself against the door again, this time, about half-way up, and below the latch. The door stood as firm as the solid wall.

Then, and not before, it dawned upon him that somebody had made him prisoner. He ceased from movement a minute, holding his

breath and making no sound. From the other side of the door there was the distinctive sound of a screw, grating against iron and driving into soft wood-work.

"Fixing up iron bars against that door, are you, whoever you are?" he called out, and promptly attacked the door with foot and shoulder with the whole of his force.

He splintered one of the middle panels, but the wood did not fall away. He struck another match, relit the candle, and did a close inspection. Through the cracks of the splintered panel he made out that a sheet of felt had been clapped against the other side of the door. The crunch of the screw-driver told that the man who was making him prisoner was working his hardest now, and without attempt at concealment.

Clara bristled with barkless fury, but the matter was beyond her scope. In Tom, too, the fighting blood bubbled. He looked round the squalid room for a weapon, and wrenched a leg from the wooden bedstead. But the thing was rotten and brittle, and meanwhile the door was being made fast. He flew at it with foot and shoulder, making the most of the momentum of his twelve-stone-five to get the highest efficiency possible into his blows. The wood of the door crunched and cracked, but nothing gave. The heavy felt and the iron battens kept all in place.

He halted presently, sweating and bruised, and began to look about the cellar for some other means of exit. But for the moment he let this wait. A voice from somewhere was addressing him.

"I say, Mr. Thompson, if you're quite convinced you're caught, perhaps you'll just sit down quietly and listen to terms."

The voice was tiny, thin, and unrecognisable, and seemed to come, moreover, from an immense distance. Tom puzzled for a moment or two over a certain quality in it that was somehow or

other familiar to him, and then recognised that the speaker was holding between his lips one of those ingenious contrivances of tin which a Punch and Judy showman uses to give voices to his puppets.

"If this is a practical joke," said Tom, "let me tell you it's in bad taste. Mrs. Olroyd's ill, and she's a friend of mine."

"It isn't a practical joke."

"Is your game blackmail, then? Because if that's the case, you're a long way off getting anything out of me. The odds are I dig my way out of this hovel before another hour is over, and if you do manage to keep me any time, please remember that I am a man who will be much hunted for."

"My dear Mr. Thompson," squeaked the voice, "don't be foolish enough to despise your enemies. I don't pretend to your brains, but I'm not altogether a fool. I've



"He splintered one of the middle panels."

had this little *coup* in mind for three months, and I fancy I've thought out all possible objections to it, and prepared for them."

Tom's poacher's ears were strung to their highest keenness to make out where the voice came from; Clara, the artful, was busied with the same problem; but neither of them could solve it.

"For instance, wires have already gone off to Mrs. Thompson at Buton Hall, and to Mr. Hophni Asquith at the mill, telling them that a sudden idea has come to you, and you have run across to Vienna to carry it through. So, you see, they won't hunt for you. You know you do have those sudden ideas, and you do make sudden rushes off to London, or New York, or wherever it may be, to carry them out."

As this was exactly true, Tom wasted no time in reply, but went on with his inspection.

"I know you're a physically powerful man, and if you were left alone you'd burrow a hole through that door in time, or pick an opening through the wall. So, naturally, that has been arranged for. You won't be left alone. Presently I shall give you my terms, and then if you are foolish and don't agree to them at once, I shall proceed to annoy you. I shall turn on the gas into that cellar where you are, until you suffocate into submission. So take the hint and blow out that candle if you have it lit, and don't precipitate matters by an explosion."

"You fool!" snapped Tom, "if you suffocate me with gas, that's murder. My carcass would be worth nothing to you, and you are bound to be hanged for your pains—bound to be."

The voice squeaked out a sort of horrible chuckle. "There'll be no murder, my good sir. I have calculated the matter out carefully, and made experiments, and know exactly when to turn off the gas tap so as to avoid actual suffocation. When you are so far gone that another ten seconds will make you turn up your toes for good, I shall shut off the tap, let the gas escape away out of the room, and allow you gradually to come to. Then, if you are still stiff-necked, you will have another dose; and so on. You needn't be frightened about it. The thing can be done with mathematical accuracy. As I have said, there have been very careful preparatory experiments before you were brought in to be operated on. The only drawback (from your point of view) is that each experience is pretty exhausting, and has, I am sorry to say, a lasting bad effect on the system."

Tom thumped the partition wall which divided him off from the outer cellar, and felt discouraged. It was of stone and at least two feet thick. They builded strongly in those olden days. The voice squeaked on—

"As you must quite understand the situation by now, we might as well come to business. It will cost you exactly £8,275 3s. 9d. to get out."

"What on earth's the idea of the odd coppers?"

"The week's wages at your two mills amounted to £1,275 3s. 9d. last week."

"Now, I wonder who the deuce you are to know that?"

The voice chuckled. "You admire cleverness, Mr. Thompson, and you ought to admire mine. I told you I'd worked out the details of this scheme with a good deal of care. Your firm's messenger draws that sum, or thereabouts, from the bank in cash every Saturday, and the bank has it all ready. The only change from the ordinary procedure will be that you will write a letter to the bank manager saying you want £7,000 additional in notes, and asking him to have it ready, and also that you are sending a new messenger. To-day's Thursday. If the letter is posted to-night, it will give the bank plenty of time to have the money ready for Saturday."

"They'd smell a rat at once. No bank would swallow a demand for £7,000 in cash without making further inquiries," said Tom, who wanted to gain time. "We always do our business by cheque or bills, like everyone else. Why, the most elementary thief ought to know that."

"Not being an elementary thief, Mr. Thompson, I go further, and know that latterly you have been lending money on mortgage. You've worked the business through your solicitor, and when solicitors handle mortgages, it is always cash that is handed over, not cheques. I'm afraid the bank will give out the money in hundred-pound notes, and I shall have to get rid of those at a big discount. Gold's the only thing I could handle without risk or trouble, of course. But I didn't see how to get gold. Perhaps you could give me a hint?"

"Now, I do wonder who the deuce you are? You're rather a clever kind of brigand, I must admit. But don't imagine you've got your own way yet by a very long chalk."

"Then," squeaked the voice, "if that's your attitude, we may as well begin our coercive measures at once."

Promptly an odour of coal gas began to grow in the cellar, and Tom blew out the candle flame. He knew the contours of the room off by heart by this time, and could think as well in the dark as in light. It began to come home to him that this invisible brigand was master of the situation. The item of the £8,275 did not mean very much to him. He was making an enormous income at the time. But though he was extremely liberal with his money, like all other successful men, he was vastly bitter at the idea of being made to pay out against his will without value received. Moreover, by yielding to this blackmailer, he would be establishing a very dangerous precedent.

If only he could find the pipe that gave ingress to the gas, and stop it, that would at least give him a respite; but, sniff and search and listen how he would, he could not make the discovery. Even Clara's keen nose was unequal to solving the problem. But then, genius though Clara might be, this was outside her scope. In fact, presently Clara made an exception to her fixed rule, and showed her distaste for existing conditions by a very distinct whine.

"Satisfied yet that I can make things unpleasant for you?" squeaked the voice. "I don't want to torment your dog, and I can hear she's had enough of it, anyway."

"Turn off that infernal gas, and let's talk."

"I believe you think more of the dog than you do of your wife, Mr. Thompson."

"Leave my wife out of the question," said Tom sharply. "I don't choose to have her name on the lips of a dirty scoundrel of your description."

The voice chuckled. "Now, that's very much to your credit. But why get abusive? You think yourself clever: I've proved myself cleverer. Why don't you offer me employment in your business?"

"Get to the point," snapped Tom.

"Certainly. As I have said, you're going to give me a letter signed by yourself, asking the bank to have the money ready by Saturday, and incidentally introducing me. You may refer to me as 'your Mr. Bent.' Presently, when the gas has escaped from the room, and you can light the candle again, you will find paper and a pen under the pillow on that bed."

Tom scraped a match on the wall.

"Be careful!" shrieked the voice. "Oh! do be careful, or you'll have an explosion!"

"No fear. Not enough gas, always presuming you have turned it off. Yes, here's

the pen, and a shut-up ink bottle, and writing paper. I say, confound your cheek! you've gone and stolen our office paper with the firm's business heading on it!"

"My dear Mr. Thompson, what a curious person you are! Now, I should have thought you were just the man to appreciate thoroughness in detail. Of course, your firm's business paper is an additional guarantee for the genuineness of everything. Nothing like attending to detail. It wouldn't do for me to have the bank sending round to inquire if it was all right. Have you found the blotting-block to write on?"

"Yes, here."

Tom sat on the bed, with an uneasy Clara at his feet, and wrote slowly and carefully. The letter was formal and business-like. It introduced "our Mr. Bent," and said he would call for the money on Saturday morning, rather before the usual time at which Thompson and Asquith's messenger was accustomed to draw the week's wages for the hands.

"Here's your authorisation," said Tom. "Open the door and take it."

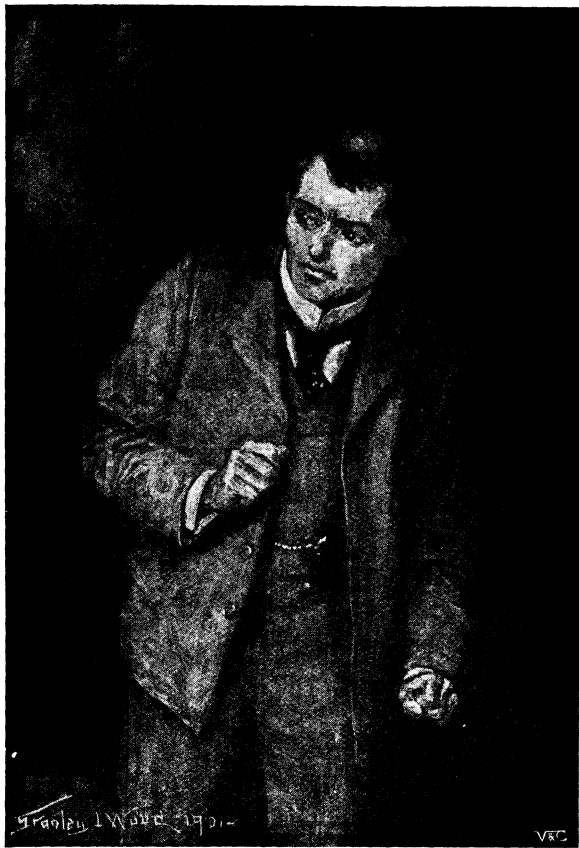
The voice chuckled. It was a merry kind of invisible brigand. "I've too much respect for your physical powers. Slip the letter under the door. I'll lift up the felt an eighth of an inch or so, to give it passage."

Tom grumbled and did as he was asked.

There was a couple of minutes' pause, and then the paper slid back again. "Very natural of you to write it that way," squeaked the voice, "but you might have given me credit for having studied your signature pretty accurately. So please write it over again, this time in your usual hand. You might fill out a cheque, too, whilst you are at it. You'll find a form torn out of your office cheque-book between the leaves of the blotting-pad. Don't spoil the cheque—it is a pity to waste the penny stamp—and if it isn't one the bank will pass, I won't pass it, either."

Tom set his great square jaw, and there was a look on his face which meant damage for the owner of the voice if they two could come in contact. But he was very securely gaoled. Again and again he looked round the cellar, and found no hint at a means of escape. Window there was none; ventilator there was none. The doorway was the only aperture that met the eye in either ceiling, walls, or floor; and the door, as he had learned by unpleasant experience, was very securely fastened. The place was absolutely unbreakable, and to dally with his





"Tom's poacher's ears were strung to their highest keenness to make out where the voice came from."

captor was merely to earn a dose of semi-suffocation. Tom used to himself some good hard Anglo-Saxon when he thought over these items.

"I don't want to hurry you unduly, Mr. Thompson," squeaked the voice, "but——"

"Well, I suppose you're top dog here, and I must give in. But I'll offer you my opinion of yourself, packed small, first. You're a dirty skunk! Money-making's money-making, and thieving's thieving, but there are degrees in each. If you'd got me here by fair means, I wouldn't have grumbled specially; but you lure me here on the pretence of seeing a poor old woman who's sick, and, as I say, you're a liar and a dirty skunk!"

"But she is ill," pleaded the voice.

"That makes it all the worse. If she's ill, and wants help, I'm the man that could give it to her; and as for you, you beast! I suppose you'd see her starved to death before you'd lift a finger to help her."

"I may have taken a liberty with Mrs. Olroyd's name," squeaked the voice, "but at any rate I made it up to her. I gave her a sovereign to be going on with, and I gave her next-door neighbour five shillings to drop in and look after her occasionally. Please don't think you have a monopoly in pity as well as in mohair, Mr. Thompson."

"If I could think you were speaking truth, I'd half forgive your blackmailing me."

"I'm afraid you must take my word for it."

"For the present, yes," said Tom grimly. "But when I get out I'll prove it for myself; and if I find you've lied to me, I'll set a hunt on your track, my man, that'll get you by the heels—yes, if it costs fifty thousand pounds to catch you."

"And if not? I'd like to hear the other alternative? As I spoke truth to you, your threats there don't concern me."

"If you have looked after the old body, why, I suppose it would be compounding a felony, but I'm hanged if I shouldn't like to call a truce and have a look at you! It's a devilish pity you didn't run straight, my man. You've got brains, and you've got organising power, and if you hadn't possessed this unfortunate taste for brigandage, you're just the man I could have found employment for. I'd have made your fortune for you."

"This is very flattering," said the voice;

"but in the meanwhile just let me have that letter and the cheque."

"Quite right," said Tom more cheerfully; "business first. Here you are. Look out, under the door again. By the way, Clara (that's my dog here) is a bit of a judge, and she's snuffing at you underneath the door, and she's graciously pleased to approve of you. She's wagging herself very pleasantly, and, let me tell you, it isn't one person in a hundred that Clara condescends to like."

"I am overwhelmed," squeaked the voice.

"Yes," thought Tom to himself, "I'll bet that rather scares you. But I wonder who the blazes you can be? You're someone that knows me, and knows the ways of Thompson and Asquith pretty intimately, and that's a fact. 'Our Mr. Bent,' I've written you as. I wonder if you're our Mr. Anybody-Else? We've some clever fellows

in the business, but I can't put my finger on anyone quite sharp enough to have brought off this *coup*." Then aloud, "Cheque to your liking, Mr. Thief?"

"Written quite naturally, thank you. So is the letter."

"I suppose you'd hardly see your way to letting me go just yet?"

"Well, hardly. Have you looked under the bed? No? Well, you'll find a raised game pie there, which I think I can recommend to you, and a bottle of champagne. I know you prefer burgundy as a general thing, but burgundy would have been chilly to drink in this cellar, and there were no means of warming it; and besides, I thought perhaps the champagne might bring back your spirits a little after my bit of unpleasantness."

"By Jove! you are a wonderful person. How the dickens do you know that burgundy's my favourite tippie? I must really compliment you on the way you've got up the details of your swindle. You present the cheque the day after to-morrow as soon as the bank opens, I suppose; and then you'll go over the hills and far away. May I come out then? I'll give you my parole to allow you twelve hours' start before I put the police on your track. You'd better be reasonable, and not keep me here too long. I don't wish to brag, but I'm a person of some consideration, and I'm not to be kidnapped without inquiry being made."

"Do you mean that your wife will begin to have search made for you?"

"She will not. She, thank Heaven! will take it for granted I am all right somewhere. I have told her to. And look here, confound you! leave my wife out of the conversation. I don't choose to have her name on the lips of people of your class."

"Sorry to have offended you. I meant no special disrespect. In fact, curious though it may seem, I am very keen to get some liking from you, Mr. Thompson. You say I have got capacity, and I know that it is notorious that you are always on the lookout for assistants who are capable."

"Ye-es," said Tom drily; "we have a good many branches to our business, but we haven't started a burglary department so far."

"I'm not exactly a hardened criminal," squeaked the voice. "In fact, I may conscientiously say it is the first time I ever tried anything in this line."

"Let me congratulate you on the exhaustiveness of your preparations."

"If you will accept another small piece of

personal information, I may say that it is you, and entirely you, who led me into the scheme. You see, Mr. Thompson, you are the cleverest man I know, and I thought if I could succeed in driving you into a corner, it would be some sort of certificate of my own ability."

"You flatter with delightful modesty. I should have recommended you to take up diplomacy rather than housebreaking as a profession."

"I haven't dabbled in housebreaking," said the voice, with some heat.

Tom chuckled inwardly. "I'm so little up in these niceties. You must forgive my mixing up the various lines of your occupation. Still, one can't get over the fact that on, say, a census paper you'd come under the general heading of swindler. It's a pity. By the way, if it isn't an indiscreet question, are you a syndicate? My dog keeps snuffling at the sill of the door, and I wish to Heaven she could talk and tell me her ideas. But anyway, I presume that one of you is there. At the same time your voice, which you have disguised very ingeniously, doesn't seem to come from the door side. Have I made a mistake in supposing I've to deal with one man? Are there several of you in this little game?"

The voice chuckled. "That's rather a leading question, and I suppose anyone with discretion would not answer it. But one's vanity wins on points like these. I've beaten you all alone."

"Hang it!" said Tom impatiently, "why the deuce aren't you straight? I could find fifty jobs for a fellow of your brain, if only I could have decent surety that you wouldn't kick over the traces."

"I could offer you security to the extent of some eight thousand and two hundred pounds odd."

"Eh? What's that?"

"If I saw my way to becoming 'your Mr. Bent,' permanently, I shouldn't in the least mind depositing a cheque for £8,275 3s. 9d., signed by a very sound firm. You'll perhaps recognise the sum?"

"H'm!" said Tom, "there's a good deal I like about that offer, but perhaps you'll answer me two preliminary questions."

"That depends on what they are."

"Are you our Mr. Somebody-Else already?"

"Not I."

"And did you in truth go and see to old Sarah?"

"To the extent I told you."

"Well, if you've humbugged me again about



“‘Mary! Well, I’m——’”

that old woman, I give you fair warning I'll smash you, if it costs me a year's income to do it. But if your conscience is clear on that point, I'll put you into a billet under the firm straight away. Any clever honest man could make himself into a successful rogue if only he chose, and so I don't see why a clever rogue, if once he makes up his mind not to go crooked again, shouldn't make a very prosperous honest man."

"Quite agree with your theory," squeaked the voice, "though I object to your implication that I am a rogue. However, we will argue that out later. I will get to work again on the door."

Tom reached under the bed and brought out the champagne bottle and a glass. "And I will drink to your coming reformation. I wish to Heaven I could acquire some of the senses that Clara possesses! As soon as you go to that door, Clara goes and snuffles again at the sill, and it's all Bradford to a tin-tack she knows you."

There was no answer to this. A screw-driver crunched diligently outside the door.

"A very excellent wine this. It seems you have a nice taste in vintages amongst other talents. Well, I'm all curiosity to see you."

The door swung open, and there in the frame of it, laughing, stood—his wife!

"Mary! Well, I'm——"

"Sh!"

"Surprised!"

"Thought you would be, dear."

"And is this game all your own concoction?"

"All my little own, Tom."

"Of course I couldn't recognise your voice."

"I didn't intend you should. First of all, there was the tin Punch and Judy thing. Then there was this speaking-tube there. I had the end of it branched out into twelve smaller tubes which all come out through the cornice above there. You couldn't tell a bit which direction the voice came from."

"It was a touch of genius in its way. So are the cigar-butts on the floor, and the slept-in bed, and all the rest of it. I made sure you were a man. But what's the whole thing about? I suppose you had some object in it all?"

"I have an object in most things I do, Tom, though you are only just beginning to appreciate that. To commence with, you've been annoying me very seriously of late!"

"I, Mary? I'm just as fond of you as I can stick, and I've done everything I could think of to give you pleasure, dear."

She took him by the lapel of his coat and wagged a serious finger at him. "You've not. I want to live all of your life with you, and you've tried to keep me entirely to your home life. You wanted me to share none of your other worries and ambitions. Now I have earned your word that in future I am to be 'your Mr. Bent,' and though I don't want you to keep to the letter of that promise, I do want you to let me help where I am able."

"Assuredly you shall, old girl."

"Here's your cheque, by the way. There's one other thing I'd got my knife into you about."

"The dickens you had! You seem a very vindictive sort of young woman."

"When I suggested taking up politics for the pair of us, you said I hadn't enough *finesse*."

"I apologise humbly, Mary. In fact, I grovel. You've a most dangerous amount of *finesse*, and strategy, and invention in your possession. By Jove! dear, I never properly realised what a clever wife I've managed to get hold of."

"There's nothing like being appreciated by one's husband," said Mrs. Thompson. "You never knew me till we were married. You saw me from a distance——"

"I saw you close at hand."

"Well, we met over that absurd fish you keep in that glass case, and you made up your mind in your fierce, keen way that you were going to marry me, and you did it. But at the same time, your abominable pride wouldn't let you come near me, and pay your court in the usual way, and get to know my many excellent qualities and failings; and so now, my dear man, that I've hooked you fast, you've got to learn them, and perhaps will have some eye-openers."

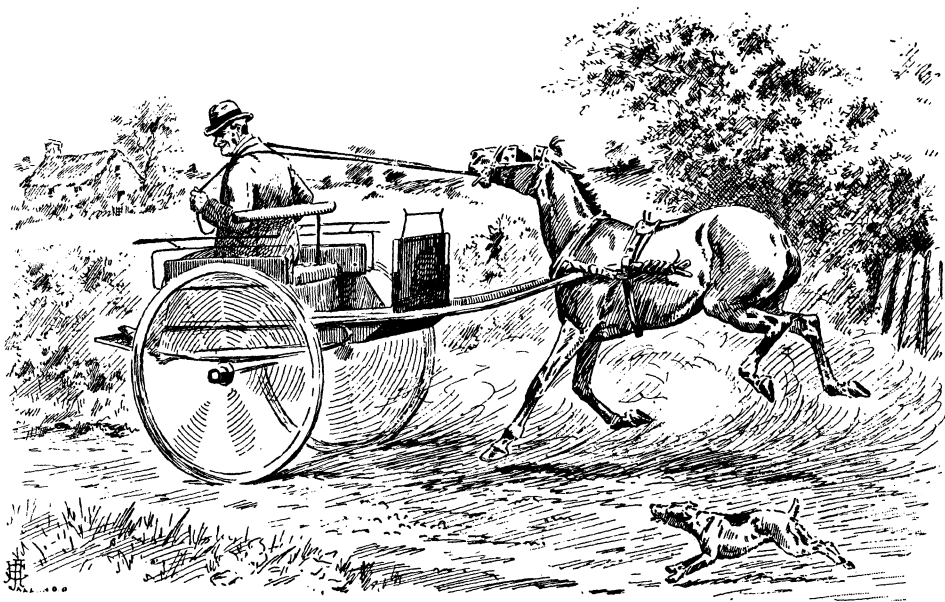
"I can quite believe that. By the way, this cheque is yours, not mine."

"No, no, Tom—that would give an ugly edge to the joke."

"Well, we'll just change it into diamonds, and when I see them, I shall remember that we are partners in every way now, ambitions included."

"Tom, you're a perfect duck!" said Mrs. Thompson, "and I'm going to kiss you. Now let's go and see that slatternly old Mrs. Olroyd, and pension her off. I'm sure I owe her something for so pleasantly taking her name in vain."

"Yes, come along, I've got some tinned salmon for her, and some tea."



A BRILLIANT IDEA.

MR. PIPLING'S mare acquired the objectionable habit of kicking in harness, therefore her owner adopted the above excellent plan. "Now," he says, "she can kick as often as she likes—it pleases her and hurts nobody."

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

"I CANNOT make up my mind what to do," she said to her friend. "I have to get some tea and a butter dish, and I don't know whether to get the tea where they give away butter-dishes, or the butter-dish where they give away tea."



At a recent meeting of the Huggle Muggle-cum-Blamby Urban District Council the state of the roads was under discussion. After a good deal of talk, a councillor was seized with an inspiration. Said he: "Let us put our heads together and get a wood pavement."



DRAPER: What can I show you, madam?

MRS. BROWN: Well, to tell you the truth, my husband has been hurrying and bothering me, and I mean to keep him waiting outside for twenty minutes, but I don't mind your just showing me a few things, and perhaps I'll spend a shilling or two.



DISTRICT VISITOR: What sad things are happening, Mrs. Morrish! President McKinley's death was awful, wasn't it?

MRS. MORRISH: Ah! yes, miss—those Boers again, I expect.

SYMPATHETIC VILLAGER (to testy ditto): How are you to-day, Mr. Mudgeon?

MR. MUDGEON: Hanged if I won't stick it up in me 'at—"A little better," or "A little wuss," each day, as the case may be!



SMALL BOY (at Devonshire village fair): Mother, can I buy a pennard o' guseberries?

MOTHER (with decision): No! you don't want to spen' all yer money to wance—buy a 'appard.



A LADY one day, being in need of some small change, called downstairs to the cook and inquired, "Mary, have you any coppers down there?" "Yes, ma'am, I've two; but, if you please, ma'am, they're both me cousins."



FATHER (sternly): I am told that you are given to gambling?

SON (hastily): I admit I play cards, father, but only for small stakes.

FATHER: Oh! as long as it is for something to eat, I don't mind. But don't let me hear of your playing for money.



## SOME QUESTIONS CARRY THEIR OWN ANSWERS.

CHARMING AMATEUR: There, you see, I've nearly finished it, so you can easily tell what "school" I belong to.

ARTIST (tentatively): Ah! yes—er—boarding school?

TRAIN up a servant-girl in the way she should go, and the first thing you know she's gone.

"HAVE you something to 'elp a poor man on his way, mum?" asked the tramp. "Certainly," replied the woman, as she whistled for the dog.

STERN PARENT (anxious to impress the lesson): Now, my son, tell me why I have caned you?

JOHNNY (bitterly): Boo—oo—! there, you've give me a good hidin'—boo—boo!—an' you don't even know what you've done it for!

MISS TOWNBRED: What are those queer-looking animals?

FARMER: They are the cows that supply us with milk and cream.

MISS TOWNBRED: Oh! are they? And where are the cows that give the beef-tea?

"MY son," said the economical father, "these cigars are better than I smoked at your age." "Father," replied the youth, "reluctant as I am to acquaint you with the fact, I am compelled to state that they are better than the cigars you smoke now."

AN advertiser in one of our contemporaries offers for sale "A mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a moveable head as good as new."

MISS GIRTON (who has spent her whole summer in trying to elevate the simple country people with whom she has boarded): Good-bye, Mr. Giles. I hope my visit here hasn't been entirely without results.

MR. GILES: No, no. I'll say that for you. You've learnt a heap since you first come here, but you was purty nigh the greenest one we ever had on our hands.

BABBLES (given to boasting): Do you know, I suppose I've the best eyesight of any person going.

TRODDLES: Oh! there's no doubt of that! That book you praised so highly you were able to read without stopping to cut the leaves.

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE: Why don't you do some work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?

TRAMP (a product of free education): Madam, not to evade your question at all, but merely to obtain information, may I ask of what practical utility moss would be to a man in my condition?





“OUT-HERODING HEROD.”

LADY (engaging new housemaid): Daphne! That is much too romantic a name, with young men in the house. I suppose you would not object to be called by your surname?

APPLICANT FOR SITUATION: Oh, no, madam! In fact, I'm used to it.

LADY: What is your surname?

APPLICANT: Darling, madam.

MAGISTRATE: You say you took the ham because you are out of work and your family starving, and yet you keep two dogs?

PRISONER: Yes, yer honour; but I couldn't expect my family to eat them!



MRS. RUSTIC: Did the story you were just readin' in the newspaper end happily, Joshua?

MR. RUSTIC (approvingly): Gosh! Yes; the beautiful heroine got cured of an incurable disease, an' it tells the name and price of the pills that done the trick.



HE: I am going to pay you the highest compliment a man can pay a woman.

SHE: But this is so sudden.

HE: I know it; but I came away without my purse this morning—can you lend me half-a-crown?

IRATE OLD GENTLEMAN: If I kick that dog in the ribs, do you think he would stop barking?

OWNER: Most likely. He never wants to bark when he has his mouth full.



PHYSICIAN: You must simply think of nothing when you are trying to induce sleep.

PATIENT: That's what I do. I'm always meditating on my balance at the bank, but no sleep comes.



TENDER-HEARTED OLD LADY: Ah! my good man, yours is, indeed, a sad case! But adversity tries us all, you know, and reveals many of our good qualities.

DISTRESSED WAYFARER: Oh! but it worn't adversity what tried me, mum. 'Twas a Old Bailey judge, an' 'e didn't put 'isselt to no inconvenience about me good qualities, you bet, mum!



BROTHERS OF THE BRUSH.

MIGGS: Maybe you know my son John, up to Lunnun, sur?

CELEBRATED R.A.: I don't think I have the pleasure.

MIGGS: I'd er thought you'd er knowed 'e! 'Im be a painter and whitewasher.





"TAKING THE HEDGE."

By M. DOROTHY HARDY.

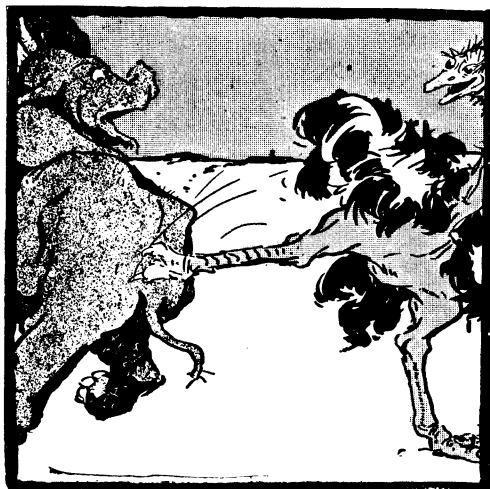
# THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.\*

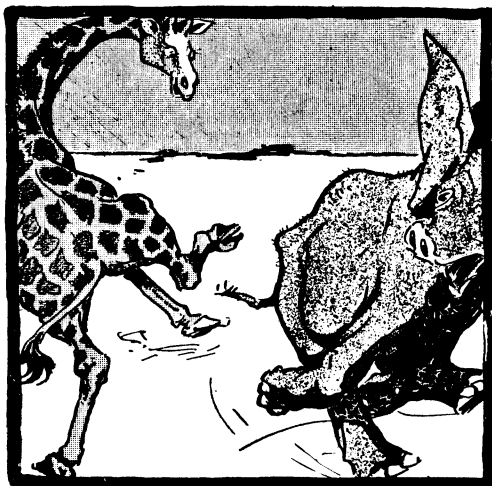
IN the High and Far Off Times the Elephant, oh, Best Beloved, had no trunk. He had only a blackish, bulgy nose, as big as a boot, that he could wriggle about from side to side; but he could not pick up things with it. But there was one Elephant—a new Elephant—an Elephant's Child—who was full of 'satiabie curtiosity, and that means he asked ever so many questions. And he lived in Africa, and he filled all Africa with his 'satiabie curtiosities. He asked his Aunt, the Ostrich, why her

questions about everything that he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or touched, and all his uncles and his aunts spanked him. And *still* he was full of 'satiabie curtiosity!

One fine morning in the middle of the Precession of the Equinoxes this 'satiabie Elephant's Child asked a new fine question which he had never asked before. He asked: "What does the Crocodile have for dinner?" Then everybody said "Hush!" in a loud and dretful tone, and they spanked him immediately and directly.



"His Aunt, the Ostrich, spanked him with her hard, hard claw."



"His Uncle, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof."

tail-feathers grew just so, and she spanked him with her hard, hard claw. He asked his Uncle, the Giraffe, what made his skin spotty, and his Uncle, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof. And still he was full of 'satiabie curtiosity. He asked his Other Aunt, the Hippopotamus, why her eyes were red, and she spanked him with her hard, hard hoof; and he asked his Other Uncle, the Baboon, why melons tasted just so, and his Other Uncle, the Baboon, spanked him with his hard, hard paw. And still he was full of 'satiabie curtiosity. He asked

By and by, when that was finished, he came upon Kolokolo Bird sitting in the middle of a wait-a-bit thorn, and he said: "My Father has spanked me and my Mother has spanked me; all my Aunts and Uncles have spanked me for my 'satiabie curtiosity; and *still* I want to know what the Crocodile has for dinner!"

Then Kolokolo Bird said with a mournful cry: "Go to the banks of the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, and find out."

That very next morning when there was nothing left of the Equinoxes, because the Precession had gone by, this 'satiabie Elephant's Child took a hundred pounds of

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bananas, and a hundred pounds of sugarcane, and seventeen melons, and said to all his families: "Good-bye. I am going to the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to find out what the Crocodile has for dinner." And they all spanked him once more for luck, though he requested them most politely to abstain.

Then he went away, a little warm but not



"His Other Aunt, the Hippopotamus, spanked him with her hard, hard hoof."

at all astonished, eating melons and throwing the rind about.

He went from Graham's Town to Kimberley, and from Kimberley to Khama's Country, and from Khama's Country he went east by north, eating melons all the time, till at last he came to the banks of the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, precisely as Kolokolo Bird had said.

Now you must know and understand, oh, Best Beloved, that till that very week, and day, and hour, and minute, this 'satiabie Elephant's Child had never seen a Crocodile, and did not know what one was like. It was all his 'satiabie curiosity.

The first thing he found was a Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake curled round a rock.

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but have you seen such a thing as a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?"

"Have I seen a Crocodile?" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, in a voice of dretful scorn. "What will you ask me next?"

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child,

"but could you kindly tell me what he has for dinner?"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake uncoiled himself very quickly from the rock and spanked the Elephant's Child with his hard, hard tail.

"That is odd," said the Elephant's Child, "because my Father and my Mother, and my Uncle and my Aunt, not to mention my Other Aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my Other Uncle, the Baboon, have all spanked me for my 'satiabie curiosity—and I suppose this is the same thing."

So he said good-bye very politely to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, and helped to coil him up on the rock again, and went on, a little warm but not at all astonished, eating melons and throwing the rind about, till he trod on what he thought was a log at the very edge of the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees.

But it was really the Crocodile, oh, Best Beloved, and the Crocodile winked one eye.

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child



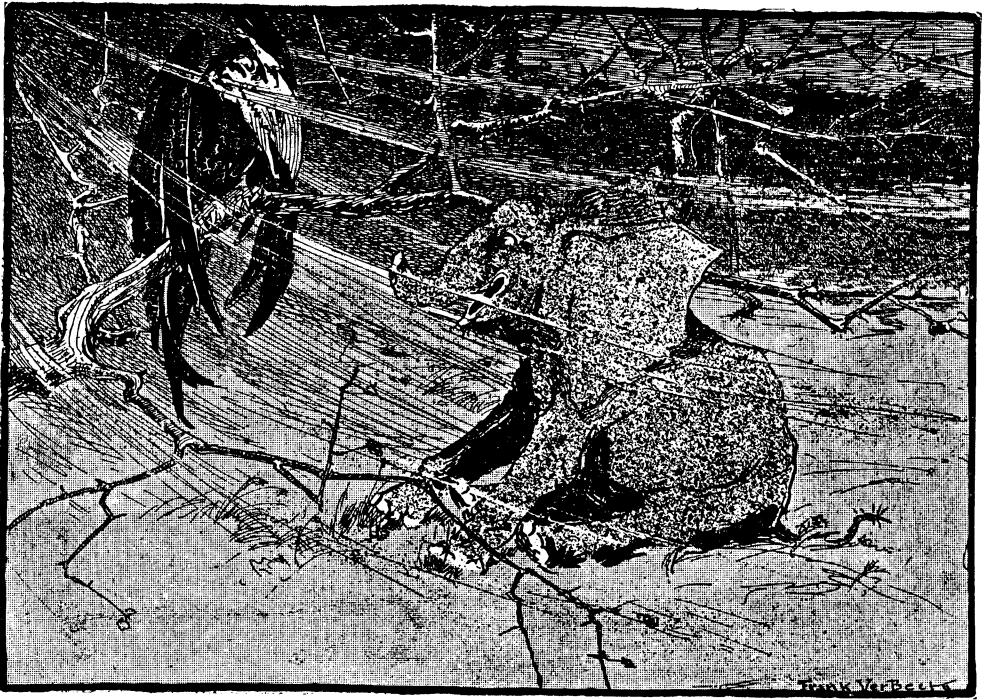
"His Other Uncle, the Baboon, spanked him with his hard, hard paw."

most politely, "but do you happen to have seen a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?"

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye and lifted half his tail out of the mud; and the Elephant's Child stepped back most politely, because he did not wish to be spanked again.

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile. "Why do you ask such things?"

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but my Father has spanked



“‘I want to know what the Crocodile has for dinner!’”

me, my Mother has spanked me; not to mention my Aunt, the Ostrich, and my Uncle, the Giraffe, who can kick ever so hard, as well as my Other Aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my Other Uncle, the Baboon, and including the Bi-Coloured - Python - Rock-Snake just up the bank, who spanks harder than any of them; and so, if it's quite all the same to you, I don't want to be spanked any more.”

“Come hither, Little One,” said the Crocodile, “for I am the Crocodile,” and he wept Crocodile tears to show it was quite true.

Then the Elephant's Child grew all breathless, and

panted and knelt down on the bank and said: “You are the very person I have been



“He wept Crocodile tears.”

F. V.





The Bi-Coloured Python-Rock-Snake pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled.

looking for all these long days. Will you please tell me what you have for dinner?"

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "and I'll whisper."

Then the Elephant's Child, very excited and breathing hard, put his head down close to the Crocodile's musky-tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his little nose, which up to that very week, day, hour, and minute was no bigger than a boot, though much more useful.

"I think," said the Crocodile—and he said it between his teeth like this—"I think to-day I will begin with Elephant's Child!"

At this, oh, Best Beloved, the Elephant's Child was much annoyed, and he said, speaking through his nose like this: "Led go! You are hurtig be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake scuffled down from the bank and said: "My young friend, if you do not now, immediately and instantly, pull as hard as ever you can, it is my opinion that your acquaintance in the large-pattern leather ulster (and by this he meant the Crocodile) will jerk you into yonder limpid stream before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

(This is the way the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.)

Then the Elephant's Child sat back on his little haunches, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch. And the Crocodile floundered into the water, making it all creamy with great sweeps of his tail, and *he* pulled, and pulled, and pulled. And the Elephant's Child's nose kept on stretching, and the Elephant's Child spread all his little four legs and pulled, and pulled, and pulled; and his nose kept on stretching, and the Crocodile threshed his tail like an oar, and *he* pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at each pull the Elephant's Child's nose grew longer and longer—and it hurt him hijjus!

Then the Elephant's Child felt his legs slipping, and he said through his nose, which was now nearly five feet long: "This is too buch for be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake came down from the bank and knotted himself in a double-clove-hitch round the Elephant's Child's hind legs and said: "Rash and inexperienced traveller, we will now seriously devote ourselves to a little hard pulling, because, if we do not, it is my impression that yonder self-propelling man-of-war with the armour-plated upper deck (and by this, oh, Best Beloved, he meant the Crocodile) will permanently vitiate your future career."

(That is the way all Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes talk.)

So he pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled, but the Elephant's Child and the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake pulled hardest; and at last the Crocodile let go of the Elephant's Child's nose with a pop that you could hear all up and down the Limpopo.



"I'll go home to all my families."

Then the Elephant's Child sat down most hard and sudden, but first he was careful to say "Thank you" to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, and next he was kind to his

nose and wrapped it all up in cool banana leaves and hung it in the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo to cool.

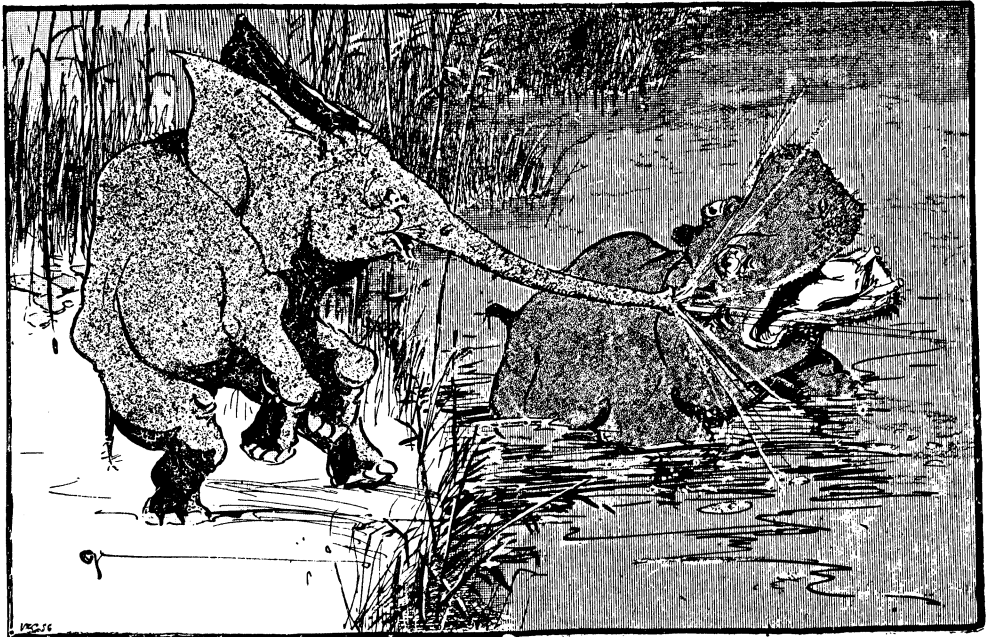
"What are you doing that for?" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but my nose is out of shape, and I am waiting for the swelling to go down."

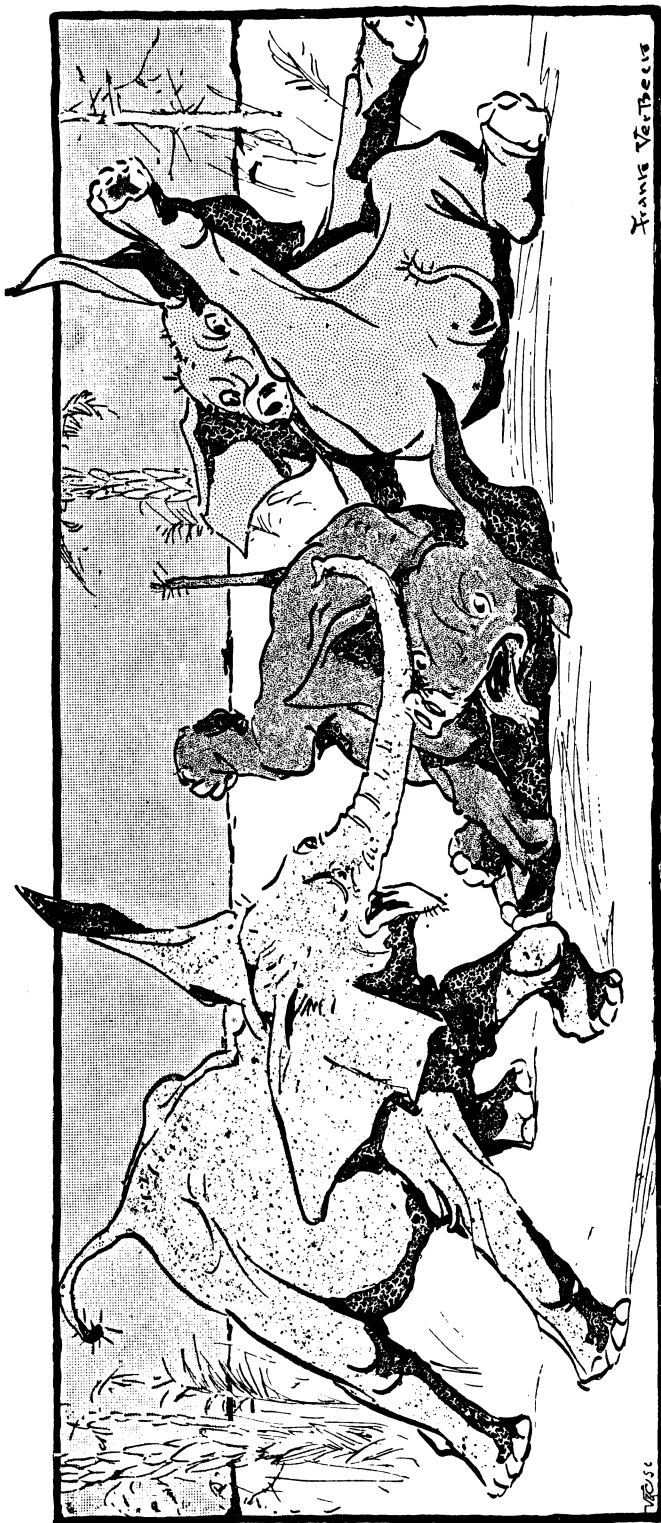
"Then you will have to wait a long time," said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "Some people do not know what is good for them."

The Elephant's Child sat there three days, waiting for his nose to get well. But it never grew any shorter, and besides it made him squint. For, oh, Best Beloved, you will see and understand that the Crocodile had pulled it out into a really truly trunk same as all Elephants have to-day.

At the end of the third day a fly came and stung him on the shoulder, and, before



"He blew bubbles into her ear."



"He knocked two of his brothers head over heels."

he thought what he was doing, he lifted up his trunk and hit that fly with the end of it.

"'Vantage number one!" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Try and eat a little now."

Before he thought what he was doing, the Elephant's Child put out his trunk and plucked a large bundle of grass, dusted it clean against his fore legs and stuffed it into his own mouth.

"'Vantage number two!" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Don't you think the sun is hot here?"

"It is," said the Elephant's Child, and, before he thought what he was doing, he scooped up a lump of mud from the banks of the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo and slapped it on his head, where it made a cool mud-cap all trickly behind his ears.

"'Vantage number three!" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Now how do you feel about being spanked again?"

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but I should not like it at all."

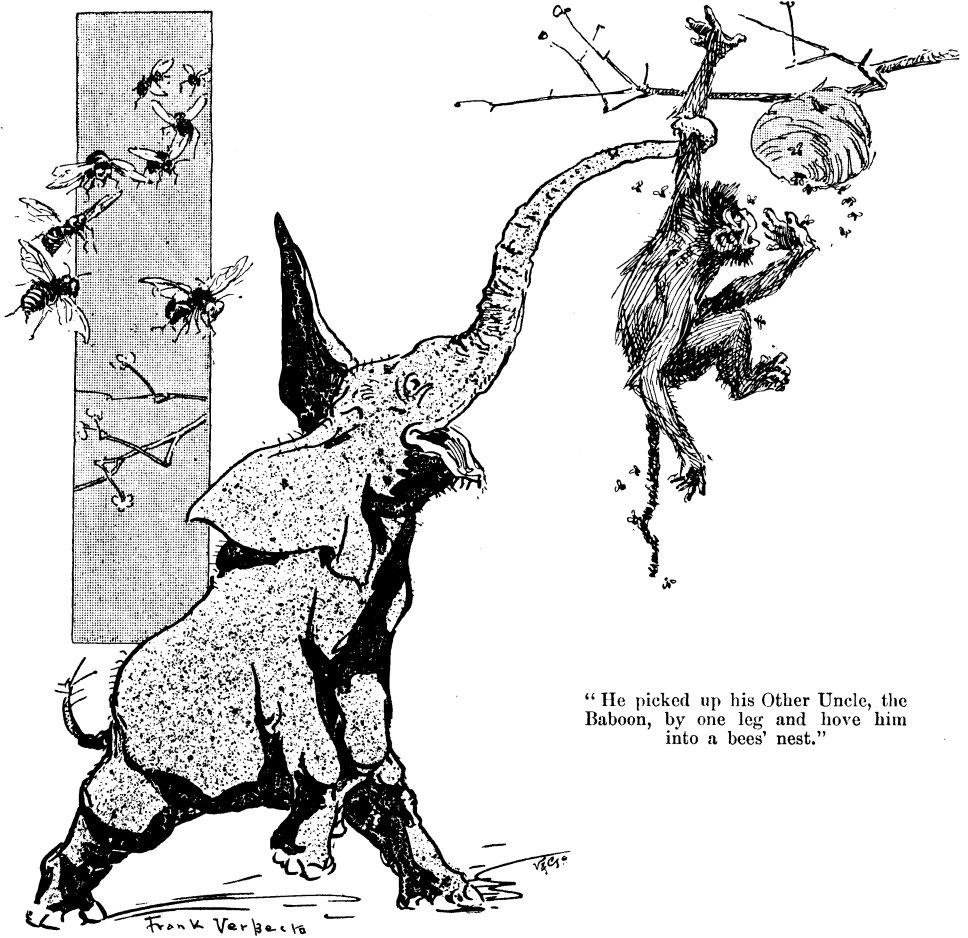
"How would you like to spank somebody?" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

"I should like it very much indeed," said the Elephant's Child.

"Well," said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, "you will find that new nose of yours very useful to spank people with."

"Thank you," said the Elephant's Child, "I'll remember that; and now I think I'll go home to all my families, and try it."

So the Elephant's Child went



"He picked up his Other Uncle, the Baboon, by one leg and hove him into a bees' nest."

home across Africa frisking and whisking his trunk. When he wanted fruit to eat he pulled it down from a tree, instead of waiting for it to fall as he used to do. When he wanted grass he plucked it up from the ground, instead of going down on his knees as he used to do. When the flies bit him he broke off the branch of a tree and used it as a fly-whisk; and he made himself a new, cool, slushy mud-cap whenever the sun was hot. When he felt lonely walking through Africa he sang to himself down his trunk, and the noise was louder than several brass bands. He went especially out of his way to find a Hippopotamus (she was no relation of his), and he spanked her very hard to make sure that the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake had spoken the truth about his new trunk. The rest of the time he picked up the old melon rinds that he had dropped on his way to the Limpopo—for he was a Tidy Pachyderm.

One dark evening he came back to all his families and he coiled up his trunk and said: "How do you do?" They were very glad to see him and immediately said: "Come here and be spanked for your 'satiabie curtiosity."

"Pooh!" said the Elephant's Child. "I don't think you peoples know anything about spanking, but *I* do and I'll show you."

Then he uncurled his trunk and knocked two of his brothers head over heels.

"Oh, Bananas!" said they. "Where did you learn that trick and what have you done to your nose?"

"I got a new one from the Crocodile on the banks of the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo River," said the Elephant's Child. "I asked him what he had for dinner and he gave me this to keep."

"It looks very ugly," said the Baboon.

"It does," said the Elephant's Child; "but it's very useful," and he picked up his

Other Uncle, the Baboon, by one leg and hove him into a bees' nest.

Then that bad Elephant's Child spanked all his families for a long time till they were very warm and greatly astonished. He pulled out his Ostrich Aunt's tail-feathers, and he caught his Uncle, the Giraffe, by the hind leg and dragged him through a thorn bush; and he shouted at his Other Aunt, the Hippopotamus, and blew bubbles into her ear when she was sleeping in the water

after meals, but he never let anyone touch Kolokolo Bird.

In the end things grew so bad that all his families went off one by one to the banks of the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo River to borrow new noses from the Crocodile. When they came back everything started fair; and ever since that day, oh, Best Beloved, all the Elephants you will ever see, besides all those that you won't, have trunks precisely like the trunk of the 'satisfiable Elephant's Child.



"SISTERS," A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MADAME GARET-CHARLES.



"THE VINTAGE." BY E. CHICHARRO.

## MODERN SPANISH ART AND ARTISTS.

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

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IT is a generally accepted belief that the country in which the arts would flourish must enjoy peace. In times of stress, when civil war ravages the land or a foreign foe invades it, the arts stand still; and war of some sort was Spain's portion for the greater part of the nineteenth century. Goya was the one great Spanish artist of the years when the first Napoleon overran the country and put his brother Josef on the throne of Madrid, and when Goya died there was none to take his place. Fortuny—or, to give him his full name, Mariano José Maria Fortuny y Carbó—was the next important artist of Spain, and as he lived until 1874, and was no more than thirty-six years of age when he died, he may be considered a modern artist. A Catalan by birth, he gained the highest honours of the Academy of Barcelona, and then, like so many Spanish artists, left his native land and went to Italy. Though he travelled to Morocco and France, and returned for a short time to his own country, Italy was his home, and Rome the city of his

adoption. There he lived, wrought, and died before he had reached middle age, to the infinite regret of his friends and admirers. The heavy loss Spanish art sustained is best appreciated by those who have noticed the splendid vistas his latest manner of work was opening up.

One may not forget that the preference of modern Spanish painters for life in Italy is due largely to the unsettled conditions of life in Spain. Down to the year 1874, when the late General Martinez Campos proclaimed Alfonso XII., who was then a cadet at Sandhurst, there had been no peace in Spain for a long period. French wars had been followed by revolutions, Carlism had reared its ugly head, the Spanish constitution was an unstable thing, there was no sense of public security. Alfonso XII., in many ways a clever and sagacious monarch, encouraged the fine arts. Annual exhibitions were held in Barcelona and Madrid, the State reverted to the old-established custom of supporting certain duly elected students; the example





"THE DIVERSION OF THE CURÉ." BY M. RAMIREZ.

of Fortuny gave a great stimulus to artistic expansion. In the last quarter of a century Spanish art has flourished, though it has not produced anything to recall the works of Velasquez, Murillo, Zurbaran, or Goya. The reason for this lack of masterpieces is sought for by some in the dispersion of the painters and the consequent lack of a purely national art. Paris and Rome have at least as many Spanish artists of repute as Madrid and

Barcelona, and Spanish art tends to become cosmopolitan, rather than to be representative of its country. The work that was distinctively Spanish died with Goya. He saw the last of the strange characters and customs that disappeared with the opening up of Spain following the Napoleonic times. Spain has very little of the old life to show to-day; the bull-ring is the sole remnant of ancient barbarism, and on the promenade the mantilla





"DON QUIXOTE FIGHTS THE VISCAYAN." BY J. M. CARBONERO.

of the *maja* and the distinctive costume of the *majo* have given place to Parisian bonnets and the well-meant efforts of a London or Paris tailor.

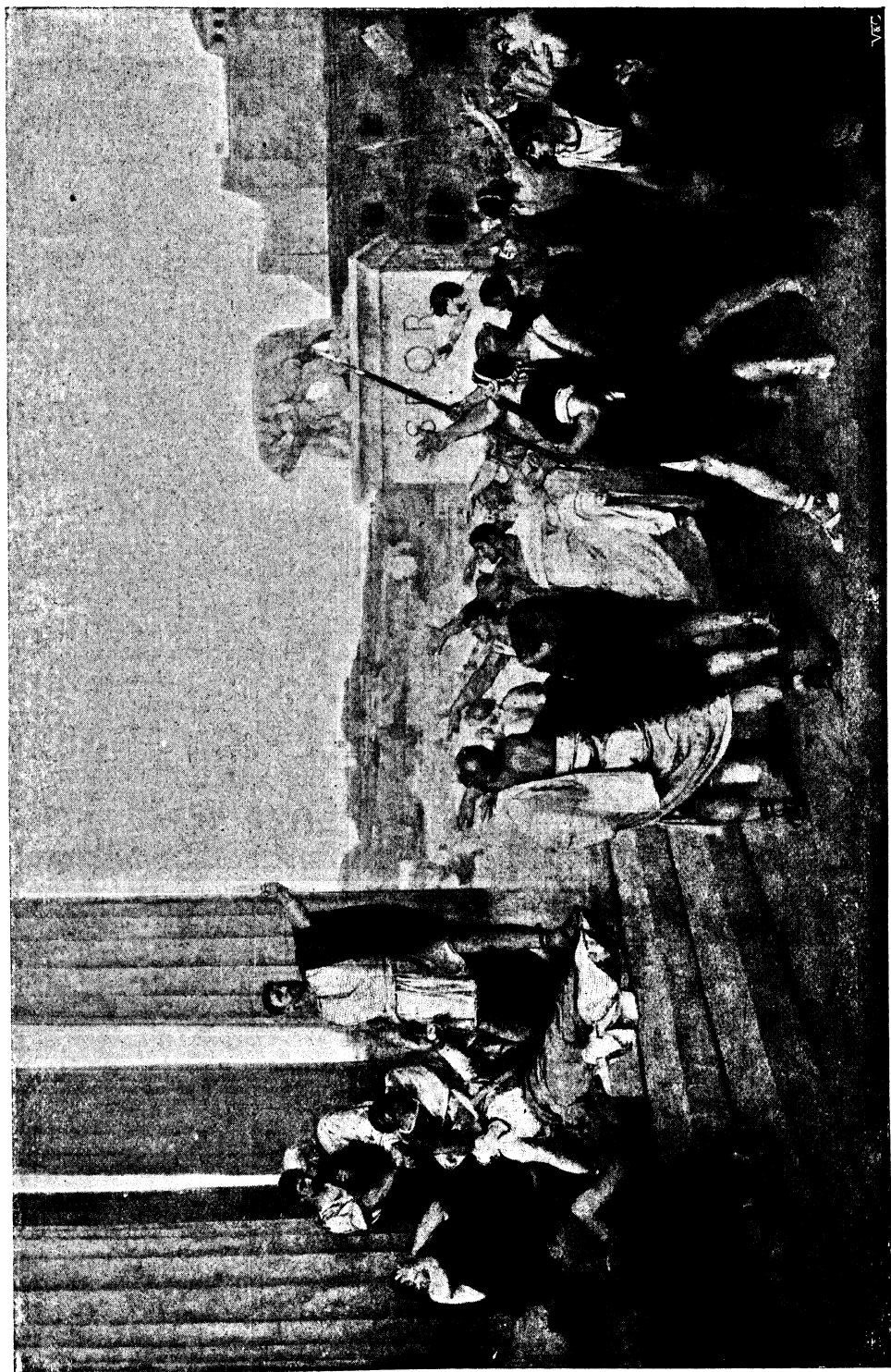
The greatest success of modern times has been achieved by painters who have gone to their national history, or to romances like "Don Quixote," and have given their best



"A GLASS OF WATER." BY J. M. CARBONERO.



"NERO BEFORE THE CORPSE OF HIS MOTHER, AGRIPPINA." BY MONTERO Y CALVO.



"THE ORIGIN OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC." BY C. PLASENCIA.



"ONE MORE VICTORY." BY J. M. DEL RINCON.

efforts to the illustration of some striking incident. When a picture appeals to its audience on literary or historic grounds, the artistic quality is apt to be overlooked; but it must be confessed that the leading representatives of modern Spanish art are clever colourists, skilled draughtsmen, and possess a distinct gift for composition. If Spain lived her old distinctive life, they might illustrate it; but that life has passed. Goya exhausted the bull-ring in his etchings and

lithographs, and if Fortuny and Pradilla have returned to the subject, they can scarcely be said to have done much for it.

Señor Don Francisco Pradilla y Ortiz is one of the most popular representatives of the modern school of Spanish painting. He was born nine years after Mariano Fortuny, at Villanueva de Gallego, near Saragossa. A pupil of the Academy of Saragossa, he became a State student at the Academy of Madrid. In 1878 he painted, or exhibited for the first time, his famous picture, "Juana de la Loca," an historical subject of great interest, which hangs in the Gallery of Modern Art in Madrid and has been exhibited in London. It is reproduced here. Juana was a daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and married Philip, Archduke of Austria, a worthless character, who died when but twenty-seven years old. The Queen had

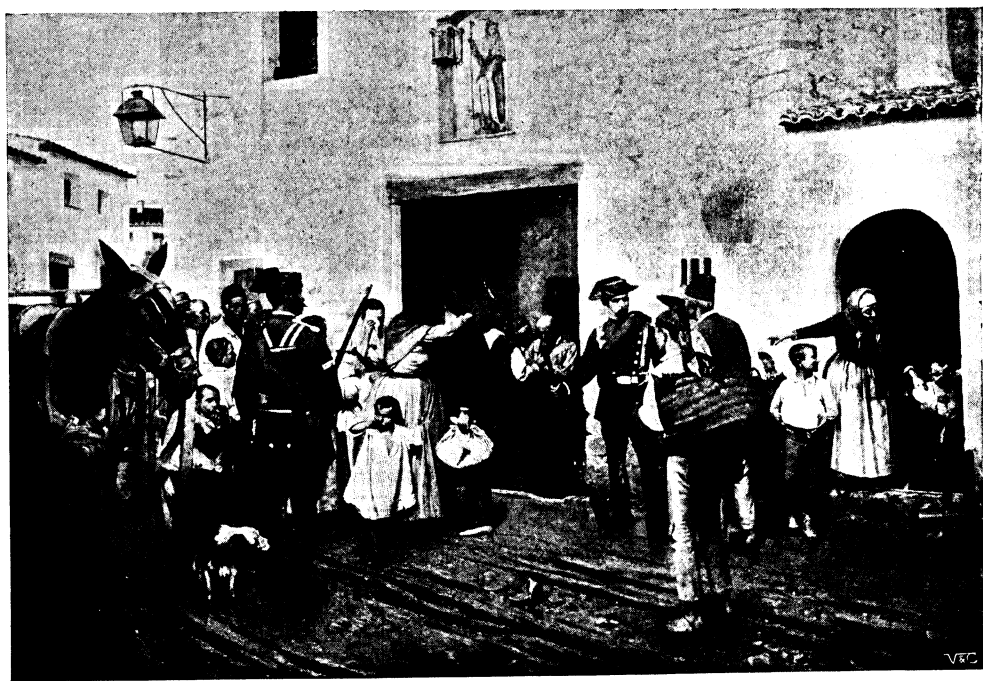
gone mad as a result of her husband's neglect. Three months after his death she determined to have the coffin taken from Burgos to Granada, to be buried in the monastery of Santa Clara, and on the journey the *cortège* rested for the night at what they supposed to be a monastery. It proved to be a nunnery, and the crazy Queen, refusing to allow her dead husband to be taken under such a shelter, sat all night by the coffin's side in the open field. Her jealousy



"LA PIAZZA DE NOYA, GALICIA." BY M. DOMINGUEZ MUNIER.

had survived her reason. This picture created a great sensation in Madrid, and since it was painted Señor Pradilla has produced

several other historical pictures. One, a very large canvas, depicting Boabdil surrendering the keys of Granada to Ferdinand and



"ARREST OF A DESERTER." BY F. LEGUA.





"QUEEN JUANA KEEPING WATCH OVER HER HUSBAND'S COFFIN." BY PRADILLA.



"THE STUDENT PRINCE." BY J. M. CARBONERO.

Isabella, hangs in the Senate House of Madrid. Boabdil's farewell to Granada is another historical subject by the same painter, who lives to-day in the Spanish capital. He is a slightly built man, with short beard, heavy moustache, and piercing eyes, that seem to view the world very critically behind their glasses. He has been decorated in France and Germany, as well as Spain, and is a

Director of the Spanish Academy of Fine Arts in Rome.

One of the living painters of Spain whose work seldom fails in interest, and is remarkable for its appreciation of the humour it portrays, is Señor Don José Morèno y Carbonero. Three of his pictures are reproduced here. He, too, spends a great part of his time in Madrid, and looks to be of





"THE BACCHANTE." BY A. FERRANT.

middle age. He has an extremely thoughtful face and a high forehead, and is altogether an interesting man. Born in Malaga and educated in the studios there, he has been decorated in Germany, Austria, Italy, and elsewhere. His picture "A Glass of Water," is a delightful study of country life, and his pictures illustrating episodes in the career of the world-famed Knight of La Mancha have but to be seen to be appreciated. One reproduced here shows the progress of the never-to-be-forgotten battle between Don Quixote and the Viscayan. There are many others, one showing the valorous knight after his fight with the windmill had worsted him, in the early days of his pilgrimage, another dealing with his encounter with the merchants of Toledo. Yet another shows the knight setting out to redress the world's wrongs before he had met any evil experiences.

The artist's colour and composition are remarkably fine, and his pictures are full of atmosphere and movement. He has painted many historical subjects, of which, perhaps, the best known is "The Conversion of the Duke of Gandia," which has its home in the Gallery of Modern Art in Madrid. Dramatic painting is his *forte*, and I have found myself thinking before his pictures that, had he lived a century ago, he would have preserved many of the most interesting features of the old Spanish life.

Five or six years ago Spain lost Señor Don José Casado del Alisal, who was a contemporary of Fortuny and one of his intimate friends. Señor Casado, of whose work two speci-

mens are reproduced here, was a Valencian, and consequently a good colourist. One of the pictures shown here is the famous "Bell of Huesca," which was purchased by the Spanish Government for the Madrid Museum of Modern Art. It tells a twelfth century story that for sheer horror would be hard to beat. King Ramiro of Aragon had quarrelled with his nobles, and by the advice of one of the abbots, who pretended to be his friend, while secretly engineering a conspiracy against him, resolved to execute them. In pursuance of this plan, Ramiro invited his nobles to a banquet at Huesca, to see a great bell he had made, a bell whose peal, he said, would resound throughout Aragon. Before the banquet certain of the nobles were seized privately and beheaded, and at the conclusion of the feast the King summoned the others to the vault where the heads of their



"EXECUTION OF TORRIJOS AND HIS COMRADES BY ORDER OF FERDINAND VII."  
BY A. GISBERT.

companions lay strewn, while the abbot's head hung down from the roof. The vault may be seen to-day beneath the old Royal Palace of Huesca, and Señor Casado's picture was considered so good that he was decorated with a

great Spanish Order. He had many other decorations, exhibited in London in the early 'sixties, and, like Señor Pradilla, was a Director of the Spanish Academy of Fine Arts in Rome. There is a very ready appreciation



"THE DUEL." BY SAINT-AUBIN.

throughout Spain for works that recall historical events, and if they recall the period of Spain's greatest achievements in world empire, they are the more popular. It may be suggested fairly enough that the great success in Spain of Mariano Fortuny's Moorish work was helped by the ecstasy into which the public was thrown by the rather theatrical achievements of Leopold O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan, and his generals, Prim, Marquis of Castillejos, and Ros de Olano, Marquis of Ouad el Gelu. All three soldiers received their titles from the war with the Moors, and Fortuny, who was on the staff

interest. Perhaps the sense of colour is most strongly developed in Valencia, whose painters are frequently referred to in Spain as the Spanish Venetians. Catalonia, the district of Spain that is the stronghold of Republicanism and seeks constantly to separate itself from the Mother Country, is most directly affected by French art. The sympathy with the Republic finds its way from politics to art, and the ultra-modern schools of France, accepted and appreciated in Republican Catalonia, are despised and neglected in Conservative Madrid. For the best modern landscape painting in Spain one



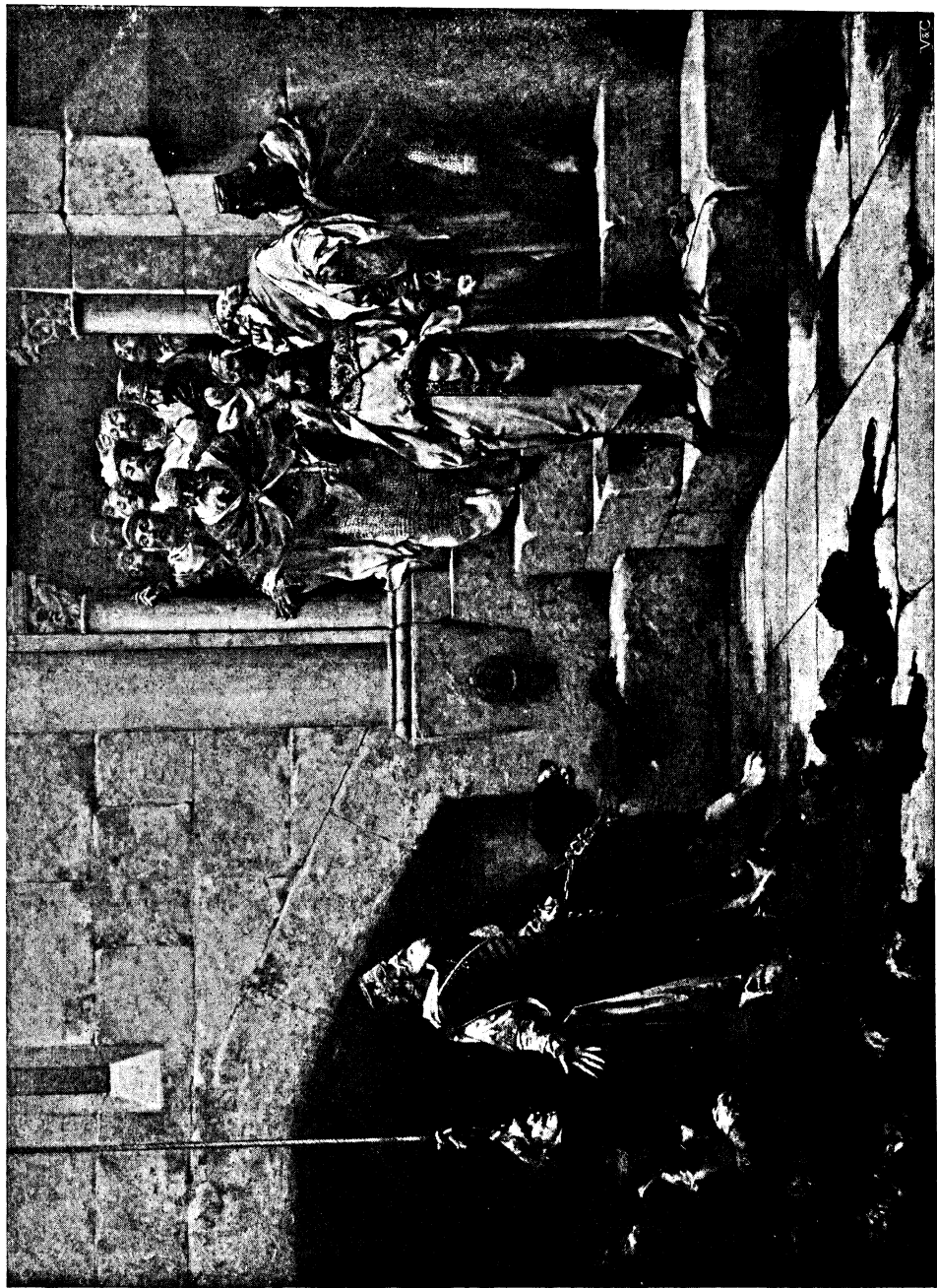
"AN IDYLL." BY MUNOZ LUCENA.

of General Prim, shared in the results of the victories.

The Gallery of Modern Art in Madrid, from which all the pictures reproduced here are taken, is full of examples of the historical paintings, and, almost needless to say, it has secured many of the best specimens of the work done. It does not appear to be the product of any particular school of Spanish art, for the painters come from Catalonia, Valencia, Andalusia, districts that have their own rules of life and schools of thought quite distinct one from another. An analysis of the predominant features of the art in different parts of Spain is not without

must go, I think, to Andalusia, while in the Spanish capital artists endeavour to combine the quality of all the Spanish schools without showing a direct preference for any. They are only inclined to be suspicious about the newer schools of Paris, and will include in the category the schools that their own famous Goya made possible so long ago as the last years of the eighteenth and early years of the nineteenth century. It has been said by their critics that the least inspired imitator of the old masters is more acceptable to the Madrileños than the best of the eccentric *modernistes*.

Returning to the painters whose works are



"THE BELL OF HUESCA." BY J. CASADO.



"THE SARDINE FISHERS." BY ARMESTO.

reproduced in these pages, one notes an interesting picture by Señor Don Luis Alvarez Catalá, a distinguished and respected artist,

who has two canvases in the Gallery of Modern Art, one of which is reproduced here, entitled "Spring." Señor Alvarez



"A NEAPOLITAN WINESHOP," BY R. H. DE CAVIEDES,





"THE DEATH OF LUCAN." BY J. GARNELO.



comes from Oviedo, was educated in Madrid at the same Academy as his friend Señor Pradilla, and to-day he is a Director of the great Museo del Prado, home of so many of the world's most famous pictures. He is a quiet, unassuming gentleman, not unlike Señor Carbonero in appearance, exceedingly well versed in the history of Spanish art, and owner of decorations conferred by France and Germany as well as his own country. One of his pictures, *La Silla del Rey*—"i.e., "The King's Seat," was bought by the German Emperor. The seat, which is on high ground beyond Madrid, was cut out of the rocks by the order of King Philip II., who sat there to watch the erection of the famous palace of the Escorial in the intervals of transacting the business of the State. The picture was lent to the Guildhall Exhibition of Spanish Art last spring by the German Emperor.

Señor Gisbert, who flourished in the days of Alfonso XII., painted a picture, "The Execution of Torrijos and his Comrades," that excited a very great interest at the time of its first exhibition, and is now to be seen in the Gallery of Modern Art at Madrid. It is reproduced here. General Torrijos was a gallant but misguided soldier who endeavoured to free his country from the tyranny of Ferdinand VII., one of the worst of the Spanish Bourbons. He had been baffled in one attempt at the end of 1830, and a year later he was persuaded by his friend, General Morèno, "the Executioner of Malaga," to make another attempt. Morèno had been bribed to betray him by Ferdinand's minister, Calomarde. So soon as Torrijos landed at Malaga he was surrounded and taken prisoner with some fifty companions. Four days later they were all shot by order of Ferdinand VII. The artist has portrayed the execution with considerable strength, and perhaps with fidelity, for he may have known men who were present at the ghastly scene.

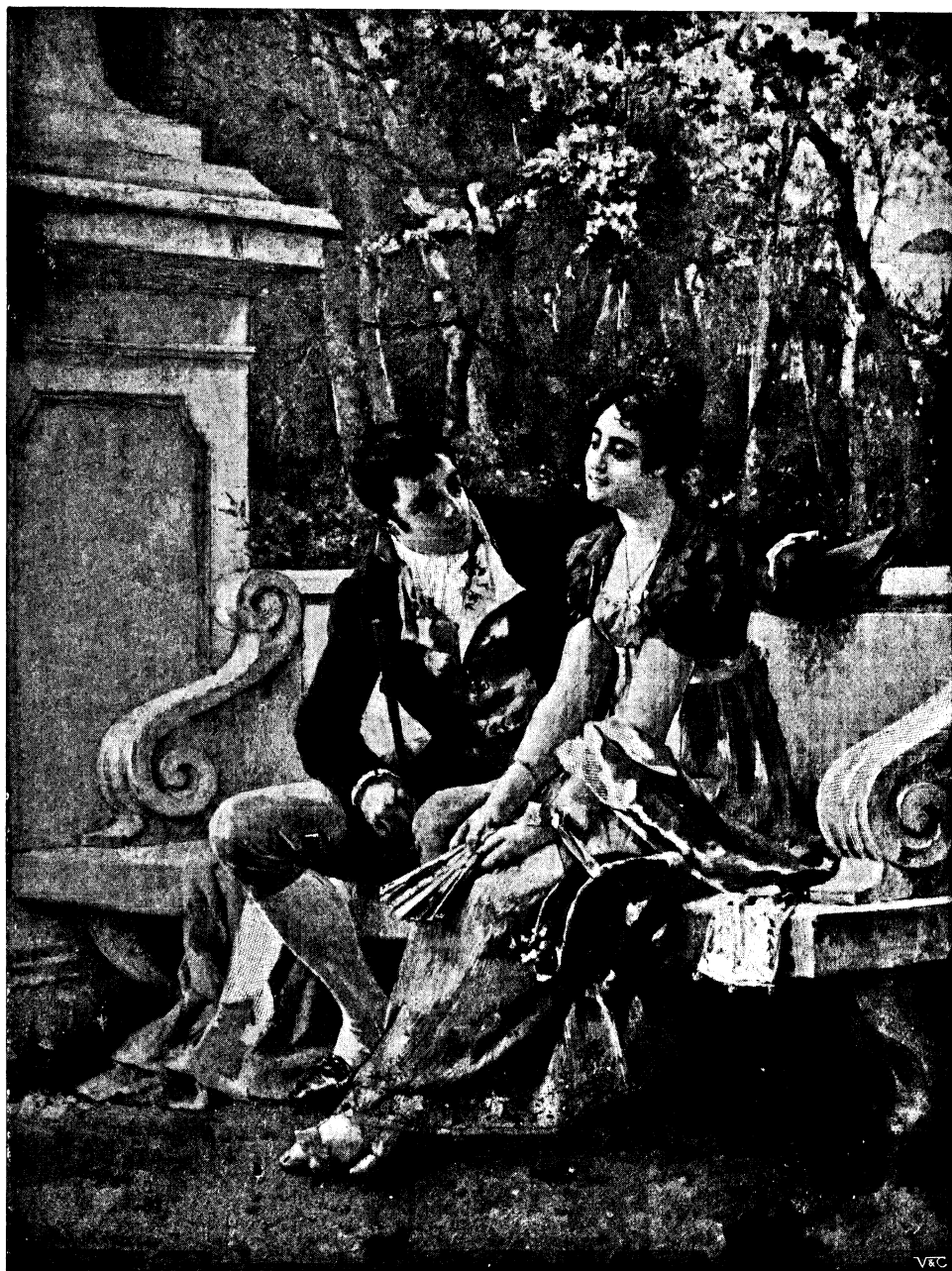
Another striking picture reproduced in these pages is the "Death of Lucan." The painter, Señor Don José Garnelo y Alda, is a Valencian by birth and a Catalan by residence. He was, I believe, a pupil of the State in his early days, when he studied in Madrid. He has received many honours in Spain and has exhibited successfully in Chicago. To-day he is a Professor at the Barcelona Academy of Fine Art, and is a typical Spaniard of the cultured classes, a dark, studious-looking man with full beard.

It is impossible within the limits of a short article to deal at length with the best of the

modern painters of Spain, even with the men whose work is reproduced here. Artists who have done very interesting work must pass unnoticed, and the painters, illustrations of whose work are in these pages do not exhaust the list of leading men. For example, there is the Sevillian painter, Señor Villegas, who is a Director of the Spanish Academy at Rome, where he has taken up his residence; there is the Valencian painter, Señor Sorolla y Bastida, who has been honoured in France, Germany, and America, as well as in Madrid, where he lives and works to-day. Younger than most of the leading artists of his country, great works are expected from him. He is one of the few painters at work in Madrid who have succeeded in being "modern" without giving offence. Antonio Vera and Muñoz Degrain, painters of the well known pictures "Numancia" and "Los Amantes de Ternel," may not be overlooked in any review of modern Spanish art.

It is matter for regret that modern Spanish artists have received little or no honour in England, the country that possesses the finest collection of Velasquez's and Murillo's pictures outside Spain. A very important step in the right direction was taken last year by the Corporation of London, which arranged a successful exhibition of Spanish paintings, old and new, and, in addition to the works of the world-famed Spaniards, included some of the best-known work of Fortuny, Pradilla, Morèno Carbonero, El Greco, Sorolla y Bastida, Alvarez, and many others. The great interest taken in the exhibition makes it possible that modern Spanish art will be seen more often in England in the future than it has been seen in the past. Spain has enjoyed a comparatively long period of peace—or, to be more exact, in view of her late conflict with America, she has enjoyed immunity from invasion for many years—and as prosperity returns to the country there will be more artists and a higher art. Whether another Velasquez, Ribera, or Murillo is to come from Spain is at least doubtful; nor must it be forgotten that these great artists lived in the years when Spain was commencing to fall into decay by reason of her own greatness.

To-day, too, the conditions of life are altered. Spain is emerging slowly from the troubles of the past century, shorn of her possessions, disillusioned, aware that the regeneration of the country must come from within and not from without, and, greatest change of all, the power of the Church, that



"SPRING." BY L. ALVAREZ.

developed art while it stifled national life, is cut down within definite limits. The forces that made for a great art in the seventeenth century are exhausted in the twentieth, and the forces that have replaced them have not yet developed sufficiently to suggest the lines on which future work will be done. Suffice

it, then, that peace reigns and that the arts flourish, that the rising generation reveals considerable gifts, and is seeking to select and absorb what is best in the artistic development of the countries that have enjoyed a comparatively lengthy spell of tranquillity.

# THE WATER SUPPLY OF GREAT CITIES.

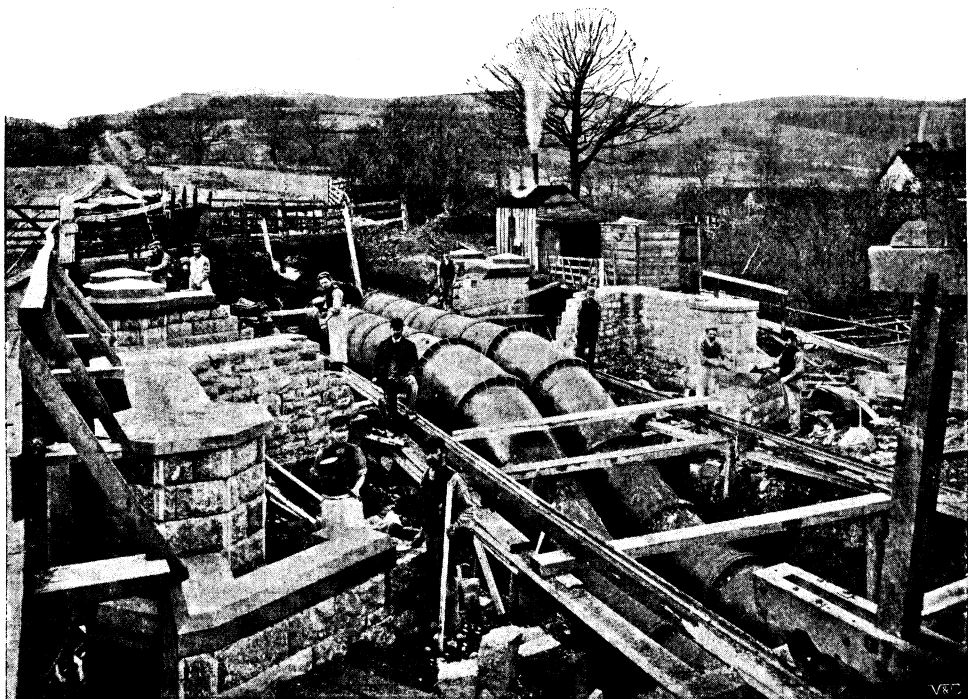
BY HARRY GOLDING.

NOTHING short of a burst pipe or an epidemic will induce the average householder to take more than the most casual interest in his water supply. A more than usually exorbitant charge for the harmless amusement of swinging a garden hose in the summer twilight will perhaps excite his wrath, but for the most part he is content to turn the tap and leave the rest to Providence. Sometimes his faith is justified, sometimes—but that part of the subject is best left alone.

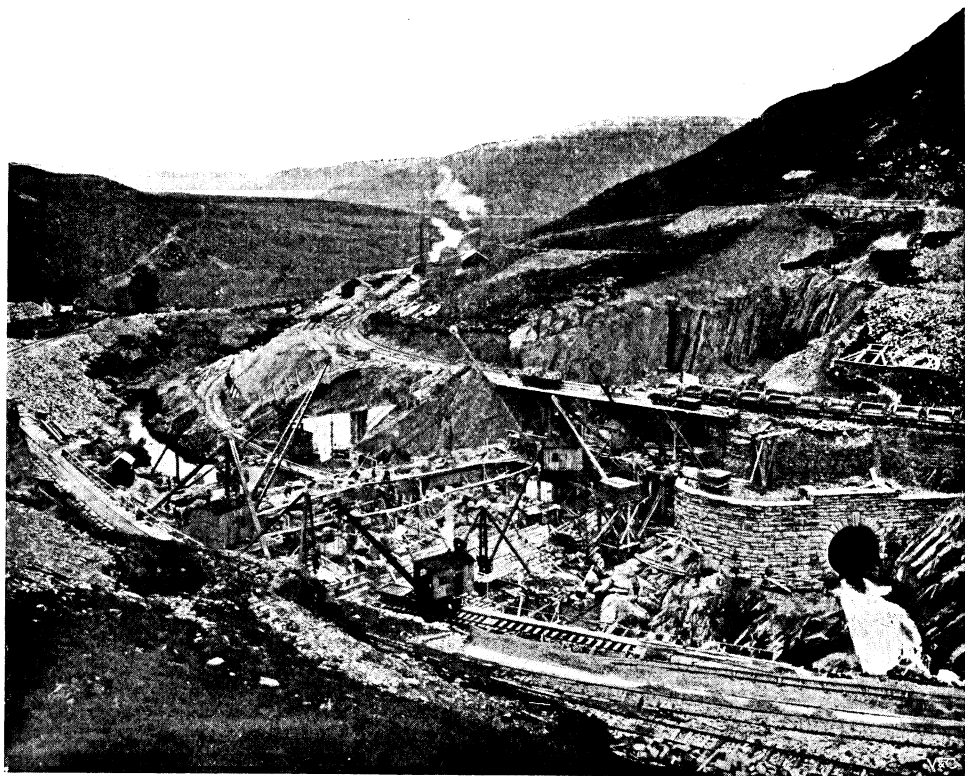
In all seriousness, the water question is of far greater interest than is commonly supposed. How few people, for instance, realise the enormous quantity they daily use! Water experts put the minimum consumption per head per day at 25 gallons. But this is generally greatly exceeded. In London it amounts to 35 gallons per head, and Sir Alexander Binnie is of opinion that it will go up to 40. Think of it—35 gallons—560 breakfast-cupfuls per day! A man could

contrive to drown himself in little more. In London and suburbs alone the daily consumption of water amounts to over 200,000,000 gallons, enough to fill a fair-sized lake, and about equal to the entire daily flow of the Thames over Teddington Weir in dry seasons. In other words, if no more than the 200,000,000 gallons which the Thames Conservancy regard as the “irreducible minimum” were allowed to pass into the tidal portion of the river, and there were no other sources of supply, Londoners would mop up the Thames below Teddington as fast as it flows. Of course, only a small proportion of this water is actually used for drinking purposes. The citizen’s daily bath, and more or less frequent interim ablutions, and ordinary household and business uses account for the rest.

Then think of the soap. Everyone knows how much easier it is to wash in soft than in hard water, but do we all realise that this is a matter not merely of comfort, but of



THE BIRMINGHAM WATER SUPPLY: TAKING SYPHONS ACROSS A STREAM.



THE BIRMINGHAM WATER SUPPLY: BUILDING THE CRAIG COCH DAM.

economy? The hardness of water generally depends on the quantity of salts of lime held in solution. London water contains from 15 to 20 grains of bicarbonate of lime to the gallon. This means that each day's supply holds in solution about 182 tons of soap-destroying materials, or no less than 66,430 tons a year. They calculate in Glasgow that they have saved £40,000 a year in soap since the supply was obtained from Loch Katrine. In Birmingham, when the new supply from Wales is available, they look forward eventually to a saving of £120,000 a year on this head alone, reckoning soap at the moderate price of  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  per lb. Nor is this all. Hard water means the incrustation of kettles and boilers. This is bad enough in ordinary households, but in the large boilers used for commercial purposes the deposit of "scale" is an intolerable nuisance and its removal a costly matter. The incrustation of pipes of comparatively small diameter soon reduces their effective area, and they require renewal long before they are really worn out. Mr. Thomas Barclay estimates that the excess of lime in the Birmingham water obtained locally over that which is to be brought from

Wales causes, in a daily boiler use of 2,000,000 gallons, a difference of no less than 320 tons of incrustation a year.

The same process of calcification goes on to some degree in our own bodies, and an ingenious writer has calculated that the lives of drinkers of hard water are shortened by from ten to twelve years by this means. It is only fair to say, however, that there is a considerable difference of opinion on the point, and many hold that a moderate proportion of lime salts in water is not only an advantage, but an absolute necessity.

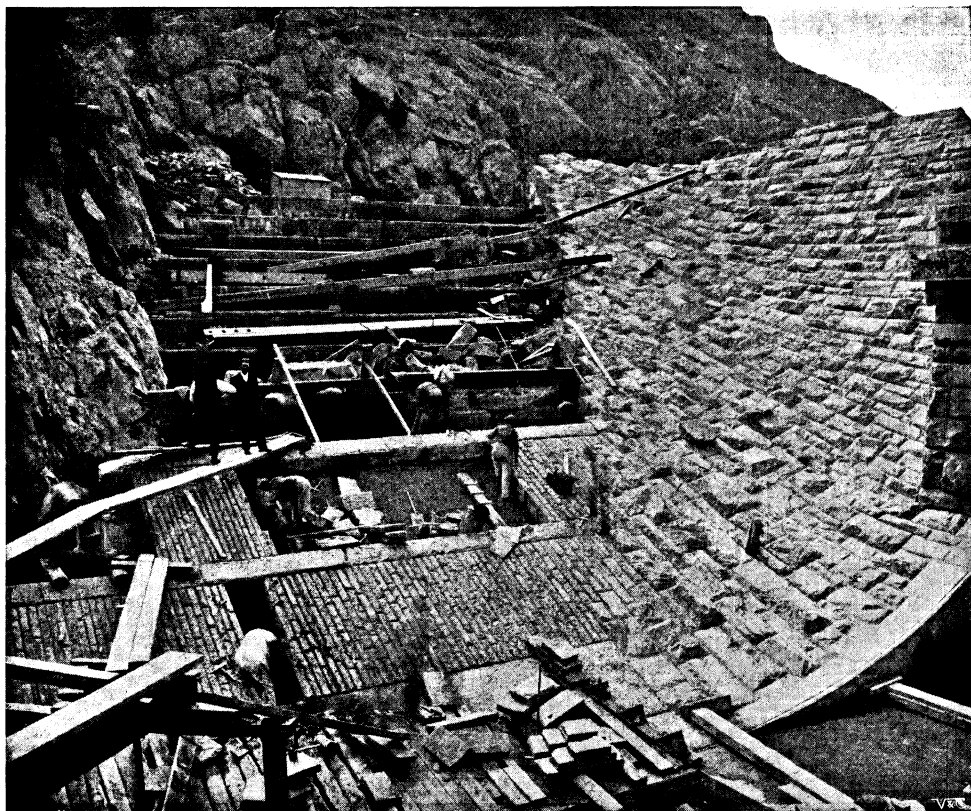
All this, however, is merely by way of introduction, and to show that the subject of water is not necessarily a "dry" one. Indeed, how could it be?

The vitally important question of the future water supply of London is again very much to the fore, owing to the Government proposals to buy out the Companies and constitute a Water Board. Without going into controversial matters, it may be of interest to give a short account of the various proposals and to show what other great cities have done in similar circumstances.

The population of "Water London" is

upwards of six millions, of whom about a million and a half live outside the strictly metropolitan area. The consumption amounts in round figures, as has been said, to 200,000,000 gallons per day. Thanks to the system of intercommunication between the mains of the various Companies now adopted, there is rarely difficulty, at present, in providing this quantity. But London, especially Outer London, is rapidly growing, and there is every probability that in another thirty years no less than twelve million people will

at Teddington Weir below the necessary 200,000,000, and still another 225,000,000 from the Lea and other sources. It is simply, in fact, a question of storage, of taking water in times of plenty and reserving it for times of drought. They are, accordingly, constructing enormous reservoirs at Staines and elsewhere from which an additional 35,000,000 gallons daily may be drawn, or in times of emergency 45,000,000 gallons. The Staines reservoirs will be capable of holding 3,300,000,000 gallons.



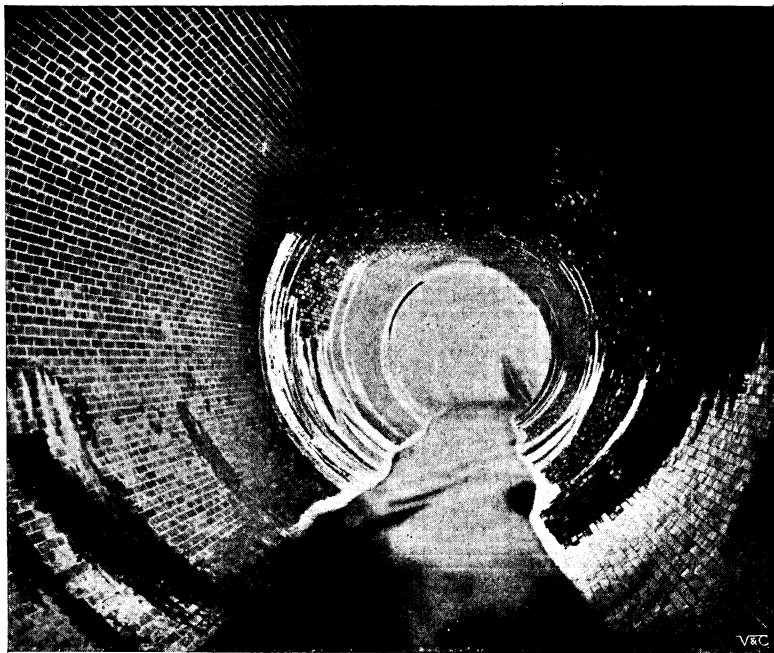
THE BIRMINGHAM WATER SUPPLY: INSIDE THE CABAN DAM.

look for their modest 35 to 40 gallons per day. The Thames is an accommodating river, with an average daily flow of over 1,000,000,000 gallons, but can it be safely expected to yield, during a prolonged drought, more than double its present quantity, and still leave plenty for the penny steamboats and the newly introduced salmon? The Water Companies say "Yes," and that, if necessary, no less than 400,000,000 gallons of water fit for use can be obtained daily from the Thames without reducing the flow

The London County Council, on the other hand, contend that no more than 300,500,000 gallons can be safely drawn from the Thames and Lea valleys, and that though the present supply is sufficient, at least 447,000,000 gallons a day will be required by 1931. Consequently the deficiency must be made up from some other source, and there is no adequate watershed available nearer than Central Wales. They argue, too, that it is extremely unwise to leave London dependent to so large an extent on the Thames, con-

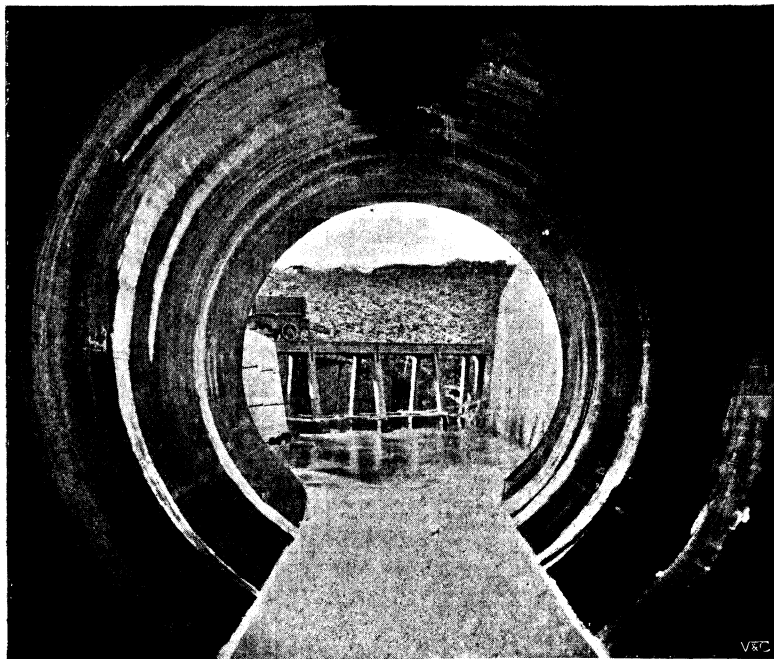
sidering the rapid growth of population in the river valley and the increased risks of pollution. The question is emphatically one for experts. All we can do is to give an outline of Sir Alexander Binnie's scheme.

Briefly, then, the retiring Engineer to the London County Council proposes to bring, by the simple action of gravitation, an additional 200,000,000 gallons a day all the way from Wales to London. This will ensure a total supply of 500,000,000 gallons a day, but if at some distant date even this enormous quantity should prove insufficient, the scheme provides for a second line of aqueduct to bring yet another 200,000,000 gallons.



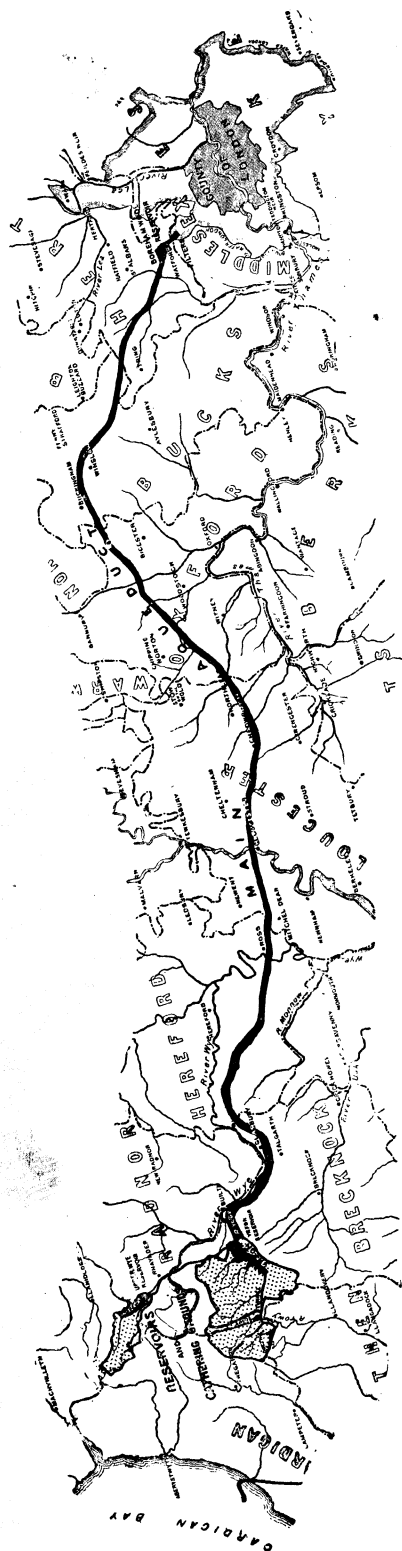
THE BIRMINGHAM WATER SUPPLY: INSIDE THE CRAIG COCH CULVERT.

The maps on pages 362 and 363 show the course of the proposed aqueduct and the three catchment areas. The project involves the formation of a reservoir in each of the three districts. The great Yrfon Reservoir would form a magnificent lake of some 3,000 acres, as nearly as possible the size of Windermere. The total capacity of this lake would be about 39,000,000,000 gallons, the capacity available 35,750,000,000 gallons. The top water level would be 610 feet above the sea. It would be formed by damming up the Yrfon River on the eastward side with a great dam 166 feet in height. The reservoir on the Upper Wye would



THE BIRMINGHAM WATER SUPPLY: MAKING THE GREAT AQUEDUCT.





WATER FROM WALES: HOW THE COUNTY COUNCIL PROPOSE TO SUPPLY LONDON.

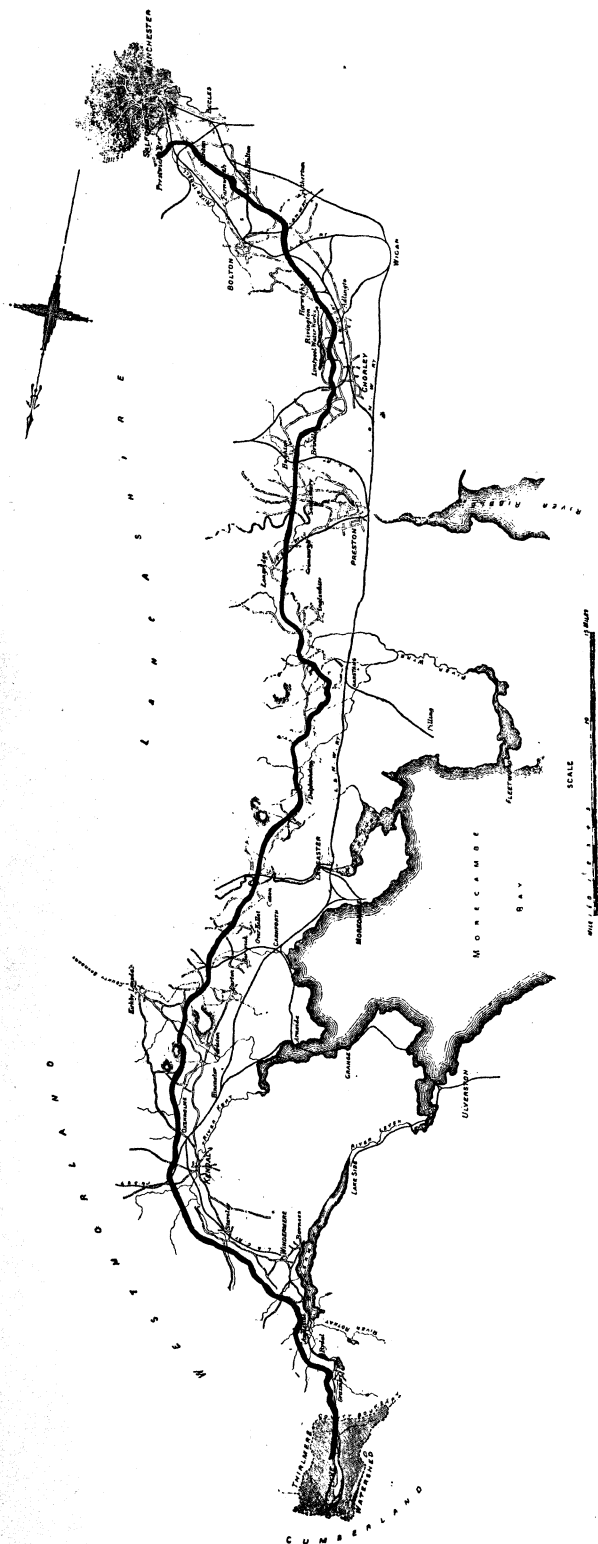
be about 900 acres, and the Towy Reservoir of smaller size. Both would be connected by tunnels with the great Yrffon Reservoir, which they would help to feed. As will be seen, the gigantic conduit would extend from Llangorse Lake, in Radnorshire, right across the counties of Hereford, Gloucester, Oxford, Bucks, and Hertford, to the Elstree Hills, twelve miles north-west of Charing Cross, where it would discharge into an enormous reservoir, 300 feet above sea level, capable of holding 3,200,000,000 gallons, or sixteen days' supply. The aqueduct would be 150 miles in length, and would be formed of masonry and concrete, except at valley crossings, where parallel iron and steel pipes would be used. The masonry portions would be 16 feet in width, and the water would flow to a depth of about 11 feet. Thus the conduit would be practically an underground "Tube," conveying water instead of people. And just as in the construction of electric railways full advantage is taken of inclines to lessen the amount of propulsive force required, so the conduit would have a gentle fall the whole distance in order that the water might run by simple gravitation, pumping, needless to say, being a very expensive performance. The watershed consists of 312,400 acres, or 488 square miles, in the heart of Wales. Over this area, the rainfall is at least twice as heavy as in the Thames Valley, and it is estimated that 415,000,000 gallons a day can be drawn, after making every allowance for dry seasons and evaporation, without depleting the local rivers. The cost is put at £17,500,000, but the London Water Companies contend that this is far too low. Should the second aqueduct (which it is proposed should serve the south of London from a reservoir at Banstead) be required, the cost would be more than doubled. The work would take from ten to fifteen years to complete.

The scheme is a daring and ambitious one, but from an engineering point of view quite feasible and simple. It has been criticised on the ground that in the event of invasion so long a line of aqueduct would be likely to fall into the hands of an enemy, and London would then be at his mercy. There is some force in the objection, as recent experience in South Africa has shown; but, after all, Paris, which in our own time has sustained so severe a siege, is content to derive its water from sources at a distance of from eighty to a hundred miles.

What is proposed for London has actually been accomplished, or is in process of accomplishment, in practically all our great cities. Indeed, at such a pace has the race for watersheds proceeded in recent years that almost every available source of supply is now ear-marked.

Glasgow was the first, nearly fifty years ago,





HOW MANCHESTER GETS ITS WATER: THE AQUEDUCT FROM THIRLMERE, MORE THAN NINETY-FIVE MILES LONG.  
*From Sir J. J. Harwood's "History of the Thirlmere Water Scheme."*

£6,000,000 in waterworks, it derives an annual net profit from them of over £200,000.

Liverpool, instead of co-operating with Manchester, resolved to go to Wales for an independent supply. The consequence was the formation of Lake Vyrnwy, the largest sheet of artificial water in the world, being  $4\frac{3}{4}$  miles long and about half a mile broad, the surface area being no less than 1,120 acres. All who have seen it will agree that it is a distinct addition to the beauties of Wales. Its construction involved the submergence of an entire village, comprising a parish church, two chapels, a schoolhouse, three public-houses, and about forty other houses. The aqueduct is 77 miles long. The average quantity drawn from the lake is about 12,000,000 gallons per day, but the supply can be increased if necessary to 40,000,000. The masonry in the great dam weighs 510,000 tons.

Many other large towns have in recent years carried through similar schemes, but limitations of space render details impossible. Generally speaking, it may be said that the capital invested in municipal waterworks throughout the country already amounts to nearly fifty million pounds, yielding an average annual net profit of nearly two million pounds.

But by far the most interesting scheme is that of Birmingham, commenced in 1893 and now fast approaching completion. Here Londoners may see in actual progress work of a similar character to that proposed for the Metropolis. Reference to the map on page 363 will show that the catchment area of 45,000 odd acres acquired by Birming-



THE BIRMINGHAM WATER SUPPLY : THE NAVY VILLAGE.

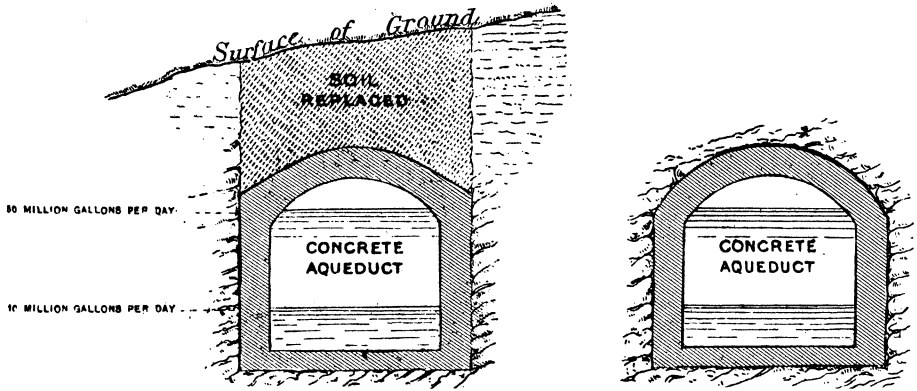
ham is sandwiched in between the districts longingly regarded by the London County Council. The aqueduct in this case will extend a distance of 73 miles, and the water will travel at the rate of two miles an hour. Thus any given portion of the stream will

take a day and a half to complete its journey. Not only Birmingham, but a number of Midland towns on the line of route will be entitled to "draw." By damming the rivers Elan and Claerwen a series of six large reservoirs is being formed, covering 1,500



THE BIRMINGHAM WATER SUPPLY : THE HOSPITAL.

acres and having a storage capacity of 17,360,000,000 gallons. After allowing 29,000,000 gallons daily for what is known as "compensation," it is estimated that there will be 72,000,000 gallons available for supply. The expenditure authorised by Parliament was £6,600,000, but, though the scheme is being carried out in instalments, it is already evident that this amount will be greatly exceeded. To accommodate the army of navvies and others employed on the works, a village

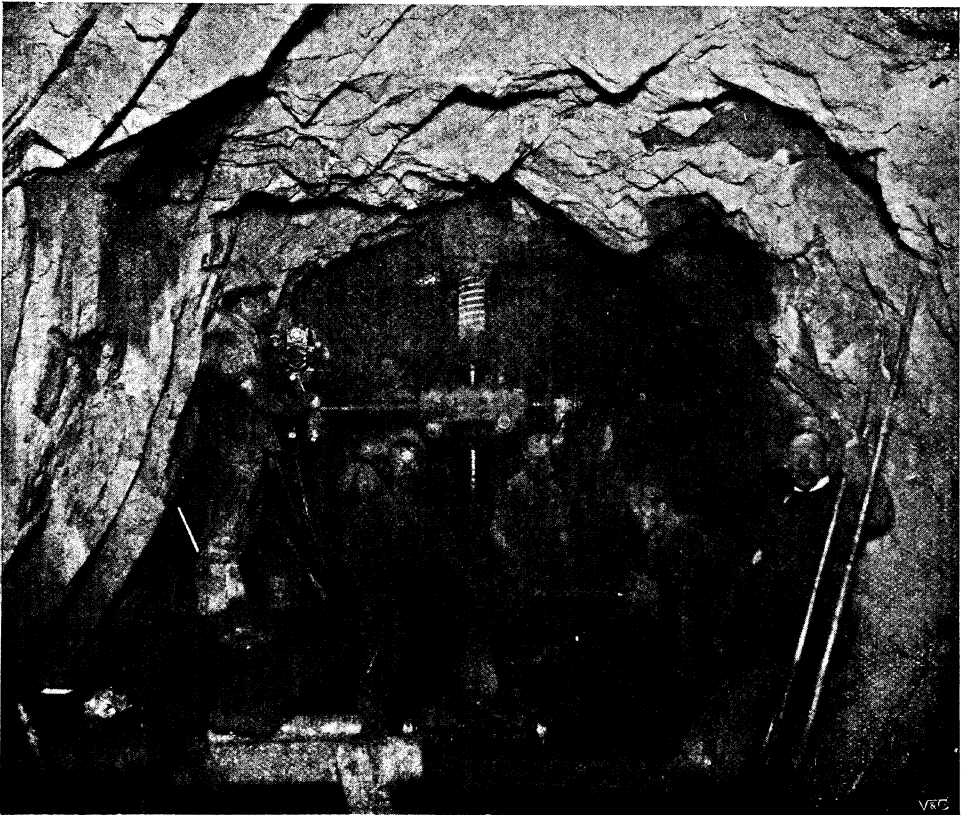
*in Cut and Cover.**in Tunnel.*

DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING THE "CUT AND COVER" METHOD OF CONSTRUCTING UNDERGROUND AQUEDUCTS.

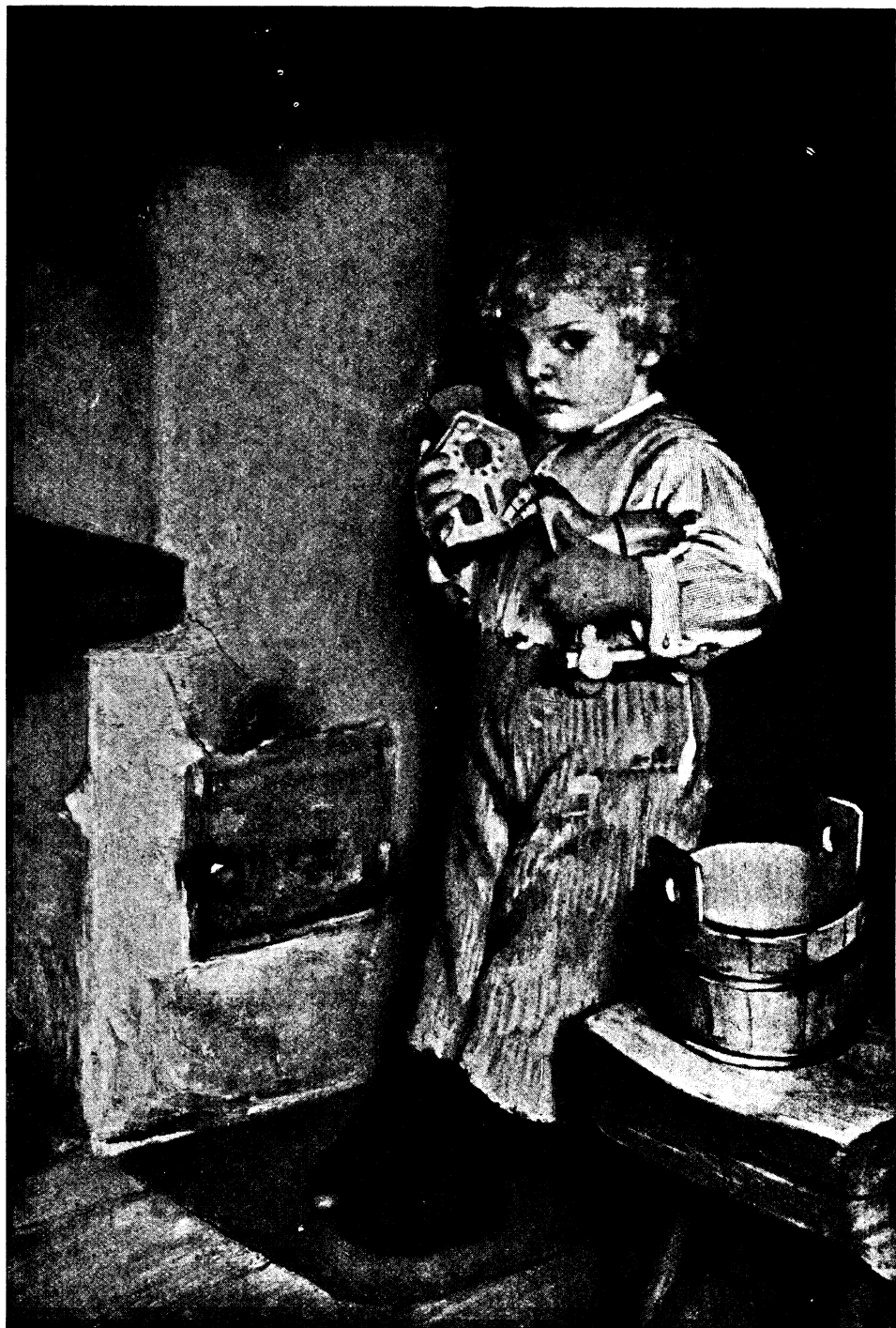
*From Sir J. J. Harwood's "History of the Thirlmere Water Scheme."*

of wooden huts has been constructed on the bank of the Elan, a few miles from Rhayader. There are three classes of huts, a canteen, library, school, and other conveniences. A hospital for the treatment of accidents is, unfortunately, an essential adjunct of all

great public works. For the photographs, by Mr. J. Hudson, of Lewisham, illustrating the village and the methods of work, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. James Mansergh, the eminent engineer under whose direction the scheme is being carried out.



THE BIRMINGHAM WATER SUPPLY: BORING THE AQUEDUCT.



IN THE CORNER.

FROM THE PICTURE BY H. KAULBACH.

*Copyright by the Photographic Union, Munich.*



# THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.\*

SECOND SERIES.

No. III.—COCKPIT COPPER-MINE.



HOPHNI ASQUITH took off his coat and cuffs, put on a long, checked cotton garment which reached to his heels and was locally known as a "brat," walked up to the high desk in front of the office win-

dows, and prepared for work. Then he changed his mind and turned round to his partner. "Well, Tom, what is it? You look ruffled. Business going wrong this morning?"

Mr. T. Thompson hung up his hat and sat down frowning. "Yes."

"How?"

"In this way. I've just discovered we were making money out of animal torture."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You know that fellow Terry?"

"Eli Terry? The steadiest carter we've got. Never known to get drunk till after he's loosed out his horses on Saturdays."

"Well, I sacked Eli Terry ten minutes ago. He was driving that bright bay mare with the Roman nose we bought at Wibsey Fair two months back, and she was badly collar-galled. He was rattling along in one of the light luries."

"And you sacked him for that? It will probably mean trouble with the other men. It will put us in dreadful difficulties at a busy time like this if all our carters turn out, as they are likely to. And all over a bit of a chafe on a horse!"

"Chafe be hanged! It was an open sore half as big as my hand, and an old one at that. The poor brute has been suffering torments for Heaven knows how long—and we've been making dividends out of them."

"We did it in ignorance, anyway."

"That's what makes me so savage with Terry. He was responsible, and he knew it. What's more, he did the thing out of sheer callousness. He knew the mare was collar-galled. He knew quite well that if he had reported it, the animal would have been put aside till she was well, and another given him. But not he. There are only two ways to make a brute like Terry feel, and one is to pound him, and the other is to starve him. If I'd caught him in our own yard here, he'd have had his thrashing sure enough; but I couldn't very well give him that sort of education in the street, and so, as I say, I've sacked him; and if our recommendation goes for anything, I'll take dashed good care he does not get another job in a hurry. As you say, Terry's a talking chap, and there'll probably be trouble with the other carters. But I can't help that. I'm not going to shut my eyes and let horses be tortured merely for the sake of peace and profit."

Hophni pulled irritably at his square red whisker. "I think you are over-scrupulous. And, anyway, you are not consistent. You know, it's only yesterday you were looking on at a cockfight yourself."

"Well," said Tom, "what of that? I was looking on at a man-fight last week, if that helps your argument. My good lad, can't you see that one's sport, and the other's sheer brutality?"

"I'll use your own word, torture. It seems you can see sport in the torture of poultry."

"You hopeless, mirthless, narrow creature! Gamefowl fight because 'tis their nature to. So do men. So do dogs. Look at Clara there, under my desk. She's been out on her own all this morning, and she's had a scrap with some other dog or dogs unknown, and she's supremely happy. Look at her, the disreputable person."

"Clara never likes me," said Hophni, with a sigh, "and I'm afraid there are few people who do. I suppose that's why I can attend to business so thoroughly."

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"More fool you to make such a slave of yourself. Go out more, lad. Entertain more. Hophni, you ought to entertain much more and keep up a better establishment. Now that I live out of Bradford, you ought to be able to ask our business friends in to your house, and give them a clinking good dinner, and keep them for the night."

"Louisa can never keep girls, somehow. We're without now, and there's so much to do with the children that I haven't been home to my tea for ten days. She's got all the work she can do without me, Tom."

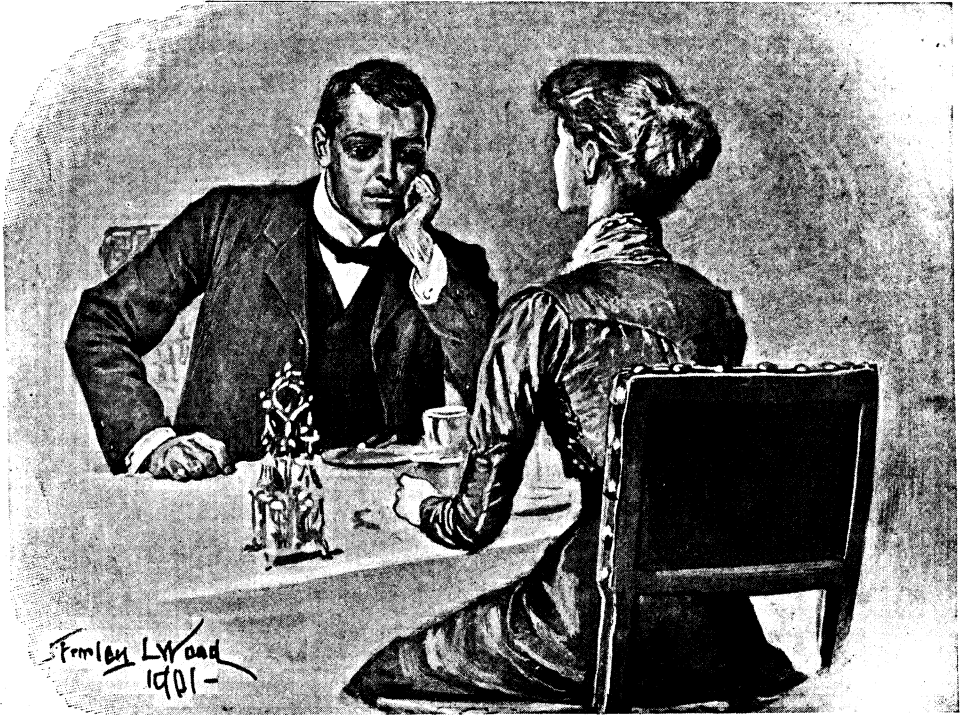
"I'll take you cockfighting next time I hear of a main."

Hophni smiled painfully. "I think I prefer business."

"Never can tell where business tumbles up against you," said Tom, with a chuckle. "Now, by the side of that cockpit you heard of yesterday—it was near Keighley, if you don't happen to know—there was a man who tried to sell me a copper-mine."

"Ah! shouldn't touch it. Once bitten, twice shy, you know."

"The man was a Spaniard."



"Aren't we partners?"

"It looks to me," said Tom grimly, "that not only have I been making money out of the torture of my horse, but out of the torture of my partner as well. Terry was responsible for one, and Louisa seems responsible for the other. Now, I've handled Terry——"

"Thank you, I'll handle Louisa myself, Tom."

"Then I wish to Heaven you'd do it! You look miserable and wretched. Go away somewhere and kick up your heels."

"I don't know how. I haven't had a holiday since I was a lad at night-school."

"Then I'll take you with me. By gosh!

Hophni turned his back to the window and the high desk and looked more interested.

"He didn't know much about cockfighting, and both the birds he backed got beaten, but he was very full up about copper. His name's Eugstera, it seems, and, according to the account he put into my ear, this mine he's got hold of wants a very little development, and then will yield a fortune."

"They all will."

"It's near Estremella."

"Oh!"

"And I'm afraid it occupies the exact site of the Todos Santos mine, though Eugstera offers it under an entirely different name."

"But—but didn't he know who you were?"

"He knew I was T. Thompson, of Bradford, a man who was reputed to have a lot of money, and one who didn't mind talking over a speculation which would make a lot more. But if you'll kindly recollect, we don't hold the Todos Santos in our own names. We couldn't afford to be associated with flutters of that description."

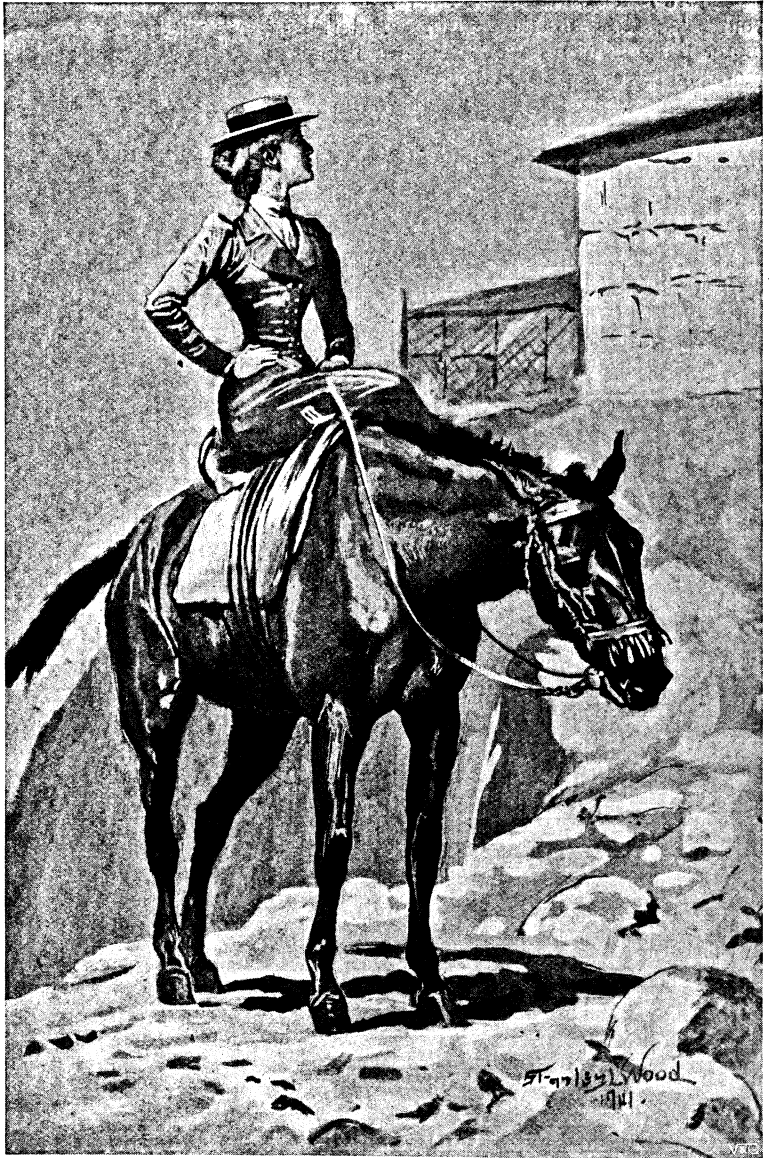
Hophni Asquith winced. "I know it was all my doing that we went in for it. I acted for the best, Tom, at the time. I only believed what was told me."

"I generally test and prove things for myself, lad, and then believe 'em, and that's the difference between us. But I'm not blaming you. The property is ours, and it has a distinct appearance just now of value."

"Still, I don't quite see what the game of this man Eugstera can be. There's nothing wrong with our title-deeds, is there?"

"Not that I know of. But I take it that from what we agreed upon a month ago, we are about tired of putting money into the concern, and that if our manager out there didn't report that he was on to paying ore in another eight weeks' time, we were going to tell him to shut down."

"Yes, and I must say I quite looked forward to writing off as lost all the brass we'd sunk there."



"The mule was very much out of breath."

"Quite so. Nothing like knowing how to cut a loss in time. On general principles, if we'd had a definite bid made for the derelict, we should have snapped at it, however small it might be, on the grounds that any salvage out of the wreck is better than none. As it is, I should say you'd better run down to Spain and look into things yourself. Our mine-manager at Estremella is either a fool or a swindler, and he can be dealt with best on the spot. Let's see, Stone his name is, isn't it?"

The pallid Hophni put out the hand of horror. "Me, Tom? I've never been out of England in my life, and I don't intend trying. Besides—well, Tom, I want to make a gentleman of my eldest lad, and I'm sending him to Harrow this next week, and I think I should be here myself to see him off. You know, Louisa—er——"

"Oh, yes," said Tom with acrid humour, "I know Louisa."

"Well, she's not got the knack of raising herself above what she was, and never will have, though I'd not own that to anyone in the world except you, Tom; and (please) you're not to repeat what I said to your wife. Louisa means well; she's the best-hearted lass in Yorkshire, and she's all the wife I ever wanted and ever shall want; and so, if you don't mind, we'll not discuss her further. But about this Spain. You must go, Tom. You know the language, you understand the people, and travelling suits you. Whilst you're away you'll probably work out some entirely new invention or idea that'll double the business here when you get home again. That's your usual habit."

"I suppose there's no tearing you away, and as I've done my best, lad, I'm not going to complain further. There's nothing like having a drudge of a partner who'll stay at home and work things out. We seem to dovetail in together pretty well, Hophni. I'll wire Eugstera to meet me in Estremella."

It was acting on this agreement, then, that Tom that night sent a telegram to his wife, ran up to London, and next morning caught the Charing Cross boat-train in company with Mrs. Thompson, who left her infant with its grandmother and insisted on accompanying him.

"I'd much rather you hadn't come, dear," said Tom, as they bobbed across the Channel. "It's delicious having you with me, but there's only a long, rattling railway journey to offer you, with an ugly copper-mine at the further end, and probably some very ugly dealings with some very ugly men. But, happy thought! you shall stay at Biarritz, and amuse yourself there till I get the business through and can join you."

"Nothing of the kind. I shall come, too. Mines interest me. Do you think I could marry a man with such troglodytic tastes as yours, Tom, without getting a liking myself for caves, and quarries, and holes in the ground? Besides, if there are going to be ugly dealings, as you say, all the more reason I should come, too, to look after you. I'm a

very capable woman, Mr. Thompson. You've said so yourself."

"You're a dear, Mary, and I wish there weren't so many people on this blessed boat. But, anyway, you may consider yourself kissed."

The *fonda* which gave them hospitality in the little town of Estremella was, to say the least of it, primitive, and not inviting for a prolonged stay. Tom's original plan of campaign was a simple one. Thompson and Asquith were not known as owners of the Todos Santos mine; they ran it through an agent, and even Stone, the mine-manager in Estremella, did not know the names of his real employers. All that was necessary for Tom to do was to hunt up Eugstera and see what he had to offer. Then if this Eugstera mine proved to be of value, and proved to be also the Todos Santos mine, explanations and adjustments could follow afterwards. So, on the morning after his arrival, Tom took a sturdy ash plant and paid a call at the Casa Eugstera.

He was received with elaborate politeness, shown into a large, cool room which was furnished liberally with whitewash and straw-bottomed chairs, and presently, after the interval necessary for the assumption of hair, reception dress, and an extra coat of rice-powder, the Señora Eugstera, a tall, lean old lady of many graces, came in to ask that he would graciously be seated.

Now, Tom at times could be curt and dry, and had the reputation of being able, when that way inclined, to pack into three minutes' talk more solid business than any man alive. But though money-making was his especial industry, he often found it politic not to let this appear on the surface. Moreover, he was a man constitutionally fond of women's society, and one also whom women liked. So, in reply to the old lady's florid civility, he strained his Spanish into its most elaborate sentences, and the pair of them exchanged compliments and beautiful emptinesses to the extent of thirty-five enduring minutes, without in the least touching upon anything so material as the wealth of a copper-vein.

The Señora to all appearances would have found delight in the continuance of this edifying exercise for the remainder of the day, but Tom presently discovered that it was ceasing to amuse him, and began with northern directness to come straight to the point.

"In the lamented absence of your son, whom it was my honour to meet, as I have

told you, in England, perhaps you could give me the information I've come about?"

The lady replied with a lean and powdered smile that any information in her poor possession was entirely at the disposition of the Señor.

"It's copper I'm after," Mr. Thompson suggested; "and if the Señor your son can show a good thick vein which he has to sell, and which will assay well, I'm the man that will buy it from him for cash."

The lady was desolated, but she was so unfortunate as to have no understanding for these matters, and from this polite attitude she refused to budge. If the Señor would only wait for the return of her son, then all the mineral interests of the neighbourhood would be willingly displayed for his pleasure. Her son was a great geologist, college-taught from Madrid. She herself was a poor, simple creature who did not know one rock from another, and it desolated her to be so useless to the Señor.

"You're an artful old bird!" thought Tom to himself, "that's what the matter with you. You've had a wire from your dear son to hold your tongue, and you're doing it artistically. But your face talks. You keep it as expressionless as you're able, and you've plastered it with a good, useful layer of whitening. But it's my trade to read faces and eyes. You knew who I was and what I wanted the moment I came into the room."

They dropped once more into the flrid compliments of leavetaking, and then Tom went out from the cool gloom of the house into the glare of the morning sun. He was wondering very much why his Keighley cockpit acquaintance, Eugstera, had not come down to Estremella to meet him, according to arrangement. "Looks to me," he said to his wife, as they sat in a *café* over *déjeuner*, "it looks to me, Mary, my dear, as if this excellent person had suddenly discovered that he was trying to sell the Todos Santos mine to the owners of the Todos Santos mine, and concluded that the operation was a cut above his financial ability."

"Ye—es; for a guess, that's a likely one."

"Now, I've a strong notion that Master Eugstera has hit off the ore-vein. You know, it does exist somewhere. It was there right enough when we took up the mine, and for two months we dug out copper ore that looked like giving one a fortune. Then it pinched out, and all the money's gone back into the mine, and a lot more to boot in trying to find it again." Tom broke off and laughed. "Now, you see what you have

brought down on yourself, old lady, in coming out here with me on a business trip. I've been talking shop all through luncheon."

"Go on. I like it. Aren't we partners?"

"Oh! if it doesn't bore you. And I must say you are the delightfulest kind of wife, and the best looking, and the cleverest——"

"And the wisest, and all the rest of it. Tom, don't be fulsome. We've been married three years, and you ought to have got over it; and besides, it's quite probable that that waiter with the curled whiskers knows some English, although he makes out he doesn't."

"You see, it's the fault of never being properly engaged. I have to pay my court to you now just to make up for lost opportunity. Don't think it will last for ever. In three hundred years from now there will be nothing to complain about——Oh! all right, then, I'll drop it for the time being, and we'll get back to Eugstera. Now, whether that man's found the vein or not, he's been trying to work off a very 'cute swindle on a firm I much respect, and that's Thompson and Asquith. Under ordinary circumstances I might be disposed to buy out his information; but as things are, I'm not inclined to hand over a *peseta* if it can be avoided."

"But don't you think it would be more profitable to pay and look pleasant? Mr. Eugstera is staying away from here at present, and you have a strong notion why. Presumably, his mother's in touch with him. Presumably, if she were approached, she could write to him, and it's likely he would surrender on terms. Wouldn't it be better business to pay than to fight?"

"Possibly. But I'm not all for profit-taking, Mary. If there were two sixpences, one of which I could pick up, and the other I could earn, I'd rather have the earned sixpence."

"Good boy. Now I'll tell you something. Whilst you were flirting with that old lady this morning, I've been busy. I tried to get a horse to ride, but as no horse was available, I got a mule, a huge, sixteen-hand creature that could climb like a goat, and I rode up to the top of the headland—our headland—under which the mine should be. Well, Tom, if Mr. Eugstera has found your copper outcrop—by the way, outcrop's the word, isn't it?—I know where it is."

"I always did tell myself," said Tom, with deep conviction, "from the very first moment when we met over that trout, that you would make an extremely valuable wife. Now, Mary, don't you honestly think I was quite right in having that fish stuffed and set up

in a handsome glass case? I admire it afresh every time I pass through the hall at Buton. And where is this copper outcrop?"

"All in good time. I'll tell you that presently. But as a cool afternoon's occupation, don't you think you might take me over the mine as it stands?"

"H'm! Don't you think I'd better go

fellow Stone, or the workmen—and I'd feel freer if I was without you."

"That's one very good reason why I should come. If there's a row, I'll stand behind my lord and defend his back. I'm a lusty young woman, and having some attachment for you, I'll see you aren't hurt. You needn't be frightened about me. To begin



"Copper carbonate, sure enough."

alone there? It's probably dirty and certainly wet."

"I'm not sugar, and I shouldn't melt. Furthermore, I'm the proud possessor of a cake of soap, and probably with pressure we should be able to get a basin of water, though I'll admit, if you like, that it won't be come by easily."

"Well, you see, dear, there may be a bit of a row. We know nothing about this

with, no one would try to meddle with me. I'm far too nice, and they're far too polite. And, if you like, I'll put that pistol of yours in my pocket as an extra safeguard."

"What do you know about my pistol?"

"I found out you were bringing one, and that's why I came tearing down here to Spain with you."

"I believe I've remarked before," said Tom, "that the cleverest thing I ever did in



my life was to pick out just one special young woman as the only one then living who'd make an absolutely perfect——"

"Tom, do be quiet. I'm certain that wretched waiter with the curls knows some English. Here, if you've finished lunch, let's go upstairs."

The mine, when during the course of that afternoon they came to visit it, exhibited to the outward air a somewhat squalid earth-work, and some sheds where the maximum of unsightliness had apparently been striven after, and certainly achieved. The mine itself was a network of galleries and shafts driven into the bowels of a headland which stood boldly out from a more or less level coastline. The headland was flat or gently sloped on its crown, and grandly precipitous in its sides. The sheds round the mine's main mouth were huddled clumsily in under looming cliffs, or perched on giddy outriggers above the surf which crunched and boomed three hundred feet below. The tramway which carried the ore down to the river quay wormed round the flank of the cliffs on brackets and in galleries, and presented to the eye some dizzy engineering.

The original goat-track from the crown of the headland, which had once led to the mine, was now discarded, and callers stumbled up over the ties of the tram-line. Thus the Thompsons came; and Stone, the mine manager, a small and precise Cornishman, received them in a draughty little office with visible stiffness. "Sir," he said formally, when Tom had introduced himself, "if I'd known you'd been coming, things would have been prepared for you. I wasn't even aware you were one of the owners. You'll excuse me if I say I don't think I've been treated very courteously. I suppose this is a surprise visit, and I'm sure you're welcome to see as much or as little as there is. But if it wasn't for your lady here, I could offer you some language."

"Then, if that's the case," said Tom, who liked the little man's appearance, "I'm glad Mrs. Thompson is with me, because if language starts, I can throw out a pretty healthy mouthful myself; and then I suppose there would be makings of a difference between us. You must take my word for it, Mr. Stone, that no discourtesy was intended when the actual ownership of this mine was kept hidden under an agent's name. You see, Mr. Asquith and I are in the wool business, and credit is part of our livelihood; and if we were known to be plunging in a copper-mine which didn't happen to be

exactly—er—a Rio Tinto, our credit, don't you see, would be damaged. If one is successful in these things, it is all right; people admire one's cleverness and call it a fine speculation. But if a man in another business gets hit over an outside flutter of this kind, people point an ugly finger at him and say, 'There goes a dangerous gambler.'"

"Well, sir," said Stone stiffly, "if that's the case, I think you've been wise in preserving your anonymity. The copper's pinched out, as you know, and I can hold out no prospects of refinding it. We've worked hard this last eight months; if you look over the cliff there, you'll see we've filled up no inconsiderable part of the Bay of Biscay with our dump; but we haven't struck enough copper in all that time to form the alloy of a new half-sovereign. And it's beginning to be my opinion that you might dig down to—well, saving the lady's presence—to a place where copper would melt, and still not hit the vein again."

"Mr. Eugstera seemed to have another view of the matter."

Stone flushed to a fine claret colour and bristled ominously. "Well, if that skunk's your adviser, Mr. Thompson, I'll just resign here where I am, and you can have my next month's wages and put them in your own pocket. If it wasn't for your lady here, I could give you my opinion of yourself and Mr. Blooming Eugstera, packed small."

Tom chuckled. "I can understand your feelings to a nicety. But still, what's wrong with Eugstera?"

"What's wrong? Everything. That man's been head general nuisance to me ever since I've been in Estremella. He's been everlastingly messing round. He's tried to queer the mine from the very start. He's tried to bribe me, and when I laid him out with a pick shaft, he tried to knife me. Then he set his friends on to do the same. And afterwards, when I got a bit sick of that, and swore an information before the *alcade* and got him so jolly well fined that he had to sell his stud of fighting cocks to keep out of gaol, his old hag of a mother started in to try her hand. From first to last that Eugstera crew's been trying to pull out my tail feathers ever since I've been in the place."

"But what on earth could the Señora do?"

"Do? Why, she worked the *padre*. She got at the beggar either by piety or sub-



"Come on. Shall I give you a hand?"

scriptions, and persuaded him that I was a heretic, and it was his duty to look after the souls of my workmen. I'd been jibbing at more than five saints' days a week, you understand, which is their lazy custom here. And so there was I, landed in for a strike, and your blessed lawyer-chap in Bradford writing vinegar regularly once a week about an unproductive mine. Well, Mr. Thompson, there was nothing for it but to square the *padre*, and I don't know whether you or your partner are that way of thinking, but

level and see the nothing that you own there?"

"Yes," said Tom, "I'll just take a turn through, for old acquaintance sake, and see the face you're working on."

"Old acquaintance?" puzzled Stone.

"I was a miner myself once. Coal miner."

"You a miner!" grumbled Stone. "And now you're a millionaire, or getting on that way! Well, there might be a chance for me yet, if only I'd the sense to quit this fools' trade." After which ambiguous re-

you'll probably be annoyed to learn that you've paid for a bran new set of ornaments, or whatever it was, for the local chapel here before the old blighter would take off the taboo. It was about the worst kind of gall for me, anyway, as I'm a strict Congregationalist myself, and always was."

The workmen in their rope-soled sandals had been plodding silently out of the tunnel into the sunshine, and lit up the homely buildings with blurs of generous colour.

Stone displayed them with a contemptuous thumb. "There they are, you see, knocking off already. If they can earn enough to keep off starvation on a half-day's work, that's conclusive argument to them why they shouldn't do more. My land! If only I was King of Spain, wouldn't I buck up this country! Now, sir, do you and your lady wish to go into the

mark he picked up a flare-lamp and led the way into the galleries.

The mining expert has for the amateur whom he takes over his burrows two entirely different manners. He can either be contemptuously tolerant or offensively technical. But when deep meets deep, the mingling of ideas becomes more simple. Stone pointed out the line of the great vault where the copper vein was sheared off.

"Ah! a 'throw' we call it in Yorkshire," said Tom. "I see you've followed it both ways, up and down. Strata much foliated?"

"That's not the word for it. They were just tied in knots, and ground small, and put down wrong way up. You shall see for yourself. But can your lady tackle this ladder?"

Mrs. Thompson said that she had not the advantage of being born into the mining profession, but that she had every intention of making up for that deficiency. She laid herself out to captivate this abrupt Mr. Stone, and did it most effectively; and when afterwards they came to compare the workings with the plans in the office, she showed a practical grip of the necessities of copper-mining that astonished even her husband.

"Well," said Stone at last, "you've seen for yourself how the mine promises, and I suppose you came here thinking I was either a fool or a swindler. Perhaps I was a swindler in drawing your pay so long, but I've had hopes. We mining engineers mostly do have hopes. But the end of my stock's arrived, and my advice to you is, sack me and close down to-morrow."

"And sell the mine for what it will fetch?" asked Tom.

"If you can get any flat to give you as much as five *pesetas* for your rights."

"There's been a sort of offer. At least, I judged that under certain circumstances Mr. Eugstera would make an offer."

"That hound? That sneaking thief? Mrs. Thompson, believe me, I'm not going to swear in your presence, but I'm thinking several things very rapidly just now."



"Here, mister, stand by and let me pick that lock."

"I'd better tell you what brought us out here," said Tom. "I like to see a cockfight occasionally."

"I'm with you there, sir. I love to look on at a good main. It's the one attraction this beastly country offers. But the exasperating part of it is, they're always fought on

Sundays, and of course, as a strict Congregationalist, I can't go."

"They're rather that way at Keighley, where this fight was. And, of course, on market days they're busy; but there's Saturday afternoon, you know. Anyhow, that's where I met Eugstera, and he wanted to sell me a copper-mine on this very headland."

"But the Todos Santos owns all the mining rights."

"Precisely, and I naturally presumed he intended to buy them out. I wasn't known as a proprietor of Todos Santos, and I didn't claim knowledge of it."

"You wouldn't."

"I wanted to hear all he'd got to say. He was quite open about his find, and talked like a man who knew. He made out that the copper-vein was four feet thick, and suggested we should send an engineer, to inspect, always supposing he and I could agree to some conditions of secrecy."

Stone wrinkled his forehead. "My land! but this looks like business. The hound may be the worst judge of a gamecock in the North of Spain, but when it comes to talking about copper, he's on the ground floor. You're sure he meant our headland, and not somewhere else along the coast?"

"He described this ground unmistakably. Somehow or other I've got the idea he must have been clambering round the cliffs and found another outcrop. Or perhaps he used a boat and made it out with a glass from below."

"Then, sir, without disrespect, and meaning no offence to your lady here, you're bang wrong! I've been over every square foot of these cliffs myself, from skyline to water's edge. I climbed where I could, and where the rock was sheer I was lowered in a cradle by a wire rope. There wasn't so much as the colour of copper anywhere, and though I thought one or two spots looked promising, and put on some men to make short drives, we never came on enough to make a shirt-stud head out of. It's my belief there's no copper at all on the property."

"But—how about his offer that my engineer should inspect?"

"It isn't always necessary that there should be copper for one to sell a copper-mine. For an outside guess, he intended to nobble your engineer and bribe him with a share of the plunder. He's quite equal to it. The animal tried to bribe me, as I've told you. And if you want a further clincher, here's one: he arranges to come down here, but when he finds that you are coming in

person, he doesn't turn up. How's that, umpire?"

"It nearly goes down, but not quite. It doesn't all fit together with quite enough exactness. And besides"—Tom laughed—"Mrs. Thompson is convinced she knows where this copper outcrops."

"My land! what's this?"

"Go on, Mary, tell us your idea. Mr. Stone, as you hear, says there's no copper, and though I don't quite agree with that, still, what amounts to the same thing, I don't know where it is. So you are our last remaining hope."

"Well, gentlemen," she said, "you know, I went out for a ride on that great raking mule this morning to see the country. Mules are not easy-gaited, and so I did not want to ride far. But mules are supposed to climb, so I thought I'd go to the top of the headland up there, where I could see the country all laid out before me."

"But madam, what's this got to do with copper?"

"I'll confess to you freely I'd no thought of copper when I started off up there, and even when I did get on that last ledge before you come to the top, still copper did not occur to me. I saw a small, flimsy building and a wired enclosure."

"Ah! that's Eugstera's hen-run. The idiot, as I believe I've told you, breeds game-fowl, and he's got a theory that their wind will be better for fighting if they are kept on high ground where the air is thinner. He's always arguing about it, but in practice his birds can neither spar nor last. Not that I've ever been to the cockpit, Sundays, but my men have told me about it on the week-days afterwards."

"Well, you see, Mr. Stone, I had not heard Mr. Eugstera's explanation, which is no doubt very ingenious, and when I sat there on the ledge, with the mule panting and blowing beneath me, I was wondering to myself what possible object a man could have in keeping game-chickens in such an inaccessible position. It was close to the edge of the cliffs, and quite unsheltered, and such a draught of wind came up from below that I had to bend down in my saddle to meet it. Now, I know a little about raising chickens. They're like babies. They don't flourish in draughts."

"The mule was very much out of breath, and so I had plenty of time to look about me, and I did it curiously. Considering the small number of game-fowl and chickens in the enclosure, the house belonging to it

seemed large and solid. It must have taken enormous labour to have brought all that stone up from halfway down the headland, and that was the nearest quarry I had seen. The house was quite new, too, and the door fitted like the door of a gaol.

"There was another thing also I noticed. Between the door of the hen-house and the edge of the cliff a regular path was worn; and the edge of the cliff, which overhangs the sea just there, was dented, as if people had constantly been throwing large quantities of stuff over it. The path seemed deeper than people would make with merely throwing over the litter from the hens. Now, I didn't see inside the house, and of course there may be no hole in the floor leading down to Mr. Eugstera's copper find——"

"But I'll bet there is," said Tom. "Mary, you're a genius."

"Madam," said Stone, "you've got what's wanted in mining, and that's brains. I take a back seat."

Mary blushed and bowed, and untied a knot in her handkerchief. "I think this blue stuff's copper, isn't it?"

"Copper carbonate, sure enough."

"Of course, they are only very tiny pieces; but when I got the idea of the shaft being inside that hen-house, I looked very carefully on the ground outside and found these, well trodden into the turf."

Stone jumped to his feet. "Look here, sir and madam, can you climb a goat-path up these cliffs on to the top?"

"Give us a lead at your best pace, and I guarantee Mrs. Thompson will keep close at your heels. She's a very excellent climber. In fact—in your ear—one of the reasons I married her was because I knew she would teach me to climb."

Mr. Stone took this quite seriously, saying that activity was a great blessing to anybody and saved lots of medicine, and away they went up a goat-track amongst the frowning cliffs that frequently required hands as well as feet to secure a passage. The sun beat upon them from above; the roar of the sea from below filled the ear; sea-fowl screamed at them as they made their way up the crags.

"Phew!" said Tom, "this is hot work!"

"Do you all the good in the world," said Mary. "You're getting fat. Come on. Shall I give you a hand?"

In half an hour they arrived over the brink, pink-cheeked and panting, and there was the solid hen-house just before them. Under the glare of sunshine, Tom took the

door-handle and rattled it. The door stood firm as the wall.

"Expected that," said the little Cornishman, "so I brought along a pick. Here mister, stand by and let me pick that lock."

The door crashed open and they peered in curiously. As Mary suspected, the fowls had to be contented with a very small portion of the dwelling, which was boarded off as their residence. The rest of the floor gaped into a hole which led down into blackness.

The expert made a quick diagnosis. "There's been a fissure here, turf-covered. Eugstera, the lucky dog, stumbled on it, cleared away enough to get his shoulders through, and either laddered it or roped it, and slipped down to prospect." He struck a match and squinted downwards with shaded eyes. "My land! yes; here are ladders and a sheaf of candles. We'll have a look."

He lit a dip, stuck it through the band of his hat, and nimbly climbed down out of sight. "Fissure all the way!—still fissure!—fissure!" came his reports, and the voice grew fainter with every call, and at last became inaudible. Far, far below them, Tom and Mary could see the tiny crumb of light hung in the solid blackness, but all sounds had gone save for those of their own breathing and the scratching of the game-fowl beyond the partition. They waited there hand in hand.

Then the light grew again, and presently Stone was standing beside them once more and giving a pithy report. "Fissure all the way, though he's had to cut out stone in places to make a passage. The vein's there all right, and it's rich enough for a Cræsus. I believe this mine will turn out another Rio Tinto. The maddening thing is, that in one of my experimental drives we must have come within a few feet of it. I know the height we are up now above sea level; I measured the distance down to the vein roughly by counting the steps I took coming up; and I believe that from our own workings we can tap that copper within a few days, and certainly within a week. First and last it seems to me the credit of finding it all belongs to madam, and what I'm hoping now is that she'll use her influence with you, Mr. Thompson, to keep me on here as manager."

"Most certainly," said Mary. "It was only ignorance that helped me. If I'd known Estremella and Señor Eugstera as well as you do, Mr. Stone, I'm quite convinced I should never have stumbled upon the idea at all. It's far easier to see through

a conjuring trick if you happen to be deaf and can't hear the patter of the conjurer. But do you know, I'm a little sorry for Mr. Eugstera."

"In the name of fortune, why, my dear?" asked her husband.

"Because he seems to have had all his trouble for nothing."

"But—well, supposing you kept a bank, and an enterprising burglar, after spending months over the job, nearly got in, but didn't quite, should you pity the burglar?"

"Well, if you put it like that——"

"I could put it a lot stronger," said Stone. "If you'd lived in Estremella, and had that man Eugstera and his old whitewash-post of

a mother persecuting you all the time, I believe, madam, you could swear on the subject yourself."

"There's one thing I don't mind betting," said Tom, with a chuckle, "and that is, that this mine gets known as the Cockpit Coppermine from now on, and it will amuse me to see Hophni's face when he pockets his dividends from it."

"Why, do you think he will refuse them?" asked his wife.

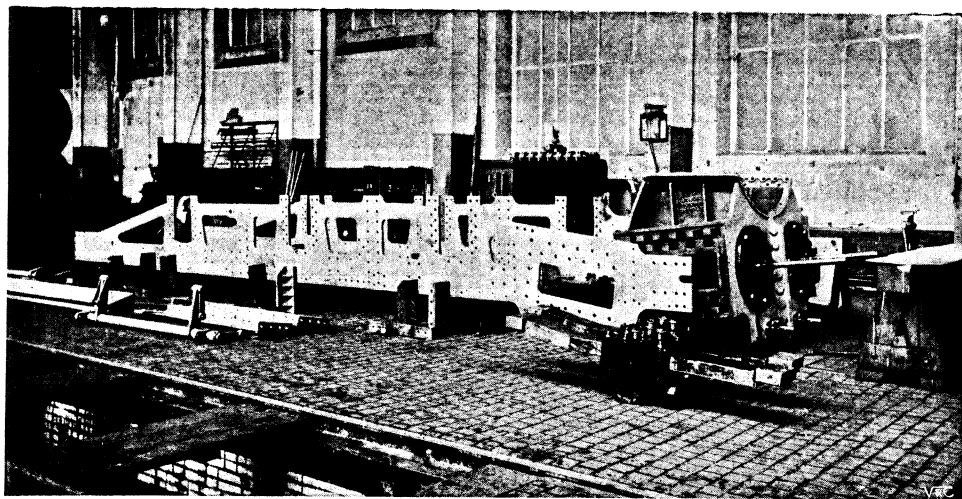
"Oh, no! he'll not refuse the cash. But he'll sigh. When you know Hophni Asquith a little better, Mary, you'll be able to picture to yourself that sigh as well as I can."



A DUET.

*From a drawing by Hal Hurst.*





I.—THE LOWER FRAMEWORK IN POSITION AT THE END OF THE FIRST HOUR.

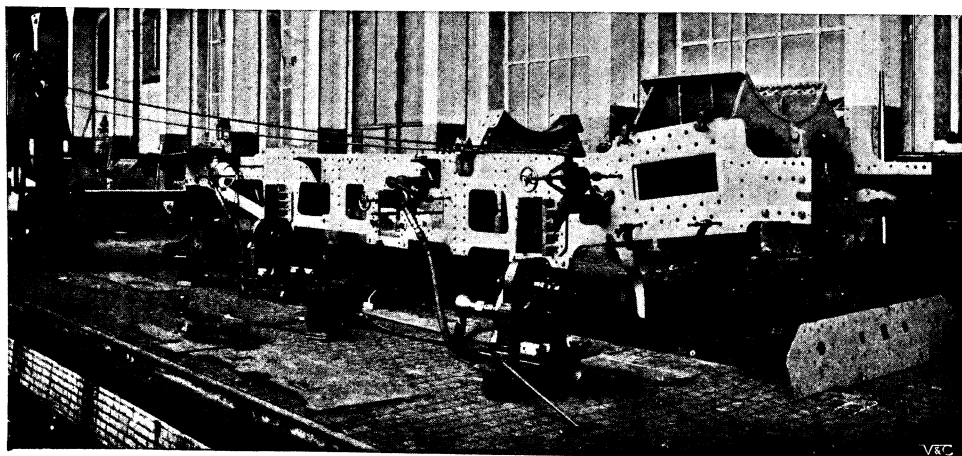
## A FEAT IN RAPID ENGINE-BUILDING.

BY H. C. FYFE.

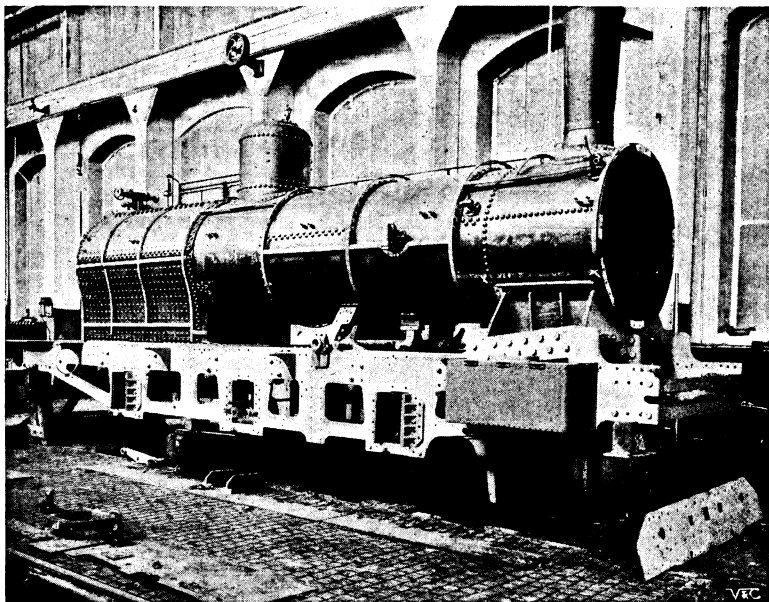
THERE are occasionally to be read in the newspapers accounts of engineering feats being executed in wonderfully short periods of time, and their perusal never fails to excite admiration for the ingenuity and resource of the modern up-to-date engineer. As a rule, it is usually in replacing an old bridge by a new one that such celerity is displayed, and in the annals of several of our railway companies one may read of rapid bridge-replacing feats; but our concern, for the moment, is with the

putting together of locomotives in the shortest possible space of time, and I venture to think that the photographs which illustrate this article will be found of great interest as illustrations of the various stages in the rapid mounting of a French locomotive.

The feat dealt with here differs in a great measure from all those of the kind previously executed. The London and North-Western Railway Company, the Great Eastern Railway Company, and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company have all indulged in the game of



II.—AT THE COMPLETION OF THE ELEVENTH HOUR.



III.—TWENTY-TWO HOURS OLD.

rapid engine-building; but in all these cases a large number of men were employed in the work—many more, in fact, than would be put to construct a locomotive in the ordinary course of events.

The Great Eastern Railway beat the world's record by putting an engine and tender together in nine hours and forty-seven minutes. The number of men employed in constructing the locomotive was eighty-five, including thirty-nine fitters, assisted by three boys, two smiths, and forty-four boilermakers, riveters, etc. With so many hands at work, it was not surprising that such a record should have been made.

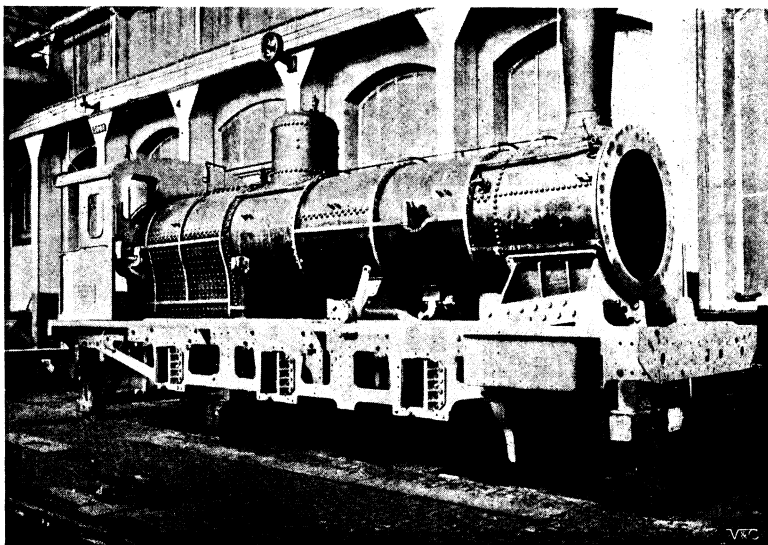
The locomotive figuring in these pages was mounted by an ordinary gang of workmen, whose daily labour lasted ten hours, and on the seventh day the engine was put on its trial trip. In its way, then, this

engineering feat is quite as wonderful as the case of the Great Eastern Railway mentioned above, and, so far as we are aware, stands alone in the annals of the railway, for no other company has undertaken the rapid mounting of locomotives without calling in the assistance of a number of extra men besides those ordinarily employed in the shop.

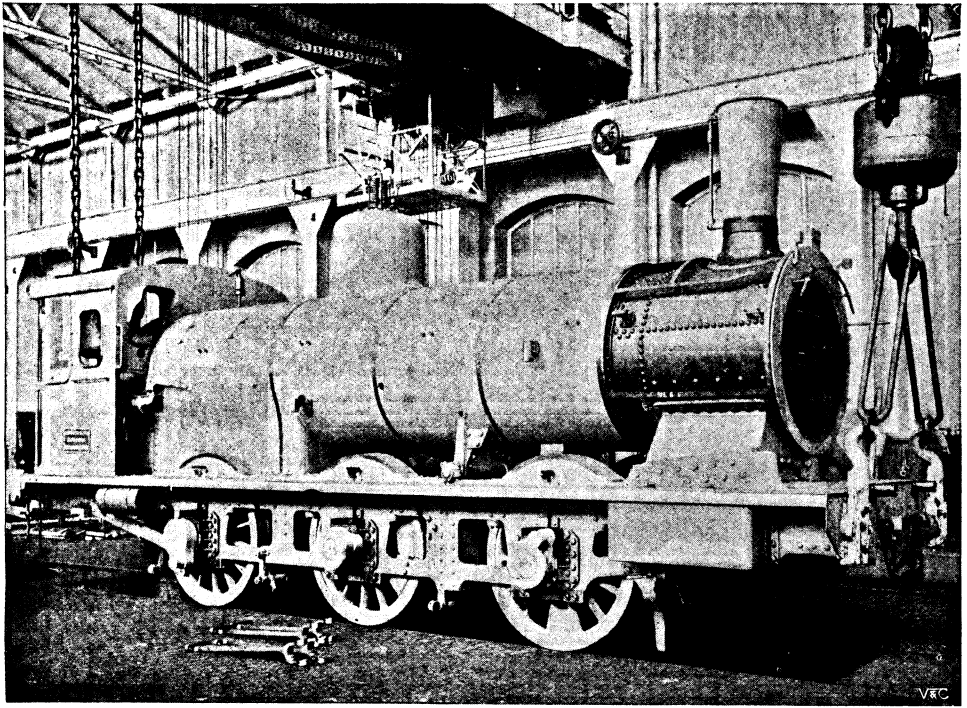
Rapid locomotive building is not much indulged in now by our own railway companies, but apparently the

case is different with the "Compagnie des Chemins de Fer de l'Est." Some little time back this company put together an engine and tender (known as No. 722) in 107 hours, and more recently another engine was mounted in sixty-six hours at the works of the company at Épernay.

It is said that these tests are of great value, not only because they allow the heads of the departments to judge of the capabilities of



IV.—THIRTY-THREE HOURS OLD.



V.—FORTY-NINE HOURS OLD.

their workmen, but also because by these means the engineers are enabled to see if it is possible to introduce improvements in the construction of the various parts of the engine with a view to its speedier fitting together.

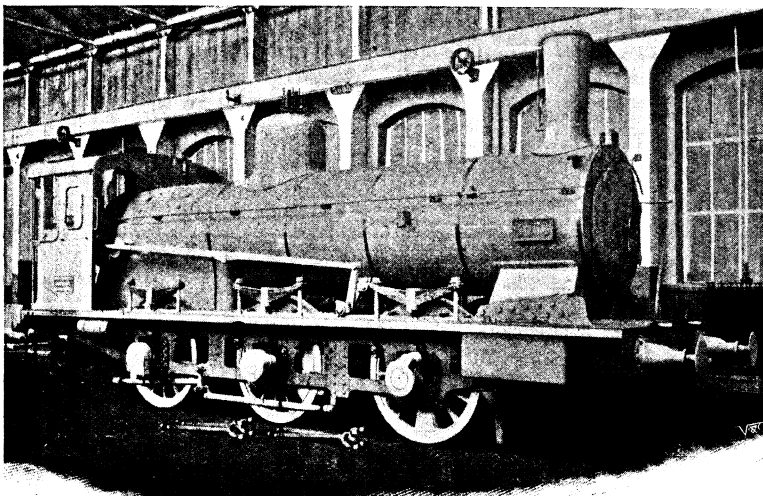
The rapid building feats to which reference has been made above proved valuable in many

ways, and led to certain important modifications in the making of the several portions of the locomotive. In order still further to improve on the work, it was determined to institute another trial, and this took place at Epernay, where are situated the works of the "Compagnie des Chemins de Fer de l'Est."

It is through the kindness of M. Ed.

Lamau, who holds the post of "L'Ingénieur Principal des Études du Matériel et de la Traction," that we are able to publish the interesting and curious photographs showing the various stages in the fitting together of the pieces of the high-speed freight "Locomotive No. 3008." The entire operation from start to finish took sixty-six hours.

The engine in question is of fairly simple construc-



VI.—FIFTY-EIGHT HOURS OLD

tion; it is fitted with three coupled wheels, without a trailing axle, its total length is thirty-two feet, it is nine feet in width outside the footboards, its weight, when empty, is 9,420 lb., and when loaded, 10,760 lb. It is provided with two sand-boxes and a Westinghouse brake. The boiler is twenty-five feet in length, with a mean diameter of four and three quarter feet. It has 272 thirteen-foot tubes. It will be unnecessary to enter into any further details, for the photographs will give the best idea of the engine, and will enable the reader to appreciate the exceedingly rapid manner in which it was put together.

The operations were superintended by M. Desbordes (*chef monteur*), who had under him his ordinary staff, composed of sixteen men—eleven *monteurs*, four apprentices, and one common workman, a “helper.” From time to time this number was supplemented by men from the other shops, but the sixteen men mentioned were employed during the whole of the work. The working day was ten hours. It will, of course, be understood that all those parts which could be finished before being fitted into their places were completed beforehand and brought to the required spot by a thirty-ton crane. The “cab,” for instance, had been made first, and all the workmen had to do was to fit it into position. The task of putting an engine together is not quite so easy a task as many might imagine, even for skilled operatives. Each man must be thoroughly competent, and know exactly what his own particular business is, and do it in the quickest time compatible with thoroughness of execution.

The first photograph shows the progress of the work at the end of the first hour. The first day's labour consisted in putting the lower framework of the engine in position, in fixing the frame plates, and mounting the cylinders.

The second picture shows how far the work had progressed at the end of the eleventh hour after the commencement of the experiment. To those who know little of the way a

locomotive is made, there may not appear to be any very great difference between this photograph and the first one, but in reality steady advance has been made.

A close inspection of No. II. shows that the drills for boring and piercing the holes have been requisitioned.

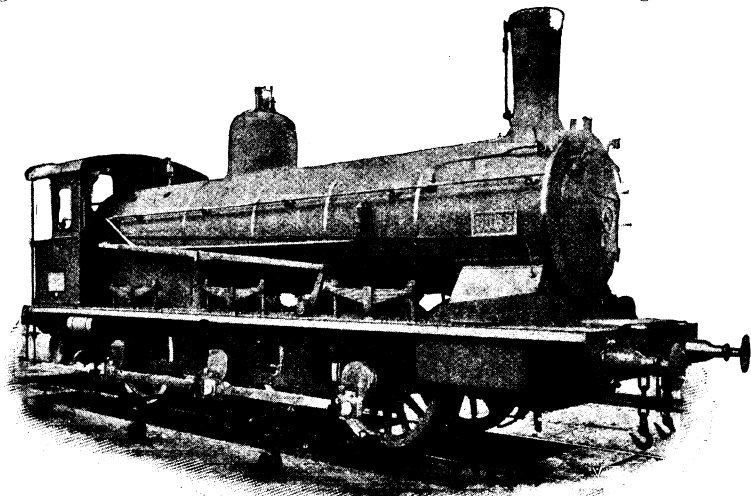
In our third illustration (taken at the end of the twenty-second hour) Locomotive No. 3008 is beginning to take definite shape. The reversing-shaft has been mounted and the supports adjusted, while the boiler has been put in its place on the frame-plates.

The state of the engine at the end of the thirty-third hour is shown in the fourth picture. The boiler is now firmly fixed on the frame-plates; the driver's “cab” has been shut up at the rear.

At the end of the forty-ninth hour No. 3008 really begins to look like a locomotive capable of drawing a train; the three sets of wheels have been attached, and the outer covering of steel has been nearly completed. After this the workmen began upon what may be termed the details—the mounting of the air-pump, the distributing movement, and the boxes upon the axle-journals.

At the end of the fifty-eighth hour the engine, to the non-technical mind, would seem to be almost complete. The outer covering is finished, and she is now resting on her wheels alone, instead of being held up, as in the former picture. Still there are some important items to be added—the connecting-rods, for instance.

The last photograph was taken at the end of the sixty-fourth hour, and two hours later Locomotive No. 3008 left the engine-sheds



VII.—FULL-GROWN AT SIXTY-FOUR HOURS.

at Épernay for a trial run on the line as far as Jalons-les-Vignes. The trial passed off quite satisfactorily and no flaws were discovered in the workmanship. Although every effort was made to put the engine together in the shortest possible time, great care was taken that the work should be done as thoroughly as if no departure were being made from the ordinary routine of the shops. In order to appreciate fully the rapid engineering feat it is necessary to take note of the number of men employed. The duration of each day's work, it has been already mentioned, was ten hours. During the first day seventeen men were engaged on the work. Thus for the first day, with each of the seventeen men working for the whole ten hours, the total number of hours worked by the whole staff was 170. On the second day, and, in fact, on each day following, some extra men were

employed. The totals for the seven days' labour, according to the number of workmen engaged each day, come out as follows:—

First day .. ..	170 hours.
Second „ .. ..	206 „
Third „ .. ..	250 „
Fourth „ .. ..	240 „
Fifth „ .. ..	296 „
Six „ .. ..	300 „
Seventh „ .. ..	148 „

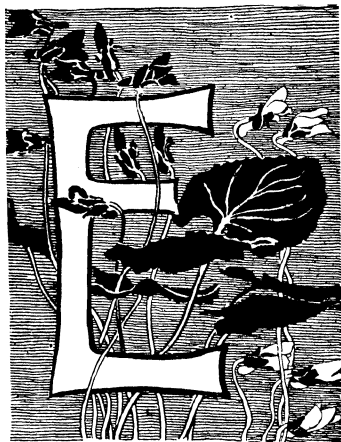
Grand total 1,610 hours.

Although Locomotive No. 3008 was put together forty-one hours quicker than Locomotive No. 722, the engineer in charge of the works of the “Compagnie des Chemins de Fer de l'Est,” at Épernay, is not satisfied, but hopes still further to lessen the time required.



# A DEPUTATION TO THE KING

BY ROBERT BARR.\*



VENING had fallen on the grey walls of Stirling Castle, and dark night on the town itself, where a narrow streets and high gables gave early welcome to the mirk, while the

westward-facing turrets of the Castle still reflected the departing glory of the sky. With something suggestive of stealth in his movements, a young man was picking his way through the thickening gloom of the streets. There was still light enough to show that, judging by his costume, he was of the well-to-do farmer class. This was proclaimed by his broad, coarse bonnet and the grey check plaid which he wore, not looped to the shoulder and pinned there by a brooch, Highland fashion, but wrapped around his middle, with the two ends brought over the shoulders and tucked under the broad belt which the plaid itself made, the fringes hanging down at each knee, as a Lowland shepherd might have worn the garment. As he threaded his way through the tortuous streets, ever descending, he heard, coming up, the clatter of a troop of horse, and paused, looking to the right and left as if desirous of escaping an encounter which seemed inevitable; indeed, if such were his object, the stoppage, although momentary, was already too long, for ere he could deflect his course, the foremost of the horsemen was upon him—a well known noble of the Scottish Court.

"Out of the way, fellow!" cried the rider, and, without giving him time to

obey, struck at the pedestrian fiercely with his whip. The young man's agility, however, saved him. Nimbly he placed his back against the wall, thus avoiding the horse's hoofs and the rider's lash. The young man's right hand made a swift motion to his left hip, and finding no weapon of defence there, the hand fell back to his side again and he laughed quietly to himself. The next motion of his hand was more in accordance with his station, for it removed his bonnet, and he stood uncovered until the proud cavalcade passed him.

When the street was once more clear, and the echoing sounds had died away in the direction of the Castle, the young man descended and descended until he came to the lower part of the town, where, turning aside up a narrow lane, he knocked at the door of a closed and shuttered building, evidently an abiding place of some of the poorer inhabitants of Stirling. With a certain degree of caution, the door was slightly opened, but when the occupant saw, by the flash of light that came from within, who his visitor was, he threw the portal wide and warmly welcomed the new-comer.

"Hey, guidman!" he cried, "ye're late the night in Stirling."

"Yes," said the young man, stepping inside; "but the farm will see nothing of me till the morning. I've a friend in town who gives me a bed for myself, and a stall for my horse, and gets the same in return when he pays a visit to the country."

"A fair exchange," replied the host, as he closed and barred the door.

The low room in which the stranger found himself was palpably a cobbler's shop. Boots and shoes of various sizes and different degrees of ill-repair strewed the floor, and the bench in the corner under a lighted cruse held the implements of his trade, while the apron which enveloped the man proclaimed his occupation. The incomer seated himself on a stool, while the cobbler returned to his last and resumed his interrupted work, looking up, however, from time to time in kindly fashion at his visitor, who seemed to be a welcome guest.

\* Copyright, 1901, by Robert Barr, in the United States of America.



"Well," said the shoemaker, with a laugh, "what's wrong with you?"

"Wrong with me? Nothing; what makes you think there is?"

"You are flushed in the face, your breath comes quick as if you had been running, and there's a set about your lips that spells anger."

"You are a very observing man, Fleming," replied he of the plaid. "I have been walking fast, so that I should have little chance of meeting anyone. But it is as well to tell the whole truth as only part of it. I had a fright up the street. One of those young Court sprigs riding to the Castle tried to trample me under the feet of his horse, and struck at me with his whip for getting into his road, so I had just to plaster my back against somebody's front door and keep out of the way of the troop."

"It's easy to see that you live in the country, Ballengeich," replied the cobbler, "or you'd never get red in the face over a trifle like that."

"I had some thought of pulling him off his horse, nevertheless," said the Laird of Ballengeich, whose brow wrinkled into a frown at the thought of the indignity he had suffered.

"It was just as well you left him alone," commented the cobbler, "for an unarmed man must ever take whatever those Court gallants think to offer, and if wise, he keeps the gap in the front of his face shut, for fear he gets a bigger gap in his head opened. Such actions on the part of the nobles do not make them exactly popular. Still, I am speaking rather freely, and doubtless you are a firm friend of the new King?"—and the shoemaker gave a sidelong glance of caution at his visitor.

"A friend of the King? I wonder to hear you! I doubt if he has a greater enemy than myself in all Scotland."

"Do you mean that, Ballengeich?" inquired the shoemaker, with greater interest than the subject seemed to demand, laying down his hammer as he spoke and looking intently at his guest.

"I'd never say it if it wasn't true," replied the Laird.

It was some moments before the workman spoke, and then he surprised the Laird by his apparent change of subject.

"You are not a married man, I think you told me?"

"No, I am not. There's time enough for



"Out of the way, fellow!"

that yet," returned the other, with a smile. "You see, as I have told you, I am new in my situation of responsibility, and it's as well not to take in the wife till you are sure you can support her."

"What like a house have you got, and how far is it from Stirling?"

"The house is well enough in its way; there's more room in it than I care to occupy. It's strongly built of stone and could stand a siege if necessary, as very likely it has done in days long past, for it's an old building. It's near enough to Stirling for me to come in and see my friend the cobbler in the evening and to sleep in my own bed that night, if I cared to do so."

"Is it in a lonely place?"

"It is at the top of a big hill, yet there's room enough to give you rest and retirement if you should think of keeping retreat from the busy world of the town. What's on your mind, Fleming? Are you swithering whether you'll turn farmer or not? Let me inform you that it's a poor occupation."

"I'll tell you what's on my mind, Ballen-

geich, if you'll swear piously to keep it a secret."

"Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort," replied the young man decisively. "An honest man's bare word is as good as his bond, and the strongest oath ever yet sworn never yet kept a rascal from divulging a secret intrusted to him."

"You're right in that—you're right in that," the cobbler hastened to add; "but this involves others as well as myself, and all are bound to each other by oaths."

"Then I venture to say that you are engaged in some nefarious business. What is it? I'll tell nobody, and mayhap, young as I am, I can give you some plain, useful advice from the green fields that will counteract the pernicious notions that rise in the stifling winds of the crowded town."

"Well, I'm not at all sure that we don't need it, for, to tell the truth, I have met with a wild set of lads, and I find myself wondering how long my head will be in partnership with my body."

"Is the case so serious as that?"

"Aye, it is."

"Then why not withdraw?"

"Ah! that's easier said than done! When you once shut a spring-door on yourself, it isn't by saying 'I will' that you get out. You'll not have forgotten the first night that we met, when you jumped down on my back from the wall of the Grey Friars' Church."

"I remember it distinctly, but which was the more surprised, you or me, I have never yet been able to settle. I know I was very much taken aback."

"Not so much as me," interrupted the cobbler drily, "when you came plump on my shoulders."

"I was going to say," went on Ballengeich, "that I'm afraid my explanation about taking a short cut was rather incoherent."

"Oh! no more than mine—that I was there to catch a thief. It was none of my business to learn why you were in the kirkyard."

"By the way, did you ever hear any more of the thief you were after?"

"That's just the point I am coming to. The man we were after was his youthful Majesty, James the Fifth of Scotland."

"What! the King?" exclaimed the amazed Laird.

"Just him, and



EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.  
1861.

"Looking up from time to time in kindly fashion at his visitor."

no other," replied the cobbler, "and very glad I am that the plot miscarried, although I fear it's to come on again."

"I never heard the like of this!"

"You may well say that. You see, it was known that the King in disguise visits a certain house—for what purpose his Majesty will be able to tell you better than I can. He goes unattended and secretly, and this gives us our chance."

"But what in the name of the Prince of Fools, whoever he happens to be, would you do with Jimmy once you got him?"

"Well, there are many things that might be mended in this country, as you well know, and the King can mend them if he likes, with a word. Now, rather than have his throat cut, our leader thinks he will agree to reasonable reform."

"And, supposing he doesn't agree, are you going to cut his throat?"

"I don't know what would happen if he proved stubborn. The moderate section is for just locking him by somewhere until he listens to reason."

"And it is in your mind that my house should become a prison for the King?"

"It seems to me to be worth considering."

"There seems to me very little worth considering in the matter. It is a mad scheme. Supposing the King promised under compulsion, what would be his first action the moment he returned to Stirling Castle? He would scour the country for you, and your heads would come off, one by one, like buttons from an old coat."

"That's what I said. 'Trust the word of a Stuart?' says I. 'It's pure nonsense.'"

"Oh! I'm not sure that the word of a Stuart is not as good as the word of any other man," said Ballengeich, with a ring of anger in his voice at which the cobbler looked up surprised.

"You're not such an enemy to the King as you let on at first," commented the mender of shoes. "I doubt if I should have told you all this."

"Have no fear. I can pledge you that my word is as good as a Stuart's, at least."

"I hope it's a good deal better."

"Your plan is not only useless, but dangerous, my friend. I told you I would give you my advice, and now you have it. Do you think James is a lad that you could tie to your bench stool here, lock your door, and expect to find him when you came back? You must remember that James has been in captivity before—when the Earl of Angus thought he had him secure in the

stronghold of Falkland—and yet Jimmy, who was then but a lad of sixteen, managed to escape. Man, Fleming, I must tell you about that some day."

"Tell me about what?" inquired the shoemaker.

"Oh! well, it may not be true, after all," said young Ballengeich, in confusion, "but a friend of mine was gardener at Falkland and knew the whole story about James's escape. But never mind that; my advice to you is to shake hands with all such schemes and turn your back on them."

"Oh! that's soon said!" cried the cobbler with some impatience. "'Keep out of the fire and ye'll not be burnt,' says the branch on the tree to the faggot on the woodman's back. You see, Ballengeich, in this matter I'm between the cart-wheel and the hard road. My head's off if this plot miscarries, as you've just told me, and my throat's cut if I withdraw from the secret conclave. It's but a choice between two hashings. There's a dead cobbler in any event."

"I see your difficulty," said the Laird; "do you want to be helped out of it?"

"Does the toad want to get from under the harrow?"

"When is your next meeting, and where?"

"The meetings are held in this room, and the next will be on Wednesday night at eleven o'clock."

"Bless my soul!" cried Ballengeich. "Would nothing content you but to drink the whole bucketful? The rendezvous in your shop! Then, whoever escapes, your head's on a pike."

"Aye," murmured the shoemaker dismally.

"It isn't taking very many of you to overturn the House of Stuart," said the Laird, looking around the room, which was small.

"There's just one less than a dozen," replied the cobbler.

"Then we'll make up the number to the even twelve, hoping good luck will attend us, as we are just as many as the Apostles. Between now and Wednesday night you might confer with your leaders, Fleming. Tell them you have a young man you can trust who owns just the kind of a house that James can be kept fast in, if he is captured. Say that I will take the oath, or anything else they like to give, and add, which is more to the purpose, that I have a plot of my own, which differs from theirs in giving at least as much chance of success and has the additional quality of being safe. Whether my plan miscarries or not, there will be no



"The conspirators looked at each other, but no one replied."

need to fear a reprisal, and that has much to say in its favour."

"It is everything in its favour," said the shoemaker, with a sigh of relief.

"Very well, then, I will meet you here on Wednesday night at this time, and learn whether or not they agree to have me as one of their number. If they refuse, there's no harm done; I shall say nothing, and the King will know no more about the matter than he does now."

"No man could ask better assurance than that," said the host cordially, as his guest rose.

They shook hands, and the guidman of Ballengeich, after peering out into the darkness to see that the way was clear, took his leave.

The Laird was prompt to keep his appointment on the following Wednesday, and learned that the conspirators were glad

of his assistance. The cobbler's tool-box had been pushed out of the way, and a makeshift table, composed of three boards and two trestles, occupied the centre of the room. A bench made up in similar fashion ran along the back wall, and there were besides half a dozen stools. There was a hospitable pitcher of strong drink on the rude table, and a few small measures, cups and horns.

As if the weight of conspiracy had lain heavily on his shoulders, the young Laird of Ballengeich seemed older than he had ever looked before. Lines of care marked

his brow, and his distraught manner proclaimed the plotmonger new to a dangerous business. The lights, however, were dim, and Ballengeich doubted if any there present would recognise him should they meet him in broad day, and this, in a measure, was comforting. The cobbler sat very quiet on his accustomed bench, the others occupying the stools and the board along the wall.

"We have been told," began the leader, who sat on a chair at the head of the table, where he administered the oath with much solemnity to their new member—"we have been told that you have a house which you will place at our disposal, should the purpose for which we are gathered here together succeed."

"I have such a house," said the Laird, "and it is, of course, placed freely at your service. But the plan you propose is so full of danger that I wonder if you have given

the project the deep consideration it deserves. It will be a hazardous undertaking to get the King safely into my house ; but let us suppose that done—how are you going to keep him there ? ”

“ We will set a guard over him. ”

“ Very good. Which of you are the guardsmen, and how many ? ”

The conspirators looked at each other, but no one replied. At last the leader said—

“ It will be time to consider that when we have him safely under bolt. ”

“ Pardon me—not so. The time to consider all things is now. Everything must be cut and dried, or failure is certain. The moment the King is missing, the country will be scoured for him. There will be no possible place of refuge for miles around that will not be searched for the missing monarch. We will suppose that four of you are guarding the King, two and two, turn about. What are four and myself to say to the King’s soldiers when they demand entrance to my house ? ”

“ The King is but a boy, and when he sees death or compliance before him, he will accede to our demands. ”

“ He is but a boy, it is true, ” said the Laird ; “ but he is a boy, as I pointed out to my friend Fleming, who escaped from the clutches of the Earl of Angus out of the stronghold of Falkland Palace, and who afterwards drove the Earl and many of the Douglas leaders into exile. That is the kind of boy you have to deal with. Suppose, then, he gives consent to all you place before him ? Do you think he will keep his word ? ”

“ I doubt it, ” said the cobbler, speaking for the first time. “ The word of a Stuart is not worth the snap of my fingers. ”

“ On the other hand, if he does not accede, ” continued Ballengeich, “ what are we to do with him ? ”

“ Cut his throat, ” replied the leader decisively.

“ No, no ! ” cried several others, and for a moment there was a clamour of discussion, all speaking at once, while the Laird stood silently regarding the vociferous disputants. Finally their leader said—

“ What better plan have you to propose ? ”

“ The King is a boy, ” spoke up Ballengeich, “ as you have said. ” At the sound of his voice instant silence reigned. “ But he is a boy, as I have told you, extremely difficult to handle with violence. I propose, then, to approach him peaceably. The fact that he is a boy, or a very young man at

least, argues that his mind will be more impressionable than that of an older person whose ideas are set. I propose, then, that a deputation wait upon his Majesty and place before him the evils that require remedying, being prepared to answer any question he may ask regarding the method of their amendment. If peaceable means fail, then try violence, say I ; but it is hardly fair to the young man to approach him at the beginning of his reign with a dirk in the hand. His answer would likely be a reference to his headsman—that is a favourite Stuart mode of argument. I have some friends about the Castle, ” continued the Laird ; “ I supply them with various necessities from the farm, and, if I do say it myself, I am well thought of by some in authority. I can guarantee you, I am sure, a safe conduct for your mission. ”

“ But if safe conduct is refused ? ” said the leader.

“ In that case no harm’s done. I shall divulge the names of none here present, for, indeed, I know the name of none, except of my friend the cobbler. ”

“ Will you head the delegation and be its spokesman ? ”

“ No. My power to serve you lies in the fact, as I said, that I am well thought of in the Palace. That power would be instantly destroyed were I known as disaffected. I would put it on this basis. My friend Fleming is the spokesman of ten others who have grievances to place before his Majesty ; therefore, as a matter of friendship between Fleming and myself, I ask safe conduct for the eleven. ”

“ Indeed, ” cried the cobbler, “ I wish you would leave my name out of the affair, since no one else seems eager to put their own forward. ”

“ I put mine forward in making the request, ” said Ballengeich.

“ Aye, but not as one of the deputation. ”

“ Very well, ” agreed the Laird in an off-hand manner ; “ if you make a point of it, I have no objection in saying that I shall make one of the concert. I only proposed to keep out of it because it is always well to have an unbiassed person to put in his word at a critical moment, and it seems to me important to have such a person on the outside ; but it shall be exactly as you please—I care little one way or the other. I have made my proposal, and with you rests the acceptance or rejection of it. If you think it safer to kidnap a king than to have a friendly chat with him, amicably

arranged beforehand, then all I can say is, that I don't in the least agree with you. Please yourselves. We have but one neck apiece, and surely we can risk it in the manner that brings us most content."

"There is wisdom in what the Laird says," cried one of the moderate party. "I never liked the kidnapping idea."

"Nor I," said the cobbler. "It was but a wild Hie'lan' plan."

"My scheme has this advantage," continued Ballengeich with nonchalant impartiality—"that, if it does not succeed, you can then fall back upon abduction. Nothing in my proposal interferes with the ultimate carrying out of your first project."

"It is putting our heads in the lion's mouth," objected the leader, but in the discussion that followed he was voted down; and then came the choosing of the delegates, on which rock the proposal was nearly wrecked, for there seemed no anxiety on the part of any four present to form the committee of expostulation which was to meet the monarch. At last it was decided that all should go, if Ballengeich could produce them a written safe conduct signed

by the King, which would include eleven persons.

Within three days this document was placed in the hands of the cobbler by Ballengeich, who told him that it had been signed that morning. And he added that the King had expressed himself as well pleased to receive a deputation of his loyal subjects.

The cobbler handled the passport gingerly, as if he were not altogether assured of its potency to protect him.

"The conference is for Wednesday at midday," said Ballengeich. "Assemble some minutes before that hour in the courtyard of the Castle, and you will be conducted to the Presence."

"Wednesday!" echoed the cobbler, his face turning pale. "Why Wednesday, the day of our weekly meetings? Did you suggest it?"

"It was the King's suggestion, of course," replied Ballengeich. "It is merely a coincidence, and is, I think, a good omen."

"I wish I were as sure of it," moaned the cobbler.

Before the bell rang twelve, the conspirators gathered together in the courtyard of the Castle of Stirling—huddled would, perhaps, be the more accurate word, for they were eleven very frightened men. More than one cast longing looks towards the gate by which they had come in; but some places are easier to enter than to leave, and the portal was well guarded by stalwart soldiers.

As the bell slowly tolled twelve, an official came from the Palace into the courtyard, searched the delegates for concealed weapons, and curtly commanded them to follow him. Climbing the stone stairway, they were ushered into a large room containing a long oaken table, with five chairs on one side and six on the other. At the head of the table was a high-backed chair, resembling a throne. The official left them standing there alone, and after he had closed the door by which they had entered, they heard the ominous sounds of bolts being thrust into their places. The silence which followed seemed oppressive, almost suffocating. No man spoke, but each stood like a statue, holding his cap in his hand. At last the tension was broken, but it would scarcely be correct to say it was relieved. The heavy curtains parted and the King entered the room, clad in the imposing robes of his high estate. A frown was on his brow, and he advanced straight from



"The headsman having filled their horns."



the doorway to the throne at the head of the table without speaking or casting a glance at any one of the eleven. When he had seated himself, he said gruffly—

"There is a chair for each of you; sit down."

It is doubtful if any of the company, except the cobbler, at first recognised the Laird of Ballengeich; but when he spoke, several started and looked anxiously one at another. Again the King spoke.

"A week ago to-night I met you in Fleming's room. I appointed this day for the conference that the routine of your meetings might not be disturbed, as I thought it well that the last of your rebellious gatherings should be held in the Castle of Stirling, for I have resolved that this conclave shall be your final effort in treason. One of your number has stated that the word of a Stuart is not to be trusted. This reputation appears to have descended to me, and it is a pity I should not take advantage of it."

When the King ceased speaking he lifted a small mallet and smote a resounding bell which was on the table before him. A curtain parted and two men entered, bearing between them a block covered with a black cloth; this they silently placed in the centre of the floor and withdrew. Again the King smote the bell, and there entered a masked executioner, with a gleaming axe over his shoulder. He took his place beside the block, resting the head of his axe on the floor.

"This," continued the King, "is the entertainment I have provided for you.



"May there never come a time when a Scotchman is afraid to risk his head for what he thinks is right!"

Each of you shall taste of that"—and he pointed to the heading block.

The cobbler rose unsteadily to his feet, drawing from his bosom with trembling fingers the parchment bearing the King's signature. He moistened his dry lips with his tongue, then spoke in a low voice. "Sire," he said, "we are here under safe conduct from the King."

"Safe conduct to where?" cried James angrily. "That is the point. I stand by the document; read it—read it!"

"Sire, it says safe conduct for eleven men here present, under protection of your Royal word."

"You do not keep to the point, cobbler," shouted the King, bringing his fist down upon the table. "Safe conduct to where? I asked. The parchment does not say safe conduct back into Stirling again. Safe conduct to heaven, or elsewhere, is what I guaranteed."

"That is but an advocate's quibble, your Majesty. 'Safe conduct' is a phrase well understood by high and low alike. But we have placed our heads in the lion's mouth, as our leader said last Wednesday night, and we cannot complain if now his jaws are shut. Nevertheless, I would respectfully submit to your Majesty that I alone, of those present, doubted a Stuart's word, and am like to have my doubts practically confirmed. I would also point out to your Majesty that my comrades would not have been here if, because of my fault, I had not trusted the Master of Ballengeich, and, through him, the King; therefore I ask you to let me alone pay the penalty of my error, and allow my friends to go scatheless from the grim walls of Stirling."

"There is reason in what you say," replied the King. "Are you all agreed to that?" he asked of the others.

"No, by Heaven!" cried the leader, springing to his feet and smiting the table with his fist as lustily as the King had done. "We stand together or fall together. The mistake was ours as well as his, and we entered these gates with our eyes open."

"Headsman," said the King, "do your duty!"

The headsman whipped off the black cloth and displayed underneath it a box containing a large jug, surrounded by eleven drinking horns.

Those present, all now on their feet, glanced with amazement from the masked

man to the King. The sternness had vanished from his Majesty's face, as if a dark cloud had passed from the sun and allowed it to shine again. There sparkled in the King's eye all the jubilant mischief of the incorrigible boy, and his laughter rang to the ceiling. Somewhat recovering his gravity, he stretched out his hand and pointed a finger at the cobbler.

"I frightened you, Fleming!" he cried. "I frightened you! Don't deny it. I'll wager my gold crown against a weaver's woollen bonnet I frightened the whole eleven of you."

"Indeed," said the cobbler, with an uneasy laugh, "I shall be the first to admit it."

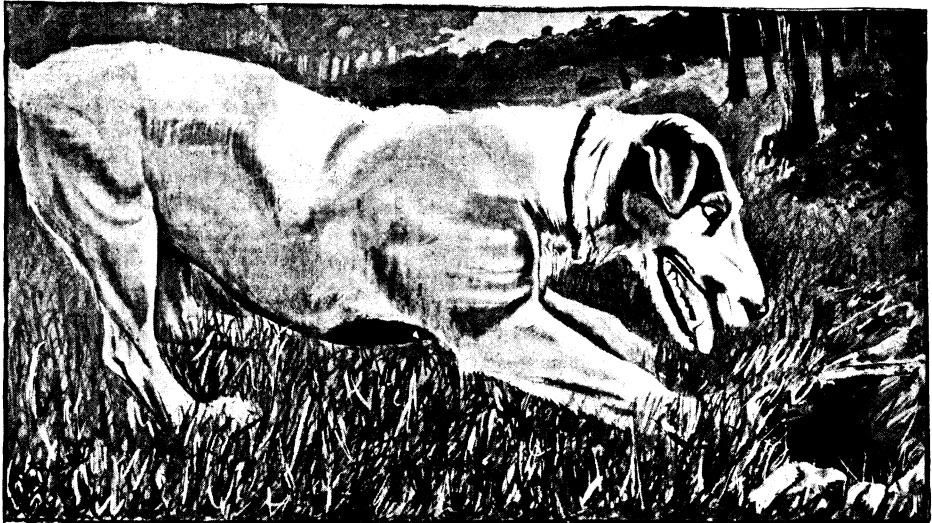
"Your face was as white as a harvest moon in mid-sky, and I heard somebody's teeth chatter. Now, the drink we had at our meetings heretofore was vile, and no more fitted for a Christian's throat than is the headsman's axe; but if you ever tasted anything better than this, tell me where to get a hogshead of it."

The headsman having filled their horns, the leader raised the flagon above his head and said—

"I give you the toast of the King!"

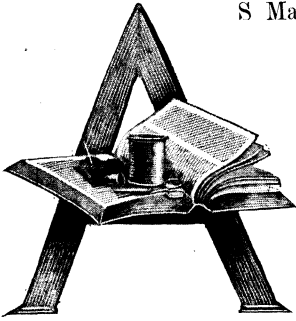
"No, no," said the boyish monarch. "I want to drink this myself. I'll give you a toast. 'May there never come a time when a Scotchman is afraid to risk his head for what he thinks is right!'"

And this toast they drank together.



# SOPHIE—DRAMATIC AGENT.

BY MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN.



S Marcus Gilroy ran down the dark staircase, he trod on a woman's gown. Obtaining no answer to his profuse expressions of apology, he struck a match and found that he was alone. He continued his course down the dirty, carpetless stairs, past two desolate-looking landings, dimly lit by sickly wall-lamps, and passed out into the November fog. He was glad it was foggy, for under its kindly shelter he could better dispose of a parcel unobserved. Its destination was the pawnshop. The pawnshop in question nestled affectionately up to a flaring ginshop.

Marcus entered briskly, deposited his parcel on the counter, and waited till the pawnbroker had completed his transaction with the occupant of the next compartment. It was a woman's voice that he heard saying, "Is that really all you can give me?" He noted that the voice was softly modulated, and he was forming conjectures as to what the owner was like, when he heard the door swing to, and was suddenly accosted by the pawnbroker.

"What can I do for you, sir?" Gilroy untied his parcel and disclosed a dressing-case.

The pawnbroker took out the articles one by one and examined the hall-marks.

"What do you want on it?" he inquired, with no show of interest.

"Five pounds," answered Gilroy promptly.

The pawnbroker burst into a harsh laugh. "I will give you two pounds," he said, giving the dressing-case a little push towards the owner, as an indication that he was not keen on having it at all.

"Why, you wicked old rogue! it cost——"

"You can take the two pounds—or your hook!"

Gilroy took the two pounds.

A misty rain was falling when he found

himself once more in the street. He turned up his coat-collar, buried his hands in his pockets and strode angrily along the slippery pavement, past the flaring shops, past a third-rate music hall—then into a dismal street and through a covered passage into a still more dismal square which was the young man's present abode. At the entrance of his lodging was a small office, papered with playbills and pictures from illustrated papers. An old man, clad in a greasy frock-coat over which his long, matted, grey hair hung thickly, was the only occupant. He looked up from his occupation of grilling a bloater, as Gilroy entered and stood still in the doorway regarding him. "Well?" he said, with an oath, "how about that rent?"

"Here it is," said the young man, handing over the amount with a look of dislike and contempt on his fine, aquiline features.

"A blooming good thing for you!" responded the old man.

Gilroy waited for no more, but mounted the endless stairs two at a time, not stopping till he gained his own door. Once inside, he lit his lamp and turned eyes of disgust on his wretched apartment. His bed, all unmade, stood in one corner under a window. An oil-stove standing in the fireplace was still ornamented with a frying-pan in which he had prepared his breakfast. The remains of a meal littered a table. His wardrobe lay scattered over chairs and bed. Writing materials and a few books occupied the dressing-table in company with shaving tackle. He lit his stove, put on a saucepan of water, and commenced to sharpen a set of razors on a strop attached to the bed-post by a discarded necktie. Presently the "swish, swish" of the razor was accompanied by the sound of bubbling water. Gilroy left his razors and prepared to shave carefully at a concave mirror hanging on the wall, flanked by two candles on brackets. This he had done every evening of the month he had been here. Shaving completed, he turned his attention to his top-hat, which he manipulated with a cushion and silk handkerchief before his stove till satisfied with its appearance. Next he carefully applied a sponge to the silk lapels

of a frock-coat, and screwed up his trouser-stretcher, on which was fixed a pair of his nether garments. A church clock struck the hour of nine. Gilroy compared his watch, and then hurriedly cleared his table of crockery and eatables—putting the articles in question into a cupboard which smelt strongly of cheese and tobacco; then he opened a bag of MSS. and emptied it on to the table, got his ink, pens, and blotter from the dressing-table, and sat down to write, mechanically filling a pipe as he did so. He had scarcely put pen to paper when a curious rasping

sound fell on his ear. It seemed to come from the next room. It kept on so long that it irritated him, and he rose and opened his door and peered out. A stream of light shot across the passage, and on the opposite wall was the shadow of a slim girl doing something to a door. It suddenly struck him that it might be the girl on whose dress he had trodden and, he believed, torn it. He was impulsive by nature, so he stepped out into the passage and looked full at the shadow's substance. It was a red-haired girl in a grey, close-fitting gown, and she was trying to do something to the lock with a screwdriver. On another impulse he addressed her.

"Is your lock wrong?" he inquired. "Let me help you."

The girl darted a frightened glance at him; then, seeming satisfied—for Marcus Gilroy had a boyish, frank face—she said, "Thank you—there is something wrong—it won't catch!"

A moment more and the young man was kneeling at the door, examining the lock, while the girl held the candle.

"I think I can manage it," he said, after closing the door and looking critically again. "If I move the part the catch goes into a little nearer, it will shut all right."

So he commenced to unscrew the part, and the girl fetched him a little gimlet, with which he made some fresh holes. Very soon it was on in the new place, and the door shut all right.

Gilroy rose from his knees with a smile, and the girl thanked him very prettily; he replied with a pleasant little speech, and turned the handle to depart—when, to his chagrin and consternation, he found the door he had made to shut refused to open! A cruel embarrassment showed itself on both the faces. Here was a young man fastened into a girl's room with her—a girl he didn't even know! Down on his knees he went again, screwdriver in hand. Perhaps it was undue hurry—perhaps it was confusion of spirit—anyway, the screwdriver slipped and in-



"She bound up his wound."

flicted an ugly wound in his left hand. Gilroy hastily twisted his handkerchief round it and was about to go on, but the girl exclaimed, "No, no; let me wrap it up properly for you. Oh! I am so sorry!" The young man protested—she insisted, and, before he knew it, he was standing meekly by the table, while with deft fingers, which he noted were delicate and white, she bound up his wound. He noted, too, as he glanced at her bent head, what lovely hair she had. He saw also with shame a dress-skirt, with a needle and cotton attached to the hem where was a partially mended tear.

"I fear you owe that tear to my clumsiness," he said, indicating the skirt.

"Oh! was it you?" she said, looking up brightly; "the stairs are so dark, they are to blame."

Gilroy would have resented the idea that he examined the girl's room, yet he found afterwards that every detail was pictured in his mind. It was neat and even pretty. There were soft, white curtains to the window, and a birdcage hung in it. A terra-cotta cloth covered the table, and a bunch of chrysanthemums stood there. On a side table was a typewriter. A small coal fire burned in the grate. Part of the room was hidden by a screen—no doubt that was where the girl slept.

"What a pleasant room you have!" Gilroy said, to make conversation.

"Yes," said the girl, "but its comfort sometimes makes me wretched. For, oh! there are some terribly poor people in this place. It turns me sick sometimes to look into the rooms opposite. Yet I look when I can't sleep. I see poor wretches creeping up the stairs, to huddle into horrible rooms to pass the night. They come at all hours of the night—little children, too—poor little children! There is a window at every landing, and as the weary wretches creep up, up, a meagre light shines a moment from these windows; and the rooms—there are no blinds—"

The girl ceased suddenly, a conscious blush overspreading her fair, oval face. She remembered that she was talking to a man—and a stranger.

Gilroy found no words—he looked at the pure young face with that impassioned light of sorrow and sympathy upon it and was as one dumb. Where had he heard that voice before? It flashed on him suddenly—it was in the pawnshop!

Another of his impulses came to him. "You have a typewriter?" he said tentatively.

"Yes, I earn my living by it."

"Will you type a play for me which I have written?"

"Why, certainly!"

He was once more at work on the lock.

"Thank you. I will bring it to-morrow. Poor play! I suppose it will be rejected, like all the rest."

"Do you depend on your pen?"

He looked up and laughed bitterly. "I have never earned a penny in my life yet," he said.

She looked at him with silent, questioning eyes.

"A few months ago I was rich; at a single blow I lost all but a hundred pounds. Then I came to London and put up at the Grand, and tried to sell some plays I had written. I used to write plays for the 'A.D.C.' when I was at Cambridge. I could think of nothing else."

Still her eyes questioned.

"Now the hundred pounds is gone, and no play accepted. This morning I called at the Savage Club for letters—and found my latest rejection. There! the lock is right now, so good night."

She held out her hand to him. "Good night, and thank you," she said, and added, "Bring the play to-morrow."

## II.

MR. TOM WESGATE was at breakfast in dressing-gown and slippers in his chambers at Ford's Inn when his cousin Sophie Deland was announced.

"Well, Sophie, how goes the experiment? Hope you fumigated yourself before coming."

"Don't talk rubbish, Tom! I have got a 'find.'"

"A genius among the waifs?" he inquired banteringly.

"No, but a genius all the same; quite a young fellow—a Cambridge man. He lost all his money at a stroke, except a hundred pounds, which he proceeded to dissipate at the Grand."

"Oh! dissipated, is he? true hall-mark of genius."

"Nothing of the sort, Tom. He was brought up rich, and I suppose it never occurred to him that he shouldn't go to an expensive hotel. Now he has drifted into Pratt's Square; his room is next to mine. He gave me his play to type."

"Then I suppose you want me to look at it? Frankly, the plays of young University



"Before him was the typewriter girl."

men don't appeal to me; they are generally in verse—they won't act."

"This play would——"

Tom Wesgate smiled indulgently. "Well, tell him to send it along; I'll look at it, for the sake of my pretty, eccentric little cousin. What is the man's name?"

"Marcus Gilroy."

"By Jove! I saw a play of his at the 'A.D.C.' when I was up at Cambridge. It had good stuff in it, too. Gilroy is a brilliant young fellow; had to leave without a degree; they said up there he would have been senior classic. He is a Savage, too!

Poor devil! Yes: tell him to send on the play. What a brute I am! Do have some coffee. No? Well, don't carry your experiment to starvation point."

"I shan't do that, Tom, but my experiences in that awful place have taught me what I wanted to know. I shall give up my fortune and live on the hundred a year Uncle Bonner left me. The rest shall make some of those poor, wretched lives a bit easier."

"A second Saint Sophia," said Wesgate. "Well, your money is your own, and I suppose you can please yourself with it."

"Do you know, Marcus Gilroy was in a pawnshop a few nights ago. I was there, as part of my experiment; yet, thinking me poor, he gave me the play to type and would pay in advance. Think of that!"

### III.

MARCUS GILROY was in his room, eyeing a shilling razor with much disfavour. He had parted with his case which contained a set of seven, and replaced it by this one. On the table his tea was ready, a French roll and some coffee; but he had

dispensed with as unnecessary. He was meditating whether he should call on the typewriter girl with the excuse of seeing if his play were ready—but really out of an overpowering desire to be in her sweet presence—when there came a knock at his door. He rose and glanced despairingly round his untidy apartment and opened the door. It was the typewriter girl.

"I have brought your play, Mr. Gilroy; and may I come in a moment—I have something I want to say to you?"

Marcus placed a chair for her and closed the door. How homelike the miserable



room had become in a moment! The lamp-light made a glory of the frizzy red hair that surrounded the pale, Madonna-like face.

"I hope you won't think it a liberty," began Sophie, with pretty hesitation, "but I know Tom Wesgate—the famous actor, you know. I type for him, and I think your play would suit him. Here is his address."

Gilroy's face lit up—not so much from the fact that there was the suggestion of a possible opening for his play, as because this girl had taken a kindly interest in him.

"It is very good of you, Miss——?"

"Deland," she put in, seeing him hesitate for the name.

"Miss Deland," he went on. "It is a new sensation to be so kindly considered."

"But don't you know your play is just the thing in this crisis? You deal with the war now raging with the Boers. In my opinion it will take London by storm."

Gilroy, if by no means so sure that the play would do anything of the sort, was at least sure, as he gazed at the enthusiastic young face before him, that its owner had taken his heart by storm.

#### IV.

THE second act of "Captain Cane, of the 49th," was just over, and Marcus Gilroy went to the bar for a drink. He was faint with an unrealisable joy. Some critics were imbibing near him and commenting on his play.

"Best thing for years," said one. "Such dialogue—such situations—such realism! Marcus Gilroy has struck oil."

"How he has managed to employ successful melodrama without sacrificing the true——"

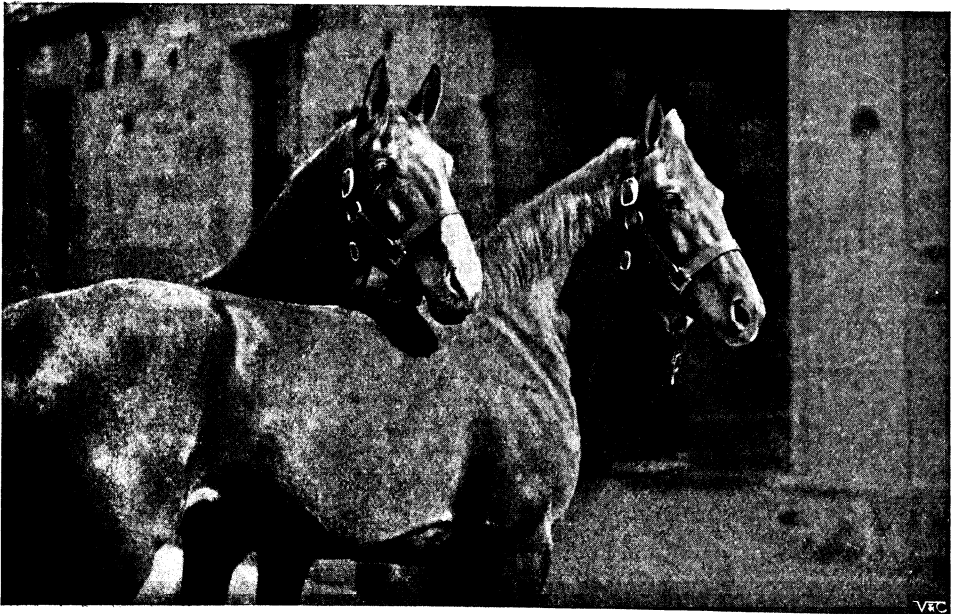
Gilroy fled and paced the cool corridor to calm himself. "She told me she would be here to-night," he said to himself. Then he made his way to Tom Wesgate's dressing-room.

"It's all right, old man—the play will do!" cried Wesgate, clapping him on the shoulders. "Come along, I want to introduce you to my cousin—there is just time."

Mechanically, as in a dream, Gilroy followed him. Presently he found himself in a box, and before him was the typewriter girl.

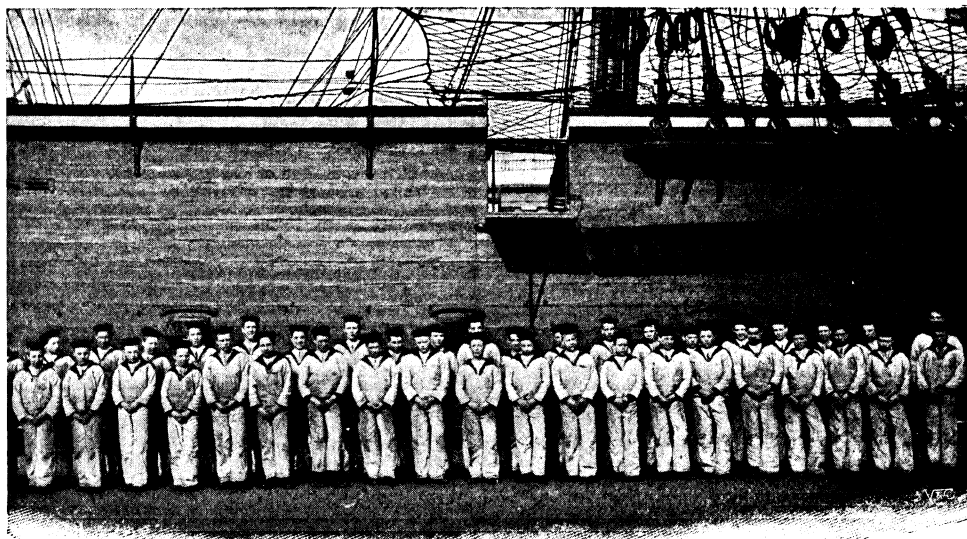
She stretched out her hand. Her clear, grey eyes had a glad look in them.

In his own eyes were tears.



"COMRADES."

*A photographic study by Charles Reid, Wishaw.*



SHIP BOYS.

## THE MAKING OF AN "A.B."

BY C. LANG NEIL.

*Photographs by W. S. Campbell.*

SIX a.m., and a bright spring morning. All is stillness within the sleeping walls. Occasionally one of the dormant figures turns in its resting-place, and a head is buried yet deeper between pillow and blanket, or a very vigorous snore proceeds from some part or other of the vast dormitory. Otherwise the sleeping-chamber of Britain's embryo heroes presents a very peaceful aspect.

Suddenly, the clear ringing voice of a company officer resounds through the crisp morning air, and the figures that a moment previously were comfortably curled up and in many cases fast asleep in their cots, are now huddling on white ducks as fast as possible, and struggling into blouses whilst giving vent to many a vigorous yawn.

But discipline at the Royal Naval School at Greenwich is very rigid, and allows of no unnecessary delay in anything, for Captain Anson, R.N., who is the superintendent of the School, prides himself that his Greenwich boys are as smart as the "lads" he has had afloat under his command in former years.

About five minutes after the order to "turn out" has been given, a thousand boys are making their way in perfect order to the various lavatories, there to indulge in a refreshing morning wash. And the youngsters, critically examined by their company officers as, stripped to the waist, they perform their ablutions, are worthy specimens of Britain's budding manhood.

Ranging from the age of eleven to fifteen and a half, they are the sons of naval warrant officers, seamen, coastguards, and marines; and doubtless many a man to-day has cause to bless the training he received at the School, and the education imparted to him there, for, be it known, although in the strict sense of the term a nursery for the Navy, yet it by no means follows that because a boy is an inmate of the School he will necessarily become a sailor. Far from it, for unless a lad at fifteen and a half is physically fit to join one or the other of the training ships round the coast, he is not allowed to entertain any more ideas of fighting his country's future battles on the deep blue sea. No, he must turn his attention in



THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL, FROM GREENWICH PARK.

another direction, and endeavour to be of service to his country in the only other sphere left open to him—that of a useful and law-abiding citizen.

This is a matter to which the authorities at Greenwich have paid especial attention, and consequently, when a lad proves unfit for the hardships of a sailor's life on leaving the School, he is taught a useful trade, and one at which he can at least earn a living wage.

While the morning toilet is progressing, an officer singles out one lad who is evidently the despair of the establishment.

"That boy eats more than any other three put together, and yet look at him! He's been here three years now, and despite the amount of beef he eats, and the physical, muscle-making drill he goes through, he's like a couple of deal boards nailed together," says our guide.

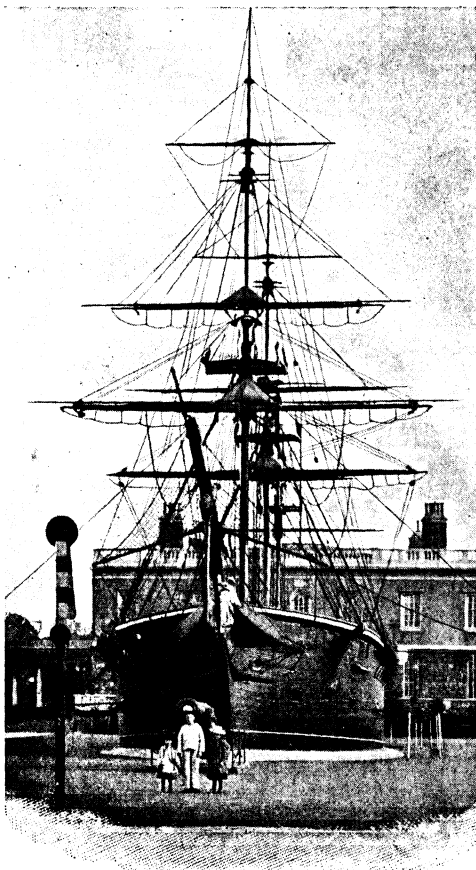
The lad in question is certainly a remarkable specimen. One would judge him to be fourteen years of age; he is about four feet nothing in height, whilst his chest

measurement is exactly twenty inches. He apparently belongs to the greyhound tribe, and from all accounts is just as wiry and strong, despite his weakly appearance; and at breakfast, to which the boys are marched shortly after, in the great hall, the same

young fellow, a pigmy beside the youthful giants around him, does not belie one whit the character just given him, attacking the food provided with a vigour quite remarkable amongst a thousand boys whose reputation for appalling appetites is world-wide.

But the business of the day must be got through. Consequently none too much time is allowed to pass in consuming breakfast, since there are beds to make, lessons to learn, jobs to be completed in the workshops, schools to attend, and athletics and drill to be gone through before another meal is eaten.

As it is the pride of the institution that it is self-reliant, it is not a matter for great surprise to find that everything is made by the boys themselves—under instructors, of course—from the



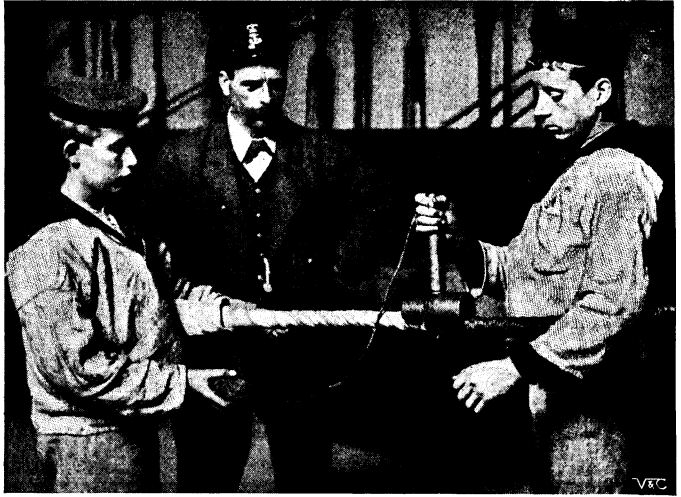
THE "FAME" AND QUEEN'S HOUSE, FROM THE FRONT GATES.

bread they eat to the trousers they wear.

Accompanying our guide through countless passages and corridors, through dormitories whose floors are better polished than those of many a ballroom, we suddenly emerge from the main building and enter a house where a score or two of boys are busy sorting out, washing, wringing, and drying by a steam process the School's washing.

What a scene it is !

Here is a lad who may some years hence break a dozen heads just as calmly



SERVING.

where it is interesting, everywhere it is busy. Other workshops are the tailors', where the canvas and drill suits are made by rosy-cheeked lads sitting cross-legged, in truly professional fashion, on boards raised about three feet from the ground. Then the mending shop, where everything that is worn or torn—and, as may be imagined,



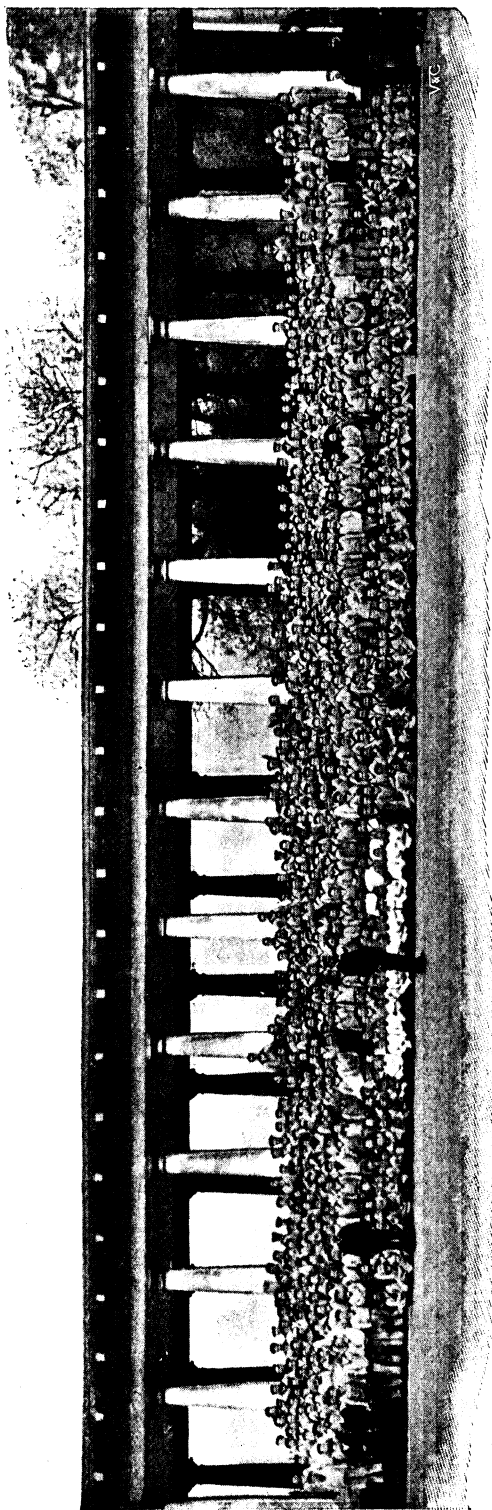
"FIVE STONES," THE CLASSIC GREEK GAME.

as he is now sorting out his comrades' linen and depositing the garments in separate bins. There is a young fellow, with biceps like a Samson, vigorously turning the handle of a washing machine, while others, all young Hercules in their way, are engaged in manipulating the huge levers that screw and unscrew the valves of the drying machines.

But the laundry is not the only place where strength is required. The blacksmiths' shop, the plumbers', and the carpenters' are not places where any boy of a weakly nature—an impossibility at Greenwich—would be chosen to work. Every-



STROPPING BLOCKS.



GROUP OF THE SCHOOLBOYS ON THE COLONNADE STEPS.

garments *do* get torn even in a naval school—is relegated. This is a sight in itself.

Imagine, ye housewives who sigh over mending a gigantic hole in a stocking, half a hundred boys busy with needle and worsted, and patching shirts hour after hour, and regarding it as but an item in the day's work.

To some it may be a matter of surprise that mending and patching shirts is included in the curriculum of a sailor boy. The explanation is very simple. Jack afloat must be tidy, and as he has nobody in the shape of a housekeeper or a wife to do it for him, he must do it himself. And the authorities at Greenwich have acquired the idea that it is never too young to learn anything, and many out-of-the-way accomplishments are taught the youthful graduates at the Naval School as a consequence.

But what is that we hear? No! it cannot be—we are mistaken. A Strauss waltz in a place like this—absurd! It proves to be the Naval School band at practice, and somehow our feet would fain mark the steps of the measure as the conductor, Mr. Harding, beats the time of the beautiful “Doctrinen” waltz; so perfectly do the boys in blue play the graceful dance that on some future occasion they may be called into requisition when a dance is being given on the deck of a battleship or a cruiser.

The band is generally fifty strong, and the boys who compose it have to devote their whole time to music, its theory and its practice, with a view to their becoming instrumentalists of a no mean order. As a result these youthful performers are looked upon as the “gentlemen” of the School by their messmates, who in their innocence imagine that sitting on a stool all day blowing out crotchets and quavers is child's play compared to kneading bread or washing shirts; and no amount of argument will convince them to the contrary.

“And this is the bath?”

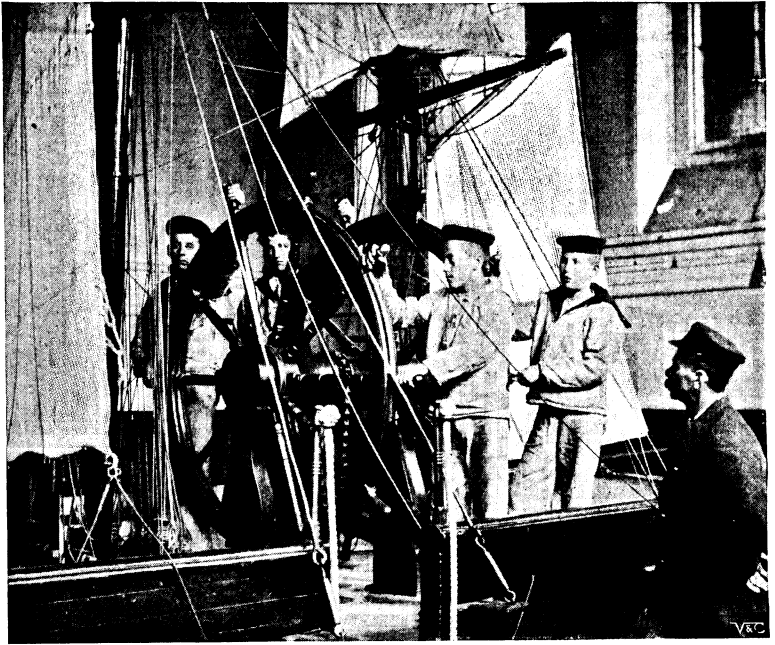
“One of them. We have two, you know, but this is the favourite one and the largest. The boys call it the ‘B. P.’—*i.e.*, bathing pond!”

And well it deserves that title. Imagine a huge concreted cavity, built on the same principles as the public baths, with the exception that the centre is raised some three feet higher than the

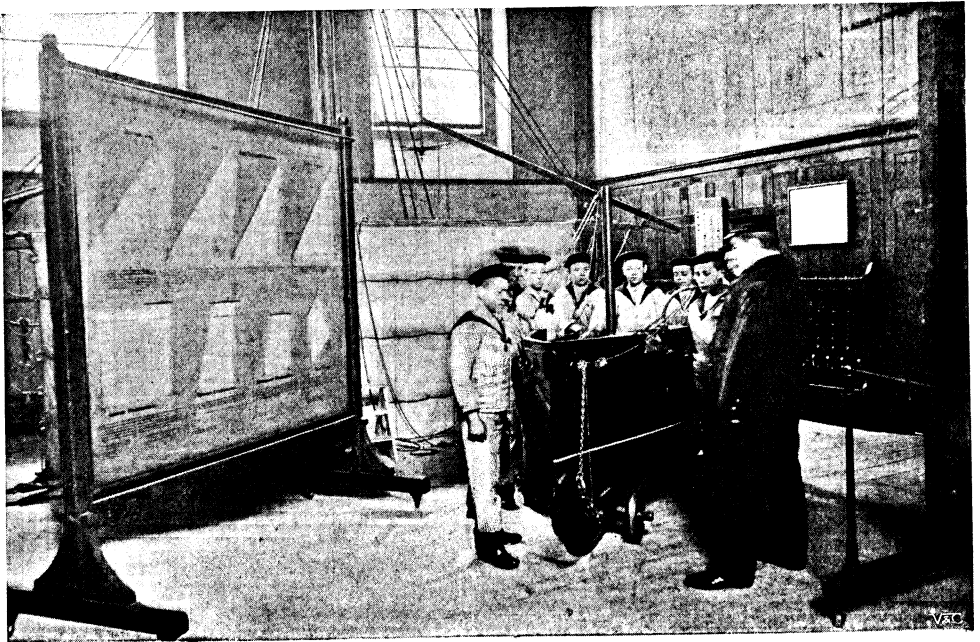
remaining portion. This is railed round, and a bridge stretches from the edge of the bath right over into the "centre pond," which, by reason of its shallowness, is that in which the lads are taught to swim. Some idea may be gathered of the size of the pond when it is mentioned that no less than 500 boys were swimming at once at a recent exhibition for the benefit of an admiral who was making a tour of inspection.

Another of the interesting sights at the Naval School is the instruction room, where a dozen boys or so are busy making mats of various sizes. One boy "reeves," while another "drives" home with much muscular force and the aid of an oar-shaped piece of wood, the intertwining cords

that are first run through a number of strands stretched from one post to another, and which in a very short time are converted from a coil of cord to a mat that for durability cannot be equalled.

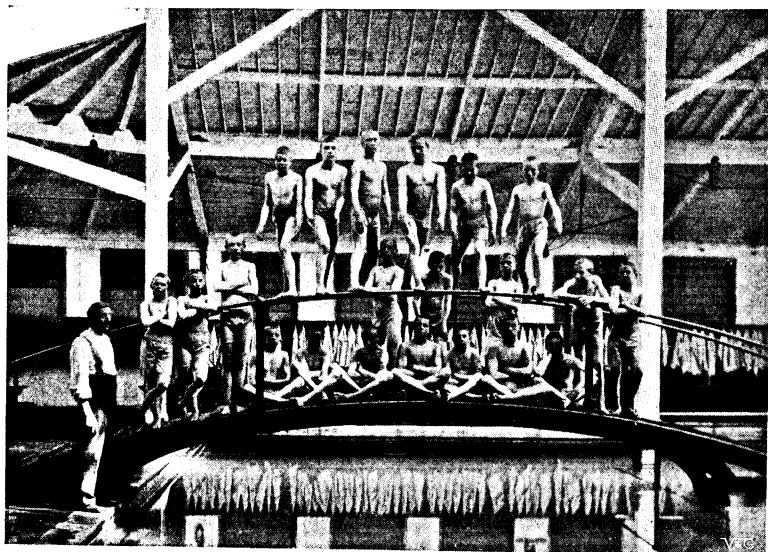


SWINGING MODEL.



ANCHOR MODEL.





IN THE "B. P."

"Just look at them!" our guide remarked as we stood upon the colonnade a little later watching the boys scampering about at play. A large section was indulging in football, but by far the greater number were engaged in punching a ball that hung from a post in the playground, and seemed to enjoy the sport, too, although the recoil of the sphere sent many a brawny lad sprawling.

"That's our patent method of hardening the young fellows' fists, and there is no better method in the world. Boy, come here!"

This last remark was addressed to a lad who was passing. He approached.

"Show me your hands." Then turning to us, "Just you feel these!"

We did. We pressed, we pinched, we pulled, but with less effect than though it had been made of leather. As a matter of fact, we

hurt our hands in the testing.

A very conspicuous object, indeed, at the Naval School is the sloop typical of the days of Nelson, which rides out every kind of weather, securely anchored in a bed of concrete in the grounds. She is manned by a crew of fifty-five, composed of those lads whose turn next it is to leave the School for a training ship at one or other of the naval stations round the coast.

Here the boys have to sleep in hammocks, holystone decks, man the yards, and in the first instruction school learn all about sails, yards, masts, anchors, and, in fact, a smattering of everything nautical.

Amongst other interesting things in the instruction schools is the compass room. This is a sight that never fails to impress visitors, as much with the ingenuity of

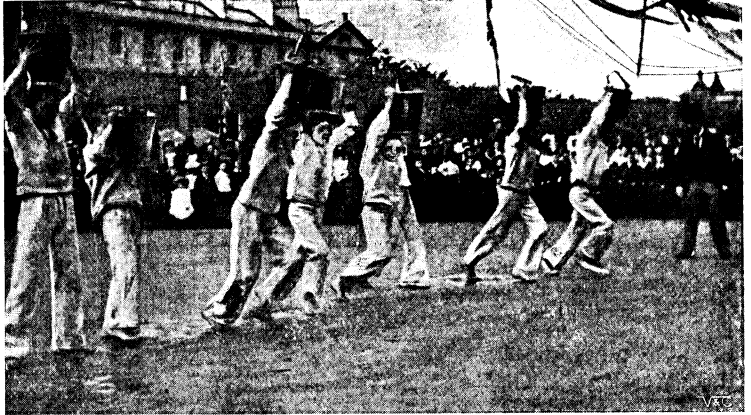


CLEANING THE GYMNASIUM.

the instructors as with the skill of the lads in steering a model man-of-war, which revolves on a turn-table, and answers every movement of the helm in the hands of the youngster steering with the same precision, and on just the same principles, as a 10,000 ton ironclad would do.

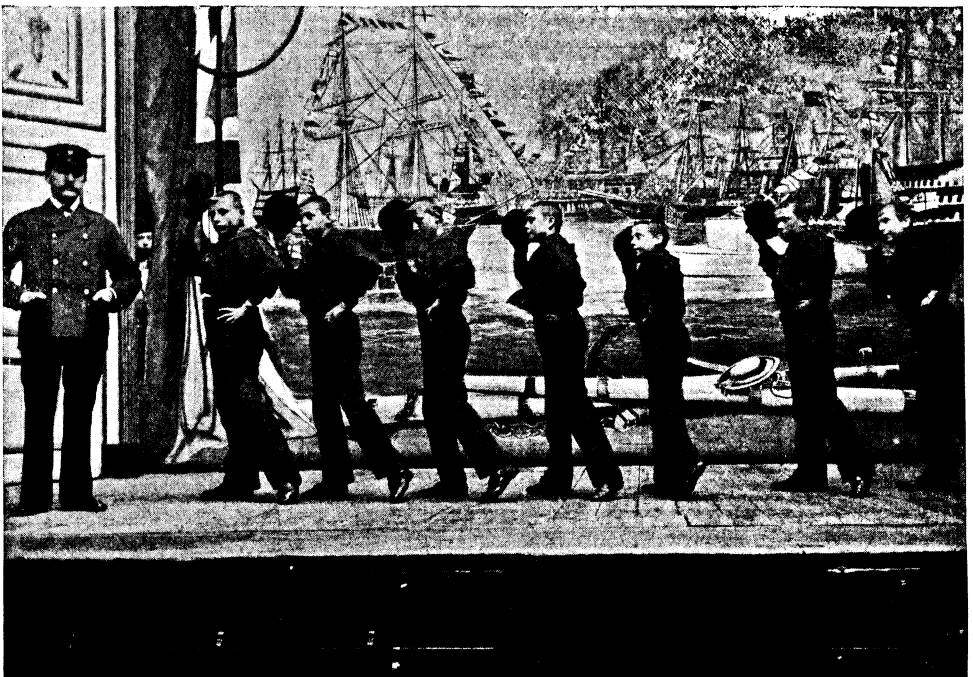
But it is impossible in the limits of an article like this to do anything like justice to the institution under Captain Anson's jurisdiction, and give in detail every little particular and many of the interesting sights to be seen Greenwich way. One can only advise the reader to go and see for himself, and, under the kindly and courteous escort of one of the officers, wander through its schools and workshops, over its ship and in its dormitories, and watch, both at work and at play, the youngsters who at no

distant date will form a considerable item of our fighting force on the sea — that



SPORTS DAY: BUCKET OF WATER RACE.

force which we landmen have come to regard, and with every reason, as Britain's bulwark.



DANCING PARTY AND INSTRUCTOR.



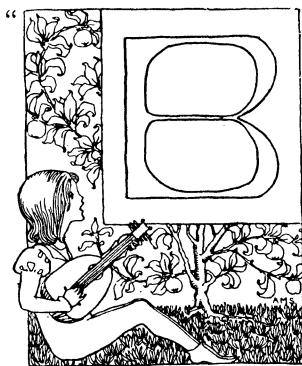
DISPUTED RIGHTS.

By GEORGE RANKIN.

# LA HAUTE FINANCE:

## A TALE OF THE BIGGEST COUP ON RECORD.

By RICHARD MARSH.\*



Y Jove! I believe it could be done!"

Mr. Rodney Railton took the cigarette out of his mouth and sent a puff of smoke into the air.

"I believe it could," by Jove!"

Another puff of smoke.

"I'll write to Mac."

He drew a sheet of paper towards him and penned the following:—

"DEAR ALEC,— Can you give me some dinner to-night? Wire me if you have a crowd. I shall be in the House till four. Have something to propose which will make your hair stand up.

"Yours, R. R."

This he addressed "Alexander Macmathers, Esq., 27, Campden Hill Mansions." As he went downstairs he gave the note to the commissionaire, with instructions that it should be delivered at once by hand.

That night Mr. Railton dined with Mr. Macmathers. The party consisted of three, the two gentlemen and a lady—Mrs. Macmathers, in fact. Mr. Macmathers was an American—a Southerner—rather tall and weedy, with a heavy, drooping moustache, like his hair, raven black. He was not talkative. His demeanour gave a wrong impression of the man—the impression that he was not a man of action. As a matter of fact, he was a man of action before all things else. He was not rich, as riches go, but certainly he was not poor. His temperament was cosmopolitan, and his profession Jack-of-all-trades. Wherever there was money to be made, he was there. Sometimes, it must be

confessed, he was there, too, when there was money to be lost. His wife was English—keen and clever. Her chief weakness was that she would persist in looking on existence as a gigantic lark. When she was most serious she regarded life least *au sérieux*.

Mr. Railton, who had invited himself to dinner, was a hybrid—German mother, English father. He was quite a young man—say thirty. His host was perhaps ten, his hostess five years older than himself. He was a stockjobber—ostensibly in the Erie market. All that he had he had made, for he had, as a boy, found himself the situation of a clerk. But his clerkly days were long since gone. No one anything like his age had a better reputation in the House; it was stated by those who had best reason to know that he had never once been left, and few had a larger credit. Lately he had wandered outside his markets to indulge in little operations in what he called *La Haute Finance*. In these Mr. Macmathers had been his partner more than once, and in him he had found just the man he wished to find.

When they had finished dinner, the lady withdrew, and the gentlemen were left alone.

"Well," observed Mr. Macmathers, "what's going to make my hair stand up?"

Mr. Railton stroked his chin as he leaned both his elbows on the board.

"Of course, Mac, I can depend on you. I'm just giving myself away. It's no good my asking you to observe strict confidence, for, if you won't come in, from the mere fact of your knowing it the thing's just busted up, that's all."

"Sounds like a mystery-of-blood-to-thee-I'll-now-unfold sort of thing."

"I don't know about mystery, but there'll be plenty of blood."

Mr. Railton stopped short and looked at his friend.

"Blood, eh? I say, Rodney, think before you speak."

"I have thought. I thought I'd play the game alone. But it's too big a game for one."

\* Copyright, 1902, by Richard Marsh, in the United States of America.

"Well, if you have thought, out with it, or be silent evermore."

"You know Plumline, the dramatist?"

"I know he's an ass."

"Ass or no ass, it's from him I got the idea."

"Good Heavens! No wonder it smells of blood."

"He's got an idea for a new play, and he came to me to get some local colouring. I'll just tell you the plot—he was obliged to tell it me, or I couldn't have given him the help he wanted."

"Is it essential? I have enough of Plumline's plots when I see them on the stage."

"It is essential. You will see."

Mr. Railton got up, lighted a cigar, and stood before the fireplace. When he had brought the cigar into good going order he unfolded Mr. Plumline's plot.

"I'm not going to bore you. I'm just going to touch upon that part which gave me my idea. There's a girl who dreams of boundless wealth—a clever girl, you understand."

"Girls who dream of boundless wealth sometimes are clever," murmured his friend. Perhaps he had his wife in his mind's eye.

"She is wooed and won by a financier. Not wooed and won by a tale of love, but by the exposition of an idea."

"That's rather new—for Plumline."

"The financier has an idea for obtaining the boundless wealth of which she only dreams."

"And the idea?"

"Is the bringing about of a war between France and Germany."

"Great snakes!" The cigarette dropped from between Mr. Macmathers's lips. He carefully picked it up again. "That's not a bad idea—for Plumline."

"It's my idea as well. In the play it fails. The financier comes to grief. I shouldn't fail. There's just that difference."

Mr. Macmathers regarded his friend in silence before he spoke again.

"Railton, might I ask you to enlarge upon your meaning? I want to see which of us two is drunk."

"In the play the man has a big bear account—the biggest upon record. I need hardly tell you that a war between France and Germany would mean falling markets. Supposing we were able to calculate with certainty the exact moment of the outbreak—arrange it, in fact—we might realise wealth

beyond the dreams of avarice—hundreds of thousands of millions, if we chose."

"I suppose you're joking?"

"How?"

"That's what I want to know—how."

"It does sound, at first hearing, like a joke, to suppose that a couple of mere outsiders can, at their own sweet will and pleasure, stir up a war between two Great Powers."

"A joke is a mild way of describing it, my friend."

"Alec, would you mind asking Mrs. Macmathers to form a third on this occasion?"

Mr. Macmathers eyed his friend for a moment, then got up and left the room. When he returned, his wife was with him. It was to the lady Mr. Railton addressed himself.

"Mrs. Macmathers, would you like to be possessed of wealth compared to which the wealth of the Vanderbilts, the Rothschilds, the Mackays, the Goulds, would shrink into insignificance?"

"Why, certainly."

It was a peculiarity of the lady's that, while she was English, she affected what she supposed to be American idioms.

"Would you stick at a little to obtain it?"

"Certainly not."

"It would be worth one's while to run a considerable risk."

"I guess."

"Mrs. Macmathers, I want to go a bear, a large bear, to win, say—I want to put it modestly—a hundred millions."

"Pounds?"

"Pounds."

It is to be feared that Mrs. Macmathers whistled.

"Figures large," she said.

"All the world knows that war is inevitable between France and Germany."

"Proceed."

"I want to arrange that it shall break out at the moment when it best suits me."

"I guess you're a modest man," she said.

Her husband smiled.

"If you consider for a moment, it would not be so difficult as it first appears. It requires but a spark to set the fire burning. There is at least one party in France to whom war would mean the achievement of all their most cherished dreams. It is long odds that a war would bring some M. Quelquechose to the front with a rush. He will be at least untried. And, of late years, it is the untried men who have the people's





"'It's a big order,' she said."



confidence in France. A few resolute men, my dear Mrs. Macmathers, have only to kick up a shindy on the Alsatian borders — Europe will be roused, in the middle of the night, by the roaring of the flames of war."

There was a pause. Mrs. Macmathers got up and began to pace the room.

"It's a big order," she said.

"Allowing the feasibility of your proposition, I conclude that you have some observations to make upon it from a moral point of view. It requires them, my friend."

Mr. Macmathers said this with a certain dryness.

"Moral point of view be hanged! It could be argued, mind, and defended; but I prefer to say candidly, the moral point of view be hanged!"

"Has it not occurred to you to think that the next Franco-German war may mean the annihilation of one of the parties concerned?"

"You mistake the position. I should have nothing to do with the war. I should merely arrange the date for its commencement. With or without me they would fight."

"You would merely consign two or three hundred thousand men to die at the moment which would best suit your pocket."

"There is that way of looking at it, no doubt. But you will allow me to remind you that you considered the possibility of creating a corner in corn without making unpleasant allusions to the fact that it might have meant starvation to thousands."

The lady interposed.

"Mr. Railton, leaving all that sort of thing alone, what is it that you propose?"



"And supposing there is no war?"

"The details have still to be filled in. Broadly, I propose to arrange a series of collisions with the German frontier authorities. I propose to get them boomed by the Parisian Press. I propose to give some M. Quelquechose his chance."

"It's the biggest order ever I heard."

"Not so big as it sounds. Start tomorrow, and I believe that we should be within measurable distance of war next week. Properly managed, I will at least guarantee that all the Stock Exchanges of Europe go down with a run."

"If the thing hangs fire, how about carrying over?"

"Settle. No carrying over for me. I will undertake that there is a sufficient margin of profit. Every account we will do a fresh bear until the trick is made. Unless

I am mistaken, the trick will be made with a rapidity of which you appear to have no conception."

"It is like a dream of the Arabian nights," the lady said.

"Before the actual reality the Arabian nights pale their ineffectual fires. It is a chance which no man ever had before, which no man may ever have again. I don't think, Macmathers, we ought to let it slip."

They did not let it slip.

## II.

MR. RAILTON was acquainted with a certain French gentleman who rejoiced in the name—according to his own account—of M. Hippolyte de Vrai-Castille. The name did not sound exactly French—M. de Vrai-Castille threw light on this by explaining that his family came originally from Spain. But, on the other hand, it must be allowed that the name did not sound exactly Spanish, either. London appeared to be this gentleman's permanent place of residence. Political reasons—so he stated—rendered it advisable that he should not appear too prominently upon his—theoretically—beloved *boulevards*. Journalism—always following this gentleman's account of himself—was the profession to which he devoted the flood-tide of his powers. The particular journal or journals which were rendered famous by the productions of his pen were rather difficult to discover—there appeared to be political reasons, too, for that.

"The man is an all-round bad lot." This was what Mr. Railton said when speaking of this gentleman to Mr. and Mrs. Macmathers. "A type of scoundrel only produced by France. Just the man we want."

"Flattering," observed his friend. "You are going to introduce us to high company."

Mr. Railton entertained this gentleman to dinner in a private room at the Hôtel Continental. M. de Vrai-Castille did not seem to know exactly what to make of it. Nothing in his chance acquaintance with Mr. Railton had given him cause to suppose that the Englishman regarded him as a respectable man, and this sudden invitation to fraternise took him a little aback. Possibly he was taken still more aback before the evening closed. Conversation languished during the meal; but when it was over—and the waiters gone—Mr. Railton became very conversational indeed.

"Look here, What's-your-name"—this was how Mr. Railton addressed M. de Vrai-Castille—"I know very little about you, but

I know enough to suspect that you have nothing in the world excepting what you steal."

"M. Railton is pleased to have his little jest."

If it was a jest, it was not one, judging from the expression of M. de Vrai-Castille's countenance, which he entirely relished.

"What would you say if I presented you with ten thousand pounds?"

"I should say——"

What he said need not be recorded, but M. de Vrai-Castille used some very bad language indeed, expressive of the satisfaction with which the gift would be received.

"And suppose I should hint at your becoming possessed of another hundred thousand pounds to back it?"

"Pardon me, M. Railton, but is it murder? If so, I would say frankly at once that I have always resolved that in those sort of transactions I would take no hand."

"Stuff and nonsense! It is nothing of the kind! You say you are a politician. Well, I want you to pose as a patriot—a French patriot, you understand."

Mr. Railton's eyes twinkled. M. de Vrai-Castille grinned in reply.

"The profession is overcrowded," he murmured, with a deprecatory movement of his hands.

"Not on the lines I mean to work it. Did you lose any relatives in the war?"

"It depends."

"I feel sure you did. And at this moment the bodies of those patriots are sepultured in Alsatian soil. I want you to dig them up again."

"*Mon Dieu! Ce charmant homme!*"

"I want you to form a league for the recovery of the remains of those noble spirits who died for their native land, and whose bones now lie interred in what *was* France, but which now, alas! is France no more. I want you to go in for this bone recovery business as far as possible on a wholesale scale."

"*Ciel! Maintenant j'ai trouvé un homme extraordinaire!*"

"You will find no difficulty in obtaining the permission of the necessary authorities sanctioning your schemes; but at the very last moment, owing to some *stated* informality, the German brigands will interfere even at the edge of the already open grave; patriot bones will be dishonoured, France will be shamed in the face of all the world."

"And then?"

"The great heart of France is a patient

heart, my friend, but ever France will not stand that. There will be war."

"And then?"

"On the day on which war is declared, one hundred thousand pounds will be paid to you in cash."

"And supposing there is no war?"

"Should France prefer to cower beneath her shame, you shall still receive ten thousand pounds."

### III.

THE following extract is from the *Times'* Parisian correspondence—

"The party of *La Revanche* is taking a new departure. I am in a position to state that certain gentlemen are putting their heads together. A league is being formed for the recovery of the bodies of various patriots who are at present asleep in Alsace. I have my own reasons for asserting that some remarkable proceedings may be expected soon. No man knows better than myself that there is nothing some Frenchmen will not do."

On the same day there appeared in *La Patrie* a really touching article. It was the story of two brothers—one was, the other was not; in life they had been together, but in death they were divided. Both alike had fought for their native land. One returned—*désolé!*—to Paris. The other stayed behind. He still stayed behind. It appeared that he was buried in Alsace, in a nameless grave! But they had vowed, these two, that they would share all things—among the rest, that sleep which even patriots must know, the unending sleep of death. "It is said," said the article in conclusion, "that that nameless grave, in what *was* France, will soon know none—or two!" It appeared that the surviving brother was going for that "nameless grave" on the principle of double or quits.

The story appeared, with variations, in a considerable number of journals. The *Daily Telegraph* had an amusing allusion to the fondness displayed by certain Frenchmen for their relatives—dead, for the "bones" of their fathers. But no one was at all prepared for the events which followed.

One morning the various money articles alluded to heavy sales which had been effected the day before, "apparently by a party of outside speculators." In particular heavy bear operations were reported from Berlin. Later in the day the evening papers came out with telegrams referring to "disturbances" at a place called Pont-sur-Leaune.

Pont-sur-Leaune is a little Alsatian hamlet. The next day the tale was in everybody's mouth. Certain misguided but well-meaning Frenchmen had been "shot down" by the German authorities. Particulars had not yet come to hand, but it appeared, according to the information from Paris, that a party of Frenchmen had journeyed to Alsace with the intention of recovering the bodies of relatives who had been killed in the war; on the very edge of the open graves German soldiers had shot them down. Telegrams from Berlin stated that a party of body-snatchers had been caught in the very act of plying their nefarious trade; no mention of shooting came from there. Although the story was doubted in the City, it had its effect on the markets—prices fell. It was soon seen, too, that the bears were at it again. Foreign telegrams showed that their influence was being felt all round; very heavy bear raids were again reported from Berlin. Markets became unsettled, with a downward tendency, and closing prices were the worst of the day.

Matters were not improved by the news of the morrow. A Frenchman *had* been shot—his name was Hippolyte de Vrai-Castille, and a manifesto from his friends had already appeared in Paris. According to this, they had been betrayed by the German authorities. They had received permission from those authorities to take the bodies of certain of their relatives and lay them in French soil. While they were acting on this permission they were suddenly attacked by German soldiers, and he, their leader, that patriot soul, Hippolyte de Vrai-Castille, was dead. But there was worse than that. They had prepared flags in which to wrap the bodies of the dead. Those flags—emblems of France—had been seized by the rude German soldiers, torn into fragments, trampled in the dust. The excitement in Paris appeared to be intense. All that day there was a falling market.

The next day's papers were full of contradictory telegrams. From Berlin the affair was pooh-poohed. The story of permission having been accorded by the authorities was pure fiction—there had been a scuffle in which a man had been killed, probably by his own friends—the tale of the dishonoured flags was the invention of an imaginative brain. But these contradictions were for the most part frantically contradicted by the Parisian Press. There was a man in Paris who had actually figured on the scene. He had caught M. de Vrai-Castille in his arms



"They had escaped—had been shot at while running."

as he fell, he had been stained by his heart's blood, his cheek had been torn open by the bullet which killed his friend. Next his heart he at that moment carried portions of the flags — emblems of France! — which had been subjected to such shame.

But it was on the following day that the situation first took a definitely serious shape. Placards appeared on every dead wall in Paris, small bills were thrust under every citizen's door — on the bills and placards were printed the same words. They were signed "Quelque-chose." They pointed out that France owed her present degradation — like all her other degradations — to her Government. The nation was once more insulted; the Army was once more betrayed; the national flag had been trampled on again, as it had been trampled on before. Under a strong Government these things could not be, but under a Government of cowards——! Let France but breathe the word, "La Grande Nation" would exist once more. Let the Army but make a sign, there would be "La Grande Armée" as of yore.

That night there was a scene in the Chamber. M. de Caragnac—*à propos des botte*—made a truly remarkable speech. He declared that permission had been given to these men. He produced documentary evidence to that effect. He protested that these men—true citizens of France!—had been the victims of a “Prussian” plot. As to the outrage to the national flag, had it been perpetrated, say, in Tonkin, “cannons would be belching forth their thunders now.” But in Alsace—“this brave Government dare only turn to the smiters the other cheek.” In the galleries they cheered him to the echo. On the tribune there was something like a free fight. When the last telegrams were despatched to London, Paris appeared to be approaching a state of riot.

The next day there burst a thunderbolt. Five men had been detained by the German authorities. They had escaped—had been detected in the act of flight—had been shot at while running. Two of them had been killed. A third had been fatally wounded. The news—flavoured to taste—was shouted from the roofs of the houses. Paris indulged in one of its periodical fits of madness. The condition of the troops bore a strong family

likeness to mutiny. And in the morning Europe was electrified by the news that a revolution had been effected in the small hours of the morning, that the Chambers had been dissolved, and that with the Army were the issues of peace and war.

#### IV.

On the day of the declaration of the war between France and Germany—that heavy-laden day—an individual called on Mr. Rodney Railton whose appearance caused that gentleman to experience a slight sensation of surprise.

“De Vrai-Castille! I was wondering if you had left any instructions as to whom I was to pay that hundred thousand pounds. I thought that you were dead.”

“Monsieur mistakes. My name is Henri Kerchrist, a name not unknown in my native Finistère. M. Hippolyte de Vrai-Castille is dead. I saw him die. It was to me he directed that you should pay that hundred thousand pounds.”

As he made these observations, possibly owing to some local weakness, “Henri Kerchrist” winked the other eye.



THE SWANS AT WOBURN ABBEY.  
A photographic study by Charles Reid, Wishaw.

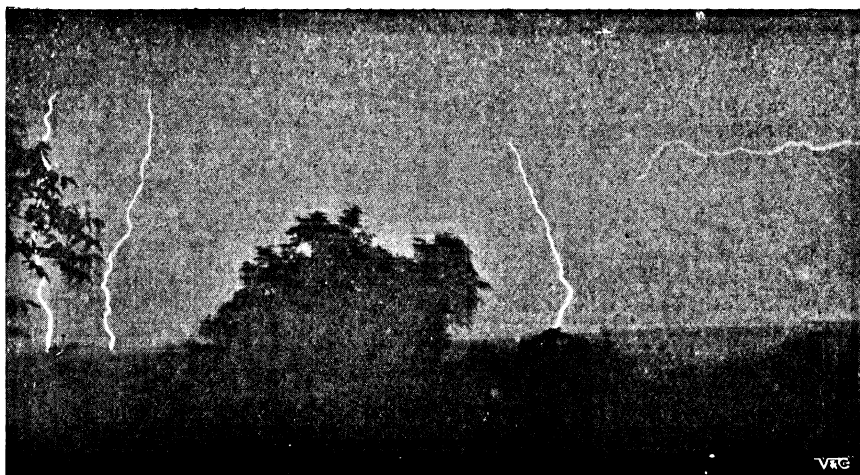


FIG. I.—LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. LOCKYER, AT GÖTTINGEN, GERMANY, 1893.  
*An approaching storm.*

## DARK LIGHTNING FLASHES.

BY WILLIAM J. S. LOCKYER, M.A., PH.D., F.R.A.S.

A BRILLIANT lightning flash during the night, like a total eclipse of the sun, is a most awe-inspiring phenomenon, which illustrates in a striking manner the wonderful working of Nature and her laws. To watch these magnificent flashes which stream across the sky, sometimes directly towards the earth, and at other times in inclined paths, makes one contemplate the disastrous results that would ensue if the whole firmament were let loose simultaneously on our little earth. These brilliant visitors, which seem to vie with each other in excelling in brightness and form, are admirable objects to be caught by the photographic plate, and, in fact, many beautiful flashes have in this way been entrapped, so that their peculiar forms may be studied at leisure.

As a rule, photographs of lightning flashes appear *bright*—that is, white on a

dark background ; but it happens sometimes that what may be termed *dark* flashes have been recorded on the photographic plate. In this article I propose to bring before the reader a few examples of these peculiar flashes, and to explain, if possible, the causes to which they are due.

If *dark* flashes do really occur in Nature, then they should be both seen and photographed, and the former one would think

would be the more simple way of recording them. A difficulty, however, here arises, for if we assume that both dark and bright flashes occur during a thunderstorm, then we must be careful not to mistake retina-fatigue dark flashes for actual dark flashes, if they exist. By retina-fatigue dark flashes is meant that if an observer looks at a very bright flash, his retina becomes momentarily so tired by its suddenness and brightness that for some seconds after-



FIG. II.—LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. LOCKYER, AT GÖTTINGEN, 1893.



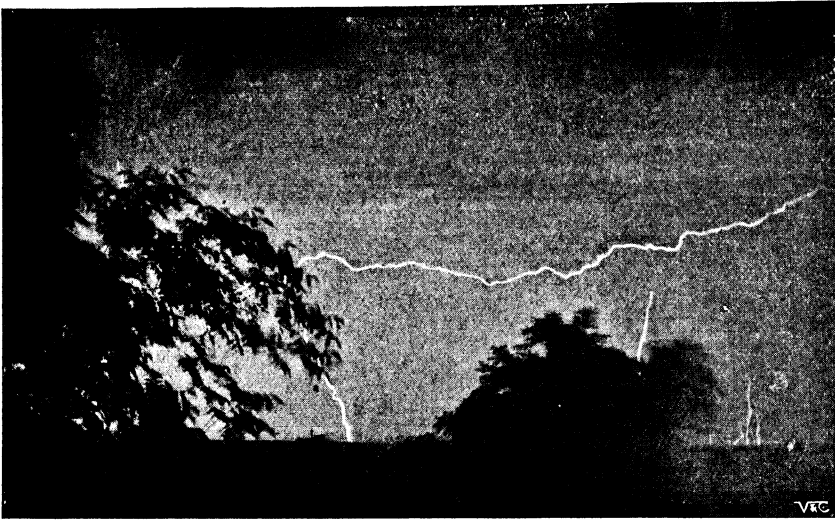


FIG. III.—LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. LOCKYER, AT GÖTTINGEN, GERMANY, 1893.

wards he sees, wherever he looks, an exact image of the bright flash, only it appears *dark*.

As far as is known, dark lightning flashes have never been seen. If we employ photography as a means of recording lightning flashes, we find that we do obtain records of dark flashes. Whether the dark flashes are simply due to some action relative to the sensitive film, or are actual images of real dark flashes, the reader will, I hope, be able to decide when he has read the present article. It may be remarked that the action of the sensitive film is generally known to be capable of giving us both bright and dark images, although the object photographed is bright.

A word or two here may not be out of place to show how lightning photographs should be secured. Everyone who has a camera can help in the elucidation of several points to be studied, and most probably bring new facts to light. The photography of lightning flashes during the night is an easy subject, for one has simply to turn the camera in the direction where the flashes occur, focus for the horizon—*i.e.*, any distant object, say a lamp some way off—remove the cap, and the lightning does all the exposing itself. Unfortunately, it is not everyone who is aware of this fact, and many instances have been recorded where observers have attempted to catch the flash by means of instantaneous shutters. Needless to remark, the flash was a thing of the past before the operator had succeeded in actuating the shutter.

Now, before attempting to explain the cause or causes of dark flashes of lightning,

it is necessary to be equipped with a considerable amount of data. Up to the present time a great many photographs of lightning have been secured, but they are so scattered in various publications that it is only with great difficulty that they can be found. Fortunately, the photographs I have obtained at various times contain several different *types* of flashes, and these, together with a few others to which reference will be made, will help us materially to form a general idea of their variations. I will first restrict myself simply to describing briefly and pointing out the peculiarities contained in the photographs reproduced in this article.

Fig. I. was taken in Germany at the approach of a storm from the westward. It will be noticed that the flashes proceed from clouds some distance away, and that the two brightest have no ramifications or branches, but simply increase in intensity as the earth is approached. There are no dark flashes on this photograph, for the reason, as will be seen further on, that the storm was too far away, and therefore the flashes were not bright enough to produce the photographic effect. The exposure given in this case was twenty minutes, and Eastman's films were used in this and in all the other photographs described.

Fig. II. was obtained during the same storm as the preceding photograph, but from a different point of view, when the storm was much closer. It was taken during a tremendous downpour of rain, as the photograph shows. The bright flashes streaming from the cloud on the right hand side all converge and form the strong flash which

apparently does not reach the earth, but disappears behind a low cloud. The exposure was five minutes in length.

Fig. III. is interesting, as it shows how apparently intense horizontal lightning can travel. In the right hand corner the reader will notice it is practically raining flashes. There, of course, the storm was a great distance away. The exposure in this case was twenty-five minutes.

I will now describe two out of the four photographs I secured during the storm that passed over Westgate-on-Sea, Thanet, during the night of August 5th, two years ago. All four of the photographs obtained showed *dark* as well as bright flashes. The storm, I may add, passed roughly from S.E. towards N.W., and the camera was placed on a window-sill facing a north-westerly direction.

Fig. IV., showing the north-western sky, displays several flashes, the most prominent of which are bright, and two others dark. The bright flashes have no ramifications, while the strong dark flash has several dark ones. It may be that the dark flash on the left hand side is only a large ramification of the neighbouring bright flash, but it is difficult to say. The exposure in this case was fifteen minutes.

The last, and probably unique, photograph is shown in Fig. VIII. on page 419.

The negative was exposed for fifteen minutes, when the storm was, perhaps, just a

little north of the camera. The two most prominent flashes are those marked A and B. B is the ordinary bright flash, with numerous bright ramifications, while A is also equally, if not more, strong, but *dark* with *dark* ramifications. Most interesting is the reversal which extends nearly the whole way up the centre—that is, the dark flash has a bright core. A *bright* flash with a *dark* core was illustrated in a recent article by Mr. Broome, the photograph having been taken by Messrs. Valentine, Blanchard and Lunn, at Cambridge.

Another flash of interest and peculiarity is that near B in Fig. VIII. This flash is quite distinct from B, but, unlike all the other bright flashes of about the same intensity, which are clear and sharply defined, this one is bounded distinctly on both sides with *dark borders*. A similar type of flash was photographed by Mr. George Primavesi, at Tooting, but it is far more intense, and the borders are more pronounced (*Knowledge*, vol. xviii., p. 224).

To sum up, then, the different appearances of lightning flashes in photographs, excluding any reference to ramifications, we have—dark flashes (simple); dark flashes with bright core; bright flashes with dark boundaries; bright flashes (simple); bright flashes with dark core.

So much, then, for actual types of photographs of lightning obtained in Nature.



FIG. IV.—LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. W. J. S. LOCKYER, AT WESTGATE-ON-SEA, AUGUST 5, 1899.

*Both bright and dark flashes of lightning are shown.*

Can we reproduce in the laboratory all these types? and further, do the dark flashes actually exist, or are they the result of some photographic action on the sensitive film?

Some years ago Mr. Clayden pointed out, in a series of experiments he made, that dark, as well as bright flashes, could be produced artificially on one plate. The result of his investigation led him to formulate the following theory.

If the lens of the camera be covered the

The effect, then, according to Mr. Clayden, is a purely chemical one, or, in other words, actual dark lightning flashes do not exist in Nature.

Now, although Mr. Clayden has shown that simple dark flashes can be artificially produced, the question then arose, how about dark flashes with bright cores, and bright flashes with dark boundaries, which have been photographed? Can these types also be produced artificially on Mr. Clayden's theory? No photographs of sparks produced in the laboratory had, as far as I know, displayed any of these peculiarities.

To investigate this question, laboratory experiments were made on the following lines.

In a darkened room an exposure on a single spark from an induction coil against a white cardboard background was made. On development this bright flash came out *bright*. This is what one would naturally expect. A new film was next inserted and the same experiment repeated, except that the film was not removed or developed. After moving the poles between which the spark passed, two more sparks were allowed to pass. The poles were again moved and then four sparks passed, but during the passage of these four sparks, the background was illuminated by burning magnesium wire. On development the sparks appeared as shown in Fig. VI.

A is the first spark, B the two sparks after the first movement of the poles, and C the last four flashes when the background was artificially illuminated. The illumination of the background has thus

reversed the bright sparks A and B into dark ones, while even the two bright flashes in C have attempted to alter the remaining two in C, but have given them only dark borders.

In this one experiment we have thus produced dark flashes with bright cores, bright flashes with dark boundaries, and simple white flashes, reproductions practically of the lightning flashes illustrated in the previous photographs.

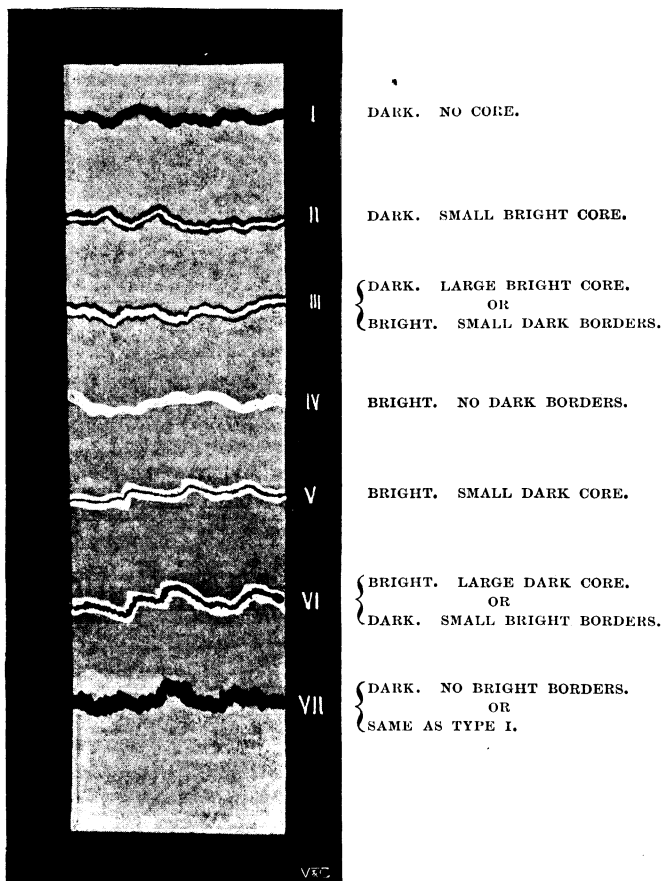


FIG. V.—DIAGRAM SHOWING THE EVOLUTION OF A LIGHTNING FLASH.

moment after a flash occurs, the developed image will always come out bright, feebly or strongly, according to circumstances. If, however, the plate be exposed after the flash has acted upon it, either to the continued action of a feeble diffused light or to the powerful glare arising from one or more subsequent flashes, then on development the image of the original flash will probably come out black.

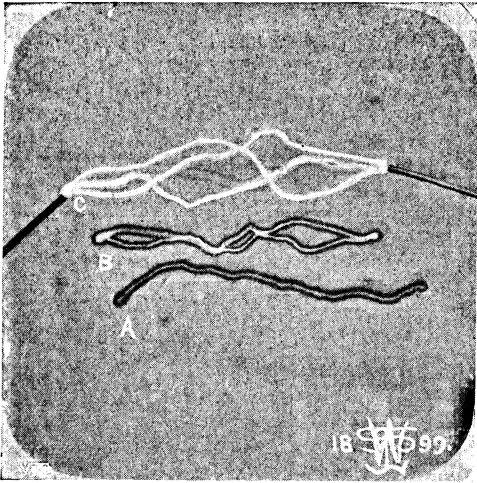


FIG. VI.—SHOWING THREE SERIES OF SPARKS ON ONE PLATE AGAINST A WHITE BACKGROUND.

*During the passage of the sparks at C the background was artificially illuminated.*

There seemed evidence, therefore, to conclude that, irrespective of the brightness of the first flash, subsequent bright flashes tended to reverse or make dark or partially make dark the previous flashes photographed.

Another similar experiment was made, but the background was illuminated to a different

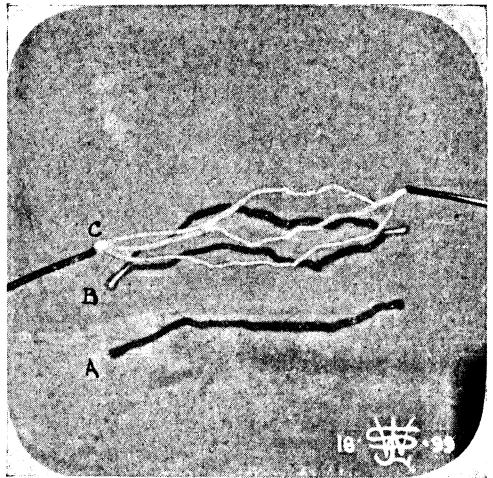


FIG. VII.—SAME AS FIG. VI., BUT BACKGROUND DURING EXPOSURE OF C ILLUMINATED TO A DIFFERENT DEGREE.

degree; the result is shown in Fig. VII. Here it will be noticed that the flashes that have been rendered dark at A and B have much smaller cores, while the three flashes at C are none of them simply bright, but each has dark boundaries.

In studying Fig. VIII. in the light of these

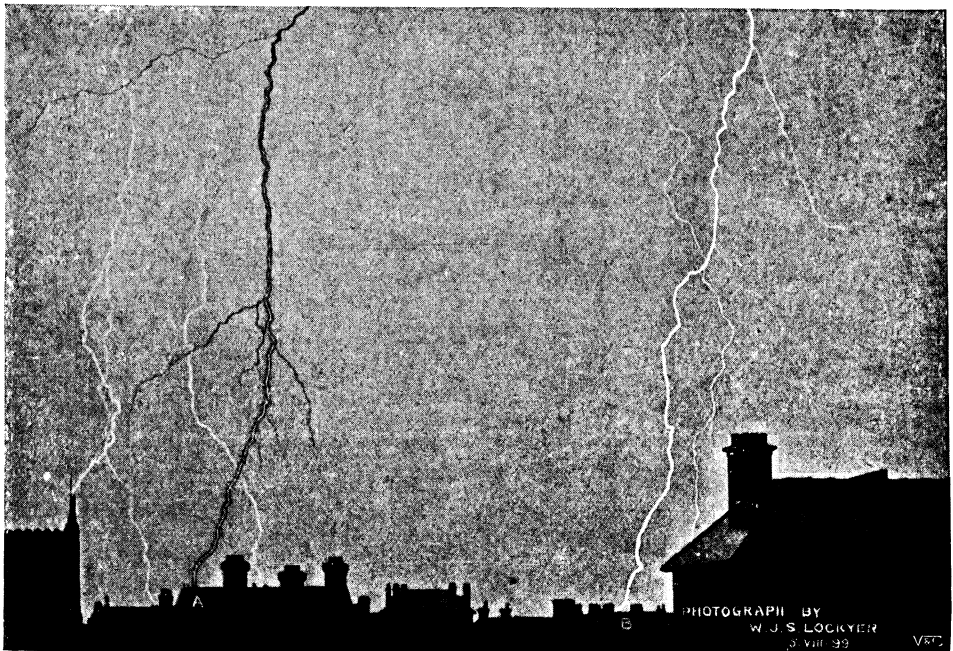


FIG. VIII.—PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY DR. W. J. S. LOCKYER, AT WESTGATE-ON-SEA, DURING THE THUNDERSTORM ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 5, 1899.

*Both bright and dark flashes of lightning are shown. Exposure fifteen minutes.*

results we can form an idea of the order of appearance of the flashes. That marked A was undoubtedly the first to occur. Then the flash B made its appearance, and, being so intense, illuminated the neighbouring region (similarly to the magnesium wire and white cardboard) round A that the image on the film was affected chemically and rendered A dark. The flash near B was probably the next in order, but, being more distant and therefore fainter, did not have any effect on A or B. It, however, was affected by subsequent flashes, which were not bright enough to alter A or B, but were sufficiently intense to give it dark borders. The above order of appearance is, to a great extent, corroborated by the apparent distances of the flashes, as can be gathered from their points of first appearance in the photographs.

There seems little doubt now that we have here the true solution of the problem of dark lightning flashes, and we must consider their appearance on the photographic film as due to chemical action, as Mr. Clayden first suggested.

It is, further, very interesting to study the cycle or evolution which a flash undergoes when photographed on the same plate with other flashes. Such an evolution is shown in diagrammatic form in Fig. V.

Commencing with Type I. we have the extraordinary *dark* flash; this has been rendered dark by subsequent bright flashes, as previously explained. Type II. is a dark flash

which has a small white core. Notice that the core now increases at the expense of the dark portion. Type III. shows the core very strongly developed; this flash may be described as either a bright flash with dark boundaries, or a dark flash with a very intense bright core. Greater intensity of the core gives us a simple bright flash, as shown in Type IV. Now, for moderately intense flashes a double reversion takes place, and we get such a type as V.—that is, a bright flash with a dark core. A more brilliant flash would show probably a still broader dark core, as Type VI., while one can imagine that the intensity of a flash could be such that it would be totally reversed, and we should obtain the appearance as in Type VII., which is similar to Type I. with which we commenced. It is probable, however, that the core seldom develops sufficiently to produce a dark flash like Type VII., but that the simple dark flashes usually recorded are generally after Type I. and caused by the Clayden effect. Types I.-III. should be only produced when more than one flash is photographed on a single plate, but Types IV.-VII. could be obtained by photographing single flashes.

Readers of this article who have unmounted photographs of interesting lightning flashes, and who would be willing to exchange them for any of the above from the original negatives, would confer a great favour on the writer of this article.



"THE OLD PASTURES."

A photographic study by Charles Reid, Wishaw.





FOR  
OLD TIMES'  
SAKE.

BY R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

THE chamber where Peter Brock lay was large and low-ceiled, with indigo-blue washed walls. A four-post bedstead, with an arched top hung with stiffly starched dimity embellished with roses, stood near the door. The gaffer lay very quietly on the flock mattress; his head, turned face upwards, scarce made a dint on the pillow. The counterpane was unruffled, and doubled over where it touched his beard. He had been helpless for some months, and Hannah's continual smoothing of the creases whenever he had turned had at last so wrought upon his conscience that he no longer stirred save when bidden. Even now, when the end was so near, he did not dare to disturb the rigid lines that she had

marked with her thumb-nail. He was a man of many friends, and since his paralytic seizure the sick-room had set an example of neatness to every Milton housekeeper.

He was scarce able to eat, but one kindly sympathiser had purchased a basket of cunningly wrought samples of soap, designed to tempt the eye. It lay, a gorgeous vision of grapes and peaches and nectarines, on a wool mat in the centre of a polished round table, surrounded by a score of empty medicine bottles. He had ever been proud of his capacity for doctors' stuff, and his daughter had yielded to his prayer that these trophies might not be removed. Moreover, said the elder cheerfully, if need be, their saving might prevent any dispute about the bill.



On the evening of his death Mrs. Dane came down from Mooredge with a little hamper of dainty food. Emma, the younger daughter, who was herself in her fortieth year, conducted her to the parlour that opened from the house-place. The spinster's sharp face, blubbered with natural tears, told the dame that Peter's time was come, and her own comfortable chin began to show signs of weakness. Peter and she had been schoolmates, and their friendship had held good for more than half a century.

"Is he worsened?" she said, with a slight gasp.

"Aye," replied Emma. "Doctor Hattersley says as belike it'll come at midnight. He's sufferin', poor soul, sufferin' so much as I canna bear to see him."

Mrs. Dane opened her hamper and lifted out some jars.

"There's cawf's-foot jilly an' beef-tea," she said. "Dear Lord! to think as it's the last I'll e'er make for him! If you dunna mind, wench, I'd like to go upstairs."

"It's o' no use," said Emma, "he'll none know you, I fear; but still, if you want, it can do him no harm. Come this way."

She preceded the visitor up the wide staircase and led the way to Peter's chamber. Hannah, who was sitting by the bed, raised a lean forefinger to her lips.

"He's a bit easier now," she whispered; "dunna make a noise."

The sibilation roused the old man; his eyes turned slowly towards the door. "Is—it—you, M'ria?" he stammered.

The widow tiptoed forward and bent over the pillow. "Aye, Pete," she said gently, "it's me, and sorry to th'yeart to see you i' such a bad way."

A yellow hand crept over the counterpane. "You've—been good—to me, M'ria—very good—but I canna die without——"

She bent lower. "Hush, lad," she murmured, "worry about nought. I know what you mean; now dunna fret!"

He quietened wonderfully as her palm, light as a leaf, moved to and fro on his forehead; his eyes closed, his breath came with less rebellion. Hannah spoke peremptorily in a glance, and Mrs. Dane moved to the door. As she lingered on the threshold the gaffer spoke again.

"It isna fair, M'ria—it's—bad as stealin', if it isna paid!"

Mrs. Dane retired with her handkerchief to her eyes; Peter spoke no more for a full hour. At nine o'clock Emma stole up to the chamber.

"There's 'Liz'beth Drabble downstairs," she said. "She thought she'd best come up, so as to be on th'spot. I set her agate o' warmin' a cup o' beer for hersen."

Hannah went silently to a chest of drawers and took out a pair of linen sheets, and a white shirt and pair of cotton stockings.

"They may as well be airin'," she remarked. "Give 'em to 'Liz'beth, an' you come back, for it looks as if poor feyther were passin' now."

Emma went away, to return presently with considerable reluctance—for she was of a timorous nature and disposed to shun the serious things of life. Each woman had loved the gaffer in her own way, and the last hours were filled with melancholy reflections. Ever and anon Hannah leaned forward and moistened his lips with a feather dipped in brandy. It seemed as if he were about to depart without another word, but just before the end Hannah begged him to say something for them to remember him by, and the twitching lips grew firm for a few moments.

"Fifty pound," gasped Peter, "borrowed two—year ago . . . M'ria it was . . . I ne'er said ought—to anyone . . . You mun tell her—I've tow'd you—it mun be paid."

Shortly afterwards, when all was over, and 'Liz'beth Drabble had been admitted to perform the offices by which she earned a scanty living, the two daughters retired to the parlour, mended the fire, and sat down for a hearty cry. When the first paroxysm was over, Hannah declared that she was faint with want of food, having partaken of nothing since tea-time.

"There's Mrs. Dane's jilly," faltered Emma. "Poor feyther'll ne'er eat it any more."

"I canna chew jilly," said Hannah tearfully. "You can have it, if you want, but I be for bread an' cheese. I'll go to th'pantry mysen."

From the floor above came the slow clattering of the old woman's shoes, as she moved from side to side of the bed. The sisters, as they ate and drank together, followed mentally their father's final toilet. After the meal, in which tears gave a salty flavour to their victuals, their spirits grew less burdensome, and they drew nearer the fire, their feet on the fender, that their toes might warm, and talked of the funeral and the guests who should be invited. Brocks were always buried festively, and the old man had been vastly respected. When the day had been chosen, and the list of "bearers" settled, Hannah saw for the first time Mrs.

Dane's jar of beef-tea. She opened the casement and flung the decoction into the garden.

"I dunna think we ought to mention it yet," she said, "seeing as he's but scarce cold; still, I do think M'ria Dane's behaved traitorous."

"I couldna make it out," responded the less guileful Emma. "Poor feyther were worritin' about——"

"Well!" exclaimed Hannah, "why, it's clear as the day. He lent her fifty pound, two year ago, an' I doubt he's gotten no

"But if there's no paper, when we look in his desk, how will't go then?"

"She shall pay every penny of it," said Hannah, "if we have to go to law with her. Here's 'Liz'beth—eh, dear! eh, dear! eh, dear! Come upstairs, Em. Poor, poor feyther!"

Four full days passed before Peter was borne shoulder-high along the Dale, beneath a pomp of black pall with heavy white fringe, to the grave beside the lich-gate. Mrs. Dane was, of course, present amongst the guests; but, to her amazement and distress, neither



"They drew nearer the fire."

receipt for it. An' you heard him say as it mun be paid."

"I did," said Emma, "an' I saw how bothered she looked! And her a-comin' with her jillies an' stuffs, just for to make him so as he'd forgive th'debt. I e'er thought her deep—she'd have wedded him when mother died, but for you stopping it."

Hannah nodded. "Do you rec'lect two years ago, him bein' queer in his mind—just afore Bakewell Fair? It were then as she had it, I dare swear. . . . He always were vexed to part wi' money."

Hannah nor Emma deigned to notice her particular sorrow for the loss of her old friend. Since she had resolutely shunned any mention of the loan, her sympathetic advances were altogether repressed, and as they sat down to the burial tea, after the walk from the church, Hannah flouted her in the presence of all the company. Still she did not desist from her kindly attempts.

"I ne'er thought," said the dame, "as I'd be sitting here on such a melancholy occasion. Peter, God rest him! an' me is—or rather was—of an age, both bein' born on the

night of Pack-Rag Feast, sixty-eight years ago. . . . A bit unlucky wi' bad harvests, but he strove an' strove bravely."

"I reckoned," remarked Emma, ignoring the last words, "as you were a lot older nor him. Poor feyther — boo-hoo! — he didna look more nor his years till he were struck wi' th'palsy."

One of the women tittered hysterically. Mrs. Dane's colour rose and she said nothing more. But Hannah, whose ire had been roused beyond endurance by the allusion to her father's unsuccessful farming, rose and glared with venomous eyes across the table.

"Feyther were a good man, Missus Dane," she said. "A good, kind-hearted man. E'er wi' his hand in his pocket, ready to lend folk as wanted it — *as much as fifty paund!*"

Mrs. Dane's colour faded again. "I'm saying nought about money," she said expostulatingly. "There were nobody as respected him more nor I did. I'm sure I've felt his goin' as if he'd been one of my own kin. . . . Ne'er a day but I came down to see him."

"You did so," said Hannah; "but let's say no more o' that. Only there were folk as pettled about him at th'last for motives of their own—a-tryin' to deedle him so as he'd forget to speak o' money lent. Oh, yes, I'm mentionin' no names, but I can see through a stone wall as well as any other woman!"

The widow had pushed her chair aside; her lean, hard-worked hands were busy with her bonnet-strings. "It'd be better for you, Hannah Brock," she said, "if you did say no more. There's limits to my patience. Peter were a dear friend o' mine, an' it's unseemly to insult folk at a meal given to honour him. If there be anybody at this table as owed Peter money, why then, Lord help 'em! for they'll have a wench sharp as nails to deal wi'!"

Hannah realised at last that her anger had carried her too far; she rose and attempted to intercept Mrs. Dane on her way to the door.

"I dunna want a scandal," she muttered, clutching a corner of the black cashmere shawl. "Prythee sit you down, Missus Dane, an' I'll hold my tongue for th'present. We'll settle about the reckonin' afterwards."

"Take your great hands away!" cried Mrs. Dane, in a choked voice. "I canna bear you touchin' me. I hadna meant for there to be a reckonin'; but since you mun have it, you shall. I'd have been silent, for Peter's sake; but human nature canna bear

such usage. An' I'll ne'er darken your door again."

Although Hannah stood blocking the way, the widow thrust her aside with an angry movement of the arm and went resolutely from the house. The guests at the table showed faces of great disapprobation, and, being desirous of justifying herself, Hannah began hurriedly to explain.

"I'm none one as shoots without bullets," she said. "Two years ago feyther lent her fifty pound, an' e'er since he's been a bedlar she's come wi' her jillies and what not, hopin' to wheedle him into forgivin' th'debt. An' his last words to her were as it mun be paid, or it would be downright robbery. She hushed him, for to stop him mentionin' of it. She knew how close poor feyther were about tellin' us his business."

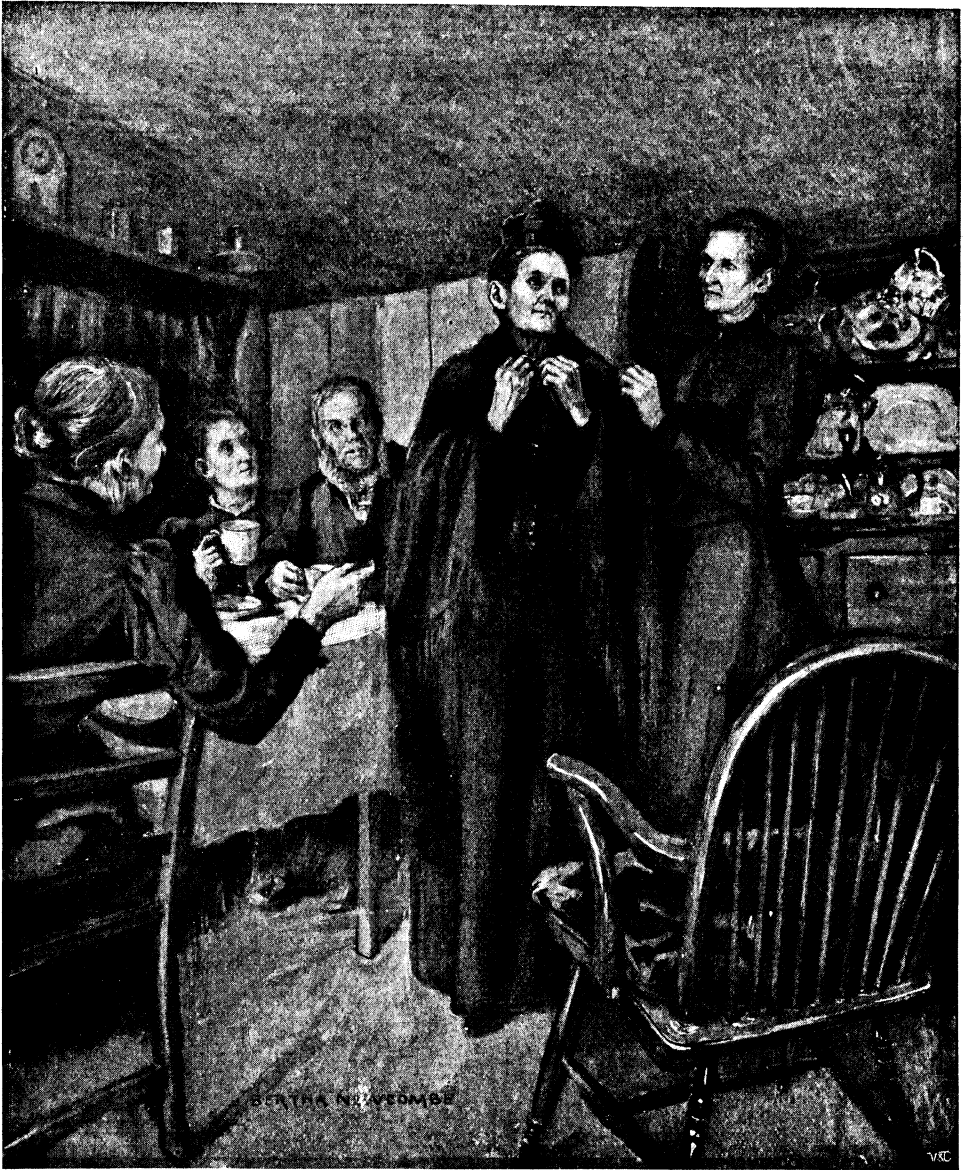
An elderly farmer rose and thrust back his chair as abruptly as Mrs. Dane had done. "I've always held as Missus Dane were a honest an' God-fearin' woman," he said gravely, "an' I dunna like fool's talk at such a time. I reckon you'll be shamed o' yoursen to-morrow, or I'd tell you a bit o' my mind. M'ria Dane ne'er were one to take advantage—by'r Leddy, it were usually t'other way about."

He took his hat from the side-table. "I consider you've used her cruel," he added, "an' there's none at th'table as'll quarrel wi' me for tellin' you so. I wish you an' your fifty pound luck, an' I think you've fouled Peter's memory."

Then he tramped away, and the other guests, vastly uncomfortable, gulped down the remainder of the food and returned to their homes in silence. The sisters sat weeping for some time after the last had gone, then Hannah brought forth several strenuous reasons for her candour. She knew, however, that the plain-speaking had prejudiced her with her neighbours, and her righteous indignation against the widow only increased.

"Tell you what, Em," she said at last, "I'll go an' look through poor feyther's papers now, though I doubt there'll be no mention o' th'debt. Ne'ertheless, he said it, an' it mun be gathered in. You may as well set to washin' up th'pots, wench; if you havena finished 'em when I come down, I'll help you."

She took a candle and went up to the chamber; a few more tears flowed when she beheld the oblong outline in the middle of the mattress. She unlocked the desk where Peter had kept his private papers, and began



"'I dunna want a scandal,' she muttered."

to search for the bond. As she had feared, she found nothing relating to money transactions with Mrs. Dane; but her amazement was great to come across a yellow bundle of love-letters, written in an uncouth hand and dated fifty years before, and signed "MARIA."

"Generous he were!" she sighed. "Kind-hearted as a babby! I used for to have my thoughts as they courted in youth, for mother could ne'er abide her. . . . An'

'cause they were old sweethearts he lent her th'money without a scrap o' receipt."

She read the letters one by one, her narrow mouth pouting derisively. "Deary me!" she said, when she had torn the last to pieces. "She was warm in her feelin's! I s'pose feyther were forced to refuse her. An' for her, after callin' him 'loove' an' 'darlin', to come a-borrowin' money in his old age!"

She went downstairs, after she had made sure that the gentle Emma had finished her



"'Lawyer Watkins'll write to you.'"

task. They began to talk of the future—their father's will, made many years ago, gave them equal shares in the little farm.

"We'll just go on as afore," observed Hannah, "but only we shall be a bit better-to-do. Feyther had his failin's—joy be his bed, an' there'll be no ale-house work to pay for. Th'club-money covers th'burial expenses, an' th'forty-five pound insurance mun stop i' th'bank for a nest-egg. Why, bless me! wi' Missus Dane's fifty, there'll be well nigh on a hundred! I declare, if we sell the owd mare, there'll be five pound for her."

"Aye," interrupted Emma, "but had we better? Feyther said as she shouldna be sold whilst he lived."

"He didna say ought about after," said Hannah. "She's twenty-five year, an' no use for leadin'. We mun have a young tit. Missus Dane's money'll buy that, an' a new cart, an' a heifer or two."

Ere they retired, they had made up their minds to visit Mooredge on the following afternoon and formally request an early settlement. So at the appointed time they climbed the hillside and reached the small

farmhouse where the widow lived. She had seen them approach, and she was waiting at the door.

"I reckon you've come to excuse yoursen, Hannah Brock," she said very coldly. "I were ne'er so bedone in my life. But for decency's sake you'd have heard some truths yesterday."

"We've come to settle about that money," replied Hannah. "We want no more to do wi' you."

Mrs. Dane's face grew somewhat kinder. "I s'pose you've found a paper or summat," she said. "There's no call to worry; I dinna mean to bother wi' it. Your feyther an' me were lad an' lass together."

"You were," said Hannah. "I've been reading your letters to him—nay, such soft stuff! Lucky for him as he didna wed you!"

The widow led the way to her parlour, and with a gesture bade the two black-garbed spinsters sit on the most uncomfortable chairs.

"You're a bit loose i' th'tongue, Hannah Brock," she said quietly. "Peter would have married me twenty times over but for

mischievous as were bred betwixt us by your mother. She loved him, too, so I canna blame her."

Hannah's cheeks turned pale green. "You let my mother be!" she snarled, striking her fist fiercely on the polished card-table. "Let's settle—I wanna stay i' your house one——"

"You'll none wish, I fancy," said Mrs. Dane. "Aye, I'll settle."

She unlocked a desk of her secretary and took out a scrap of paper.

"Here's th'note," she explained. "He'd to find fifty pound for th'sheep breakin' into the duke's plantin', and destroyin' young firs."

If he hadna borrowed it o' me, he'd have had to raise it on th'land."

Peter's daughters curved their bodies and outthrust their peaked chins.

"Whatten?" they shrieked.

"Fifty pound as I lent him for owd times' sake. I meant ne'er to ask for it; if you hadna been such brutes I'd have burned th'writin'. An' now, since he said it mun be paid, I mean to call it in within a week. Lawyer Watkins'll write to you. I be goin' to see him about it to-morrow."

She held open the parlour door. "I'm sorry," she said, "but it's your own doin'. Now you may go."



READY FOR THE PARTY.

Photograph by Sarony, Scarborough.



# MILITARY MAGAZINES.

By HORACE WYNDHAM.

FROM our earliest youth the majority of us are familiar with the copy-book headline that boldly proclaims the pen to be mightier than the sword. Few opportunities, however, have arisen for seriously testing the truth of this assertion, for authors are as a rule possessed of peaceful temperaments, while soldiers are seldom called upon to display any marked literary prowess in the performance of their military duties. Consequently, the maxim referred to has been generally accepted as correct.

While this is the case, it is none the less interesting to observe the efficacy of the two weapons in combination. This is best achieved by an examination of the different regimental magazines that are published in the British Army. As military journalism is a plant of somewhat slow growth, these are not very many in number. At the same time, however, they amount to at least a score—a number which is quite sufficient for the purpose in hand. Chief among them, together with the names of their respective regiments, are the following (arranged in seniority of corps):—

The Household Brigade (*The Household Brigade Magazine*).

The East Kent Regiment (*The Dragon*).

The Northumberland Fusiliers (*The St. George's Gazette*).

The West Yorkshire Regiment (*The Old and Bold*).

The Yorkshire Regiment (*The Green Howards' Gazette*).

The Royal Irish Fusiliers (*The Sprig of Shillelagh*).

The East Lancashire (*The Lilywhites' Gazette*).

The Welsh Regiment (*The Men of Harlech*).

The Essex Regiment (*The Pompadour Gazette*).

The Royal West Kent Regiment (*The Queen's Own Gazette*).

The North Staffordshire Regiment (*The Knot*).

The York and Lancaster Regiment (*The Tiger and the Rose*).

The Highland Light Infantry (*The Highland Light Infantry Chronicle*).

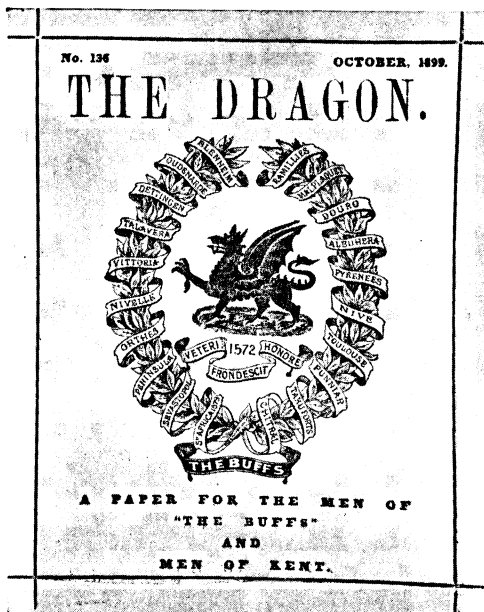
The Gordon Highlanders (*The Tiger and Sphinx*).

The Leinster Regiment (*The Maple Leaf*).

The Royal Munster Fusiliers (*The Bengal Tiger*).

In the cavalry and departmental corps journalistic activity is less marked. A number of unavoidable circumstances in connection with their organisation, however, fully account for this. For instance, a mounted regiment is usually so weak compared to an infantry one—numerically—that not only is it unable to provide sufficient literary talent to keep a paper going, but it is also unable to support one financially. Exceptions, however, must be made in favour of the 7th Dragoon Guards and the 16th Lancers, who are respectively responsible for the *Black Horse Gazette* and the *Vedette*. Again, the three regiments of Household





Cavalry may also be exonerated from this reproach, as they are already catered for in the *Household Brigade Magazine*.

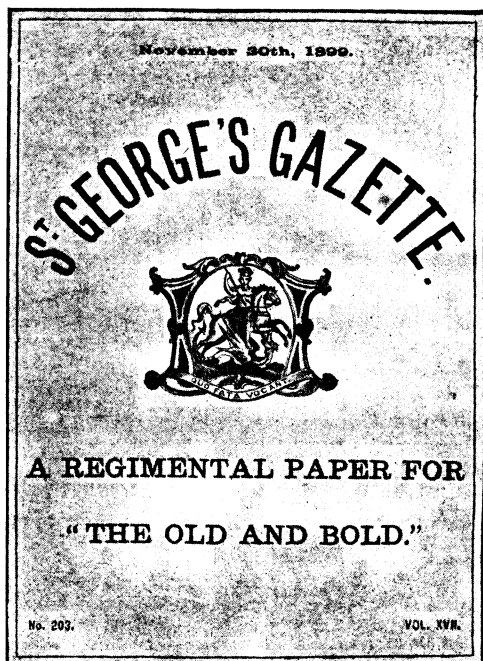
With regard to the remaining arms, the Royal Engineers issue a monthly chronicle, bearing the appropriate title of the *Sapper*; and the Army Service Corps keeps its numbers all over the world continually informed of its doings through the medium of the *Army Service Corps Journal*. Last, although certainly not least, in the list of military periodicals comes the *Globe and Laurel* of that distinguished corps, the Royal Marines.

From a variety of causes, regimental journals are of a somewhat ephemeral nature, and their production is commonly fraught with many difficulties of which the lay reader can have no conception. For one thing, literary skill is not yet included among any of the numerous qualifications demanded of prospective recruits, and proficiency in the uses of pipeclay, rather than pica, is demanded of them by the authorities. Hence it is not surprising that authorship does not flourish conspicuously among the rank and file, and that the editors of military magazines are, accordingly, constantly confronted with the serious problem of how to fill their pages.

This, however, is not the only difficulty with which they have to contend, for it frequently happens that "the exigencies of the Service" also materially interfere with

their arrangements for the punctual appearance of their different numbers. For example, the entire staff may be suddenly sent to carry out their annual musketry practice on the day before that on which the paper goes to press. Again, the War Office (which, by the way, gives but scant encouragement to military journalism) may inconsiderately order the battalion to take part in manoeuvres at this time. Finally, the services of a valued contributor may be temporarily lost, before his instalment of "copy" shall have been completed, owing to his being compelled to fulfil an unexpected engagement with the provost-sergeant. In these and similar important instances the editor has no alternative but to suspend publication until matters are once more running smoothly. It speaks much, therefore, for the enterprise and devotion of the responsible parties that they contrive to issue their respective papers with any regularity at all.

Speaking generally, there is a strong family likeness between all military magazines, for they each present several features in common. There are extracts from the regimental orders that have appeared since the last issue, accounts of cricket and football matches in which the corps has taken part, and, finally, a page of what may be termed "domestic occurrences"—i.e., marriages, births, and deaths. Then another stock contribution—



and one without which no correctly conducted regimental paper is felt to be really complete—consists of a column of news concerning the regiment's "linked battalion." As the two are usually quartered in different portions of the globe, the latter feature is necessarily somewhat wanting in freshness. This, however, is considered to be a matter of but little importance, and it is very properly felt that gift items of intelligence should not be looked at too closely in the date.

The first periodical on the list given at the commencement of this article is the *Household Brigade Magazine*. This, as its name implies, is the organ of the three regiments of Household Cavalry and the Brigade of Foot Guards. It is published monthly, and, both in general appearance and in the quality of its contents, easily takes the lead among military journals. When first started in its present form (in 1885) it was known as the *Brigade of Guards Magazine*, and was connected only with the wearers of the bearskin. About 1896, however, the Household Cavalry were admitted into a literary partnership with the other Guards regiments, and consequently the name of the magazine was changed to its present one.

For the first ten years of its existence the paper was edited by Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton, late of the Grenadiers, and under his supervision it was brought to a high standard



FIRST T.A.: What are you doing?  
SECOND T.A.: Practising "Cock o' the North" sitting down, in case I get shot through both ankles.

CARTOON FROM THE "ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE."

of efficiency. From this, moreover, it has been in no way permitted to deteriorate by the staff which has since assumed control. Each number contains some seventy pages devoted to the doings of Guardsmen all over the world, together with short stories and stirring accounts of travel and adventure, etc. Altogether, the *Brigade of Guards Magazine* is quite "one of the best."

The next paper, in order of seniority of regiment responsible for it, is the *Dragon*. This is the accredited journal of "The Buffs," (East Kent Regiment). It is published at Kamptie and is chiefly concerned with the chronicling at monthly intervals of the deeds of the 1st Battalion of this distinguished corps. That the pen wielded by the editor is no heavy one will be best gathered from this extract. It is taken from an article relating to events of a "domestic" nature:—

The accumulation of "olive branches" in this department can only be recorded by the word "stupendous." "Let 'em all come!" seems to be the motto of our married establishment. In the absence of any further interesting items, I will now proceed with my—

As this cheerful breeziness of style is maintained in the other departments of the paper, a copy of the *Dragon* makes good reading.

The Fifth Fusiliers have a way of doing things well, and the manner in which they produce their regimental paper—the *St. George's Gazette*—is no exception to the rule. With its four-and-twenty pages of well written and well printed reading matter, and a number of photographic reproductions and original sketches, included in each number, the *Gazette* easily takes a foremost place

VOL. VII.—No. 79.
OCTOBER, 1899.

THE

XIX

GREEN HOWARDS'

GAZETTE

BRADFORD.
PRICE THREEPENCE.

among its military contemporaries. It is also a veteran among these, as it is now in its eighteenth year. As an example of the enterprise of its staff, it may be mentioned that a Christmas supplement is published annually. This contains original stories and verses from the pens of many well known authors, included among whom has been Rudyard Kipling. Coloured illustrations have also occasionally appeared in these pages.

The average monthly circulation enjoyed by the *Gazette* is about 3,000. This, however, does not include the special Christmas numbers, which have a very large circulation in themselves. The extra issues are copiously illustrated.

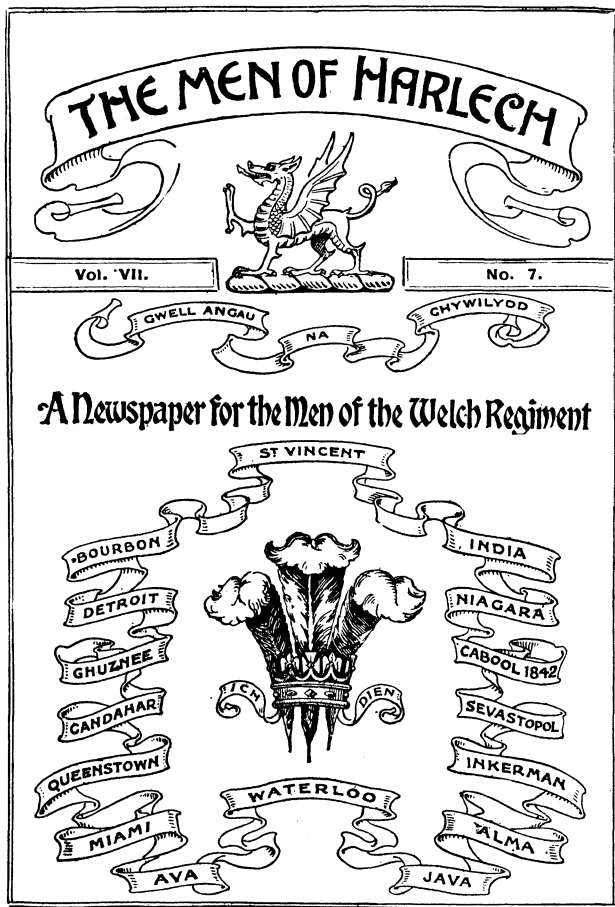
The *Green Howards' Gazette* is the monthly organ of the 19th The Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment), and is sold at the modest rate of three-pence per copy. The paper was launched in Jersey, and for the last five years has been edited by Captain Ferrar. From its commencement it has made a special feature of inserting in its columns articles that concern only its own corps, instead of the Army in general. About twenty pages go to each number, and two or three good illustrations are always included. In the copy from which the cover is reproduced, Private F. Jones enlarges in this manner on the joys of military existence in Strensall :—

The natives of Strensall are mostly horny-handed "sons of toil." There also are specimens of the truly rustic maiden to be found. Big, round face like a moon. Lily-white hands the size of shoulders of mutton. And her arms move in graceful fashion like the sails of a windmill. She lives on onions and skim milk. She wears a red dress, a brown apron, and her grandmother's best Sunday bonnet. *She* does not say, "Chase me, boys!" although she considers it the correct thing to be chaste.

It should not be long before Private Jones writes the "book" of a comic opera.

Although expressly described on its cover as "a newspaper for the men of the Welch Regiment," the contents of the *Men of Harlech* are printed in current English. This circumstance may possibly be due to a natural desire on the part of the staff to obtain a large circulation. From the "Notice to Correspondents," on the first

page, it would seem that the editor is not unduly embarrassed by the amount of voluntary "copy" that is pressed upon him, for he remarks in this that "he will be pleased to have interviews with men who have matters of interest to relate, and who doubt their powers of putting them on paper." Evidently there is none of the usual unapproachability about the staff of the *Men of Harlech*, for the way of intending contributors could scarcely be made easier.



The paper, which, by the way, is published in India, costs sixpence per copy for officers, and fourpence for N.C.O.'s and men. At the end of each number is a blank page, on which readers are cordially invited to write "Letters to the Editor." Postage stamps, however, are not provided on the same terms. In a journal where so much is done for its contributors, the omission is noticeable.

The Essex Regiment is represented in the field of military periodicals by the *Pompadour Gazette*. It is a quarterly publication (now in its third year), and is printed at the regimental press of the 2nd Battalion, at Shwabo, Upper Burma. As in the case of the last-mentioned paper, the editor invites intending contributors "to personally interview" him about any contribution concerning which they think advice or explanation necessary. They are assured, too, that the strictest secrecy will be observed with respect to their names. That this is the case is evident from an examination of the copy before the writer, for the whole of Fleet Street would be unable to pierce the anonymity that shrouds the personalities of "No Sam" and "Jo Hukm," who are respectively the authors of "The Bhamo Letter" and "F Company Notes" in this particular issue.

The *Queen's Own Gazette*, the chronicle of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, is, perhaps, the oldest paper of its class in existence, as the first number was published on January 1, 1875. It has a large circulation, not only among the present officers and men of the regiment, but also among ex-members thereof. Interest in the Militia and Volunteer battalions connected with the regiment is also maintained by devoting a couple of pages in each issue to the chronicling of their doings.

From Staffordshire to Subathu is a far



cry, but it is at this latter place, nevertheless, that the 1st Battalion, the North Staffordshire Regiment, publishes, at quarterly intervals, its regimental paper. This, which costs twopence per copy, is entitled the *Knot*, and, as it provides a ready means of furnishing friends at home with an account of the regiment's doings in the East, the magazine enjoys a considerable circulation. A feature of the *Knot* (and one which does not seem to be shared by any of its contemporaries) is the publication in each number of an article by a N.C.O. or private, and for the best of which a prize is given.

The regimental paper of the York and Lancaster Regiment—the *Tiger and Rose*—was first published in 1887. It then appeared at monthly intervals, but two years ago it became a quarterly. It is printed at Agra, N.W.P., and its staff consists of a major and a corporal of the 2nd Battalion. To the general public it is sold at eightpence per copy, while to the N.C.O.'s and men of the regiment the price is reduced to fourpence.

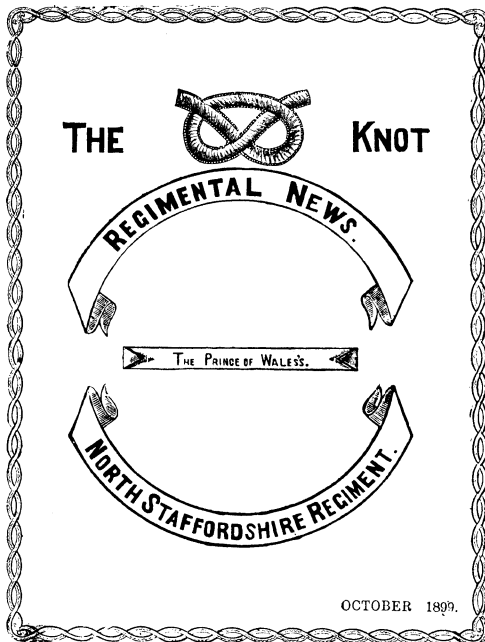
Another quarterly—and a remarkably well produced one—is the *Highland Light Infantry Chronicle*, which is printed and published at Hamilton, N.B. In the thirty pages of each number is recorded, in a most interesting fashion, the history of their distinguished corps for the previous three months, and numerous notes concerning past



and present members of the regiment also find a place therein. In addition to these regular features, the different issues contain several good reproductions of photographs. The *Chronicle* has been in existence for seven years, and has a quarterly circulation of about 2,000.

The Gordon Highlanders are usually so busily engaged in fighting in some portion or other of the Empire that they have but little time to devote to producing their regimental paper—the *Tiger and Sphinx*. For this reason it has not lately made its appearance. As soon, however, as one of the battalions happens to be relieved from the claims of active service, the publication will be taken up again.

It is, appropriately enough, in Canada that



the *Maple Leaf* is published, by the 1st Battalion, the Leinster Regiment ("The Royal Canadians"). The editor is Captain and Quarter-Master Wilkin, and his contributors are furnished from the officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of both battalions of the regiment. The paper has a good circulation both at home and abroad, and the excellent manner in which it is supported by advertisers must make the editors of Captain Wilkin's contemporaries decidedly envious. This anecdote, extracted from a

recent number, will be appreciated by military readers:—

#### THE WRONG PART.

While the Channel Fleet were in the Forth some time ago, an officer, accompanied by the "butcher," landed from an ironclad for the purpose of buying a bullock. When making the bargain, the officer felt its flanks very closely, while the marine examined its hoofs.

"That's the wrong part to examine, man," observed the former.

"That's the part we get, sir," was the quiet reply.

AGRA N. W. P.

OCTOBER 1899



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KANDAHAR, 1880.

KABUL, 1879.

EGYPT, 1883-84.

AFGHANISTAN, 1878-80

NILE, 1884-85.

TEL-EL-KEBIR.

CHITRAL.



The regimental paper of the Royal Munster Fusiliers bears a title that at first sight appears to be somewhat inappropriate—viz., the *Bengal Tiger*. This, however, is not really the case, for the regiment was formed from the old Bengal Fusiliers, who had a tiger for their crest. By its present wearers this badge is, by the way, familiarly known as the "Kerry Pig."

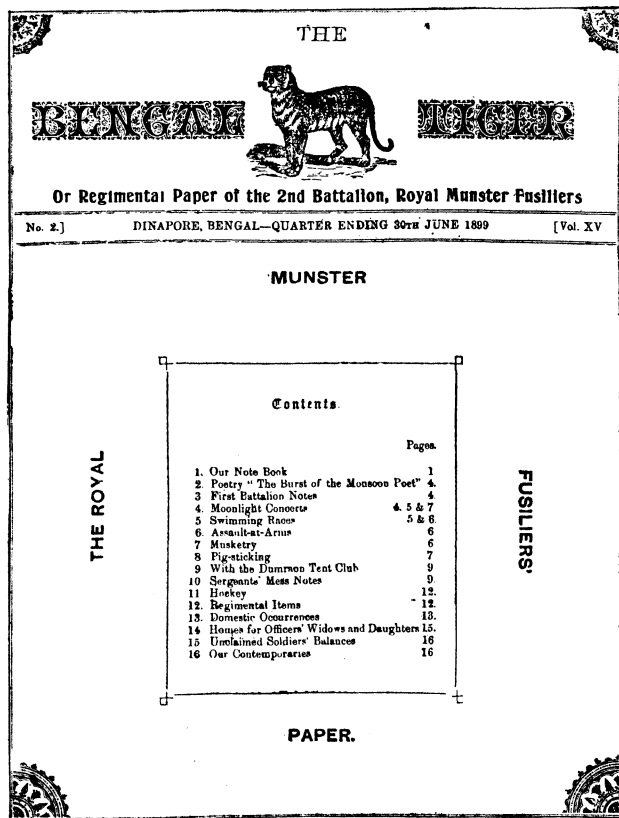
The first number of the journal (which is now in its sixteenth year) was published in India. Until a couple of years ago, when it

ment was appearing by instalments in the paper, and included in this was an account of a certain campaign in which it had been engaged. When the number in question was published, its readers were somewhat startled to learn that "the object of this expedition was the seduction of the Rohillas."

Almost as unfortunate, although in a different manner, was another compositor, who rendered the sentence (taken from an account of African travel), "The ladies of Somaliland are not afflicted with coyness," in this fashion: "The ladies of Somaliland are not afflicted with company's mess." The alteration was doubtless occasioned by the fact that "coy." is the usual military contraction for "company." Such little lapses as these, however, are the exception, and not the rule, in the *Bengal Tiger*.

In the cavalry, military journalism is, for reasons already given, a plant of somewhat less vigorous growth than it is in the other branches of the Service. Regimental journals, consequently, are few and far between. The 7th Dragoon Guards, however, are conspicuous among other mounted units in that they bring out a quarterly paper which is edited by one of their subalterns. This is entitled the *Black Horse Gazette*, and is sold at one shilling per copy to officers, and threepence per copy to the rank and file. The biographical notices and "Interviews with Celebrities at Home" contained in each number are written in a manner that makes their reading most agreeable.

Among the methods by which Lient-Col. Grattan (retired) imprinted his untiring energy in its welfare upon the Army Service Corps, few have been more successful than his founding of the *Army Service Corps Journal*. This, which he started some ten years ago, now takes prominent rank among military magazines. It is published regularly on the tenth of each month, and sold at the modest price of threepence per copy. As each number contains about forty-five pages of reading matter, and has in addition some twenty pages of advertisements, the paper has a substantial appearance. It is



became a quarterly, it had always appeared at monthly intervals. As the Irish soldier is not a great reader, its circulation is necessarily less than that enjoyed by the majority of its Saxon contemporaries. The paper is produced entirely by members of the regiment and is printed by private soldiers. As a rule they acquit themselves of their work in an able fashion, but occasionally unfortunate errors crop into the pages and are undetected by the proof-readers, as the following example will show: An article on the early history of the regi-

"Nil Sine  
No. 2, Vol. XVIII.  
Labore."

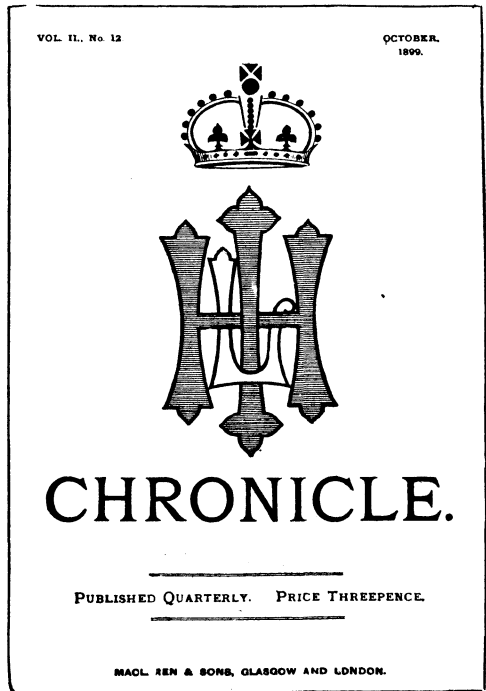


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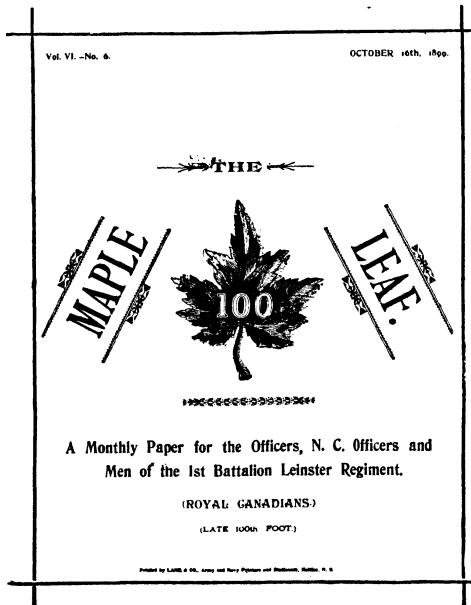
exceedingly well printed (at the Corps' own press, Aldershot) and is produced in a manner that would reflect credit on a good many non-Service periodicals. The contents of the various issues consist principally of articles on transport and commissariat arrangements, and extracts from the Corps orders of the past month. As the *Journal* has correspondents in nearly every part of the world (for the A.S.C. does duty everywhere except in India), it is well supplied with news.

As is only appropriate—considering that it caters primarily for the Royal Marines—the *Globe and Laurel* always devotes a portion of its space to fiction. This, as a rule, takes the shape of a short story or a descriptive (and highly imaginative) account of the deeds of representatives of the Corps abroad. The remaining items of each number usually

comprise well written articles on topics of interest to this distinguished branch of the Service, and papers on the doings of the various detachments of the Royal Marines, which, scattered in all four corners of the world, are ever upholding the supremacy of the Empire. The *Globe and Laurel* has prob-

ably the largest staff of any of its contemporaries, as this consists of one editor-in-chief and no less than nine assistant - editors, together with a small army of correspondents abroad. Its monthly circulation is not far short of 5,000.

In one of its recent numbers the paper reproduced a most interesting recruiting-poster that was issued at the beginning of the last century. This document is set forth in terms calculated, one would think, to imbue half the youth of England with an unquenchable desire to

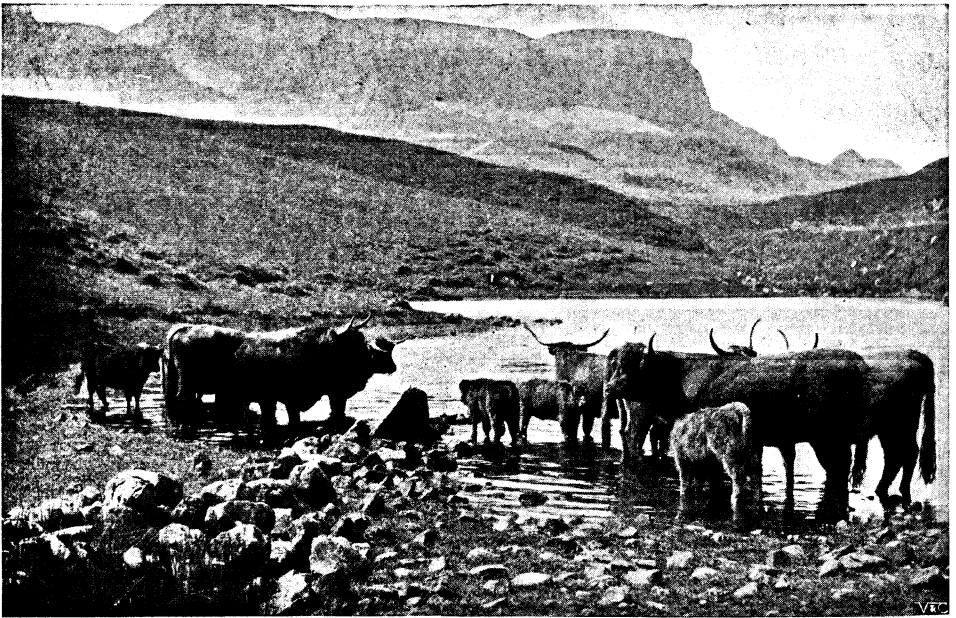


reinforce the Corps without a moment's delay. Here, for instance, is an extract therefrom :—

“What a brilliant prospect does this event (the outbreak of the American War) hold out to every lad of spirit who is inclined to try his fortune in that highly renowned Corps, the Royal Marines, when everything that sails the seas must be a prize! . . . Lose no time then, my fine fellows, in embracing the glorious opportunity that awaits you. You will receive sixteen guineas bounty, and on your arrival at headquarters be comfortably and genteely clothed. . . . The single young man, on his return to Port,

finds himself enabled to cut a dash on shore with his Girl and his Glass, that might be envied by a Nobleman. Take courage, then; seize the Fortune that awaits you; repair to the Royal Marines *Rendezvous*, where in a Flowing bowl of Punch, in Three Times Three, you shall drink ‘Long live the King, and Success to His Royal Marines!’”

The recruiting authorities are more modest nowadays, and the wording of the present-day “General Advantages of the Army” placard is not to be compared with the foregoing. One wonders, indeed, how anyone ever held out against such inducements.



HIGHLANDERS.

*A photographic study by Charles Reid, Wishaw.*

# ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.

By FRED M. WHITE.\*



COUPLE of wagons floundered on in the darkness. It was clear overhead now, with a rugged wrack of cloud trailing over a waning moon. There was mocking hope of thaw in

the air, yet the sleet had stiffened on the wagons and the horses like a shining suit of armour.

Eustace beat his numbed hands together. Huddlestone, his subordinate, staggered on sleepily. Everywhere the white pall lay like a winding-sheet over the lost hope of France, save on the far right, where the pine forest of Marny rolled black and grim to the skyline. Away to the east lay a red zone of camp fires, and beyond them came the faint, crisp cackle of rifle shots. They were *francs-tireurs* firing on the vanguard of General von Zieden's column, holding up the lines between Soissons and Paris.

A coldness like the grip of Death held France. The snow pall lay everywhere. Europe had known no such bitter weather for many a year. The frost froze the raw wounds of the horses till the congealed blood glowed like carbuncles; hundreds of birds lay dead upon the snow. And through this white desolation Eustace and Huddlestone had pushed grimly with Red Cross stores for Paris for five weary weeks. They thrust forward now with that dogged determination that has gone so far to make our nation great.

They were half-frozen, dog-tired, and morbidly hungry. A blinding sleet-storm had swept the valley soon after nightfall, and when the air cleared, Eustace awoke to the fact that five out of his seven wagons had gone astray. They would turn up again on the morrow; meanwhile the two Englishmen were left with nothing but the wagons

containing hospital stores, and, so far as they could see, no house was in sight.

They were bound to push on. To be out for the night under the tilt of a wagon, with no more protection from the bitter cold than a couple of blankets, was madness not to be dreamt of.

"Wake up, Huddlestone!" Eustace said sharply. "For Heaven's sake, pull yourself together! You can't sleep *here*!"

"Can't I?" Huddlestone said, not without a certain grim humour. "I could sleep on a hot gridiron comfortably. What a fool I was to come out here!"

Indeed, Eustace's thoughts ran in a somewhat similar groove. They were both voluntary agents, getting nothing for their hazardous undertaking, and both were men of considerable substance. Eustace looked out over the dreary white waste. A cold blast brought the tears to his eyes, and they froze on his cheek. Nothing could he see beyond the black splash made by a fallen bird or the more grotesque outline of a dead horse. Then suddenly a figure rose from behind the blown hideousness of a dead charger, there was a spit and a flash, and a revolver bullet struck the cover of the first wagon with a ring like steel on steel.

"Come out of that!" Eustace cried. "Would you fire on the Red Cross, man?"

The fugitive dropped his weapon and staggered to his feet. He was young, he had a skin of dazzling fairness, and as yet there was no down upon his lips. A ragged great-coat reached to his knees; below them his legs were wrapped in hay-bands. Yet there was something strong and manly about the face, and the gaze turned upon Eustace held the look of one who is accustomed to be obeyed.

"Pardon!" the fugitive said hoarsely. "I had forgotten myself for a moment. I thought you were Germans. For two days I have tasted nothing. I lay down in the snow there and I grew delirious. Give me food, for the love of Heaven, give me food! A crust, a handful of oatmeal, anything."

Eustace explained the position of affairs. Beyond a sip of brandy from his own flask, his hospitality was necessarily restricted.

The young Frenchman gulped down the

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raw spirit, and a little life crept into his blue limbs. He pointed to a cleft in the distant woodlands.

"Safety lies there," he whispered. "It is a matter of three miles. Nothing to you, but to me as unattainable as Paradise. Listen to me, messieurs. Away yonder is the house of my father, Count Robert Fleury. It was there I was working for when my strength failed me. Convey me yonder, and I promise you stabling for your horses and fire and food for yourselves. Yet, before you comply, I must warn you of your danger."

"No danger can be much worse than our present pass," Huddleston muttered.

"You fancy so. Ah! you are wrong, because I am a spy. It was I who got into Von Zieden's lines, and my information that brought about the German disaster at Laon. But for the gross blundering of General Massau—blind frog that he was—the line to Paris— But I dream dreams. I escaped from St. Dinand two days ago, and they are looking for me everywhere. There is a price upon my head. If I am discovered in your company, m'sieurs——"

"I'll risk it," said Eustace. "We are not supposed to know. I'm quite certain that my friend shares my opinion."

"I am open to any conviction that leads up to warmth and food," said Huddleston grimly. "What do you say, Eustace?"

A minute or two later young Armand Fleury sat under the tilt of the foremost wagon, directing the way as well as his weak, spent condition would permit. In grim silence the Red Cross agents dragged their weary limbs along. It was growing colder now, and the touch of the wind was like the blow of a thong. They staggered and stumbled on over the white waste, until at length they came to the semblance of a road terminating in a grove of trees amongst which arose the ghostly outline of an ancient *château*.

Into a ruined courtyard, the gates of which had been blown away, the jaded cavalcade turned at length. No lights could be seen; the place seemed utterly deserted and forlorn. Presently, in response to a peculiar whistle from Fleury, two peasants crept from out the darkness, bearing lanterns. They commenced to dance and chatter with extravagant gesture as they beheld Fleury.

"Enough of this!" the latter cried. "See to those horses at once. Two of you must go down to the old chapel, and wait there till daylight. At the slightest sign of a Prussian helmet, I am to be warned at once

—mind, *at once*. You have heard what will happen to me, if I am taken again."

"Ah! yes, young master," one of the peasants murmured. "Jean and myself shall go. Captain Marchelle and a regiment of *frances-tireurs* are behind the woods at Lorelle, five miles away. If you could join them——"

"In the morning, when I am rested—yes. To move further at present would be simply to court my death. You understand?"

The peasant bowed low. His eyes were full of tears. His simple features betrayed a joy to which they had long been a stranger. Fleury held out his hand to the faithful servitor, who carried it to his lips.

"Sleep well, little master," he whispered. "No harm shall come to you to-night."

Armand Fleury staggered forward. He smote upon a door before him, and then, as it opened, he fell exhausted into the arms of an old man, who caught him as he fell.

## II.

THE Englishmen were conscious of a grateful glare of warm, white light. They sniffed an air filled with the subtle suggestion of violets. They saw a large square hall, the polished floor of which was covered with skins; a portrait or so decorated the walls. How grateful it was! how soothing and refreshing after the cruel white hardness of the outside world, the struggle for life under the fading red moon!

"Gentlemen, you are thrice welcome. My boy—you have brought my boy back to me."

Eustace pulled himself together. Polished man of the world as he was, he could only gaze with vain and fatuous vacancy at the speaker.

"Pardon," he murmured; "the sudden light nearly blinded me."

He saw more clearly now. He saw a tall man who should, in the ordinary course, have been bent with the weight of passing years. He saw instead an old, old man upright as a bulrush. His white hair streamed over his shoulders and was caught with a knot of riband behind. His delicate, high-bred face was clear as wax, and yet was graven with hundreds of wrinkles, like the delicate marking of a melon. His blue eyes were lustrous as those of a child. A pair of long, slim hands were covered with flashing rings.

A velvet, peach-coloured coat with wide skirts, and fastened with a jewelled button, enveloped him. At the throat and wrists were ruffles of old point lace. Knee breeches,

silk stockings, and patent shoes completed the attire. A rapier was buckled upon the left hip.

An innate sense of the proprieties alone saved Eustace from rubbing his eyes with amazement. Count Robert Fleury was less a real man than a picture of the last century come to life again. Eustace was in the snow again, dreaming of some brilliant eighteenth century comedy.

No, it was real enough, a pleasant note in the tragedy of war. The old, old man had turned from the strangers to his son. He held Armand in his arms and looked down into his face with tender affection.

The apartment was a large one, and apparently had escaped the attention of the predatory Prussian; indeed, the forest of Marny was the last spent wave of the tide of war. Still, the fine old *château* had suffered from the force of an erratic shell or two, for, beyond the hall and dining-room, no apartment suitable for occupation remained save on the ground floor.

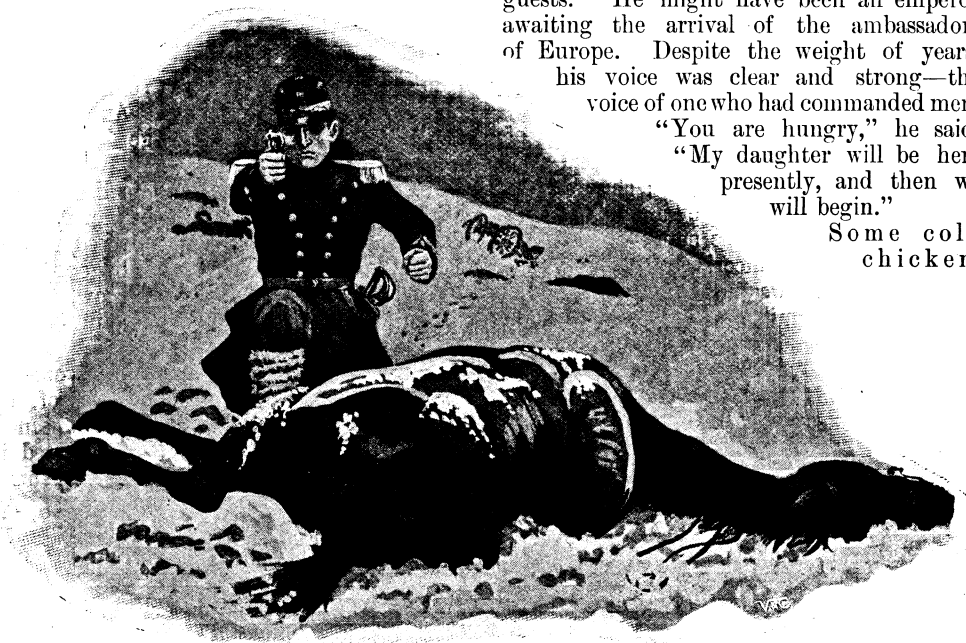
A great wood fire roared in the fireplace; two lamps glowed upon a table covered with a fair white cloth; there were violets arranged in great silver vases. On the sideboard stood a pleasing array of bottles.

Count Fleury stood there to welcome his guests. He might have been an emperor awaiting the arrival of the ambassadors of Europe. Despite the weight of years, his voice was clear and strong—the voice of one who had commanded men.

"You are hungry," he said.

"My daughter will be here presently, and then we will begin."

Some cold  
chicken,



"A figure rose from behind a dead charger."

"I am afraid he has fainted," he said calmly, though his lips trembled. "The boy is brave to rashness—ever a failing with our family."

Armand opened his eyes and staggered to his feet again.

"I am all right now," he said with an effort. "Food—food is what I require!"

At a call from the Count two menservants came forward and led Armand away. He returned presently in more suitable garb, whilst a room had been placed at the disposal of the strangers. A gong sounded, and one of the menservants conducted Eustace and his companion to the dining-room.

flanked by a ham and a piece of beef, stood on the table. There were eggs also, and potatoes nicely fried. It was hard work for the famished visitors to keep both eyes for their host.

Then a door leading out of the big dining-hall opened, and a girl entered. She was tall and slim and fair like a lily. She had the same delicate features as her brother, with the same fearless look in her eyes; indeed, the resemblance between them was astonishing.

"My daughter Louise," Count Fleury said, with gentle pride. "Major Eustace and his friend, Mr. Huddestone."

Louise placed a hand light as the laughter of a child in that of the two Englishmen.



"I have to thank you for saving my brother's life," she said simply.

"So far," said Armand. "There is danger yet, Louise."

The girl's face grew still more pale.

"How can that be since you are here?" she asked. "Ah! the Prussians would kill you if they knew; but they cannot know."

"Dear Louise, they know everything. Nothing seems to be concealed from them. In yonder German camp beyond Soissons I might mention some friend between Brest and Dijon, and some German there would tell me all about him, down to the number of *sous* he had left in his pockets. Deceive not yourself, Louise. They may not come here to-night, but they *will* come. Tomorrow I join Marchelle; meanwhile Jean and his brother are keeping a watch for the first sign of danger."

A gentle sigh fluttered from the lips of the girl. She sat throughout the meal with her eyes fixed on her brother; she watched the languor fade from his eyes, and the slim frame gather strength as supper proceeded. Of the depth and sincerity of her affection for Armand there was no question.

"You will permit me to stay here," she said simply, as the meal was finished. "Indeed, I shall like the smell of your tobacco. And there is no other apartment fit for use in the *château* save my bedroom. And that is really the drawing-room."

Count Fleury's eyes flashed as he lay back in his chair.

"Times are changed for France since I was a boy," he said. "Then, indeed, we had generals and a *man* to command them. Now we have puppets—aye, and puppets who have not scrupled to sell their own country. Bazaine in Metz with a hundred and fifty thousand men, M'Mahon at Sedan with more. Heavens! that I should have lived to see the day when nearly half a million Frenchmen should fall without a blow! And I live to remember the man who gave me that!"

There were tears of mingled pride and grief in the eyes of the old man as he laid his slim fingers on a cross on his breast.

"The great Napoleon pinned that there," he said simply; but his voice thrilled like the humming of a broken fiddle-string. "Ah! with his own hand."

Eustace and Huddleston were impressed, as well they might be. To find themselves face to face with the survivor of the Old Guard was thrilling. Nearly sixty years had elapsed since the power of Bonaparte had

been finally throttled by Wellington on the field of Waterloo, and yet here stood perhaps the last of the Old Guard, alert and vigorous as he might have been on that decisive day.

"You were at Waterloo?" Eustace asked.

"I was, sir," the Count replied. "I counted that no disgrace, for we were fighting fearful odds after a campaign that will be remembered as long as there remains a nation on earth. And when I think of those glorious ten years, 1805 to 1815, I wish that I had fallen on the field you call Waterloo."

The Count paused, and something like a tear glistened in his eye. His arm went up and his hair bristled as if he were still wielding a sword for France. A flush was on his waxen face. Eustace watched him with frank admiration. He was so old in years and yet so young in spirit. And the gall had entered in his heart, the iron was in his proud soul.

Still, the zest and sweetness of life had not altogether deserted him. With an eye that flashed and a hand that quivered with a strange virility, he spoke of bygone campaigns, of the delirium of Moscow, of the breathless Peninsular struggle—in short, of all the lights and shadows of a great career.

As he spoke he seemed to grow younger. He stood up in all the strength of his manhood. One by one the wrinkles seemed to peel from his face, his voice vibrated in the carved rafters of the dining-hall. Young Armand followed him with eager eyes. All his lassitude seemed to have fallen from him. He saw France rise bleeding from the fray to a fresh vigour.

It seemed all so strange and unreal to the Englishmen. The old-world atmosphere, the white-haired figure in the full-bottomed coat, the air and environment of the First Empire surrounded them. And here was a man who had fought by Bonaparte at Waterloo, and had been with him when at length his tired fingers relaxed the sword.

"Not sixty years ago," the Count cried. His voice ran clear as a trumpet. "Not sixty years ago, and look at France now; the same people, and yet not the same people. Why has the glory departed? Is it because our overtaxed strength has not recovered from that glorious struggle?"

"I was at the Alma and Inkermann and the fall of Sebastopol," Eustace observed quietly, "and I saw no decadence of the arms of France then."

The Count flashed him a grateful look.

"We are not decayed!" he cried. "The

heart of the people beats as stout and true as of yore. It is the corruption and cowardice and incompetence of our leaders. France has been betrayed by those who have sworn to die for her. Napoleon has ever been surrounded by knaves and adventurers. Ah ! if I could only live to strike one more blow for France !”

The Count touched his rapier significantly. An almost painful silence followed. Outside were the stars and frosty solitude, beyond the plains the armies of France were melting away.

“One last blow for home and Empire !” Fleury cried again.

A step outside, a shout, the banging of a door, and then a peasant with white face and blazing eyes rushed into the room.

“The Prussians !” he gasped—“they are all round the house ! They think to take you by surprise. Fly, my little master, fly !”

### III.

A STREAM of icy air cut into the room like a knife, a puff of smoke went up from the lamps. It seemed as if that frigid breath had taken all the sweetness and warmth out of life. The peasant was shivering, and his teeth chattered, but not with cold.

Armand Fleury started for the door, then paused irresolutely. He was pale, yet there was no fear in his blue eyes.

“It is useless for me to fly, my good Jean,” he said. “If the *château* is surrounded, escape is impossible. As I feared, the Germans have traced me here. Fool that I was, to expose those I love to this danger !”

“It seems to me,” Huddleston said significantly, “that, had you done otherwise, you would have been past all earthly danger by this time.”

Louise came forward ; the white pallor of the lily was on her cheeks, her eyes gleamed with a strange, lurid light. Evidently some desperate plan had occurred to her. She motioned the trembling peasant to wait outside.

“There is no time to be lost,” she said. “In half an hour at most those men will be here ; when they come, you must be far away, dear Armand. There is just one desperate chance for you. Wait.”

Louise darted into the inner apartment which she had reserved for her own bedroom, only to reappear presently with a bundle of clothing under her arm.

“You feel quite yourself again, Armand ?” she asked.

“Thanks to the food and the warmth, I feel equal to most things now,” Armand replied. “It was only the dire need of those things that drove me here.”

“Ah ! do not blame yourself thus. Once beyond the German cordon, you will be able to reach Captain Marchelle’s force ?”

“With Jean for a guide,” Armand responded. “Once with Marchelle and his *francs-tireurs*, I should be safe.”

Louise spread out her bundle on the floor.

“I have here the means of safety,” she said. “You and I are marvellously alike, in height we are just the same. You will put these things on, and Jean will accompany you. You are going to the village to succour a lady who has been taken ill, and who requires nursing. Quickly, Armand. The plan may be a poor one, but there is no other.”

Count Robert Fleury smiled in grim approval. A slight flush came over the fair features of Armand. He allowed the deft fingers of Louise to do their work, and with incredible swiftness he was transformed into the semblance of an exceedingly pretty and attractive girl.

“No chance of being recognised now,” he muttered, as he glanced into a mirror. “There, Louise, you cannot improve your handiwork.”

Armand pushed his sister gently away. Her critical eye ranged over him. She shook her head, and a frown contracted her snowy forehead. She raised her hands to her head, and her luxuriant nut-brown hair fell gloriously about her waist. The gleam of the lamp shone on the glorious mass, turning it to a dull gold.

Eustace uttered a protesting cry as Louise snatched a pair of scissors from the table. The shining glory was roped in one dexterous twist, and an instant later it was severed from the head of the girl.

Nobody spoke. The rapier swiftness of action seemed to paralyse all tongues. Something like a groan burst from the Count’s lips. Louise laughed gaily. She was deadly pale, but a bright red spot was stippled on either cheek.

“My hair will grow again,” she said, “and I have but one brother. Open the box where the medical stores and bandages are kept. Quick ! Now, give me some of those long strips of plaster. There, m’sieurs, what think you of that ?”

Deftly she banded the hair across Armand’s forehead, allowing the graceful red gold coils to hang over his shoulders. A hood

lined with swansdown completed the disguise. Louise smiled unsteadily at her own handiwork.

"You will pass," she cried; "that long hair hanging over your shoulders is quite realistic. It is as if you had risen hastily to visit a sick friend. Now go!"

The girl threw her arms about Armand's shoulders and kissed him tenderly. The Count held out his hand. In the lamplight the jewels on his fingers streamed and shimmered. His lips moved, but no sound came from them.

Louise stamped her foot imperiously.

"Why don't you go?" she cried. "Every moment brings the Germans nearer. When they search the house they must find me here, and then they will know they have been fooled. And they have horses."

Outside in the hall the peasant stood waiting. In a few words Louise explained to him the part he was expected to play. Then she opened the great hall door and thrust the two out into the white cold night. She watched them until the tears blinded her and she could see no more.

The fugitives passed along in silence, Armand leaning on the arm of his companion. He desired to husband his new store of strength as long as possible. Ere long the Germans would discover the way they had been tricked, and pursuit would follow. At the angle of the road three Uhlans were waiting.

"Courage, Jean," Armand whispered. "This is the critical moment. We must try and pass those men as naturally as possible."

A curt, hoarse call brought the fugitives upstanding. A lieutenant of Uhlans demanded their business and where they were going.

"I am Louise Fleury," said Armand, in a voice that might have been a gift to any woman. "I go to see a sick friend in the village."

The lieutenant approached. The sickly gleam of a lantern flickered on Armand's face, and on the hair floating over his shoulders. The German saluted. There was admiration in his eyes as he cocked up his moustache.

"Mademoiselle's brother has reached the *château*?" he asked.

"I'm not here to answer questions," was the reply. "As you are on your way to the *château*, doubtless your curiosity will soon be satisfied. May I remark, Herr Lieutenant, that the night is very cold, and that you are detaining me."

There was nothing but chill indifference in Armand's voice, though he had work to repress a desire to fly. Jean's face was blue and his teeth were chattering with terror. A little more of this and he would certainly betray himself.

The lieutenant drew aside, saluting again.

"You may pass, mademoiselle," he said, "though I doubt not that I should provide you with some kind of escort. The sorry clown by your side is not fitted for so enviable an undertaking."

Armand curtsied somewhat mockingly.

"My honest Jean does not love the Prussians, he says, and he has cause to fear them. I wish you good-night, m'sieur."

A moment later and the pine woods closed in on the fugitives. Armand tore off the clinging skirts and the hood from his head. But the curling ropes of hair he placed tenderly in his pocket.

"Quick!" he whispered; "quick, Jean! Give me the cloak and the cap. We have no moment to spare. In half an hour they will be after us hot-foot. And God grant no harm may be done yonder!"

Then they hurried forward over the crisp, dry snow.

#### IV.

It was a breathless half-hour for the little party in the *château*. As the minutes crept along, the strained anxiety in Louise's eyes gradually faded.

"He must be safe by this time," she said. "If I could only conceal myself somewhere till the search is over! But they must see me sooner or later, and then they will understand. Father, I am going to bed."

"But they will insist upon searching everywhere, my child."

"I know, I know! But they must not enter yonder room so long as you can keep them out. You understand. You must threaten, storm, prevaricate, delay. Not until actual violence is at hand shall I appear. Every second you can detain them is as another year added to Armand's life."

With a graceful bow and smile to the Englishmen, Louise vanished. Hardly had she shot the bolt of her room before there came a thundering blow on the door of the *château* and the sound of raucous voices demanding admission.

A frightened manservant answered to the call, and then without ceremony a captain of the Uhlans, accompanied by a lieutenant and his two troopers, entered the dining-hall. They stood there, gaunt and still, gloved and



"The lieutenant drew aside, saluting again."

coated, with the white hoar-frost thick on their moustaches. Count Fleury stood erect, white as a statue, yet with eyes like frosty stars.

"Am I to understand that you seek my poor hospitality?" he asked.

"I seek your son, Armand Fleury, the spy," was the brutally frank response. "He

has been traced here to-night. I may tell you at once that any idea of escape is out of the question. Where is your son?"

The fighting light was rising in Count Fleury's eyes. For the moment he was no longer an old man heavy with the burden of years, but a soldier of the Empire, once more ready to strike a blow for France. His hand wandered mechanically to the rapier at his side, his breath came thick and fast.

"My son is not here," he said quietly.

The captain turned from Fleury to Eustace and his companion.

"Is this true?" he demanded.

"We are the guests of Count Fleury, and we have partaken of a hospitality sorely needed," Eustace said pointedly. "As men serving under the Red Cross, we do not propose to take any part in the matter."

The captain tugged angrily at his beard. He was a man who did not appear to be burdened with an exaggerated amiability.

"I may find means to make you speak," he growled.

Eustace laughed contemptuously. He knew the full value of this bluster.

"Search the house!" the Uhlan cried. "Search every nook and cranny. Begin yonder."

He pointed to the door leading into Louise's room. Fleury crossed over and placed his back against it. He stood erect and defiant, his eyes gleaming bright as the rapier he had half drawn from the scabbard.

"Not there," he said. "My daughter is in there."

"Then you will be good enough to request your daughter's presence here whilst I satisfy myself that the apartment is not otherwise tenanted."

Fleury made no motion to comply. His breast was heaving now, and a fine pink colour had crept over his pallid cheeks.

"My word has never been doubted during the seventy-odd years I have understood the virtues of truth and honour," he said painfully, as one who finds difficulty in breathing. "I give you my word, gentlemen, that my daughter is in there alone."

"It is false!" the lieutenant cried. "I had speech with Mademoiselle Fleury not half an hour ago on the outskirts of the village. From her own lips I had it that she was on her way to see a sick friend."

Fleury's lips quivered in a faint smile.

"There must be some mistake here," he said. "I give you my word of honour that my daughter is in the room behind me."

A sonorous Saxon oath burst from the captain's lips.

"You have been tricked and fooled, then, Von Arlin," he said. "If this is so, the spy has escaped us disguised as a woman."

"Impossible, my captain. The one I spoke to was a lady, and a beautiful one at that. The lady's hair in itself was a dream. No, no; Von Arlin flatters himself that he knows a woman when he sees one."

"This, then, is trickery here," the captain muttered. "Open that door, sir!"

The Count's eyes flashed a negative. With a contempt for his white hairs the Uhlan bully advanced and thrust him rudely aside. In an instant the thin, blue blade flashed from Fleury's scabbard and whirled with a dazzling flash round the head of the burly Saxon.

"Have a care, old man," the lieutenant said grimly, "you are playing with the finest swordsman in the German army."

Half in jest, half in earnest, the captain drew his sword. He would give the old man a lesson to remember; he would humble this insane pride.

The blades crossed and the Uhlan pressed to the attack. Then a slight annoyance came over him. Three compatriots were grinning there, and it behoved him to show his skill without loss of time. Instead of that, something alive seemed to be creeping all over him. The Count's rapier played in a sheet of lambent flame around him; fiercer and fiercer grew the attack, and still the Count stood there, with the same thin smile of contempt on his lips.

It was maddening. He was the champion of fence, cunning beyond his peers, and there was an old man staggering under the load of years, yet with a wrist like a silk rope for strength and pliancy.

"It's you or I now," the Uhlan cried—"one of us must fall!"

A sudden madness seemed to possess Fleury. He seemed to see the light of the old days, to hear the yell of victory and triumph on many a hard-fought field; he seemed to be young again, when the heart of France beat true.

"A last blow for France!" he cried. "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France!*"

Sparks flew from the crossed blades, the white steel gleamed and twisted like the wild spume of the sea-wrack, there was a lunge forward, the quick flash and a turn of a ruffled wrist, and the big Uhlan threw up his arms and staggered to his fate, pierced to the heart.

No cry escaped him, no groan came from his lips. Just for an instant there was a faint pulsation of the eyelids, a twitch of the lips, and then all was still. With a cry of fury at the death of his captain, Von Arlin dashed forward. His sword flashed in the air as he fell upon the Count, full of passion and impetuosity. At the same moment the door of the bedroom was flung open and Louise stepped out.

White and trembling from head to foot she came. The clash of swords, the fall of

the steel blade went home below the right breast, and Fleury sank slowly to the ground.

Louise was quiet enough now; she raised the white, loved head upon her lap, she smoothed the long, white hair tenderly. A strange calm came over her. She looked up at the dazed lieutenant with mournful eyes.

"Had you taken the word of a gentleman," she said, "this would not have happened. Take your dead away and leave us to look to ours. You are fine soldiers, to war with old men and girls! Begone with you!"

The lips of the dazed lieutenant moved, but no sound came from them. He was slowly piecing the puzzle together until at length the whole truth dawned upon him; then he signed to the two Uhlan troopers, who raised the body of their captain from the floor and started out with it as stolidly as if they had been carrying fodder to their chargers.

The great hall-door drifted behind them with a bang, and then Louise rose to her feet.

"God be praised that they are gone!" she cried. "See, my father is not dead; you can feel that his heart is beating. Get me bandages and help me to stop the flow of blood. Only these people must never know that they have failed. And you will carry my father in and lay him on the bed. By this time Armand must be beyond pursuit. May Heaven defend him from another night like this!"

It was a little later that Fleury opened his eyes. He was faint from loss of blood, but no weakness seemed to quench the fire in the eyes of

the soldier of the Old Guard; his lips trembled like red threads; his voice came hoarsely.

"I struck a blow for France to-night," he said. "The Little Corporal told me once I was the finest swordsman in Europe. Ah! and that swaggering boor found to his cost that I had not forgotten. *Vive—vive la France!*"

His poor head fell back, his lips were parted, and he slept.

\* \* \* \*



"The big Uhlan threw up his arms and staggered to his fate."

the heavy body to the floor had been more than she could bear. For Armand's sake she had remained silent and undiscovered till reason began to totter under the strain. Whilst she remained there her father might be going on to his death. With a scream she burst open the door and stood there.

"Father!" she cried, "father! what does it mean?"

For one fatal instant Fleury glanced over his shoulder, his point fell, and Von Arlin thrust full for the chest of his adversary;



It was many months afterwards that Eustace and Huddleston saw their friends again. It was in Paris, after the conclusion of peace. An open carriage was proceeding at a foot-pace along the Bois de Boulogne. In it sat three people: an old man with a waxen face and hair like the eternal snows, a young man, and a girl of great beauty, which beauty was rendered none the less

piquant by the fact that her hair was cut short like a boy's.

Huddleston waved his cigar at the carriage.

"Do you recognise them?" he asked Eustace.

"Aye," Eustace replied. "If France had her proper share of men like that, we might have been in Berlin to-day, instead of Paris."



"AN ERRAND OF MERCY." BY H. M. BENNETT.



VILLAGE SYMPATHY.

SHE: Oo's that?

HE: Why, that's Tasker's boy, back from the war. Got 'is arm hurt, I think.

SHE: Yes, and 'is legs, too, poor dear, I should say. See the bandages on 'em?

#### AN AGONY OF PEDAGOGY.

*By James D. Symon.*

LEST the too sensitive reader should dread a harrowing tale of the rod, it may be well to premise that "pedagogy" is here used in its original sense of "bear-leader to a young gentleman," and not as signifying the functions of the schoolmaster. The term, indeed, is employed in its ancient purity, for in the happenings here recorded I am bear-leader only. Schoolmaster I am none.

It all went so well until just the last moment. For the catastrophe I can hardly reproach myself, as it turned on such a delicate point of boy psychology that even the wariest could not have foreseen offence; but it was none the less galling. One had an uneasy suspicion that perhaps one's own schooldays were slipping so far behind that such little shades of feeling as the one which caused Bertie's trouble and mine were fading from memory; or, again, that there were finer points of honour which one had never apprehended. Thus Bertie's conduct seemed almost a censure on possible callousness, not to say absolute coarseness of fibre.

When I received Cousin Rachel's letter, asking if I would be good enough to see Bertie off at Paddington on his way to his new school, I at once understood the reason. Bertie was ten. Ever since he had been sent home at six from Barrackpore he had lived with our Aunt Fortescue, from whose house he had gone as a day-boy to a small preparatory school. But now it was time for him to enter a wider arena, so after last Easter

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

he was to go to a bigger preparatory establishment down in the country, where they did things, as I knew, rather in style. On the appointed day two under-masters were to meet the boys at Paddington, whence they would journey down in saloon carriages. The assemblage of boys, new and old, would be considerable, hence Bertie's reluctance to appear at the station under Aunt Fortescue's escort. Of course, I consented to act as pedagogue on the occasion, as much, perhaps, for Cousin Rachel's sake as for Bertie's. The arrangement of the affair with Aunt Fortescue was delicate. Her conscience as guardian was uneasy. She felt it was her duty to go and see the youngster safely on his way, and took my offer to relieve her as kindly, but ill-advised. Besides, diplomacy was necessary. Aunt Fortescue could not be told point-blank of Bertie's objection to her company. He had confided that to Rachel, who promised to help, and somehow, when Rachel has any scheming to do, I am inevitably implicated.

In this case diplomacy was useless. Aunt Fortescue put her foot down and kept it down. She would do her duty. Bertie viewed the approach of his opening day without comfort. But two days before that event influenza laid Aunt Fortescue and her purpose aside. The attack proved rather serious, and Rachel could not leave her mother. There was nothing for it but to ask me to do what I had already offered. "If it will be at all possible for you to go," said Aunt Fortescue's message.

It was really next to impossible, for the day and hour demanded my close attendance at the office of the influential journal which my friends and acquaintances will persist in believing that I edit. But happily there was Bennet. Now Bennet is a literary skirmisher, who married on his wits, and consequently has to hide great ability under the bushel of pot-boiling. My chief has no end of faith in Bennet, and consented readily enough to his acting as my deputy. Of course, Bennet, which is short for Benedict, came like a bird to my call, knowing there was at least a guinea in it; for during his occupancy of my chair certain small notes would fall to be written, for which he would be paid, whereas I, as a salaried official, would not.

Accordingly, on the afternoon in question I was free. Bertie was to leave at four, but I had promised to call for him at half-past one, to take him somewhere to lunch. At the house he was very valiant until it came to saying good-bye to his sister Lucy. Lucy is an emotional little

woman—the children had never been parted before, so we had a small scene. Lucy was tearful, and Bertie copious of swallowings and grimaces. Warned by these last, we rather hurried the good-byes, and so saved the boy's *amour propre*. In the hansom, however, he was silent for a while, and I had to pretend not to hear some very audible sniffings. At last Bert found his tongue.

"Bother that east wind," he remarked airily, "it always gives one such a cold in one's nose."

After this covert explanation he was able to take a cheerier view of life; talked "footer" and the Australian match, and confided to me that he meant to go to my old college when he should leave school. Also that he thought he would be a "newspaper chap," like me. It must be so jolly,

The meal was a huge success, except, perhaps, in one small particular, scarcely important enough to count as an evil, and certainly as nothing compared to what remained behind. We had gone to a noted Bohemian restaurant, whither celebrities do most resort. One or two musicians of note happened to be at table near us. These I pointed out to Bertie, but received only an indifferent "Oh!" and a request for more potatoes.

At last there seemed to be an end to the boy's appetite. He tackled a final merangue, sighed and looked, sighed and looked and looked again, and then made some remark about his train. We had just half an hour to get comfortably to the station.

I was beginning to hug myself over my manage-



DISILLUSION.

POET (upon receiving cheque from his publishers): Do tell me who bought my poems!

PUBLISHER: Oh! they weren't sold. We had a fire here, and the cheque is the moiety of the insurance money.

he added, to be able to see the pantomime inside out, as it were, if one wanted to.

I told him one seldom wanted to; outside out was enough. Bert thought me culpably deficient in enthusiasm. He feared I was neglecting my opportunities, and that I would never rise to be editor of the *Times*. I bade him therefore profit by my sad example. He said he would. When he was editor of the *Times*, he continued, leaving me to supply the unflattering ellipse, he meant to waken it up a bit, and have illustrated interviews with famous people, "big pots at cricket and billiards, minor poets, and other comic singers, and all that sort, you know," like those in the *Fleet Magazine*. Didn't I think it would affect the circulation?

I admitted that it would, and we went, well pleased, to lunch.

ment of the affair. Bertie was evidently setting out in the best of spirits, and that is everything during the ordeal of first going to school. Feeling my part to the finger-tips, and with visions of Thackeray's ideal uncle before my eyes, I got ready a new half-sovereign, which I contrived to transfer to the boy's keeping before we came in sight of his travelling companions, who were already mustered on the platform in some force.

"They don't look half a bad sort," Bertie confided to me in a loud aside, after he had taken careful stock of masters and boys.

"Oh! I'm sure you'll get along famously," I remarked, as I saw him bestowed in the saloon. "You'll be certain to get to know some of the fellows on the way down."

Bertie's only answer was a grunt, which I was at a loss to understand. Could it be that fortitude



A LITERAL INTERPRETATION.

WIGGINS: Mornin', parson. Will 'ee 'ave a glass of cider?

PARSON: No, thank you, Wiggins; I'm not thirsty.

WIGGINS: Beg your pardon, I thought you might be. Doctor says you was terrible dry this mornin'.

was ebbing even at the last moment, as it will with a condemned man, even the bravest? Bertie would be as emotional as Lucy but for boyish self-discipline. I feared a small breakdown. This, before the others, would be deplorable. I cast about for means to enliven him.

Close beside us in the saloon was a pretty, cherubic youngster, about Bertie's age. He was what ladies call a "nice" boy. I regarded him for a little and then resolved on a plan.

Turning to the youngster, I begged to introduce

my young kinsman and to hope that they would be friends at school.

The boys at once exchanged views upon a few unimportant topics, and I considered my mission well nigh arrived at a happy issue.

The train was now ready to start. After the porter had shut the doors I returned to the open window to shake hands with my charge. He leaned towards me with a serious expression. Fancying he might have a message for Lucy, I bent close to hear it.

But Bertie's business was with me.

"I say," he remarked chidingly, "you've been and spoilt it all! You oughtn't to have done that, you know. That chap'll think I wanted to make up to him, and that I got my people to force me upon him."

The whistle shrieked angry comment, and the train crawled out of the station, leaving me spiritually prostrate upon the platform. At last I gathered myself up, as it were, and turned away, a blundering, guilty thing, haunted by the reproachful face of a small boy.

And to-night, when I call at Aunt Fortescue's, Rachel's first question will be: "Did Bertie go away happy?"

EMPLOYER: So you want a week's salary in advance? But suppose you should die to-night?"

CLERK (proudly): Sir, I may be poor, but I am a gentleman.



CUSTOMER: I don't see how anybody can handle a big stock of glass like this without doing a lot of breaking.

PERSUASIVE SALESMAN: They can't, ma'am. Two firms broke all to pieces trying to handle this lot. That's why we can sell it so cheap.



MENTAL ARITHMETIC UNNECESSARY.

MASTER: If nine boys went to the river, but three of them had been told not to bathe, how many would go in?

THE CLASS (with one voice): Nine, sir.







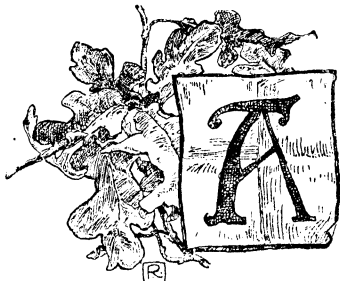
"THERE IS SWEET MUSIC HERE THAT SOFTER FALLS  
THAN PETALS FROM BLOWN ROSES ON THE GRASS."—*Tennyson.*

FROM A PAINTING BY BEATRICE OFFOR.

# AN INCIDENT OF THE SEPOY MUTINY

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL.\*

*The incident on which this tale is founded occurred at Mount Abu, where an Irish doctor, since dead, and fifteen convalescents saved the station during the Sepoy mutiny. They received no recognition of their pluck.*



GREAT flock of fleecy white clouds were browsing up the steep hill-side like sheep, and hiding part of the great map of India

which lay spread out five thousand feet below one of the isolated peaks which rise, in sheer masses of granite, from the dusty deserts of Rajputana.

Now, their dustiness wore a faint tinting of green, since the seasonal rains had begun. For the moment, however, the deluge had ceased, giving place to one of those brilliant monsoon days—fine with the fineness of gentian skies and snowdrift clouds—which remind Indian exiles of the cold, crisp North.

But already these same clouds were beginning to sink earthwards, sure sign that the break in the rains was at an end. Still, here—in the little station beside the lake which looks as if the least tilt would make it brim over and send it rolling like quicksilver to the sun-dry plains below—the sky was all the clearer because of the steady increase of those fleecy flocks among the glens and ravines, which spread outwards, downwards, ray-like, star-shaped, from the summit.

The increase was so steady that the flocks coalesced after a time, and took the likeness of a rolling sea, through whose waves the knolls and peaks rose like islands; until the whole scene, lake and all, showed as a clustered coral reef shows in the Pacific Ocean—still, dream-like, utterly peaceful.

There was no peace, however, on the face of the Englishman in undress uniform, who was sitting at an office table in the verandah of a thatched, high-perched bungalow which was fenced in perfunctorily from a sheer precipice on three sides by a frail trellis of bamboo solidified by morning glories.

"If I could get reliable information," he muttered irritably, "I could be prepared. But I can hear nothing of Lawrence, and it is quite impossible for me to predicate the movements of the mutineers; yet without this it is difficult to know how to receive them." His voice rose as he went on, for a yawn and a stir from a lounge-chair set in the shade told him he had a listener.

"Not the last bit difficult, me dear bhoys," came with the yawn; "sure, we've got to kill them somehow."

The first speaker looked up angrily from the map he was studying. "Perhaps if I were only directly responsible for fifteen convalescents, as you are, Tiernay, I should be content to—to be in a fog! But I am the Station Staff Officer, and in the absence on duty of the Commanding Officer and, I regret to say, all but a mere handful of native troops, I am responsible for the safety of a hundred and thirty-five helpless women and children—their lives and deaths—"

He was interrupted by Dr. Tiernay's laugh and high-pitched "Not at all! Loife and death's my business from wan year's end to the other. There's responsibility for yez! And I kill as many as I cure, as all we pill-boxes do. Sure, we haven't a fair chanst; for any fool can live healthy without a doctor. It's when he thinks of dyin' he comes to us—an' nine toimes out of ten we can't help him. For, talk of bein' in a fog! Be jabers! it's nothing to the British Pharmacopœia. When I write a prescription I always put 'D.V.'—'weather permittin'—at the tail-end of it."

The Station Staff Officer looked at the dishevelled, lazy figure, so different from his own, distastefully. "Well! I prefer a clearer conception of my line of treatment. Now, if this portion of the Nusseerabad rebels which, there seems little doubt, are making for us here"—his finger followed a red line he had marked—"elect to proceed—"

"Elect, is it?" interrupted the doctor. "Sure, they won't elect to do anything. It will come to them widout their knowing

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how, like fayver or catarrh. An' it's no manner of use beginning to physic a patient till ye know what disease fancies him. So lave off wid worrying, me dear boy, and just get out the salts and senna——"

"Salts and senna!" echoed the Station Staff angrily. "Really, Tiernay, considering you are the only other man in the place—for I don't count your miserable convalescents, of course, and my handful of natives is more an anxiety than a help—I do think you might talk sense——"

Dr. Tiernay rose, yawned, and walked over to the office table—a tall, lank figure, with a reckless, whimsical face, alert now to the uttermost.

"An' isn't it sinse? Salts and senna is what's generally wanted to begin with. Well, I've collected every lethal weapon I can lay hands on, including the dintistry case and the horse-pistols with which me granduncle MacTurk, of Turksville, shot his wife's brother—so me salts and senna's ready; and, on me conscience! I'll exhibit it, too, whin the patient comes along. Trust Micky Tiernay for that. But till he does"—here his face took a sudden, almost serious gravity—"ah! just quit cultivating omniscience, and lave the fog alone! Sure, only the devil himself could say what the blackguards will do."

"But Hoshiyari Mull, the banker, thinks——"

"Is it that fat, oily brute? Oh, don't belave him! Don't belave what anybody says. They don't know; not even what they'll be at themselves if the mutineers *do* come. There's only wan thing certain—there's but wan straight road from Nusseerabad up the hill to us. That's the tail end of it yonder through the break in the mist. Oh! I've been kaping an eye on it, I tell yez, even in my sleep. Well, if they come, they'll come that way."

"But Koomar, the priest——"

Dr. Tiernay looked, across the placid, still sun-bright levels of the little lake, at the wonderful Jain temples which made this hilltop one of the holiest spots in all India, and shook his head. "Don't trust him, either, for all his white robes and his piety. He means well; but he's more in a fog than we are, for *we* know that we *don't* want the mutineers to come, and *he* isn't sure. How can he be? I'd just throuble ye to imagine his mental position, if ye can!"

So saying he took up his battered helmet, which looked as if someone had been playing football with it, and strolled over to

the hospital. It was perched on another knoll close by, yet between it and him the mist now lay almost level; for the curved waves had given place, like the fleecy flocks, to a new formation of fog. This, far as the eye could see, was a flat plain of cotton wool, luminous, on which the knolls, the temples, the glittering lake, showed like jewels.

He dipped into the fog as it lay soft in the hollow, and out of it again, ere entering the hospital verandah, where a man in the loose uniform of a dresser rose from his task of polishing a pair of horse-pistols, and saluted—a trifle unsteadily, for he, though the best of the bunch of convalescents, was somewhat of a cripple. Had he not been so, he would not have been left behind when every man who could hold a rifle had tramped down the hill to do the work that had to be done in the plains, if not only Englishwomen, but England's power in India, were to be saved.

"Parade will be a bit short to-day, sir," he said with cheerful regret, "for Corporal Flanagan 'e 'ave 'ad to 'ave a hematic, sir; and the fly-blister on Private MacTartan's chest is has big has a hostrich's hegg."

"Dear, dee-ar," commented the doctor in long-drawn sympathy, as he passed in to where a dozen or more of men in grey flannel dressing-gowns were lounging about in their cots or out of them. They were an unshaven, haggard-looking lot, though one or two were beginning to show that air of alertness which tells that soul and body are coming back to the bustle of life. One or two others lay cuddled into their pallets with that other hospital expression—impatient patience. Most, however, were between these two extremes, and one of them asked eagerly—

"Any news of the brutes to-day, sir? It would be just my luck, when I'm down with another bad turn."

"Bad turn! What's a bad turn?" retorted Dr. Tiernay, with a reassuring smile. "News of the varmint would have more therapeutic power than every drug I possess, an' a galvanic batthery wouldn't be in it wid the first shot. Faix! even if I'd killed ye, ye'd come to loife again to spite me! Oh, Flanagan, there ye are! A bit white about the gilis, me bhoy, but's it's a faine thing to be in light marching order. An' as for you, MacTartan, sure, you've the illigantest protective pad ever a man wore above his heart. Is there any more of you would like wan?"

Yet as he made merry the doctor's eyes had wandered to where that tail end of the upward road had shown for a second between a rift in the fog blanket. Then he went on to dress the leg of a cripple on crutches. He was in the middle of bandaging it, when an excited voice called him by name from the verandah, and he rushed out, bandage

It was that of a Jain ascetic, with a muslin cloth bound about his mouth so as to prevent the destruction even of the unseen life around him.

The set brown sanctity of the face wavered. "They come to kill, and I kill nothing," came as answer.

Dr. Tiernay turned on the heel and faced the man on crutches, who, after vainly begging to be told what was happening, had come crawling on all fours to the verandah; where Dr. Tiernay began, as it were, to haul him in by rolling up the bandage. "Who on earth could ye to move, Tompkins?" he said. "Come in at wanst and let me finish the job."

"But, doctor——" protested the Station Staff.

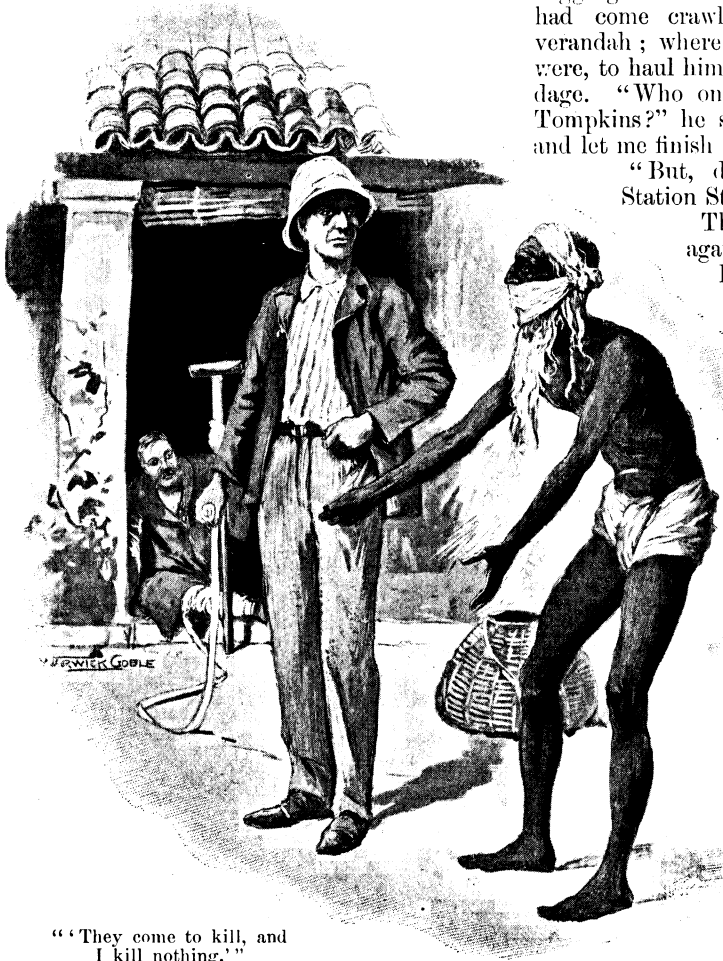
The doctor swung round again at the appeal. "Don't believe his saintship," he said—"don't, for Heaven's sake! If it's killing he objects to, sure, isn't he helping us to kill *them*? That sort of thing doesn't work. See you—he says there are five hundred of them. Sainted Cecilia! if that's so, an' they mean to come and kill us, why come up the back stairs?"

"But he says—and Koomar also, and even Hoshyari Mull——"

"Well, I'd rather trust the fat little banker, if it comes to trustin'," interrupted the doctor; "for, see you, I owe him money, and if I'm killed he won't get it. But if I

were you, I'd trust none of them. Even Hoshyari, compound interest at a hundred and fifty per cent. to boot, does not know what he'll be at; so take my advice and sit tight where ye are."

The Station Staff did sit very tight and square on his pony. "I'm sorry you don't agree with me, Dr. Tiernay," he said stiffly; "and, of course, being in independent medical charge of this convalescent depts, you can remain behind if you choose.



"They come to kill, and I kill nothing."

and all, so that his patient remained attached to him by a fluttering ribbon.

He found the Station Staff on his pony. There was news at last. The mutineers were coming, but not by the road. They had been seen on the old footpath to the north, so they evidently meant to steal a march in the rear.

"What made ye come and tell?" asked the doctor suddenly, in Hindustani, to the naked figure which had brought the news.



"Are ye all there, wid as many legs an' arms as ye have whole?"

Indeed, I think it would, in a way, be wiser, since your fellows would be of little use——"

Dr. Tiernay looked round on the contingent of crippledom which had crowded and crawled to the verandah to listen. "Faix!" he said, "their hearts are whole, anyhow, and that's half the battle. But what's your plan?"

"I have thought out this eventuality before, and am certain that our defence must be at the defile—you know—about four miles from here. I shall take every soul I can—it's better to give everyone something to do."

The doctor nodded. "That's sound,

anyhow. 'Satan finds——' Then I'll stay here."

"If—if I fail, you will do what you can for the women and children. I shan't give the alarm now; so—so you might tell my wife by and by—if necessary."

Mike Tiernay walked back and patted the pony's neck. "I'll tell her; and ye may be right—ye can't tell—it's just the fog. Anyhow, the cripples will do what they can for the ladies and the babies; though wanst those murderin' villains set foot on the summit, it's all up. So—so I'll keep an eye on the road for ye. Well, good-bye, me dear bhoys, and good luck to ye!"

The sun, that was still shining brightly above the mists, shone on the men's clasped hands for a moment.

After that Dr. Tiernay finished Tompkins's leg. It was rather a long job, as it had to be done

all over again. Then there were minor hurts to arms and hands, so that an hour must have passed before the doctor, wiping his hands with the curiously minute care of the surgeon who knows what risks he runs, suddenly dropped the towel and said—

"Sainted Sister Anne! They're coming?"

Yes! The rift for which he had been watching, with the carelessness which comes with custom, had showed that tail end of the road for a moment, and revealed men and horses, the flashing of bayonets and spear-points.

Ten minutes after the man on crutches was the only one left in the hospital, and he was sitting on the edge of his cot sobbing like a child disappointed of his holiday. But Mike Tiernay had left him the horse-pistols by way of consolation, with instructions to

hold the fort as long as he could, and prevent the rascals from touching even the drugs.

"Ye'll have the best of it, after all, I tell ye," had been the doctor's farewell; "for sure, ye'll be sittin' at your ease shootin' straight long after we've been silenced; and a last shot is always a last shot!"

Then he had led his company of cripples through the hollow of mist which lay between the hospital and the head of that road whose tail had shown the upward gleam of bayonets.

As yet, however, everything was peaceful. The lake, the temples, the isolated houses set on their knolls, even the lower cluster of the bazaar, were all bathed in sunshine, with the curious translucent brilliance which only Indian sunshine can give. Only between them, clinging to every hollow, lay the thick, luminous, white fog. Mike Tiernay took off his helmet, wiped his forehead, and looked around.

"It's no good in loife making the poor things anxious," he muttered to himself; "an' if we can keep the divils at bay, *he* will be back to tell his own story; but I'll just give a look round to hearten them up—there's plenty of toime, for I can catch up to the cripples in a jiffy."

So, bidding his men march slowly down the road—saving themselves as much as possible, since their work would be cut out for them afterwards—until he rejoined them, he set off with swinging strides to the semi-fortified houses in which, more for the name of safety than for the hope of it, the helpless women and children had been gathered during the last few days.

"Any news, doctor?" asked the Station Staff Officer's wife, coming out to meet him, her six months baby in her arms. "Dick isn't back from office yet, and it's such weary work—waiting—waiting!"

Dr. Tiernay bent rather abruptly to look at the fretful child, which was teething badly. One or two other women, pale-faced, anxious, their little ones clinging round them, had gathered to listen, and he spoke as it were to all.

"Well, it can't be long now, any more than it can't be long before Dick comes back, or before that troublesome eye-tooth comes through. If all goes well, me dear madam, all the worry will be over by to-morrow—"

"And if it isn't, you will come with your lancet, won't you?" asked the mother pleadingly.

Dr. Tiernay frowned portentously. "It's against me principles, madam, but I'll use—

well—some kind of lethal weapon, I promise you. An' tell your husband when ye see him that my cripples did as well—as well as could be expected—considerin' the fog."

"Did as well?" she asked. "What have they done?"

"Gone for their first walk down the road," he replied with a cheerful laugh, "an' I must be afther them, to stop them from overtiring themselves. So good-bye—Dick'll maybe bring good news."

"How cheerful he is always!" said one pale-faced mother to another. "I always feel safer when I've seen him; and you know, he can't really think there is any immediate danger, or he wouldn't have talked of coming to lance the baby's gums, would he?"

Whatever Dr. Tiernay might have *thought*, he was by this time beginning to realise that in the fog it was impossible to *know* anything—even the positions of his own cripples. "Are ye all there, wid as many legs an' arms as ye have whole?" he called, after he had given the order for them to fall in; "for, sure's I live, I must take ye on trust—ye might be anybody."

He paused—his eyes lit up suddenly—he gave a wild "*Hoorroosh!*—I have it, men!"—he shouted suddenly: "Let's play the fog on the divils, an' smash 'em. They can't see us, so let's take them in flank at the zigzag. Smith! out wid yer engineer's eye, and tell me what's the length of the zigzag—wan zig of it, I mane."

Smith, in the fog, thought for a moment or two. "Close on a mile, sir, more or less, and there's four of them."

"Say three-quarters. An' we are sixteen—no, it's fifteen, for we had to leave poor Tompkins wid his crutches an' the horse-pistols—Tompkins absent."

"Beg pardin', sir," came a voice from the fog, "Tompkins present. Come a-all fours down the short cut, quite easy!"

"Sixteen," corrected the doctor calmly, "sixteen into twelve hundred yards. Faix! it'll have to be open order . . . ." He paused for an odd catch in his breath, something between a laugh and a sob. "See here, ye gomerauns!—English, Irish, Scotch, whatever ye are!—that's our game—we're not sixteen—we're sixteen hundred—!"

The cripples out of the fog broke into a faint cheer. "You've got it, Mick Tiernay!" they assented wildly; "you've got it, doctor, dear! The fog's our game!"

"We're sixteen hundred strong, an' we're each of us a hundred men an' two officers," called the doctor back. "Now, d'ye under-



stand, men? Open order it is—wan hundred yards or thereabouts, at the top zigzag—an' chargin' down on the divils in flank—an' a gift of tongues—an' Donnybrook Fair! hooroosh, Pat! Come on, lads!"

The next moment they were hirpling, hobbling downward, unseen even of each other, until sometimes a jostle would bring a low-toned witticism: "Now, then, cap'n, keep your regiment orf mine, will ye?" Or, "I'll throuble you, sorr, to respect me formation."

So the cripples made their way towards their forlorn hope; and despite the witticisms, their haggard, lean faces, hidden like all else in the fog, were stern and strained. Men's faces are apt to be so when each man has to find place in his body for a hundred souls—not including two officers.

"Quiet's the word. Let them come on almost to the turn," was the doctor's last injunction as he posted his men—the strongest at the narrowest end of the zigzag, because they would the soonest come upon the enemy, and so on in varying gradations of convalescence, till the line of the supposed battalion stopped at the widest end with Tompkins, who was given as much ammunition as they could spare, and told to fire freely, regardlessly.

The doctor himself, with MacTartan close beside him, "so as to increase the illusion," were at the extreme angle, the unseen road below them not fifty yards off. Below that again, the doctor knew, was an almost precipitous grass slope down to the next zig.

"We must start them on that short cut if we can, till death stops 'em," he said to his supporter, "an', if we do, they'll rowl and rowl and rowl to perdition." So they waited, the jest forgotten in the earnest.

Then suddenly through the fog came a jingle. "Tention, B Company," whispered the man who had had a bad turn, to himself, and steadied his shaking hands on his musket as he listened. Another jingle. A sound of voices first, then, as suddenly as the jingle had come, came a thud of many feet—*thud, thud, thud!*

Then all along the hillside, all along that three-quarters of a mile or more, ran a volley—not of rifles, but orders—orders familiar to those below, orders suggestive of colonels and majors, regiments and wings and companies, suggestive of all the pomp and panoply of war. Finally, at the narrowest end came a call to fire and charge, a reckless volley into the fog, and then two reckless figures flinging themselves into that uttermost

void, Heaven knows how, Heaven knows where, save that it was downwards on that climbing foe. MacTartan first, remembering his Highland corries, half burst his lungs in his effort to give the Highland yell of a whole regiment. Yet beneath the grim joke a grimmer earnest lay, as, in the fog, he and his bayonet found something.

"Hech, now! Is that you?" he said grimly, and the something was a man no more.

"Steady, men! Follow me!" shouted Dr. Tiernay. Once more the mist produced something, and two men in deadly earnest hacked at each other with swords.

"Go on, brothers! Run! They are behind us! Run! Go back, brothers! They are ahead!" came the cries, and above them rose those orders, a dropping fire, and, from the far end—Tompkins's end—quite a respectable volley.

"Come on! come on! and let them have the bayonet!" shouted the doctor again, and one or two more men grew from the mist into sight upon the one side of the climbing road. But the men who had been on the road first were fast disappearing into the fog on the other side—disappearing down the grass slope to the next zag. Only at the turn, where the doctor and MacTartan fought side by side, the difficulty of escape made resistance fierce from a knot of troopers; till, recklessly, MacTartan caught one horse by the bridle and deliberately backed it over the edge; but not before, in his desperate effort to be strong as he once had been, he had stumbled and fallen before the flash of a sabre that passed in mad flight downwards. "Gorsh me! I've spoilt myself," he murmured sadly, as he rose with difficulty.

"What is it, man? Are you wounded?" cried the doctor, rushing up.

"Bruk me blister, sir," replied MacTartan, stolidly reaching for his bayonet and going on.

That upper zigzag was clear now, but below in the fog lay another, and another, and another, where the fugitives might be caught. So the battalion charged again, and again, while Tompkins, coming down quite easy "a-all fours," fired volleys steadily.

The jest and the earnest of it, what pen can tell? Till through the fog rang a faint "Hurrah!" For the last of the zigzags had been reached, and neither on it, nor far or near upon the hillside down which the battalion had charged in open order, was foe—not to be seen, but felt. The uttermost void was void indeed!



"Two reckless figures flinging themselves into that uttermost void."

"We've got no doolys, men," said Dr. Tiernay, wiping his forehead once more, "so the wounded must crawl back to hospital as best they can."

So they crawled, all but Tompkins. The doctor insisted upon carrying him pickaback, on the ground that he, the doctor, was the only whole man in the battalion, and was bound to double work—the work of two hundred men and four officers. In truth, he had done it bravely.

\* \* \* \* \*

So the next morning, when he went his rounds, he stood for a minute or two beside a fretful baby, and then took out his lancet.

"It's against me principles, me dear madam," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders; "for there's a toime for everything and everything in its toime, and no

one—not even a tooth—knows what it would be at till that toime comes; but as I *said* all the throuble would be over, and the rest of it *is*, why, I'll keep me word."

And it was over; for a message saying he was close on the heels of his messenger had come from George Lawrence.

The fog had lifted by this time—lifted for steady rain. So the English troops coming up found the foes more easily than the battalion had done. But the foes were dead. Those random shots, those reckless charges from nothingness to nothingness, had done some work.

And part of it was on the naked body of a Jain ascetic with a bit of muslin swathed about his mouth, lest, inadvertently, he should bring death to the smallest of God's creatures.



CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA.

*A photographic study by Charles Reid, Windsor.*



TROOPS BEING BLESSED BEFORE GOING INTO BATTLE: AN EPISODE OF THE 1794 INSURRECTION.

*From the painting by Von Stachiewicz.*

## THE POLAND OF TO-DAY:

THE POLISH NATIONAL MUSEUM AT RAPPERSWYL, SWITZERLAND.

BY A. DE BURGH.\*

*Illustrated from Photographs specially taken for this article by Valentin Bischof,  
Custodian at Rapperswyl.*

**A**MONG the many instances the world has known of nations struggling for freedom, independence — even for their very existence — none has ended more pathetically than that of the brave and noble children of Poland, who, overwhelmed by the enormous legions of three great Powers, were doomed to see their country ruthlessly divided between their enemies — Russia, Austria, and Prussia.

Whatever our exact political sympathies, when we find a nation, after a century of misfortunes, defeats, and disasters, still retaining vitality and hopefulness, we cannot but admire such a people. The terrible reverses

which Poland has met with, and its entire disappearance as an individual State, were not able to break the spirit of the Poles themselves; and their patriotism and love for their extinct kingdom burn as brightly as ever, while they still cherish the hope that Poland will some day rise again from out her ruins.

Deprived of their country by their conquerors, driven from the home of their ancestors, the Poles at last found an asylum in hospitable Switzerland, and established a centre at the old Castle in Rapperswyl, on the Lake of Zurich, a shrine devoted to keeping alive the ever-flickering flame of Polish nationality, and a place of pilgrimage for all the sons of Poland whom their country's fate has consigned to exile.

\* Copyright, 1902, by Ward, Lock and Co., in the United States of America.



BANNER PRESENTED TO THE POLES BY BOSTON, U.S.A.

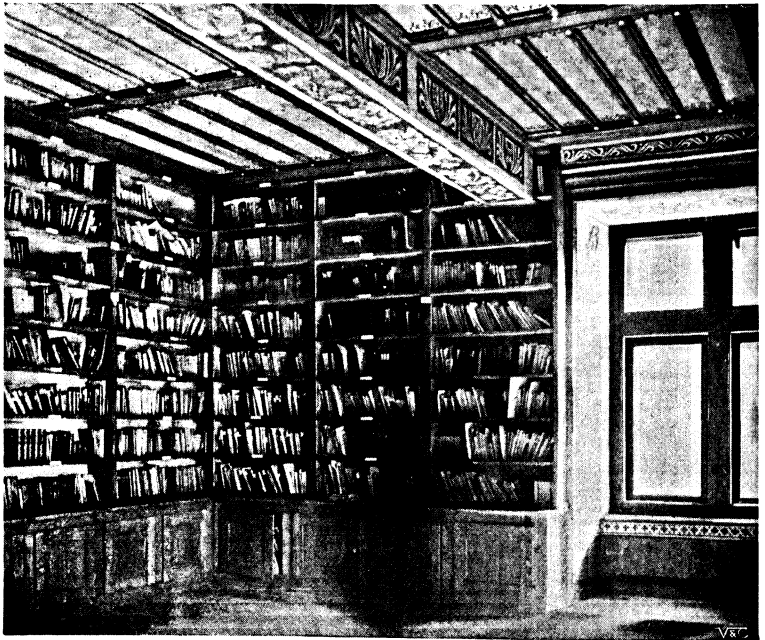
The Castle dates from the twelfth century, when it was built by Count Rudolf of Habsburg; but it soon passed by marriage settlements to the Counts of Homburg, and later became the property again of a branch of the powerful Habsburgs, whose descendants to this day occupy the throne of Austria - Hungary. In 1350 both the Castle and town of Rapperswyl were completely destroyed during a war between Zurich and the Rapperswyl people. From 1354-1415 the Dukes of

Habsburg-Austria reigned in the rebuilt Castle. Rapperswyl passed through many vicissitudes, till at last in 1805 it became incorporated into the Canton of St. Gall, in the Swiss Republic. In 1870 the late Polish Count Plater purchased the Castle and restored it, and installed in it a Polish museum, which was solemnly opened on October 23rd, 1870.

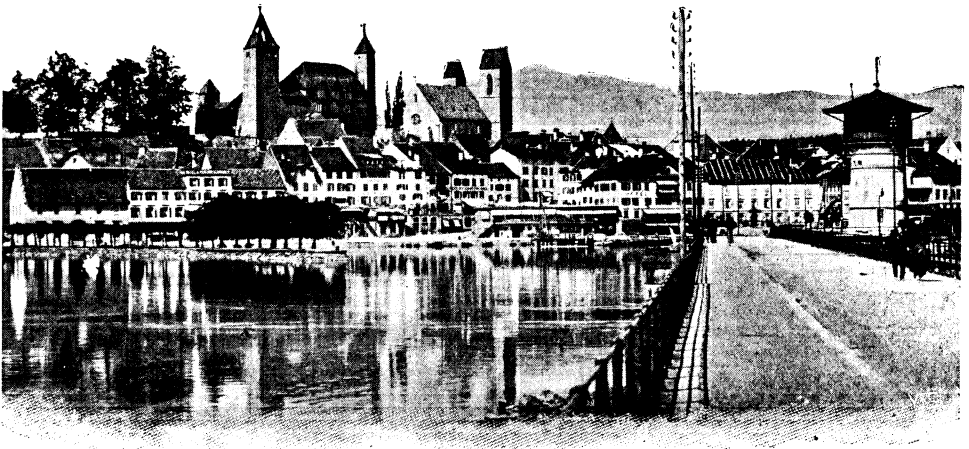
Already, in 1868, some Polish patriots, assisted by Swiss and Austrians, had erected a national monument near the old Castle, in memory of the hundredth birthday of the fight for independence and liberty.

This beautiful monument, consisting of a graceful column crowned with the national emblem of the Polish Eagle, was transferred into the picturesque and ancient courtyard of the Castle, where the walls are almost completely hidden by creepers and ivy.

It is surprising to notice how the museum, inaugurated not quite thirty years ago,



THE LIBRARY OF THE MUSEUM.



RAPPERSWYL, WITH VIEW OF CASTLE AND CHURCH.

has grown already to be one of the most valuable and interesting historic collections of the Continent of Europe.

Before we pass to the description of some of the treasures to be found there, we must refer to a ceremony which took place at Rapperswil some few years back—the celebration of the transfer of the heart of Kosciusko from the fortress of Zurich to a mausoleum specially erected to receive it at the Castle. This last of the great Polish patriots is but a name in history to the present generation, so that it may be well to give a short sketch of his career.

Thaddeus Kosciusko was born in 1746 in Lithuania. He was descended from an old family of small landed proprietors and began his education at Warsaw. So successful was he as a student that it was decided to send him to Versailles to continue his studies, then to Brest, and finally to Paris. Upon his return to his own country he was given a captain's commission in the artillery; but an unfortunate attachment to the daughter of a rich and proud nobleman, who would under no circumstances consent to a marriage, decided young Kosciusko, in 1777, to leave Poland for Paris, whence he sailed with the French fleet to aid the North American Colonies in their struggle for independence. He rose to the rank of general of a brigade, and only returned in 1786, after the States were free, to his native country. For three years he lived a retired life, until, at the reorganisation of the army in 1789, he was appointed major-general.

The adoption of the new constitution in 1791 was followed by war with Russia, during which General Kosciusko conducted himself

with conspicuous valour and skill, holding at Dubienka with 4,000 men an army of 20,000 Russians at bay. Stanislaw, then King of Poland, eventually agreed to a humiliating peace, whereupon Kosciusko resigned his commission and retired into private life.

In 1794 the Poles once more rose against their oppressors; a general insurrection took



THE CASTLE OF RAPPERSWYL, FROM THE SOUTH.





POLISH BANNER USED DURING 1863.

place, and Kosciusko was called to Cracow and by acclamation nominated Generalissimo and Dictator. At his first battle with the Russians, he, with 5,000 patriots, completely defeated them, although their army was much larger than his. However, poor Poland was not strong enough to fight against Russia's and Prussia's combined armies. In one of the most terrible conflicts against enormous odds Kosciusko fell seriously wounded, and his army was routed. Two years he spent as prisoner in St. Petersburg, but gained his liberty after the accession of

Czar Paul II., when he sailed for England and afterwards for America. The love for his country, perhaps also the hope of getting yet another chance to strike for the independence of his countrymen, soon brought him back to Europe; and he lived for nearly seventeen years at Fontainebleau, where he became personally acquainted with Napoleon I. In 1806 he gave a splendid proof of his patriotism by refusing to allow Napoleon to use his name to incite a rising in Poland against Russia. He was too well aware of the fact that the Corsican had no love for the Polish people and only wished to have their help for his own purposes. Never did the Poles accept the forged address to his country as a genuine one coming from Kosciusko.

In 1815 the great Polish general and dictator settled in Switzerland, where he occupied himself

with farming and agriculture. His death on October 17th, 1817, was the result of an accidental fall from his horse.

So ended a man who, but for the overwhelming odds that were against him, would have gained for himself a place among the most renowned generals of his time, for there never was a more skilful and daring soldier, a more intrepid and brave leader; and to this day his name is not only revered by everyone who has Polish blood in his veins, but his noble and chivalrous patriotism, free as it was from any desire for self-

glorification, has secured him a lasting fame in history.

Kosciusko's death took place in Solothurn, in the house of a Swiss friend to whom he left his heart as a legacy; the trust was accepted, and the heart, placed in a silver urn, was deposited in one of the towers of the fortress of Zurich.

Rapperswyl Castle, the future visible home



NATIONAL MONUMENT IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE OF RAPPERSWYL.

of Poland's exiled sons and daughters, was deemed eminently appropriate as the final resting-place of the patriot's heart, and it was resolved to build a special mausoleum to receive it. This was completed early in 1897. The Polish colony in Paris largely contributed to the cost of erecting this worthy receptacle of the precious relic, and organised its unveiling celebration.

The mausoleum consists of a tower of porphyry, in the inner vault of which stands a bronze urn resting on a pedestal of black marble. On the pedestal is chiseled the effigy of Kosciusko, standing out above the Polish Eagle



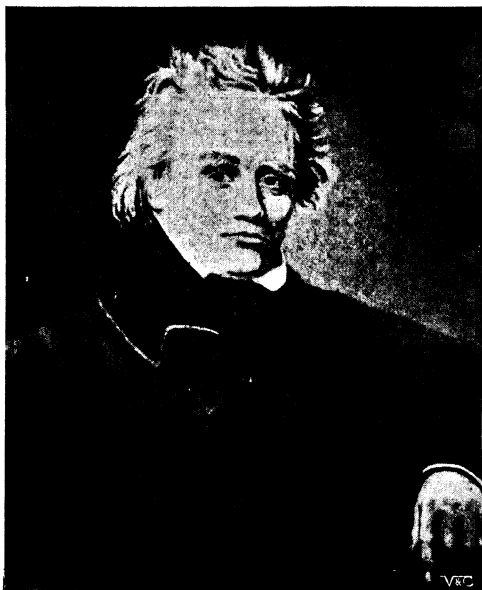
COUNT LADISLAUS PLATER, FOUNDER OF THE MUSEUM.

with outspread wings. The Muse of History lifts a veil from the head of the hero with her right hand, and with her left holds a trumpet. Above the effigy is the inscription: "Resurgat Polonia." The inner walls of the vault are decorated with some beautiful fresco paintings. Several wreaths are laid upon the urn, one of them being of massive gold.

The museum itself consists of various large halls and rooms, in which the collection



MICKIEWICZ ROOM, IN THE MUSEUM.



PORTRAIT OF KOSCIUSKO.

*Painted in 1817 by an Englishman, Richard Ramsay Reinagle.*

of treasures is displayed. There are many valuable relics to call to mind the most illustrious time of Poland's greatness. To name but a few, there are paintings executed either by Polish artists or by others depicting scenes of Poland's history; a remarkable collection of cameos, with representations of great events, or of renowned personages,

connected with the history of the Polish nation; a variety of Polish national costumes and uniforms of ancient and modern times; Polish coins and medals; some fine works from the sculptor's hand, and a very valuable library of 70,000 volumes, with a large quantity of interesting and rare manuscripts, which is open to the savants and scholars of all nations. The portal leading into the Castle is simple, and superscribed with these words: "Musée Historique Polonais."

The corridors and halls are tastefully ornamented with armour, flags, banners, and large maps. One room is entirely devoted to the memory of Kosciusko, and contains, besides a life-like portrait in oils and a bust of the patriot, his bedstead, parts of his uniform, and many smaller effects, which are as precious to the Poles as those of Nelson are to us. Below his marble bust we read: "He has fought for freedom and the rights of mankind!" On the sides of the alcove in which stands the bedstead hang two beautiful banners, one used by the patriots during their rising in 1863, on which is embroidered the Polish Eagle; the other given "to the brave sons of Poland by the young men of Boston." This banner is indeed a work of art. On the walls of this room we find paintings depicting scenes of the terrible catastrophes during the wars of independence and the so-called insurrections—bleeding fathers, murdered youths, weeping and wailing mothers, sisters, wives, and children.



IN THE TRENCHES OF WARSAW FORTRESS, 1863.

*From the painting by Pietrowski.*



POLISH PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO SIBERIA, 1863.

*From the painting by Grottger.*

Here is also a very interesting cup, which was presented by the town of Dantzic to King Sobieski.

The principal and largest room is replete with historical objects and with works

of art by Polish artists, including many interesting portraits and some excellent work in marble. Several items in this room especially appeal to English visitors—two splendid banners (one a Union Jack), given



STREET FIGHT IN WARSAW, 1861.

*From the painting by P. R. Fleury.*

to the Polish people by the inhabitants of Birmingham, and a giant address containing the names of more than 100,000 Englishmen, expressing sympathy for the Poles in their struggle for their national heritage.

One room is devoted to the memory of the Polish poet, Mickiewicz, and contains a fine full-length portrait of the bard whose words



STATUE OF KOPERNIKUS.



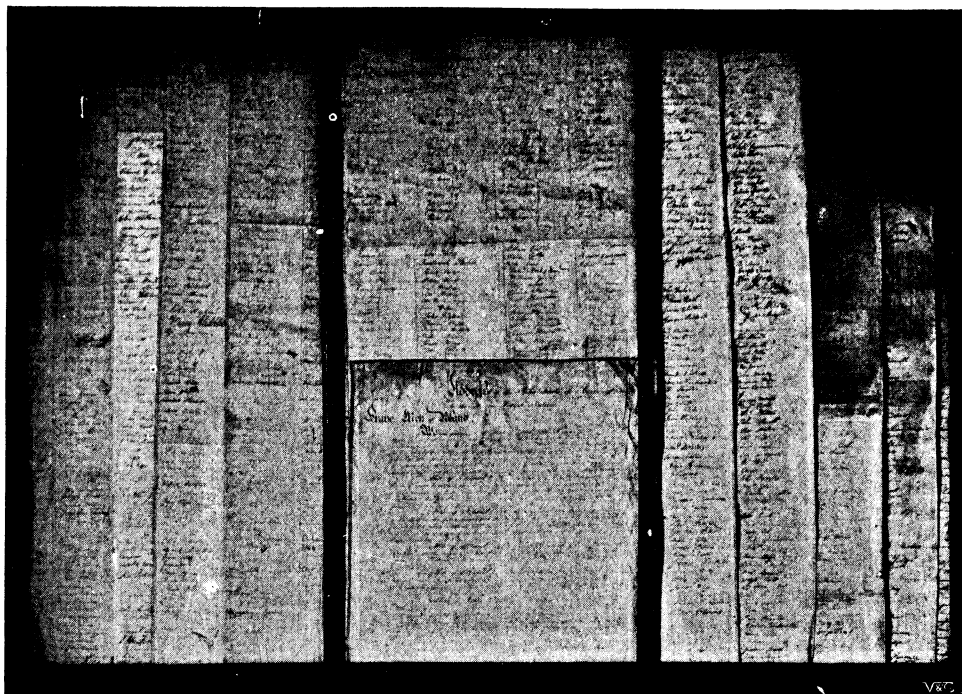
ALLEGORICAL PICTURE, OVER TWENTY FEET HIGH, REPRESENTING POLAND LYING DEAD.

*Painted by Maszynski.*

and deeds did so much to give courage and hope to a despairing nation. Kopernikus, the Polish astronomer and scientist, is also immortalised by a beautiful statue representing the great thinker and discoverer, with some of his astronomical instruments.

We have only space to refer to these, a few of the many objects of general interest ;





THE MONSTER ADDRESS FROM ENGLISHMEN TO THE POLES.

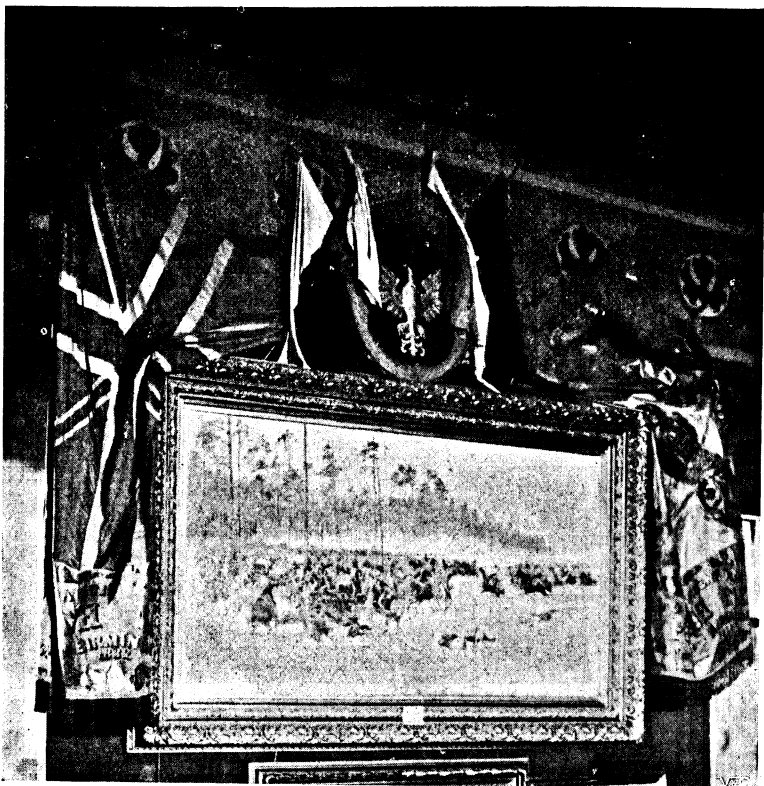


KOSCIUSKO ROOM, IN THE MUSEUM.



but anyone who visits this monument of a proud though distressful nation will be astonished at the richness of the museum and the library, and will not regret having made the pilgrimage.

The Castle itself is a picturesque specimen of mediæval architecture, and the "keep" at the south-western end of the building affords a most beautiful view of high, snow-clad mountains, with green lower slopes reaching down to the blue waters of the lake. On the south-western side of the Castle hill begins what is called the "Lindenhof,"



THE TWO BANNERS PRESENTED TO THE POLES BY BIRMINGHAM.



A DYING POLE WRITING, "POLAND IS NOT LOST YET!"

*From the picture by Ch. Guilbert.*

named from the ancient mighty lime trees which shade the hill as it slopes slowly down to the lake-side.

Rapperswyl, which lies on the lower end of the Lake of Zurich, is in itself a place full of interest and replete with reminiscences of mediæval times. The town hall contains one of the finest collections of ancient drinking-cups in the world, and near by may be seen one of the oldest churches of middle Europe, dating from the tenth century. In the cemetery may be seen the grave of

Miss Caroline Bauer, the actress who became the morganatic wife of the Duke of Coburg, after the death of his spouse, Princess Charlotte, only daughter of King George IV. When called to the throne of Belgium he annulled this union, and Caroline married some years afterwards the Polish Count Plater, who lived at Rapperswyl. She died there, and her remains rest by the side of her husband's on the lovely hill which forms the "God's acre" of the township.



THE INTERIOR OF THE KOSCIUSKO MAUSOLEUM.

# RUGBY FOOTBALL: SOME HINTS ON FORWARD PLAY.

BY J. DANIELL,

*Of Cambridge University and English International Teams.*

## HEELING.

A GREAT number of forwards imagine that so long as they get the ball out to the backs, it makes no difference how, when, or where it comes out of the scrummage, and that once they have got rid of it, the responsibility is off their hands for a while; but this is very far from being the case, for a great deal more depends upon the proper heeling out of the ball than most people imagine.

How often one sees the ball come out of the side of a scrummage instead of in the very middle of the back row! How often when it does come out at the back it is shot out like a rocket and with a force that carries it yards past the halves, or else it takes, at the other extreme, about a minute to get through the various rows of legs that bar its way, giving the opposing halves heaps of time to creep round and follow it up! The ball must be heeled out properly, cleanly and quickly, or else the forwards don't give their halves and three-quarters a chance.

When the forwards have obtained the ball and have got orders to heel it out, it is most important that they should still continue shoving. It is quite impossible and useless to heel the ball if the forwards are getting shoved. Keep shoving, and send the ball back quickly, avoiding letting it touch the legs if possible, and not giving it violent kicks back. Of course, it is sometimes absolutely necessary to help it on its way back, but this should be done carefully with a push, so as to avoid driving it too hard for the halves to get hold of. Another excellent method is to shove straight when you have got the ball and walk over it. By this means you give your own halves more time, while also placing the other halves on the defensive behind their own men.

The great thing is, however, not to let the ball come out at the side, as this does not give your own halves, who are following behind you, a chance, while it falls right in the path of your opponents. If a forward at the side of the scrummage sees the ball going out at the side, he must hook it back into the scrummage at once, and then the

forwards must again try and heel it out properly. Never let it come out at the side. It is far better to wait a few seconds and have it done properly, than to think that the great thing is speed and that it does not matter when the ball comes out. Personally I consider, if your pack is strong enough, that the best way of heeling is the one I have just mentioned—*i.e.*, walking over the ball.

## QUICK BREAKING UP AND TACKLING.

I have always strenuously held that the front row of the scrummage should lock tight, but this advice allows of reservation. In saying that the front row should bind tight, I must insist that the binding, although tight, must be able to undo in a second. Forwards must be able to break up immediately, both for purposes of attack and defence; and to be able to break up at a given moment without delay the ball must be watched. Forwards have got to remember that directly the ball is out of the scrummage they must be out as well. The shoving must continue till the last moment, but when the ball has gone, break up and help your behinds. Of course, the wheel and the quick rushes of forwards depend almost entirely on the quickness with which the scrummage is broken up. Also, forwards must bear in mind that they have got to help in the defence. When your opponents have got the ball and begin their passing movements, all the forwards must be at hand to help the behinds. How often I have seen a half or three-quarters run single-handed through a whole side of forwards, who simply stand stolidly still and stare at him, without ever thinking of laying a hand on him, or perhaps one, a little more awake than the rest, will make a grab at his neck, or hair, or ear! But a forward must tackle, tackle always, and tackle hard. High tackling is, as a rule, quite useless. The place to tackle is either just above the knees or round the waist. The latter is perhaps preferable, as the ball may be held at the same time. But the great thing in all tackling, for a forward or a behind, is to



ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND AT BLACKHEATH, 1901. FROM THE PICTURE BY ALLAN STEWART.



AN INTER-VARSITY MATCH: "WELL PASSED, OXFORD!"

*From a drawing by Ralph Cleaver.*

tackle hard and low, and always to go for the man with the ball. Never mind the other people who *may* get the ball, go for the man who *has* got it. There are far too many forwards just at the present moment who are very weak in tackling, which is one of the most important points in the Rugby game. Gentle tackling is useless (I don't wish anybody to misunderstand me and think I am advocating roughness); you must throw yourself at your man and down him. One often sees quite a good tackler miss a man because he does not throw himself at him. It is fatal to think you can never tackle a certain individual, for then you never try. Make up your mind to go for him and bring him down at all costs. To me there is always great pleasure in bringing off a good tackle. There is a feeling of satisfaction about it that does me a lot of good and makes me try harder than ever for the rest of the game. Weak tackling amongst forwards is one of the most prominent features of the Rugby game in the South. One frequently sees a forward or several forwards make a fine dribble and at the end kick the ball perhaps a trifle hard; then, instead of leaping on the full-back or whoever the player may be who has obtained possession of the ball, they appear paralysed, and quite possibly all the ground is lost again.

#### PLAYING OUT OF TOUCH.

Playing out of touch, as at present in vogue in the Rugby Union game, appears not to find favour with a number of the spectators of the game, and the Northern Union have adopted another style of play. I have no wish here to discuss the merits of one style over the other, but the change does not appear to me to have benefited the game very materially. I will grant that it makes the game faster and also rather more open, but that is all; and I do not think it would suit the requirements of the once-a-week players of the South.

There are many different styles of play out of touch, and on a great number of occasions when the ball is thrown out of touch the result is merely a scrummage. It is not an easy matter for a forward to gain much ground out of touch, or at any rate it should not be, if the opposing forwards mark their men properly. A forward has no business to be allowed to catch the ball when thrown out of touch and run away with it. If this does happen, it is simply a sign of carelessness on the part of his opponents. A powerful forward often makes several yards for his side by struggling on until he is finally thrown down or the ball is held, but the best way of gaining ground out of touch

is by breaking away with the ball at your feet. When the half throws the ball out to his forwards, the man who catches it must try and put it down at once in front of the man next to him, who must then break away into a dribble, followed by the others. It is better to put the ball in front of another forward, as it is generally a good deal easier for him to break away than for the man who has caught the ball, as the latter is already probably half collared by his *vis-à-vis*, and is thus hampered. I have seen this done most successfully—the only danger being at the very commencement, when the forward who is breaking away is rather apt to kick the ball too hard, and thus feed the opposing three-quarters, who will then have time either to get in a kick or start a passing run.

Another good way of making ground easily out of touch, and one that is very disheartening to the other side, is for the forward who catches the ball to throw it back again to the half, who must run behind the line-out immediately he has thrown the ball out of touch, or else to one of his three-quarters, who can then kick it over the forwards into touch again a long way down. I have often seen the ball carried right down the field like this. To carry this out properly there must be a perfect understanding existing between the forwards and the halves; and the forwards have to be very careful that the ball is passed straight to the half

and not thrown wildly away anywhere, while the half has to make sure of his kick clearing his forwards and also finding touch. It is useless kicking it anywhere up the field, it must go into touch; while if the half kicks it right into the backs of his forwards he very often lets his side down badly. Both these methods I have mentioned should only be adopted as far as possible in mid-field, as when playing on the defensive or in one's own twenty-five it is foolish to risk anything, while again, when one is in the attack it is the behinds who must do the scoring by passing movements, and the ball must be kept out of touch as much as possible.

I always consider it advisable when playing on the defensive to give the preference to a five yards' scrummage rather than risk a throw out of touch, especially if one has the better scrummage, and also when on the attack a five or fifteen yards' scrummage may be advisable.

Every kick-off must be well backed up by the forwards, and when the kick-off is with your opponents the same *three* forwards should always drop back—one in the centre and one on each touch line. It is, above all, most important that the touch lines should be marked, so as to prevent the ball from bouncing and rolling into touch.

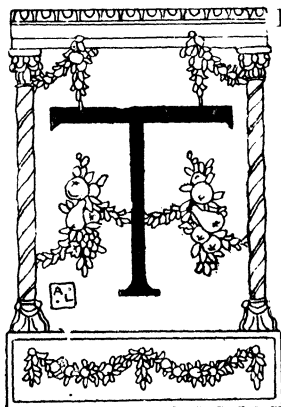
Forwards should, besides this, always be able to use their hands, and be capable of receiving and giving a good pass.





# IN THE FOG.

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.\*



THE Grill is the club most difficult of access in the world. To be placed on its rolls distinguishes the new member as greatly as though he had received a vacant Garter or had been caricatured in *Vanity Fair*.

Men who belong to the Grill Club never men-

tion that fact. If you ask one of them which club he frequents, he will name all save that particular one. He is afraid if he told you he belonged to the Grill that it would sound like boasting.

The Grill Club dates back to the days when Shakespeare's Theatre stood on the present site of the *Times* office. It has a golden grill which Charles the Second presented to the Club, and the original manuscript of "Tom and Jerry in London," which was bequeathed to it by Pierce Egan himself. The members when they write letters at the Club still use sand to blot the ink.

The Grill enjoys the distinction of having without political prejudice blackballed a Prime Minister of each party. At the same sitting at which one of these fell, it elected, on account of his brogue and his bulls, Quiller, the Queen's Counsellor, who was then a penniless barrister.

When Paul Preval, the French artist who came to London by royal command to paint the portrait of the Prince of Wales, was made an honorary member—only foreigners may be honorary members—he said, as he signed his first wine card, "I would rather see my name on that than a picture in the Louvre."

At which Quiller remarked, "That is a devil of a compliment, because the only men

who can read their names in the Louvre to-day have been dead fifty years."

On the night after the great fog of 1897 there were five members in the Club, four of them busy with supper, and one reading in front of the fireplace. There is only one room to the Club and one long table. At the far end of the room the fire of the grill glows red, and, when the fat falls, blazes into flame, and at the other there is a broad bow window of diamond panes, which looks down upon the street. The four men at the table were strangers to each other, but as they picked at the grilled bones, and sipped their Scotch-and-soda, they conversed with such charming animation that a visitor to the Club—which does not tolerate visitors—would have counted them as friends of long acquaintance, certainly not as Englishmen who had met without the form of an introduction and for the first time. But it is the etiquette and tradition of the Grill that whoever enters it must speak with whomever he finds there. It is to enforce this rule that there is but one long table, and whether there are twenty men at it, or two, the waiters, supporting the rule, will place them side by side.

For this reason the four strangers at supper were seated together, with the candles grouped about them and the long length of the table cutting a white path through the outer gloom of the room.

"I repeat," said the gentleman with the black pearl stud, "that the days for romantic adventure and deeds of foolish daring have passed, and that the fault lies with ourselves. Voyages to the Pole I do not catalogue as adventures. That African explorer, young Chetney, who turned up yesterday after he was supposed to have died in Uganda, did nothing adventurous. He made maps and explored the sources of rivers. He was in constant danger, but the presence of danger does not constitute adventure. Were that so, the chemist who studies high explosives or who investigates deadly poisons passes through adventures daily. No, 'adventures are for the adventurous.' But one no longer ventures. The spirit of it died of inertia. We are grown too practical, too just—above all, too sensible. In this room, for instance,

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"The four strangers at supper."

members of this Club have, at the sword's point, disputed the proper scanning of one of Pope's couplets. Over so weighty a matter as spilled Burgundy on a gentleman's cuff ten men fought across this table, each with his rapier in one hand and a candle in the other. All ten were wounded. The question of the spilled Burgundy concerned but two of them. The other eight engaged because

they were men of 'spirit.' They were, indeed, the first gentlemen of their day. To-night, were you to spill Burgundy on my cuff, were you even to insult me grossly, these gentlemen would not consider it incumbent upon them to kill each other. They would separate us and appear as witnesses against us at Bow Street to-morrow morning. We have here to-night, in the persons of Sir Andrew and

myself, an illustration of how the ways have changed."

The men around the table turned and glanced toward the gentleman in front of the fireplace. He was an elderly and somewhat portly person, with a kindly wrinkled countenance, which wore continually a smile of almost childish confidence and good nature. It was a face which the illustrated prints had made intimately familiar. He held a book from him at arm's-length, as though to adjust it to his eyesight, and his brows were knit with interest.

"Now, were this the eighteenth century," continued the gentleman with the black pearl, "when Sir Andrew left the Club to-night I would have him bound and gagged and thrown into a sedan chair. The watch would not interfere, the passers-by would take to their heels, my hired bullies and ruffians would convey him to some lonely spot where we would guard him until morning. Nothing would come of it, except added reputation to myself as a gentleman of adventurous spirit, and possibly an essay in the *Tatler*, with stars for names, entitled, let us say, 'The Budget and the Baronet.'"

"But to what end, sir?" inquired the youngest of the members. "And why Sir Andrew, of all persons—why should you select him for this adventure?"

The gentleman with the black pearl shrugged his shoulders.

"It would prevent him speaking in the House to-night. The Navy Increase Bill," he added gloomily. "It is a Government measure, and Sir Andrew speaks for it. And so great is his influence and so large his following, that if he does"—the gentleman laughed ruefully—"if he does, it will go through. Now, had I the spirit of our ancestors," he exclaimed, "I would bring chloroform from the nearest chemist and drug him in that chair. I would tumble his unconscious form into a hansom cab and hold him prisoner until daylight. If I did, I would save the British taxpayer the cost of five more battleships, some many millions of pounds."

All the gentlemen again turned and surveyed the Baronet with freshened interest. The honorary member of the Grill, whose accent had already betrayed him as an American, laughed softly.

"To look at him now," he said, "one would not guess he was deeply concerned with the affairs of State."

The others nodded silently.

"He has not lifted his eyes from that

book since we first entered," added the youngest member. "He surely cannot mean to speak to-night."

"Oh, yes, he will speak," muttered the one with the black pearl moodily. "During these last hours of the session the House sits late, but when the Navy Bill comes up on its third reading he will be in his place—and he will pass it."

The fourth member, a stout and florid gentleman of a somewhat sporting appearance, in a short smoking-jacket and black tie, sighed enviously.

"Fancy one of us being as cool as that, if he knew he had to stand up within an hour and rattle off a speech in Parliament. I'd be in a devil of a funk myself. And yet he is as keen over that book he's reading as though he had nothing before him until bedtime."

"Yes, see how eager he is," whispered the youngest member. "He does not lift his eyes even now when he cuts the pages. It is probably an Admiralty Report, or some other weighty work of statistics which bears upon his speech."

The gentleman with the black pearl laughed morosely.

"The weighty work in which the eminent statesman is so deeply engrossed," he said, "is called 'The Great Rand Robbery.' It is a detective novel for sale at all book-stalls."

The American raised his eyebrows in disbelief.

"'The Great Rand Robbery'?" he repeated incredulously. "What an odd taste!"

"It is not a taste, it is his vice," returned the gentleman with the pearl stud. "It is his one dissipation. He is noted for it. You, as a stranger, could hardly be expected to know of this idiosyncrasy. Mr. Gladstone sought relaxation in the Greek poets, Sir Andrew finds his in Gaboriau. Since I have been a member of Parliament I have never seen him in the library without a shilling shocker in his hands. He brings them even into the sacred precincts of the House, and from the Government benches reads them concealed inside his hat. Once started on a tale of murder, robbery, and sudden death, nothing can tear him from it, not even the call of the division bell, nor of hunger, nor the prayers of the party Whip. He gave up his country house because when he journeyed to it in the train he would become so absorbed in his detective stories that he was invariably carried past his

station." The member of Parliament twisted his pearl stud nervously and bit at the edge of his moustache. "If it only were the first pages of 'The Rand Robbery' that he were reading now," he murmured bitterly, "instead of the last! With such another book as that, I swear I could hold him here until morning. There would be no need of chloroform then to keep him from the House."

The eyes of all were fastened upon Sir Andrew, and they saw with fascination that with his forefinger he was now separating the last two pages of the book. The member of Parliament struck the table softly with his open palm.

"I would give a hundred pounds," he whispered, "if I could place in his hands at this moment a new story of Sherlock Holmes—a thousand pounds!" he added wildly. "Five thousand pounds!"

The American observed the speaker sharply, as though the words bore to him some special application, and then, at an idea which apparently had but just come to him, smiled in great embarrassment.

Sir Andrew ceased reading, but, as though still under the influence of the book, sat looking blankly into the open fire. For a brief space no one moved, until the baronet withdrew his eyes and, with a sudden start of recollection, felt anxiously for his watch. He scanned its face eagerly and scrambled briskly to his feet.

The voice of the American instantly broke the silence in a high, nervous accent.

"And yet Sherlock Holmes himself," he cried, "could not decipher the mystery which to-night baffles the police of London."

At these unexpected words, which carried in them something of the tone of a challenge, the gentlemen about the table started as suddenly as though the American had fired a pistol in the air, and Sir Andrew halted abruptly and stood observing him with grave surprise.

The gentleman with the black pearl was the first to recover.

"Yes, yes," he said eagerly, throwing himself across the table. "A mystery that baffles the police of London? I had heard nothing of it. Tell us at once, pray do—tell us at once."

The American flushed uncomfortably and picked uneasily at the tablecloth.

"No one but the police has heard of it," he murmured, "and they only through me. It is a remarkable crime, to which, unfortunately, I am the only person who can bear

witness. Because I am the only witness, I am, in spite of my immunity as a diplomat, detained in London by the authorities of Scotland Yard. My name," he said, inclining his head politely, "is Sears—Lieutenant Ripley Sears, of the United States Navy, at present Naval Attaché to the Court of Russia. Had I not been detained to-day by the police, I would have started this morning for Petersburg."

The gentleman with the black pearl interrupted with so pronounced an exclamation of excitement and delight that the American stammered and ceased speaking.

"Do you hear, Sir Andrew?" cried the member of Parliament jubilantly. "An American diplomat halted by our police because he is the only witness of a most remarkable crime—the most remarkable crime, I believe you said, sir," he added, bending eagerly toward the naval officer, "which has occurred in London in many years."

The American moved his head in assent and glanced at the two other members. They were looking doubtfully at him, and the face of each showed that he was greatly perplexed.

Sir Andrew advanced to within the light of the candles and drew a chair toward him.

"The crime must be exceptional indeed," he said, "to justify the police in interfering with a representative of a friendly Power. If I were not forced to leave at once, I should take the liberty of asking you to tell us the details."

The gentleman with the pearl pushed the chair toward Sir Andrew and motioned him to be seated.

"You cannot leave us now," he exclaimed. "Mr. Sears is just about to tell us of this remarkable crime."

He nodded vigorously at the naval officer and the American, after first glancing doubtfully toward the servants at the far end of the room, and leaned forward across the table. The others drew their chairs nearer and bent toward him. The baronet glanced irresolutely at his watch, and with an exclamation of annoyance snapped down the lid. "They can wait," he muttered. He seated himself quickly and nodded at Lieutenant Sears.

"If you will be so kind as to begin, sir," he said impatiently.

"Of course," said the American, "you understand that I understand that I am speaking to gentlemen. The confidences of this Club are inviolate. Until the police



"‘At the first glance I saw that he was quite dead.’"

give the facts to the public press, I must consider you my confederates. You have heard nothing and you know no one connected with this mystery. Even I must remain anonymous."

The gentlemen seated around him nodded gravely.

"Of course," the Baronet assented with eagerness, "of course."

"We will refer to it," said the gentleman with the black pearl, "as 'The Story of the Naval Attaché.'"

"I arrived in London two days ago," said the American, "and I engaged a room at the Bath Hotel. I know very few people in London, and even the members of our Embassy were strangers to me. But in Hong Kong I had become great pals with an officer

in your Navy, who has since retired, and who is now living in a small house in Rutland Gardens, opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks. I telegraphed him that I was in London, and yesterday morning I received a most hearty invitation to dine with him the same evening at his house. He is a bachelor, so we dined alone and talked over all our old days on the Asiatic Station, and of the changes which had come to us since we had last met there. As I was leaving the next morning for my post at Petersburg, and had many letters to write, I told him, about ten o'clock, that I must get back to the hotel, and he sent out his servant to call a hansom.

"For the next quarter of an hour, as we sat talking, we could hear the cab-whistle sounding violently from the doorstep, but apparently with no result.

"'It cannot be that the cabmen are on strike,' my friend said, as he rose and walked to the window.

"He pulled back the curtains and at once called to me.

"'You have never seen a London fog, have you?' he asked. 'Well, come here. This is one of the best, or, rather, one of the worst, of them.' I joined him at the window, but I could see nothing. Had I not known that the house looked out upon the street, I would have believed that I was facing a dead wall. I raised the sash and stretched out my head, but still I could see nothing. Even the light of the street lamps opposite, and in the upper windows of the barracks, had been smothered in the yellow mist. The lights of the room in which I stood penetrated the fog only to the distance of a few inches from my eyes.

"Below me the servant was still sounding his whistle, but I could afford to wait no longer, and told my friend that I would try and find the way to my hotel on foot. He objected, but the letters I had to write were for the Navy Department, and, besides, I had always heard that to be out in a London fog was the most wonderful experience, and I was curious to investigate one for myself.

"My friend went with me to his front door and laid down a course for me to follow. I was first to walk straight across the street to the brick wall of the Knightsbridge Barracks. I was then to feel my way along the wall until I came to a row of houses set back from the sidewalk. They would bring me to a cross street. On the other side of this street was a row of shops which I was to follow until they joined the iron railings of

Hyde Park. I was to keep to the railings until I reached the gates at Hyde Park Corner, where I was to lay a diagonal course across Piccadilly and tack in toward the railings of Green Park. At the end of these railings, going east, I would find the Walsingham and my own hotel.

"To a sailor the course did not seem difficult, so I bade my friend good-night and walked forward until my feet touched the wooden paving. I continued upon it until I reached the kerbing of the sidewalk. A few steps further my hands struck the wall of the barracks. I turned in the direction from which I had just come, and saw a square of faint light cut into the yellow fog. I shouted 'All right!' and my friend's voice answered, 'Good luck to you!' The light from his open door disappeared with a bang, and I was left alone in a dripping, yellow darkness. I have been in the Navy for ten years, but I have never known such a fog as that of last night, not even among the icebergs of Behring Sea. There one could at least see the light of the binnacle, but last night I could not even distinguish the hand by which I guided myself along the barrack wall. At sea, a fog is a natural phenomenon. It is as familiar as the rainbow which follows a storm, it is as proper that a fog should spread upon the waters as that steam shall rise from a kettle. But a fog which springs from the paved streets, that rolls between solid house-fronts, that forces cabs to move at half speed, that drowns policemen and extinguishes the electric lights of the music-hall, that is to me incomprehensible. It is as out of place as a tidal wave on Broadway.

"As I felt my way along the wall, I encountered other men who were coming from the opposite direction, and each time when we hailed each other I stepped away from the wall to make room for them to pass. But the third time I did this, when I reached out my hand, the wall had disappeared, and the further I moved to find it the further I seemed to be sinking into space. I had the unpleasant conviction that at any moment I might step over a precipice. Since I had set out I had heard no traffic in the street, and now, although I listened some minutes, I could only distinguish the occasional footfalls of pedestrians. Several times I called aloud, and once a jocular gentleman answered me, but only to ask me where I thought he was, and then even he was swallowed up in the silence. Just above me I could make out a jet of gas which I guessed came from



a street lamp, and I moved over to that, and, while I tried to recover my bearings, kept my hand on the iron post. Except for this flicker of gas, no larger than the tip of my finger, I could distinguish nothing about me. For the rest, the mist hung between me and the world like a damp and heavy blanket.

"I could hear voices, but I could not tell whence they came, and the scrape of a foot moving cautiously or a muffled cry as someone stumbled were the only sounds that reached me.

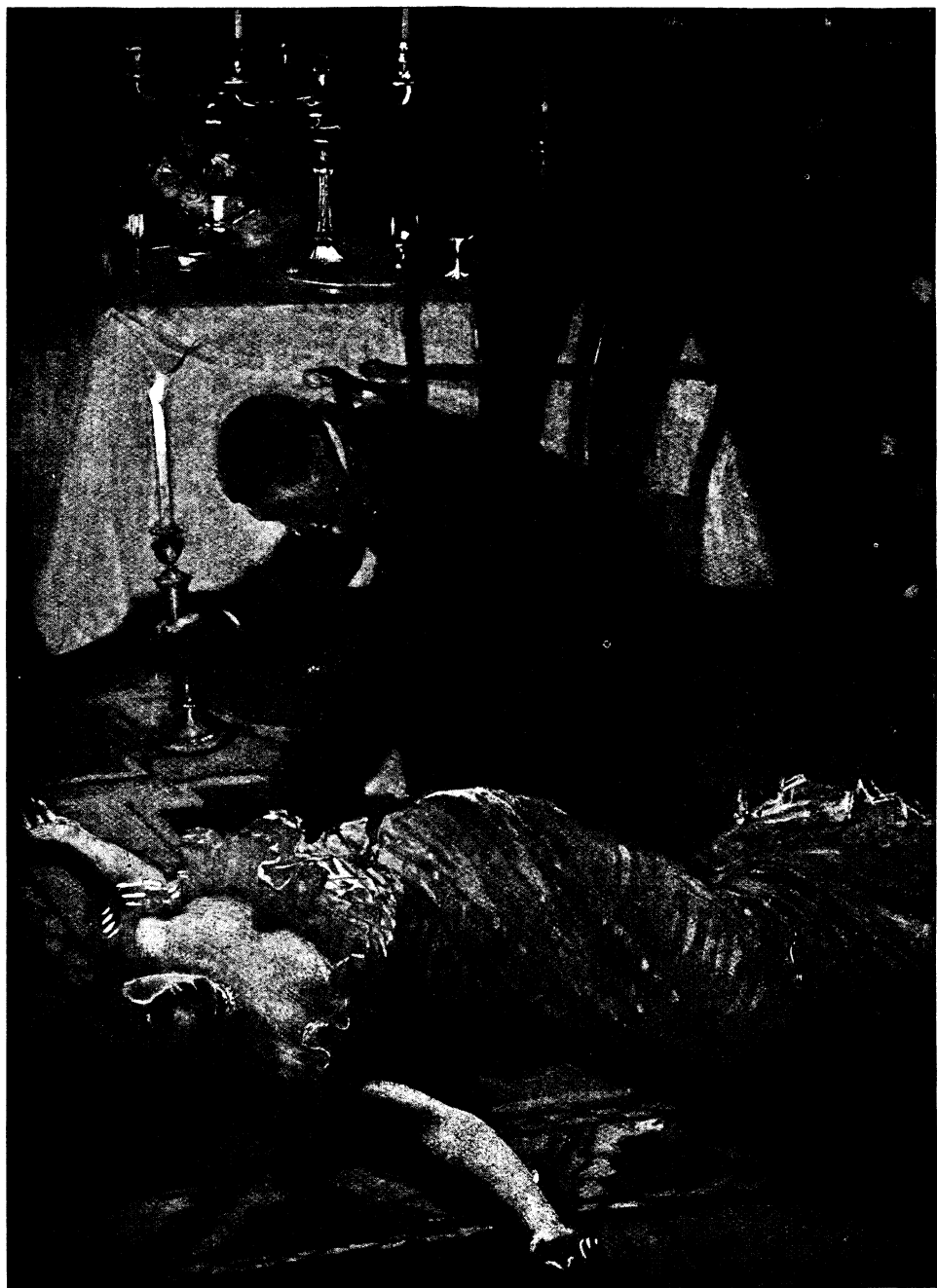
"I decided that I had best remain where I was until someone took me in tow, and it must have been for ten minutes that I waited, straining my ears and hailing distant footfalls. In a house near me some people were dancing to the music of a Hungarian band. I even fancied I could hear the windows shake to the rhythm of their feet, but I could not make out from which part of the compass the sounds came. And sometimes, as the music rose, it seemed close at my hand, and again, to be floating high in the air above my head. Although I was surrounded by thousands of house-holders—thirteen—I was as completely lost as though I had been set down by night in the Sahara Desert. There seemed to be no use in waiting longer for an escort, so I again set out and at once bumped against a low iron fence. At first I believed this to be an area railing, but on following it I found that it stretched for a long distance, and that it was pierced at regular intervals with gates. I was standing uncertainly, with my hand on one of these, when a square of light suddenly opened in the night, and in it I saw, as you see a picture thrown by a biograph in a darkened theatre, a young gentleman in evening dress, and at the back of him the lights of a hall. I guessed from its elevation and distance from the sidewalk that this light must come from the door of a house set back from the street, and I determined to approach it and ask the young man to tell me where I was. But in fumbling with the lock of the gate I instinctively bent my head, and when I raised it again the door had partly closed, leaving only a narrow shaft of light. Whether the young man had re-entered the house or had left it, I could not tell, but I hastened to open the gate, and as I stepped forward I found myself upon an asphalt walk. At the same instant there was the sound of quick steps upon the path and someone rushed past me. I called to him, but he made no reply, and I heard

the gate click and the footsteps hurrying away upon the sidewalk.

"Under other circumstances the young man's rudeness, and his recklessness in dashing so hurriedly through the mist, would have struck me as peculiar, but everything was so distorted by the fog that at the moment I did not consider it. The door was still as he had left it, partly open. I went up the path, and after much fumbling found the knob of the door-bell and gave it a sharp pull. The bell answered me from a great depth and distance, but no movement followed from inside the house, and although I pulled the bell again and again I could hear nothing save the dripping of the mist about me. I was anxious to be on my way, but unless I knew my way there was little chance of my making any speed, and I was determined that until I learned my bearings I would not venture back into the fog. So I pushed the door open and stepped into the house.

"I found myself in a long and narrow hall upon which doors opened from either side. At the end of the hall was a staircase with a balustrade which ended in a sweeping curve. The balustrade was covered with heavy Persian rugs, and the walls of the hall were also hung with them. The door on my left was closed, but the one nearer me on the right was open, and as I stepped opposite to it I saw that it was a sort of reception or waiting room, and that it was empty. The door below it was also open, and with the idea that I would surely find someone there I walked on up the hall. I was in evening dress, and I felt I did not look like a burglar, so I had no great fear that, should I encounter one of the inmates of the house, he would shoot me on sight. The second door in the hall opened into a dining-room. This was also empty. One person had been dining at the table, but the cloth had not been cleared away, and a flickering candle showed half-filled wine-glasses and the ashes of cigarettes. The greater part of the room was in complete darkness.

"By this time I had grown conscious of the fact that I was wandering about in a strange house, and that apparently I was alone in it. The silence of the place began to try my nerves, and in a sudden, unexplainable panic I started for the open street. As I turned, I saw a man sitting on a bench which the curve of the balustrade had hidden from me. His eyes were shut and he was sleeping soundly.



“‘I dropped on my knees beside her and placed my hand above her heart.’”

"The moment before I had been bewildered because I could see no one, but at sight of this man I was much more bewildered.

"He was a very large man, a giant in height, with long, yellow hair which hung below his shoulders. He was dressed in a red silk shirt that was belted at the waist and hung outside black velvet trousers which, in turn, were stuffed into high, black boots. I recognised the costume at once as that of a Russian servant in his native livery, but what he could be doing in a private house in Knightsbridge was incomprehensible.

"I advanced and touched the man on the shoulder, and, after an effort, he awoke and, on seeing me, sprang to his feet and began bowing rapidly and making deprecatory gestures. I had picked up enough Russian in Petersburg to make out that the man was apologising for having fallen asleep, and I also was able to explain to him that I desired to see his master.

"He nodded vigorously and said, 'Will the Excellency come this way? The Princess is here.'

"I distinctly made out the word 'Princess,' and I was a good deal embarrassed. I had thought it would be easy enough to explain my intrusion to a man; but how a woman would look at it was another matter, and as I followed him down the hall I was somewhat puzzled.

"As we advanced he noticed that the front door was standing open, and, giving an exclamation of surprise, hastened toward it and closed it. Then he rapped twice on the door of what was apparently the drawing-room. There was no reply to his knock, and he tapped again, and then timidly, and cringing subserviently, opened the door and stepped inside. He withdrew himself almost at once and stared stupidly at me, shaking his head.

" 'She is not there,' he said. He stood for a moment gazing blankly through the open door and then hastened toward the dining-room. The solitary candle which still burned there seemed to assure him that the room also was empty. He came back and bowed me toward the drawing-room. 'She is above,' he said; 'I will inform the Princess of the Excellency's presence.'

"Before I could stop him he had turned and was running up the staircase, leaving me alone at the open door of the drawing-room. I decided that the adventure had gone quite far enough, and if I had been able to explain to the Russian that I had

lost my way in the fog, and now only wanted to get back into the street again, I would have left the house on the instant.

"Of course, when I first rang the bell of the house I had no other expectation than that it would be answered by a parlourmaid who would direct me on my way. I certainly could not then foresee that I would disturb a Russian princess in her boudoir, or that I might be thrown out by her athletic bodyguard. Still, I thought I ought not now to leave the house without making some apology, and, if the worst should come, I could show my card. They could hardly believe that a member of an embassy had any designs upon the hat-rack.

"The room in which I stood was dimly lighted, but I could see that, like the hall, it was hung with heavy Persian rugs. The corners were filled with palms, and there was the unmistakable odour in the air of Russian cigarettes and strange, dry scents that carried me back to the bazaars of Vladivostok. Near the front windows was a grand piano, and at the other end of the room a heavily carved screen of some black wood, picked out with ivory. The screen was overhung with a canopy of silken draperies and formed a sort of alcove. In front of the alcove was spread the white skin of a polar bear, and set on that was one of those low Turkish coffee tables. It held a lighted spirit-lamp and two gold coffee-cups. I had heard no movement from above stairs, and it must have been fully three minutes that I stood waiting, noting these details of the room and wondering at the delay and at the strange silence.

"And then, suddenly, as my eye grew more used to the half-light, I saw, projecting from behind the screen as though it were stretched along the back of a divan, the hand of a man and the lower part of his arm. I was as startled as though I had come across a footprint on a deserted island. Evidently the man had been sitting there ever since I had come into the room, even since I had entered the house, and he had heard the servant knocking upon the door. Why he had not declared himself I could not understand, but I supposed that possibly he was a guest, with no reason to interest himself in the Princess's other visitors, or perhaps, for some reason, he did not wish to be observed. I could see nothing of him except his hand, but I had an unpleasant feeling that he had been peering at me through the carving in the screen, and that he was still doing so. I moved my feet

noisily on the floor and said tentatively, 'I beg your pardon.'

"There was no reply, and the hand did not stir. Apparently the man was bent upon ignoring me, but as all I wished was to apologise for my intrusion and to leave the house, I walked up to the alcove and peered around it. Inside the screen was a divan piled with cushions, and on the end of it nearer me the man was sitting. He was a young Englishman with light yellow hair and a deeply bronzed face. He was seated with his arms stretched out along the back of the divan, and with his head resting against a cushion. His attitude was one of complete ease. But his mouth had fallen open, and his eyes were set with an expression of utter horror. At the first glance I saw that he was quite dead.

"For a flash of time I was too startled to act, but in the same flash I was convinced that the man had met his death from no accident, that he had not died through any ordinary failure of the laws of Nature. The expression on his face was much too terrible to be misinterpreted. It spoke as eloquently as words. It told me that before the end had come he had watched his death approach and threaten him.

"I was so sure he had been murdered that I instinctively looked on the floor for the weapon, and, at the same moment, out of concern for my own safety, quickly behind me; but the silence of the house continued unbroken.

"I have seen a great number of dead men; I was on the Asiatic Station during the Japanese-Chinese war. I was in Port Arthur after the massacre. So a dead man for the single reason that he is dead does not repel me, and, though I knew that there was no hope that this man was alive, still, for decency's sake, I felt his pulse, and while I kept my ears alert for any sound from the floors above me, I pulled open his shirt and placed my hand upon his heart. My fingers instantly touched upon the opening of a wound, and as I withdrew them I found them wet with blood. He was in evening dress, and in the wide bosom of his shirt I found a narrow slit, so narrow that in the dim light it was scarcely discernible. The wound was no wider than the smallest blade of a pocket-knife, but when I stripped the shirt away from the chest and left it bare, I found that the weapon, narrow as it was, had been long enough to reach his heart. There is no need to tell you how I felt as I stood by the body of this boy (for

he was hardly older than a boy), or of the thoughts that came into my head. I was bitterly sorry for this stranger, bitterly indignant at his murderer, and, at the same time, selfishly concerned for my own safety and for the notoriety which I saw was sure to follow. My instinct was to leave the body where it lay and to hide myself in the fog, but I also felt that since a succession of accidents had made me the only witness to a crime, my duty was to make myself a good witness and to assist to establish the facts of this murder.

That it might possibly be a suicide, and not a murder, did not disturb me for a moment. The fact that the weapon had disappeared and the expression on the boy's face were enough to convince at least me that he had had no hand in his own death. I judged it, therefore, of the first importance to discover who was in the house, or, if they had escaped from it, who had been in the house before I entered it. I had seen one man leave it; but all I could tell of him was that he was a young man, that he was in evening dress, and that he had fled in such haste that he had not stopped to close the door behind him.

"The Russian servant I had found apparently asleep, and, unless he acted a part with supreme skill, he was a stupid and ignorant boor and as innocent of the murder as myself. There was still the Russian Princess whom he had expected to find, or had pretended to expect to find, in the same room with the murdered man. I judged that she must now be either upstairs with the servant, or that she had, without his knowledge, already fled from the house. When I recalled his apparently genuine surprise at not finding her in the drawing-room, this latter supposition seemed the more probable. Nevertheless, I decided that it was my duty to make a search, and after a second hurried look for the weapon among the cushions of the divan and upon the floor, I cautiously crossed the hall and entered the dining-room.

"The single candle was still flickering in the draught, and showed only the white cloth. The rest of the room was draped in shadows. I picked up the candle and, lifting it high above my head, moved round the corner of the table. Either my nerves were on such a stretch that no shock could strain them further, or my mind was inoculated to horrors; for I did not cry out at what I saw nor retreat from it. Immediately at my feet was the body of a

beautiful woman, lying at full length upon the floor, her arms flung out on either side of her, and her white face and shoulders gleaming dully in the unsteady light of the candle. Around her throat was a great chain of diamonds, and the light played upon these and made them flash and blaze in tiny flames. But the woman who wore them was dead, and I was so certain as to how she had died that without an instant's hesitation I dropped on my knees beside her and placed my hand above her heart. My fingers again touched the thin slit of a wound. I had no doubt in my mind but that this was the Russian Princess, and when I lowered the candle to her face I was assured that this was so. Her features showed the finest lines of both the Slav and the Jewess, the eyes were black, the hair blue-black and wonderfully heavy, and her skin, even in death, was rich in colour. She was a surpassingly beautiful woman.

"I rose and tried to light another candle with the one I held, but I found that my hand was so unsteady that I could not keep the wicks together. It was my intention to again search for this strange dagger which had been used to kill both the English boy and the beautiful Princess, but before I could light the second candle I heard footsteps descending the stairs, and the Russian servant appeared in the doorway.

"My face was in darkness, or I am sure that at the sight of it he would have taken alarm, for at that moment I was not sure but that this man himself was the murderer. His own face was plainly visible to me in the light from the hall, and I could see that it wore an expression of dull bewilderment. I stepped quickly toward him and took a firm hold upon his wrist.

"She is not there," he said. "The Princess has gone. They have all gone."

"Who have gone?" I demanded. "Who else has been here?"

"The two Englishmen."

"What two Englishmen?" I demanded. "What are their names?"

"The man now saw by my manner that some question of great moment hung upon his answer, and he began to protest that he did not know the names of the visitors, and that until the evening he had never seen them.

"I guessed that it was my tone which frightened him, so I took my hand off his wrist and spoke less eagerly.

"How long have they been here?" I asked, "and when did they go?"

"He pointed behind him toward the drawing-room.

"One sat there with the Princess," he said; "the other came after I had placed the coffee in the drawing-room. The two Englishmen talked together, and the Princess returned here to the table. She sat there in that chair, and I brought her cognac and cigarettes. Then I sat outside upon the bench. It was a feast day and I had been drinking. Pardon, Excellency, but I fell asleep. When I woke, your Excellency was standing by me, but the Princess and the two Englishmen had gone. That is all I know."

"I believed that the man was telling me the truth. His fright had passed, and he was now apparently puzzled, but not alarmed.

"You must remember the names of the Englishmen," I urged. "Try to think. When you announced them to the Princess, what name did you give?"

"At this question he exclaimed with pleasure, and, beckoning to me, ran hurriedly down the hall and into the drawing-room. In the corner furthest from the screen was the piano, and on it was a silver tray. He picked this up and, smiling with pride at his own intelligence, pointed at two cards that lay upon it. I took them up and read the names engraved upon them."

The American paused abruptly and glanced at the faces about him. "I read the names," he repeated. He spoke with great reluctance.

"Continue!" cried the Baronet sharply.

"I read the names," said the American, with evident distaste, "and the family name of each was the same. They were the names of two brothers. One is well known to you. It is that of the African explorer of whom this gentleman was just speaking. I mean the Earl of Chetney. The other was the name of his brother, Lord Arthur Chetney."

The men at the table fell back as though a trapdoor had fallen open at their feet.

"Lord Chetney!" they exclaimed in chorus. They glanced at each other and back to the American with every expression of concern and disbelief.

"It is impossible!" cried the Baronet. "Why, my dear sir, young Chetney only arrived from Africa yesterday. It was so stated in the evening papers."

The jaw of the American set in a resolute square and he pressed his lips together.

"You are perfectly right, sir," he said,



“‘I was still on my knees when I heard a cry behind me.’”



"Lord Chetney did arrive in London yesterday morning, and yesterday night I found his dead body."

The youngest member present was the first to recover. He seemed much less concerned over the identity of the murdered man than at the interruption of the narrative.

"Oh! please let him go on!" he cried. "What happened then? You say you found two visiting cards. How do you know which card was that of the murdered man?"

The American, before he answered, waited until the chorus of exclamations had ceased. Then he continued as though he had not been interrupted.

"The instant I read the names upon the cards," he said, "I ran to the screen and, kneeling beside the dead man, began a search through his pockets. My hand at once fell upon a card-case, and I found on all the cards it contained the title of the Earl of Chetney. His watch and cigarette-case also bore his name. These evidences, and the fact of his bronzed skin, and that his cheek-bones were worn with fever, convinced me that the dead man was the African explorer, and the boy who had fled past me in the night was Arthur, his younger brother.

"I was so intent upon my search that I had forgotten the servant, and I was still on my knees when I heard a cry behind me. I turned and saw the man gazing down at the body in abject and unspeakable horror.

"Before I could rise, he gave another cry of terror and, flinging himself into the hall, raced toward the door to the street. I leaped after him, shouting to him to halt, but before I could reach the hall he had torn open the door and I saw him spring out into the yellow fog. I cleared the steps in a jump and ran down the garden walk, but just as the gate clicked in front of me. I had it open on the instant, and, following the sound of the man's footsteps, I raced after him across the open street. He, also, could hear me, and he instantly stopped running, and there was absolute silence. He was so near that I almost fancied I could hear him panting, and I held my own breath to listen. But I could distinguish nothing but the dripping of the mist about us, and from far off the music of the Hungarian band, which I had heard when I first lost myself.

"All I could see was the square of light from the door I had left open behind me and a lamp in the hall beyond it flickering in

the draught. But even as I watched it the flame of the lamp was blown violently to and fro, and the door, caught in the same current of air, closed slowly. I knew if it shut I could not again enter the house, and I rushed madly toward it. I believe I even shouted out, as though it were something human which I could compel to obey me, and then I caught my foot against the kerb and smashed into the sidewalk. When I rose to my feet I was dizzy and half stunned, and though I thought then that I was moving toward the door, I know now that I probably turned directly from it; for, as I groped about in the night, calling frantically for the police, my fingers touched nothing but the dripping fog, and the iron railings for which I sought seemed to have melted away. For many minutes I beat the mist with my arms like a man at blind man's buff, turning sharply in circles, cursing aloud at my stupidity, and crying continually for help. At last a voice answered me from the fog, and I found myself held in the circle of a policeman's lantern.

"That is the end of my adventure. What I have to tell you now is what I learned from the police.

"At the station-house to which the man guided me I related what you have just heard. I told them that the house they must at once find was one set back with others from the street within a radius of two hundred yards from the Knightsbridge Barracks, that within fifty yards of it someone was giving a dance to the music of a Hungarian band, and that the railings in front of it were about as high as a man's waist and filed to a point. With that to work upon, twenty men were at once ordered out into the fog to search for the house, and Inspector Lyle himself was despatched to the home of Lord Edam, Chetney's father, with a warrant for Lord Arthur's arrest. I was thanked and dismissed on my own recognition.

"This morning, Inspector Lyle called on me, and from him I learned the police theory of the scene I have just described.

"Apparently I had wandered very far in the fog, for up to noon to-day the house had not been found, nor had they been able to arrest Lord Arthur. He did not return to his father's house last night, and there is no trace of him; but from what the police knew of the past lives of the people I found in that lost house they have evolved a theory, and their theory is that the murders were committed by Lord Arthur.

"The infatuation of his elder brother,

Lord Chetney, for a Russian Princess, so Inspector Lyle tells me, is well known to everyone. About two years ago the Princess Zichy, as she calls herself, and he were constantly together, and Chetney informed his friends that they were about to be married. The woman was notorious in two continents, and when Lord Edam heard of his son's infatuation he appealed to the police for her record.

"It is through his having applied to them that they know so much concerning her and her relations with the Chetneys. From the police Lord Edam learned that Madame Zichy had once been a spy in the employ of the Russian Third Section, but that lately she had been repudiated by her own Government and was living by her wits, by blackmail, and by her beauty. Lord Edam laid this record before his son, but Chetney either knew it already, or the woman persuaded him not to believe in it, and the father and son parted in great anger. Two days later the Marquis altered his will, leaving all his money to the younger brother, Arthur.

"The title and some of the landed property he could not keep from Chetney, but he swore if his son saw the woman again, that the will should stand as it was and he would be left without a penny.

"This was about eighteen months ago, when apparently Chetney tired of the Princess and suddenly went off to shoot and explore in Central Africa. No word came from him, except that twice he was reported as having died of fever in the jungle, and finally two traders reached the coast who said they had seen his body. This was accepted by all as conclusive, and young Arthur was recognised as the heir to the Edam millions. On the strength of this supposition he at once began to borrow enormous sums from the moneylenders. This is of great importance, as the police believe it was these debts which drove him to the murder of his brother. Yesterday, as you know, Lord Chetney suddenly returned from the grave, and it was the fact that for two years he had been considered as dead which lent such importance to his return, and which gave rise to those columns of detail concerning him which appeared in all the afternoon papers. But, obviously, during his absence he had not tired of the Princess Zichy, for we know that a few hours after he reached London he sought her out. His brother, who had also learned of his reappearance through the papers, probably suspected which would be the house he would first visit, and followed

him there, arriving, so the Russian servant tells us, while the two were at coffee in the drawing-room. The Princess then, we also learn from the servant, withdrew to the dining-room, leaving the brothers together. What happened one can only guess.

"Lord Arthur knew now that when it was discovered he was no longer the heir the moneylenders would come down upon him. The police believe that he at once sought out his brother to beg for money to cover the *post obits*, but that, considering the sum he needed was several hundreds of thousands of pounds, Chetney refused to give it to him. No one knew that Arthur had gone to seek out his brother. They were alone. It is possible, then, that in a passion of disappointment, and crazed with the disgrace which he saw before him, young Arthur made himself the heir beyond further question. The death of his brother would have availed nothing if the woman remained alive. It is then possible that he crossed the hall and, with the same weapon which made him Lord Edam's heir, destroyed the solitary witness to the murder. The only other person who could have seen it was sleeping in a drunken stupor, to which fact undoubtedly he owed his life. And yet," concluded the Naval Attaché, leaning forward and marking each word with his finger, "Lord Arthur blundered fatally. In his haste he left the door of the house open, so giving access to the first passer-by, and he forgot that when he entered it he had handed his card to the servant. That piece of paper may yet send him to the gallows. In the meantime he has disappeared completely, and somewhere, in one of the millions of streets of this great capital, in a locked and empty house, lies the body of his brother, and of the woman his brother loved, undiscovered, unburied, and with their murder unavenged."

In the discussion which followed the conclusion of the story of the Naval Attaché the gentleman with the pearl took no part. Instead, he arose and, beckoning a servant to a far corner of the room, whispered earnestly to him until a sudden movement on the part of Sir Andrew caused him to return hurriedly to the table.

"There are several points in Mr. Sears' story I want explained," he cried. "Be seated, Sir Andrew," he begged. "Let us have the opinion of an expert. I do not care what the police think, I want to know what you think."

But Sir Andrew rose reluctantly from his chair.

"I should like nothing better than to discuss this," he said. "But it is most important that I should proceed to the House. I should have been there some time ago." He turned toward the servant and directed him to call a hansom.

The gentleman with the pearl stud looked appealingly at the Naval Attaché. "There are surely many details that you have not told us," he urged—"some you have forgotten?"

The Baronet interrupted quickly.

"I trust not," he said, "for I could not possibly stop to hear them."

"The story is finished," declared the Naval Attaché. "Until Lord Arthur is arrested or the bodies are found there is nothing more to tell of either Chetney or the Princess Zichy."

"Of Lord Chetney, perhaps not," interrupted the sporting-looking gentleman with the black tie; "but there'll always be something to tell of the Princess Zichy. I know enough stories about her to fill a book. She was a most remarkable woman." The speaker dropped the end of his cigar into his coffee-cup and, taking his case from his pocket, selected a fresh one. As he did so he laughed and held up the case that the others could see it. It was an ordinary cigar-case of well-worn pigskin, with a silver clasp.

"The only time I ever met her," he said, "she tried to rob me of this."

The Baronet regarded him closely.

"She tried to rob you?" he repeated.

"Tried to rob me of this," continued the gentleman in the black tie, "and of the Czarina's diamonds." His tone was one of mingled admiration and injury.

"The Czarina's diamonds!" exclaimed the Baronet. He glanced quickly and suspiciously at the speaker and then at the others about the table. But their faces gave evidence of no other emotion than that of ordinary interest.

"Yes, the Czarina's diamonds," repeated the man with the black tie. "It was a necklace of diamonds. I was told to take them to the Russian Ambassador in Paris,

who was to deliver them at Moscow. I am a Queen's Messenger," he added.

"Oh! I see!" exclaimed Sir Andrew in a tone of relief. "And you say that this same Princess Zichy, one of the victims of this double murder, endeavoured to rob you of—that cigar-case?"

"And the Czarina's diamonds," answered the Queen's Messenger imperturbably. "It's not much of a story, but it gives you an idea of the woman's character. The robbery took place between Paris and Marseilles."

The Baronet interrupted him with an abrupt movement.

"No, no!" he cried, shaking his arms in protest, "don't tempt me! I really cannot listen. I must be at the House in ten minutes."

"I am sorry," said the Queen's Messenger. He turned to those seated about him. "I wonder if the other gentlemen——?" he inquired tentatively. There was a chorus of polite murmurs, and the Queen's Messenger, bowing his head in acknowledgment, took a preparatory sip from his glass. At the same moment the servant to whom the man with the black pearl had spoken slipped a piece of paper into his hand. He glanced at it, frowned, and threw it under the table.

The servant bowed to the Baronet.

"Your hansom is waiting, Sir Andrew," he said.

"The necklace was worth twenty thousand pounds," began the Queen's Messenger. "It was a present from the Queen of England to celebrate——"

The Baronet gave an exclamation of angry annoyance.

"Upon my word, this is most provoking!" he interrupted. "I really ought not to stay. But I certainly mean to hear this." He turned irritably to the servant. "Tell the hansom to wait," he commanded; and, with an air of a boy who is playing truant, slipped guiltily into his chair.

The gentleman with the black pearl smiled blandly and rapped upon the table.

"Order, gentlemen," he said. "Order for the story of the Queen's Messenger and the Czarina's diamonds."

*(To be continued.)*

# SHEEP-DOG TRIALS.

By WILLIAM T. PALMER.

*Photographs by C. G. Mason, Ambleside.*

**W**HILST watching a sheep-dog trial, I overheard a spectator describe the scene as "a marvellous exhibition of animal instinct." That is certainly

the most tractable dog so that he can manage, almost without the aid of his master, three of the wild fell sheep. These may bolt altogether and become unmanageable, or they may dash off in as many different directions, so that the perspiring dog cannot get them together by any means. One sheep may be a sluggard, and loth to pass untasted any tempting tuft of grass; another may be wild and timorous, desiring to get as far away as possible from every vestige of the dog; while the third may be a vicious animal which



WAITING FOR THE  
SIGNAL TO START.

correct, but many who are more closely acquainted with the sheep-dogs of Lake-land will not hesitate to add that such feats as these mark a high level of animal training. It is not difficult to persuade even the most stupid of hound puppies to follow what is to him an easily recognisable trail over pasture and fell, hill and dale; nor is it a difficult task to make him gallop his hardest all the way in this mimic fox-hunt, by a judicious scheme of rewards and punishments; but it requires great patience and splendid skill to develop even



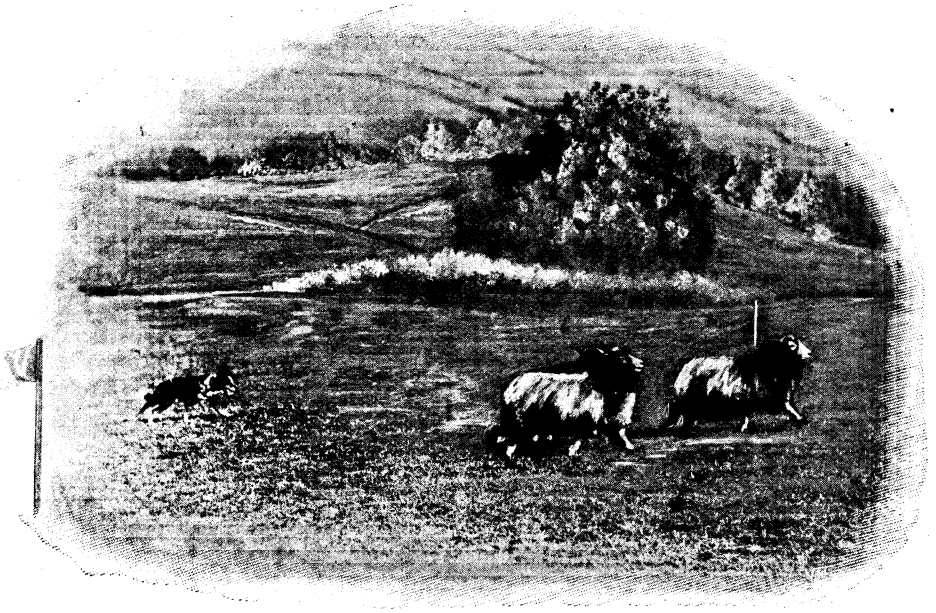
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at the least provocation will charge upon its driver. If the dog does not evade this sudden rush—and no human is sufficiently

alert to do so—the awful blow, delivered with the full weight of the sheep's body behind it, will send him rolling over and over down the hillside, probably crippling him. Added to the peculiarities of the sheep are the various characters of the dogs themselves. Some are hopeless, never attempting to remedy or retrieve the smallest error; they will drive along, perhaps, two of their triple charge, and neglect the one which has become separated. Others are inclined to push their sheep too hard and so worry them that the animals finally rush away at their utmost speed. There are dogs that are bad-tempered, and dogs that are too easy-going;

allotted excellences, and it is interesting to observe the different methods displayed on equal terms at a trial.

The test in a sheep-dog trial is to drive three sheep round a course marked with flags and hurdles, without going inside the flags or missing the opening in the hurdles. At the end of this circular course is a small fold or pen (six feet square) with a three-foot wicket, into which the sheep have to be finally driven. The owner of the dog is not allowed to give it any instructions, save by whistling or motions of stick and arm. It is almost a courtesy that he is allowed to shut the gate of the pen to secure the sheep



"HANDLING THEM WITH AS MUCH ACCURACY OF DIRECTION AS IF THEY WERE GOING ALONG A RAILED ROAD."

there is the excited, enthusiastic puppy which wrecks his golden opportunity of success by an ill-considered yelp, and the old veteran who has learnt every foible of sheep-kind long ago, and now, grown less speedy than of yore, uses this splendid experience to carry off the victory. The shepherd, it must be assumed for the purpose of this article, is without blemish; he has trained his own dog, and its actions are an accurate reflex of his own character. It is impossible for a quiet, painstaking man to train that dog which dashes, with many a mistake, through his task, and the harrying, blustering shepherd never produces a slow-going dog. Both types, in man and animal, have their

when duly driven home; indeed, the man's part in the whole performance seems ridiculously small to all but those who understand the fine sympathy possible between man and dog during such a contest.

The greatest sheep-dog trials are held on the moor near Troutbeck every year, on the day succeeding Grasmere Sports. A good many people are present on each occasion and enjoy an excellent view of the whole course, from the loosing-pen at the commencement to the half-way hurdles high up the hillside, and down again to the finishing-pen. The best of dog talent is here, and competes under fair conditions, the spectators, though not too far away thoroughly to



"EACH FLAG PASSED CORRECTLY MEANS A POINT TO THE COMPETITOR."

enjoy the sport, being yet sufficiently distant not to scare the sheep by their movements and conversation.

The cart has brought three sheep—two black-faced and one cross-bred shearlings (*i.e.*, last year's lambs)—and dumped them into the loosing-pen. They are small, wiry animals, without superfluous tissue and, at this time of year, not hampered by much wool. Anyone looking at their slender, muscular legs and compact bodies would accredit them with fair speed, though few could imagine the pace they can actually put on in a short burst. No dog can get

up to them by sheer racing, but sheep only gallop a short distance at a time, then stop to reconnoitre. At the judge's word the loose hurdle is allowed to fall and the sheep walk out. At the same moment the dog has been released and is now racing across the grass towards them. It may be an ugly-looking, blue-grey animal, but it soon proves that its intelligence and resource are enormous. The sheep trot briskly to the left on its approach, and have to be checked; the dog dashes in front and stops them, then gradually turns them in the direction of the flags. Each of these has to be passed on the out-



"SHEEP HAVE A GREAT OBJECTION TO PASS THROUGH A FENCE."





"THEY WILL, IF POSSIBLE, REFUSE TO MOVE FORWARD."

side. It is a splendid sight to see the dog trotting behind the sheep and handling them with as much accuracy of direction as if they were going along a railed road. Each flag passed correctly means a point to the competitor, and it is essential for the tiny flock to be guided through the hurdles half way along the course. Sheep have a great objection to pass through a fence at any time; they will, if possible, refuse to move forward, and, when forced, go through the gap at topmost speed. It is difficult under such conditions to keep the three sheep together. One or another may attempt to bolt round the obstacle, and this has to be brought back again—which takes up much time, if the sheep be at all wayward. Yet it often happens that the three are chased through separately. This passed, the sheep are driven in the direction of the folding-pen, near the judges. The working of the dog, as he approaches, can be appreciated by any attentive spectator. As the end is neared, the difficulty of the task increases; to get three lively fell sheep into an enclosure six feet square is manifestly a task requiring nicety of judgment. The sheep are dexterously manipulated now. They approach the open wicket and glance within, then

walk past. The intelligent collie dashes round and in a few seconds is lying in their path. They abruptly turn round and face the opening again; the dog jumps up in a flash as soon as the sheep cannot see him and rushes to a position behind them. They hear the rustling of the grass and turn to see where he has gone to. It is a critical moment. If he has come too near, they split off and gallop round the pen in terror; if too far away, his presence is unheeded and they again saunter past the wicket. But if he has rightly placed himself, there is a moment of indecision, of hesitation; the dog crawls a trifle nearer, the sheep draw back; they look furtively round again, and he seizes the opportunity to close in on them, the while maintaining a sleepy, disinterested look. The sheep cannot understand



"THE SHEPHERD SMARTLY CLAPS TO THE WICKET."

why he is so somnolent; no dog in their fell philosophy has ever been anything but alert. They are now almost within the wings of the pen; the dog quietly rises to his feet, then approaches. The flock shrink away, perhaps turn to flee, but they are unable to get past the flanking hurdles, and the shepherd, who has also approached unobserved, smartly claps to the wicket upon them.

Many a time the dog places his charge right past the pen without being able to get them to enter; frequently two are captured and the third missed; but so completely have the dogs entered into the spirit of the contest that the prizes which were once awarded

which is unfortunately almost a local sport. The sheep-dog trial is, indeed, playing at shepherding—the finesse and detail are overdone by reason of the difficulty of the task, and the straight driving of which the day's work on the moors consists is hardly represented, yet the training must be beneficial. I do not hold a brief for the sheep-dog, but would say that his intelligence in everyday life is on a par with his faultless public exhibitions.

Some may desire to know of what breeds these sheep-dogs are. Well, they are various, and oftentimes a bit curious. The breed is often collie or, since a great many specimens



SOME TYPICAL SHEEP-DOGS.

to the dog who performed the trial most correctly are now given to the one which gets round in the least time.

It may be averred that there is great risk in offering prizes for this class of feat that dogs may be trained exclusively to run round a marked course and pen three sheep, but there is no sign that this has occurred yet. A glance at the list of winners in the trials at Troutbeck, Ingleton, and Endmoor at least reveals the fact that a large proportion of the competitors are run by shepherds attached to the largest sheep-farms of the district, and that the remainder are under the control of the smaller holders of fell-land. There is, therefore, some practical purpose in the event,

of this type have been rendered almost unfit for the exposure of the fells by irresponsible exhibitors, the old English sheep-dog, that bob-tailed, blue-grey creature so long and undeservedly neglected, till its aptitude for sheep control was rediscovered. There are innumerable divisions of the mongrels which form the bulk of the dogs in use at the present day—some big, strong animals, with a strong dash of foxhound blood in them; some, wiry, little, stubborn creatures, partaking almost of the terrier kind in temperament. In many cases the leading breed in the constitution is unrecognisable—it is not extraordinary to meet a dog in which are clearly defined traits of half a dozen good

varieties. But they have in common a striking intelligence ; long heads, short heads, light heads, heavy heads, but all with a good complement of brains. The sheep-dog is not a pampered animal, and therefore seems never out of form unless suffering from fatigue or accident. Space forbids the dilata-tion on many more points of interest, but let me add that the keynote to successful shepherding in the first and more important instance, and then triumphal competition, is a patient, kind, and firm control over the pup, and in this a good shepherd is indis-

pensable. The day of the slow man seems to have passed with the enclosing of the commons ; when the sheep were no longer to be slowly driven from one fold to another among the open fells to graze as they moved along, he and his dog disappeared. The dog which has been trained to collect its charge quickly from the allotment for the daily "count" holds the field at present, and will continue to do so till the day when the system of the fells flock-tenders has again to change with the march of the times.



# A CYCLIST'S STORY.

By HENRY MARTLEY



WE were discussing the perils which bicyclists experience in the course of their journeys, and most of the members of the party had contributed narratives

of adventures reputed to have happened to themselves. At length a young man who had not yet added his quota to the discussion informed me that he had narrowly escaped with his life under circumstances of some oddity, and at our request unfolded the following tale. Personally I cannot vouch for its veracity. I can only say that he was a young man of solemn aspect, and that it was at least as likely as any other story told that evening.

I was sitting (he said) in the bar of the "George," at Elmtown, smoking the pipe of peace and listening sleepily to the table-talk of the magnates of that ancient but decayed borough. The company was of the sort usually to be found in the inns of county towns. The Mayor, a portly draper, was, after the manner of his kind, drinking hot rum and water and laying down the law with conscious dignity. The leading grocer of the place figured as his opponent in debate. There were other influential tradesmen who said, "That's so," with solemnity, and some young men, including a schoolmaster and a sportive young butcher, occasionally intervened with solid information, which was received with incredulity or with facetious suggestions, which were severely snubbed. The sportive butcher in particular showed an iconoclastic tendency to chaff the Mayor, and provoked that worthy into spasms of old crusted repartee. The conversation had wandered over crops, politics, the vicar's Popish tendencies, a disputed right of way, and the forthcoming cattle show, and I was

about to quit the symposium when they drew me into the conversation by politely inquiring my opinion of Elmtown. I answered with my natural urbanity, and asked for fuller information about its antiquities. After some guide-book conversation, the young butcher remarked—

"If the gentleman's fond of curiosities, it's a pity Mr. Merridew isn't here to-night."

"That's so," the audience agreed with a chuckle.

"Who is Mr. Merridew?" I asked.

"He's our inventor," the Mayor explained. "He's a clever man; he's been inventing things these ten years, and they most of them do something."

"The worst of it is," the butcher interrupted, "they don't generally do what they're intended to. As likely as not, if he invents a shaving machine, you find it's a splendid invention for chopping wood, but won't shave."

"Particularly if you try it on your head," the Mayor said severely, indignant at the interruption. "But that is so. Those inventions are generally very good for something, but he doesn't exactly know what. Now, the best thing, as far as I remember, that he invented was an automatic garden roller. It sounded a good idea. You just measured your lawn, set a wheel that regulated the roll and left it to work regularly up and down by machinery. Old Miss Henderson bought one of them. She has a little garden behind the High Street, of which she is very proud. Well, she started it for a ten yard roll and left it rolling quietly. When she came back again, it was leaping wildly up and down and breaking every tree and plant in the place. Nothing could stop it till it had dug a hole six or seven feet deep in the middle of the lawn. Old Merridew decided then that it might be some use in a battle, and sent it up to the War Office; but it must have worked quite quietly there, for he got a letter back to say that they were in receipt of a garden roller of clumsy construction, and must request him for the future to abstain from foolish practical jokes. Then he set up what he called a dermatological institute for featural reconstruction."

"A what?" I asked.

"A place where you could get your features altered. Mrs. Ellis had a baby, and young Jones had a St. Bernard puppy—but hallo! here's old Merridew himself."

The new comer was an oldish man, with long, white hair and a broad, pale face. The latter was at that moment overshot with a beaming smile. His appearance was a signal for an interchange of winks, but he apparently did not detect them, and after nodding affably to the Mayor, he ordered a gin cold and sat down.

"Been killing anyone to-day, Mr. Merridew?" the sportive butcher inquired humorously.

"No, sir; I am not a slaughterman by profession," the new comer answered blandly.

The butcher turned red and there was a smothered guffaw. The schoolmaster nudged the butcher and remarked, *sotto voce*, "Don't bustle him. He'll begin soon enough."

The company smoked silently for several minutes, and then the new comer, with an even more beaming smile, began to search in his pockets and produced a paper parcel some two inches long. There was a further interchange of winks as he solemnly unfolded it and produced a brown tablet from within several folds of paper.

"Have you ever seen anything like that before, Mr. Arklow?" he asked, pushing it across the table towards the Mayor.

"Seems to me very like a cough drop," the latter answered, after examining it cautiously.

"No, Mr. Arklow, it's not a cough drop," the delighted Mr. Merridew said; "guess again."

"Nothing in the explosive line?" the Mayor said, with some apprehension.

"Not to-day," Mr. Merridew answered placidly, "though I have done something in that line before."

"That was the stuff that was intended to be a new starch, wasn't it?" the irrepressible butcher remarked.

"It was a starch, an excellent starch," Mr. Merridew replied, turning on him indignantly; "but I found that it possessed other qualities, and was of even more utility as an explosive."

His impertinent questioner hummed softly—

"That's how I broke my arm."

"I know what it is," the schoolmaster said gravely, coming to the rescue. "It's the greatest invention of this century, and will revolutionise society."

"That," Mr. Merridew said, with a return

of geniality, "is exactly what it is—exactly. You could not have summed it up more neatly."

"Humph!" said the Mayor, "what's it all about this time?"

"You may have read in the papers lately," Mr. Merridew said, clearing his throat and in the tone of a lecturer, "that some person claims to have invented a process by which an artificial product, containing all the nutritive properties of meat, can be manufactured at a sixth or tenth of the cost of ordinary beef or mutton."

"Do you mean English or Australian mutton?" interrupted the butcher.

"Whether you sell mutton as English or Australian makes no difference to the cost, except to the consumer," Mr. Merridew retorted with a chuckle. "For the purposes of the present subject we will call it simply mutton. Now, when I read that statement, I confess I had my doubts. So many so-called scientists of the present day are mere charlatans in search of an advertisement, and an over-credulous public is too prone to accept their statements without sufficient investigation. But the truly scientific mind never rejects anything as impossible."

"Hear, hear!" interjected the butcher.

"Our friend here, the—er—anatomist, agrees with me," Mr. Merridew pursued imperturbably. "I therefore decided to experiment in that direction, and I may say the results are surprising—almost incredible, if I were not here to vouch for them. Now, what do you think my two days' investigation has produced?"

"Goodness knows!" the Mayor answered.

"I will tell you shortly, without any use of technicalities," Mr. Merridew said. "Look at that little tablet there before you. In that is stored the exact equivalent of eighteen pounds of the primest beef. Miraculous, isn't it?"

"Seems a bit thick," the Mayor grunted.

"And at a sixth of the cost?" the inventor exclaimed. "No, at something like a thousandth. I can produce a tablet like that practically for nothing."

"Then you may get rid of a few of them," the butcher suggested.

"He laughs best who laughs last," Mr. Merridew rejoined. "You may put up your shutters at once, my young friend. The nation wants no more of you."

The butcher whistled "The Roast Beef of Old England" derisively.

"It's great! it's magnificent!" Mr. Merridew continued. "We shall no longer depend on foreign countries for our food supply."

War will lose half its terrors. We shall at last be in a true sense a free people, because a self-supporting people. And think of the starved population of our great towns—think——”

“Have you eaten any of these yourself, Mr. Merridew?” interrupted the grocer.

“I have not attempted any mere empirical proofs,” Mr. Merridew answered, “but I have subjected my invention to the closest scientific tests. I have analysed it in the most careful way. I find component for

“Yes, yes,” the mollified inventor answered. “Quite so. It could not be taken at once in its entirety, but even a fragment of it would satisfy the appetite of an ordinary man. Now, which of you gentlemen is going to take—what shall I call it?—a cut from the joint?”

He severed a small piece from the tablet with a penknife, and looked round the room interrogatively, but he encountered a series of refusals and excuses.

“Seems as though they’d all dined,” the



“Have you ever seen anything like that before, Mr. Arklow?”

component this little tablet is chemically the equivalent of beef. I can answer for it that if any of you were to eat this little tablet, he would not feel any desire for further sustenance for some time to come.”

“I bet he wouldn’t,” the Mayor agreed gravely.

“In fact,” Mr. Merridew explained, “it would be unwise of him to take it.”

“It would,” the Mayor agreed again.

The inventor stared at him angrily.

“Eighteen pounds of beef is too much for any man,” the Mayor said solemnly.

Mayor said. “Now, if you’d brought it in before supper, we might each of us have had a pound or two of juicy steak.”

“I see what it is,” the inventor exclaimed indignantly, “I have to contend again with narrow, local, uneducated prejudices.”

“Draw it mild, Mr. Merridew,” the Mayor interrupted. “You’re not always as clever as you think.”

Mr. Merridew sighted me and turned towards me with an affable smile and a fragment of brown matter extended on the end of a penknife.



"I think I can rely on you, sir," he remarked. "From your costume I judge you to be a cyclist, and cyclists as a class must be the first to welcome this startling innovation. Now, if you, not being infected by any agricultural or mercantile prejudices, would oblige me by swallowing that, I think you, at least, will not be slow to appreciate the importance of my discovery."

I had no desire to be rude, but I had no intention of sampling the tablet, and I answered stolidly, if untruthfully—

"I regret to say I'm a vegetarian."

"No objection whatever, my dear sir. No one by any stretch of imagination could call this beef."

"You said it was beef," I objected.

"Beef in a sense—beef chemically," he explained, "but not beef in its objectionable sense. No unfortunate animal has bled under the hand of the merciless butcher."

"If you can't keep a civil tongue in your head," the butcher interrupted, "there's another unfortunate animal that will bleed under a merciless hand."

"Order! order!" the Mayor said authoritatively.

"I object to beef in every way—particularly chemically," I remarked desperately.

"Well, well," Mr. Merridew answered. "Yours are prejudices which I am bound to respect, even though I consider them mistaken. I see what I must do. *Experimentum in corpore vili!* Caesar, come here!"

Caesar was a large black retriever lying on the rug in the bar, and at Mr. Merridew's call he lurched lazily up. When the proffered morsel was presented to him, he nosed it for a moment and then walked contemptuously away.



"'Who's been hurting my dog?' demanded the landlady's voice."

"A type," Mr. Merridew remarked, "quite a type of the way in which the uncultured mind receives the bountiful blessings of science. I will carry the type a step further. I cover this with sugar. Sugar typifies the advertisement, the puffing, without which the ignorant refuse to recognise what is best for them. Caesar, I have advertised. Come here!"

"Ah!" he said, as Caesar swallowed the

sugar-coated morsel. "Now we shall see what we shall see. In a little while after the process of digestion has taken place, this dog will stretch himself out, replete and content, as though he had eaten half a pound of beef steak. What an extraordinary change, even in the smallest things, this wonderful invention will produce! Soon we shall see even the domestic cat following the man who carries, not fragments of carrion on a skewer, but little neat packages of healthy food. Even the brute creation—hallo! what's that?"

"That" was a long drawn howl of pain from Cæsar. He was sitting on the rug quivering with apparent pain and gulping wildly.

"He is, of course, not accustomed——" Mr. Merridew began a little nervously, but he was interrupted by another long howl.

"It really scarcely seems to have agreed with him," he exclaimed in astonishment.

"It don't," the Mayor assented.

It certainly did not. Cæsar, with a series of howls, began to rush wildly round and round the room, and in the course of his gyrations alighted noisily in the glass on the bar counter.

"It's extraordinary," Mr. Merridew began again. "The only explanation I can think of is that he must have been overfed already, and that——"

"Who's been hurting my dog?" demanded the landlady's voice, as she emerged from her parlour.

"Hurting your dog, my dear Mrs. Allen?" Mr. Merridew answered. "I can assure you that no one, much less I, would be guilty——"

"Oh! it's you, is it?" she replied angrily. "You've been trying some of your silly nonsense on Cæsar, have you?"

"I merely administered to him a small fragment of this wonderful substance," Mr. Merridew protested. "When I have explained its qualities to you——"

"And you call yourselves men, and allow this poor animal to be tortured, do you?" the landlady remarked scornfully, looking round. The rest of the occupants of the bar, were, I regret to say, laughing incoherently.

"It's beef, prime beef!" the butcher roared.

"It is, indeed, my dear madam, merely the equivalent of beef," Mr. Merridew began again, exhibiting the remainder of it. "Its qualities——"

"Its fiddlesticks!" the landlady answered furiously, as Cæsar ceased his perambulations and lay down moaning. "You just eat the rest of it, then, if it's so nice."

"The amount of nutriment contained in this little tablet——" Mr. Merridew urged.

"Eat it!" the landlady said menacingly.

Mr. Merridew looked at it irresolutely, and then, as Cæsar emitted another howl, turned a little pale.

"Very well," he answered, cutting off another fragment, "to remove the prejudices which this unfortunate coincidence may have caused——"

"I forbid it!" the Mayor said, starting up with an air of importance. "As a justice of the peace, I forbid it! It's murder!"

"What about my dog?" demanded the landlady. "What was that?"

"Seems to be very like vivisection," the grocer suggested.

Vivisection was apparently a red rag to the Mayor, for he answered furiously, "Don't you dare to say that! It's not the least like vivisection, and I defy anyone to prove it. But if Mr. Merridew eats that stuff, he'll die, and Mrs. Allen will be guilty of murder. Don't say I didn't caution her."

"Caution your grandmother!" the landlady retorted.

"I never like to be rude about ladies' ages," the Mayor rejoined; "but if you choose to put it that way——"

"You can talk to me like that if you like," the landlady answered, "but you wouldn't dare to, to your own wife. Which is the best horse, I'd like to know, the Mayor or the grey mare?"

The Mayor gurgled in purple wrath, and the audience guffawed again.

"Now, out you go, the lot of you," the landlady went on, "outside at once. And I tell you, Mr. Merridew, if Cæsar dies, you'll hear more of this. Not that I blame you so much, for everyone knows your top storey's a little shaky——"

"Madam," Mr. Merridew said sadly, "Galileo——"

"Don't you be profane besides being silly," the landlady interrupted. "It's people who ought to know better that I blame; though if ever I hear of your bringing another of your inventions here, I'll call a policeman at once. Now, outside. I mayn't be as young as I was, and I can remember the days when the Mayor didn't spend his evenings getting boozed and vivisectioning other people's dogs."

Her voice died away as she followed the company down the passage. The last I heard, as I escaped to bed out of her way, was the voice of the butcher thanking her for a pleasant evening, and the plaintive tones of Mr. Merridew urging the claims of his invention.

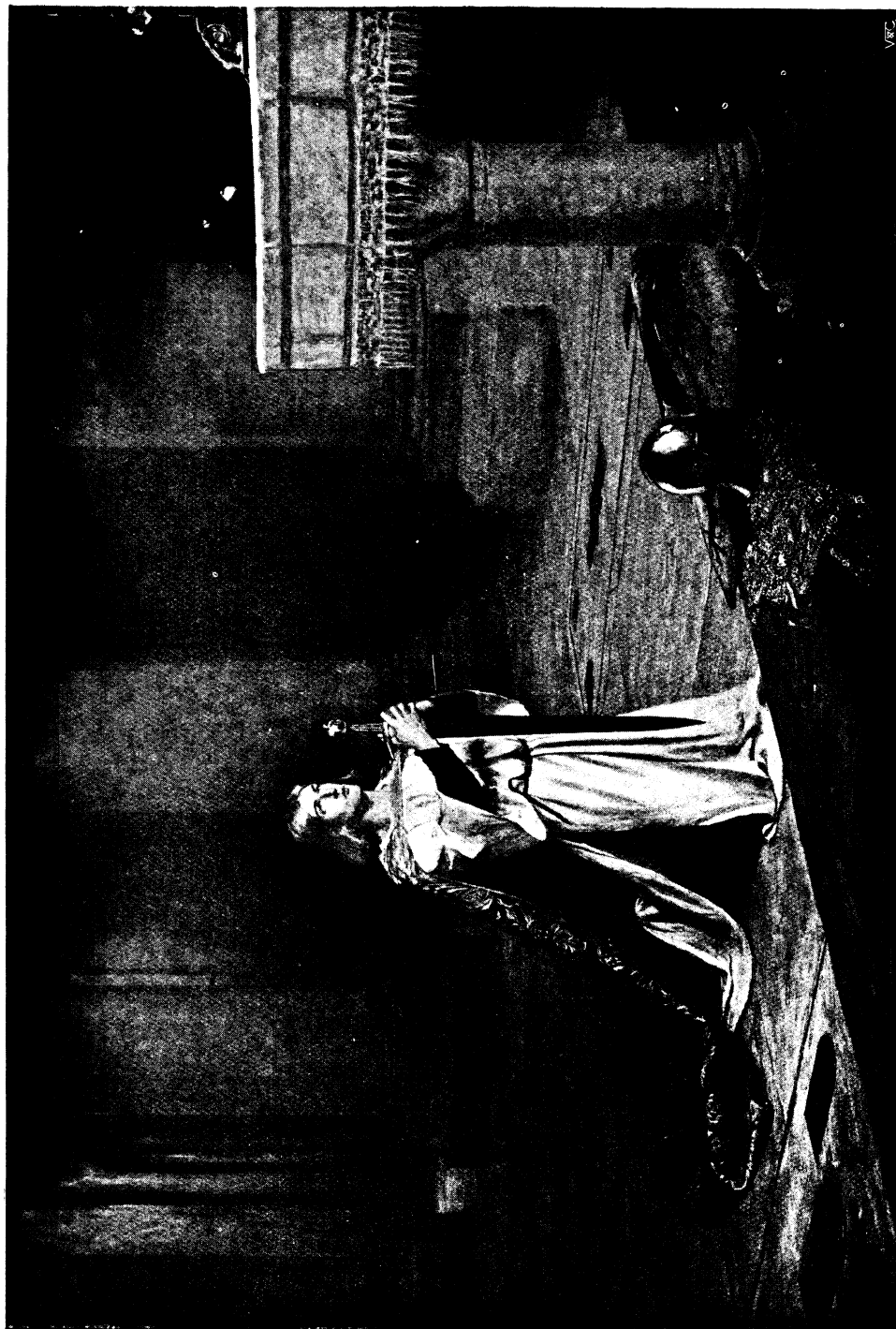
Next morning, when I left, Caesar was still very ill, but apparently on the way to

recovery. What was the exact nature of the drug that he had swallowed I never found out. Presumably Mr. Merridew must have discovered some mistake in his analysis, for the public have not yet heard of any further attempt to spread a knowledge of its merits. Perhaps it has turned out to be a successful soap or hair dye. That I do not know, but you see how very near I was to being poisoned.



THE MOATED GRANGE.

FROM A DRAWING BY THE LATE TOM KELLY.



*Reproduced from the print by]*

“THE VIGIL,” FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A., IN THE TATE GALLERY.

*[The Autotype Company.]*

V8C

# IS THERE A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS?

AN INTERVIEW WITH CANON FLEMING.

BY FRED A. MCKENZIE.

IT is a debatable question whether intemperance is growing or diminishing among us. The three-bottle men have passed from our midst, although their great-grandsons are to-day reaping the fruits of their indulgence, in hereditary gout and the like. Unquestionably we are drinking more. The internal Revenue returns alone make that plain, for in half a century the expenditure on alcohol has multiplied many fold.

While open drunkenness has decreased strikingly among middle-class men, and while the person who indulges to excess in polite society is practically boycotted, intemperance has risen in other ways. Secret drinking among women of the middle class was never so great as to-day. In London, and in the great manufacturing towns of the Midlands, all workers among the poor know the great harm alcoholism is doing among working women. In many parts the women have their regular Monday "sprees," as their husbands have their Saturday off-days. In Manchester, and in the districts around Poplar and Mile End, one can see the women any Monday swarming to the public-house early in the day, and staying there till evening.

Along with this a new danger has arisen, a danger which attacks the most finely strung of the intellectual classes. The drug habit is not yet so prevalent here as in some of the great cities of America, or as in Paris, but it is growing, and growing rapidly. Among refined women, among men engaged in taxing literary or artistic pursuits, morphinism, the sulphonal habit, chlorodyne imbibition, and chloral taking are claiming many victims. Even cocaine, the deadliest drug of all, has its followers. The strain of modern life, the multiplicity of our engagements, the rush and hurry and absence of rest which are almost a necessary part of life in our great cities, make the temptation to fly to drugs or to alcohol greater to-day than ever before.

What can be done for those who have fallen under these habits? The majority of them have neither the will nor the strength voluntarily to refrain. All who have worked among these people are familiar with the unwilling drunkards who take the pledge

repeatedly, who strive to break the chain that binds them, and who swear to be done with it, but who are dragged back again time after time. These people need no telling of the misery they are bringing on themselves and friends. They know it.

Is there a cure? I recently had my attention drawn to the Keeley method of treating drunkenness, of which the London headquarters are at 6, Grenville Place, Cromwell Road, a method which it is claimed has during the past nine years been tried on several thousands of people in this country, and has in every case killed the drink craving. Ninety per cent. of these people, all of them once confirmed drunkards or drug-takers, have been, I was told, not only temporarily, but permanently cured. Treating inebriety as a disease, the Keeley method deals with it on medical lines. Of medical details it would be absurd for a layman to speak. The Keeley method has provoked the antagonism of the medical authorities in this country by remaining a secret cure. Hence doctors, while they have sent their patients to the Keeley establishment, have been unable to support it openly.

This matter of medical etiquette is an affair that concerns the doctors alone. What I wanted to learn, and to learn from an independent source, was, is the cure really satisfactory and lasting?

Here, happily, there were ready means of ascertaining the truth. Canon Fleming, the well known Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square, London, and for years one of the prominent temperance advocates in this country, has for over nine years closely watched the work of the Keeley cure. In November, 1892, he was appointed hon. chairman of an independent committee formed to inquire into the Keeley treatment, and he has since retained the position.

I saw Canon Fleming in his vicarage and found him a willing witness.

"I am glad," he said, "to tell you what I know of the Keeley treatment, for I have seen it work such wonderful results that it ought to be better known. How I became interested in the matter was thus. In 1892 Dr. Keeley came to this country with his

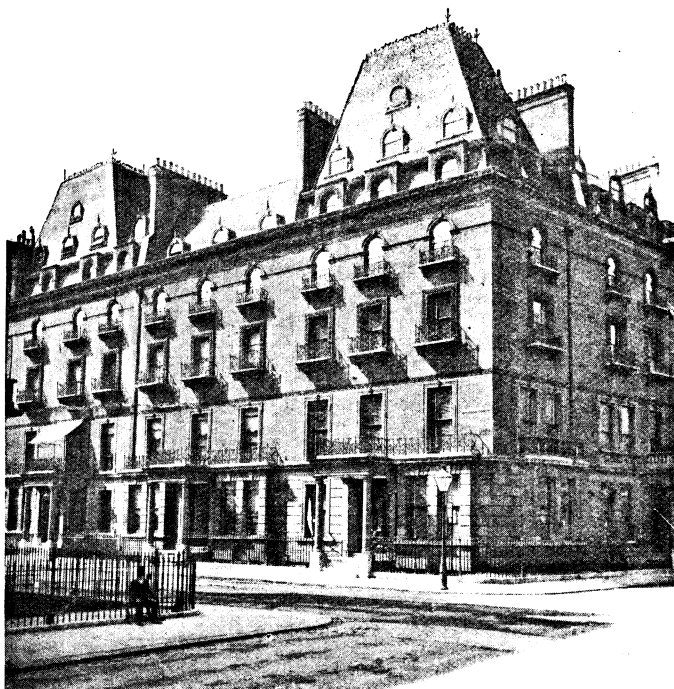


Photo by]

[Vandyk, Gloucester Road.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, 6, GRENVILLE PLACE, CROMWELL ROAD.

The centre house of the three shown.

remedy, and was promptly attacked by the leading medical papers. They declared that since he would not make the nature of his treatment public he was not to be supported. Now, you know, this sort of thing is apt to set a man's back up. Some well known gentlemen in London asked me to allow the use of my schoolroom to discuss the cure. I gladly consented, and offered to take the chair, stipulating, however, that it was to be clearly understood that I came merely as an inquirer, and did not by taking the chair endorse the affair in any way. But I felt that any treatment that made such claims as it did was worth investigating.

"The meeting was a remarkable one. Several Americans who had come from Dr. Keeley's Institute at Dwight, Illinois, testified how they had been cured from habitual and long-standing drunkenness. At the end of the meeting one of my congregation, Mr. William Cunard, moved, and Mr. Amos Scholfield, the temperance reformer, seconded, that an independent committee be formed to obtain information, and in due course prepare a report on the results of Dr. Keeley's treatment. I was chosen as chairman of this committee, and the other members nominated at this meeting

were Dr. James Edmunds, of the London Temperance Hospital; Mr. James H. Raper, the veteran temperance advocate; Mr. William Saunders, M.P.; and Mr. W. Hind Smith, of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. Later the committee itself added to their members Mr. Cunard, Mr. Scholfield, and Dr. Donald Baynes. Mr. Saunders and Mr. Cunard found themselves unable to take an active part on the committee, and after a time Dr. Baynes and Dr. Edmunds felt it necessary to withdraw on account of the cure being a secret one.

"The committee set to work to investigate what the Keeley cure was doing, and what its permanent results were on people adopting it in this country. As you know, the system does not employ any restraint or outward compulsion. The man taking the cure is allowed

alcohol when he first enters the Institute. An injection under the skin is given four times a day—at nine a.m., at one p.m., at five p.m., and at nine p.m.—and at the same time a powerful tonic is administered. Men come almost on the verge of, or in *delirium tremens*. On the first day they drink; the second day they drink—but not so much; by the third or fourth day, by their own free will, they refuse to touch it. An aversion has sprung up in them to alcohol in any shape or form. The craving is gone. The treatment lasts a month, or, in cases of drug-taking, often five or six weeks. I have seen men start perfect wrecks, and go out at the end with their bleared eyes bright, their will-power restored, their manhood brought back. The cures I have seen seem to me almost miraculous.

"Once a year our committee met, when all the cases that had been treated were invited to meet us. Large numbers came up at their own expense. I remember one man told me he had been in a well known inebriate home. 'I was,' he said, 'there for nine months, and though I was kept from the drink, I would have given anything to have it. I would have dashed my arm through the glass window to get a brandy bottle any



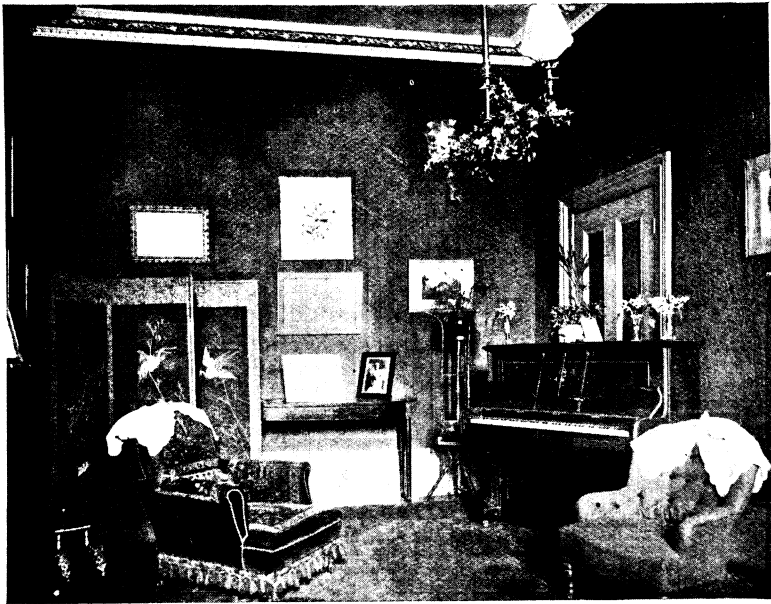


Photo by]

A CORNER OF THE LADIES' DRAWING-ROOM.

[W. H. Bunnett.

day. The day I came out of the inebriate home I went straight back to the liquor, and was quite drunk by five o'clock that afternoon. My brother, who came to meet me, brought me away that night to the Keeley home. My craving was killed there. I do not want to drink now.'

"Let me recall another case, in some ways the most striking I have met. One day, when as a member of the committee I visited the Keeley establishment, then located in Portland Place, I saw there a man with bloodshot eyes and an angry and resentful air—the kind of man one would not have cared to meet alone in a dark lane at night. He looked ready to do anything. I watched that man afterwards. I saw how he changed, how he became sober and an active temperance worker. Later on he told me his story. 'I began to drink,' he said, 'when I was a middy. I kept on and on, till at last I would drink anything I could lay my lips on, and in consequence was dismissed from Her Majesty's service. Then I entered the Chinese service, and my drunkenness disgraced me there. I could not resist the drink. I tried the treatment, a desperate man whose life had been ruined. Afterwards I found myself able to go among my old friends when they were drinking, surrounded by spirits and wines of every kind, and not even wish to touch them.'

"I remember," Canon Fleming continued,

"one Sunday after Holy Communion service one of my curates remarked to me about a lady who had refused the cup in the service. I had noticed it, too, and while we were talking my clerk came in and said that a lady in the church wished to speak with me. It was the same lady.

"'Canon Fleming,' she said, 'I want your advice. I have in the past given way to intemperance. My husband, an officer in Her Majesty's service, has had to leave me because

of it. I have gone through the Keeley treatment, and have been perfectly cured, but have resolved never again to taste wine in any shape or form, even in the Sacrament. I want to know, Canon Fleming, if I am wrong in this. Do you think that I am a coward in being afraid even to sip it in church?'

"'Madam,' I said, 'I think you are quite right. So far from being a coward, I think it the bravest thing you have ever done in your life. God, who knows it all, will look at your heart.'

"Afterwards I learned her story. Her husband occupied a prominent position, and she had terribly disgraced him by her drinking habits. Time after time she would be carried in by the police to her home, drunk. At last the husband had left her. I wrote to him, telling him of his wife's cure, and asking him to come and see her. He replied, 'It is no use your writing to me; nothing could reform my wife. I have tried everything for her, and everything has failed.' But eventually he was reconciled to her. 'I always thought,' he said, 'my wife could have stopped if she wanted to. I never realised that with her this was a disease.' They started their home again, and to-day that wife is a sober and a happy woman, well known in high circles.

"I could go on," Canon Fleming continued, "giving you cases of all kinds that I

have seen. I have watched them, not only for a month, but year after year since 1892.

"Clergymen? Yes, I am sorry to say that more than fifty of them have been through the cure. Forty-four of these are to-day well and back at work. I have seen men of every class, and women, too.

"Does the cure last? I have carefully kept track of it for nine years, and have seen the cases from the beginning permanently remain steady. I am often asked if it does not injure the brain in some ways. I can only say, with Dr. de Wolf, that it is drink which injures and beclouds the brain. This cure will give men back their brain clear and unclouded again.

"I well remember, soon after I took the chairmanship of the committee, my old friend, Sir Andrew Clark, the great physician, stopped me one day. 'Canon,' he said, 'I am amazed that a man of your influence should lend himself to the work of this quack Keeley. Here is a man who says he has a cure for drunkenness, and keeps it secret.'

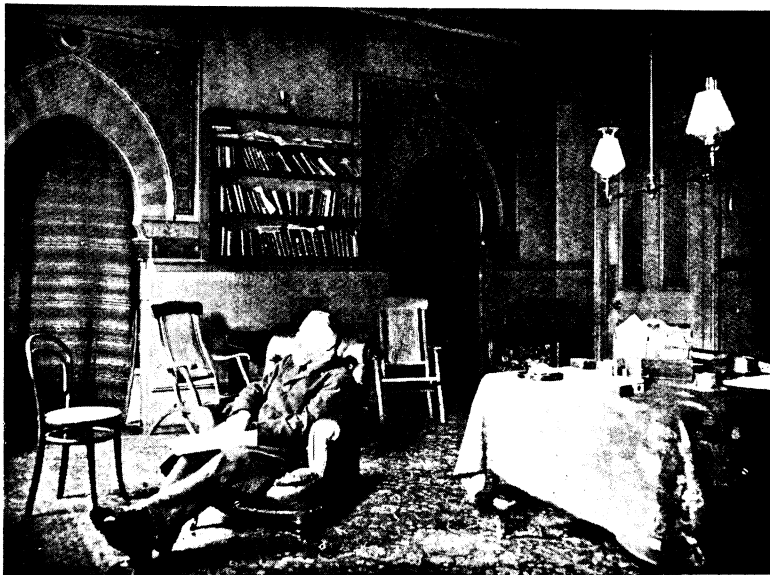
"'Well, Sir Andrew,' I replied, 'from your point of view your objection may be very well. I can quite understand that doctors should be bound by the rules of their profession, which compel them to discontinue secret remedies, but I am not a doctor, though I am a physician's son. I am a free-lance, and the rules of your medical profession do not bind me. I want first of all to find out if this treatment is really the good thing it professes to be, and I shall be quite ready to discuss the question of its secret nature afterwards. Besides, supposing it is secret now, no good thing can be secret for ever. I am not sure that your medical rule of preventing men benefiting from their discoveries is not against the law of patents. Had it been in force in the Middle Ages we should have lost many of the great discoveries that have come down to us to-day, for men would have had no incentive to investigation.'

"And so I say still, the question of the secrecy or otherwise of this great cure is with me quite a secondary matter. The real question is, does it achieve what it claims to do? I have found that it does, and my confidence in it is stronger than ever."



*James E. Murray*  
*M.D. L.C.D.*

*Photo by American Biograph Publishing Co., Chicago.*



*Photo by]*

THE MEN'S READING-ROOM.

*[W. H. Bunnett.]*

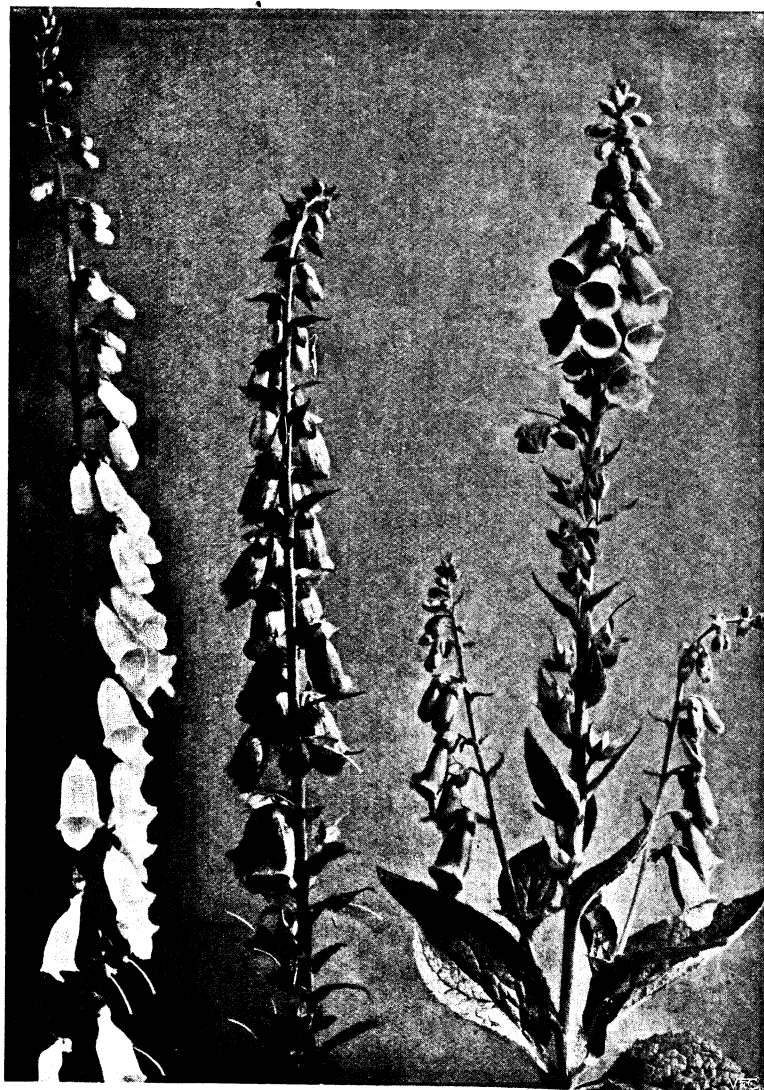
Further investigations among others who had watched the workings of the Keeley method confirmed Canon Fleming's views. Frankly, I do not understand how the Keeley treatment does its work. On the face of it, it appears incredible that any medicines should in a month eradicate the craving created by, it may be, a score of years of excess. Those of us who have had opportunities of watching dipsomaniacs know best

the terrible nature of the slavery that holds them. For slavery truly it is, in which every moment of enjoyment is paid for by hours of misery and shame and physical suffering.

Yet the total evidence which came to me in many ways showed that by some physical process, by some change of appetite or treatment of the degenerate tissue, the

craving for stimulants or narcotics is cut away almost at a stroke.

One would naturally expect that such a change would only be produced at the cost of great physical disturbance. This is not so. Instead of being depressed, the patients are, in every case I came across, physically improved. The keynote of the system is that drunkenness is a disease, to be treated as such.

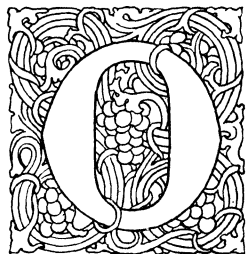


FOXGLOVES.

*A photographic study by H. Irving.*

# A COMPANY SCANDAL.

By EDWARD F. SPENCE.



ON the night of his return from Roumania, Geoffrey Johnson read in an evening paper the announcement that a winding-up order against the General London Bank had been made, which in his case would involve a loss of £3,000 and mean ruin. The result of twelve years' work would be swept away, and at the age of thirty-four he would find himself an electrical engineer without a penny in his pocket. "Thank goodness," he said to himself, "I have no wife!"—and then paused, for another idea came into his mind. Next day he had to rush back to Roumania to finish his contract, and he remained there for some months. To his surprise, in none of his letters was there a notice of the call which was announced in the papers. On the day of his return to London he looked carefully for the notice amongst a collection of circulars and other worthless documents that had accumulated in his rooms and not been sent on to him. Not there. After a sleepless night he searched the morning letters, and later on those at the office. No notice. He was puzzled. He went to see his solicitor, who told him he would receive by post a notice of an appointment to put him on the list of contributories, and asked if he had any defence. Geoffrey explained his grievances, but the lawyer scorned them. They might have been effective before a winding-up order, not after. The engineer went back to his office and worked badly. Day by day passed, and week by week. He trembled at every post, but no notice came. Bewilderment and anxiety began to tell upon him; sleep deserted him. His rather handsome, dark face grew thin and pale, his appetite disappeared, and he botched all his work. The strain grew too great, so he determined to meet the inevitable half way, and visit the liquidator and beg for some concession that might avert utter ruin.

"Mr. Ricketts is not in London. Mr.

Smith, who will be in shortly, will see you, if it is a question about contributories. Will you step into his room? the waiting-room is full of papers in disorder."

Geoffrey entered Mr. Smith's room and sat down sighing. After a moment or two he looked up and saw a girl working at the typewriter—a girl graceful in figure, with rather pretty hair, and a very pale face with regular features. She was well dressed in a quiet fashion. Apparently she had not looked at him. He was in so deep a shadow that she could hardly have seen him. The sight of her startled him, for she was the girl the thought of whom had often come into his mind when he was at work in the East—the girl who had made a deeper impression on him than any other. He had no definite ideas as to the depth of his feelings towards her until at her unexpected appearance he felt his heart beat violently. She used to be shorthand-writer to Glenister—to Glenister, the scoundrel who had induced him to buy the fatal shares. Geoffrey had very often seen her in Glenister's office, and remembered saying once to the man that a little happiness would make her a very pretty girl. Why was she there? Taken over probably on Glenister's flight, because of her knowledge of his affairs.

Geoffrey got up. The girl raised her eyes, started, and turned white.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Can I—?"

"What are you here for?" she said in a trembling voice.

"About the Company; about the list of contributories."

"You shouldn't come here; you've had no notice; you've no right to be here; you're not a shareholder." She spoke angrily.

Could there be some mistake? Had he escaped by a miracle? The idea seemed absurd; but he paused.

"You had better go away at once," she continued, "before Mr. Smith returns."

"There's some mistake," he said, with an effort. "You don't know who I am, Miss Hewson." At the sound of her name the girl blushed and became very pretty.

"Indeed I do. You're Mr. Geoffrey

Winthrop Johnson, of 4, Victoria Street, and Bellevue Villa, Finchley, electrical engineer."

"I am a shareholder, and I must be on the register of members."

"You are wrong," she answered firmly. "I ought to know. I do all the correspondence about the contributories—pretty correspondence, full of heart-broken letters—and I've seen the register, and your name is not there."

"You are sure?"

A faint, strange smile flickered for a moment on the girl's face as she replied, "There is a Johnson on the register—George William Johnson, of 4, Queen Victoria Street, and Bellevue Villa, East Farnleigh. The person seems fictitious. His notices were returned through the post; the address appears imaginary." As she spoke a foot-step sounded in the passage. A terrified look came into her face. "It's Mr. Smith. Don't—don't mention your business! Say you're my cousin, and came to see me. Call yourself Hewson."

The door was opened, a head appeared,

and someone said, "Oh! Mr. Smith's not in," and then disappeared.

Miss Hewson gave a gasp of relief.

Geoffrey drew his share certificate from his pocket. "I'm correctly described in this. Look! Let me see the share register."

"No, no; don't look. Suppose there has been a mistake—why raise the question?"

"There can't have been a mistake. Someone may have tampered with the book. Perhaps Glenister did, to save me."

"Perhaps," whispered the girl.

"No, no; he couldn't have done it. He fled at a moment's notice."

"You'd better go. You're saved from ruin. Why ask how, and run a risk?"

Suddenly the man understood. "How could you do such a thing? How dare you? Why did you? And besides, the transfer signed by me as transferee exists."

"The transfer is missing. You can destroy the cheque for the purchase money. It is in your hands."

He sat down close to the girl, whose face showed the rapid passage of conflicting ideas and emotions.

"Why did you do it? Why did you?"

"Why not?" she replied, with an effort at levity; and then, after a pause, "you were always very courteous to me; always kept your hat off before me in his office, and spoke politely to me, and without any—Oh! they are trifles; but I have been a lady, and hardly any of Mr. Glenister's friends treated me courteously, and—"

"Have you committed a crime, destroyed valuable papers, and tampered with books, for the sake of every friend of his who took off his hat to you?"

"It was your courtesy that caused me to take a little interest in you, and made me willing to do a trifle to prevent your ruin. Do you think we shorthand-writing, typewriting girls aren't human enough to like those who are courteous, hate those who are rude, and loathe those who try to—to, those who insult us?" Whilst speaking, she rose and walked up and down, a flush of indignation making her face



"The girl raised her eyes, started, and turned white."

delightful. Geoffrey noticed that she had pretty little feet, neatly shod.

"People don't commit crimes without more motive or madness," he said gravely.

"People commit them, perhaps, from mad motives."

"But you never told me—never meant to?"

"Of course not. A pretty thing, to do a service and put a man under an insupportable burden of gratitude for it! That's not my idea. Moreover——"

"Moreover, you feared I might refuse to—to——"

"To become party to my deed by acting on it."

"To avail myself of your generosity. I don't wish to hurt

your feelings, but can I take advantage of your—of your—of what you've done, and shirk my responsibility?"

"Why not? The whole affair was a swindle, and the prospectus a mass of lies. Your £3,000 won't pay a halfpenny in the pound. Why ruin yourself for that?"

"But my honour?"

"Are you going to render the risk I ran fruitless? Oh, yes, I know you didn't ask me to run the risk."

"Why did you run it? That's all nonsense about the courtesy."

The girl, who had taken her seat again, looked painfully embarrassed. "You've no right to ask me," she said with an effort.

"If you refuse to tell, I must guess . . . even if my guess makes me seem very conceited."

She put her hands over her face—gracefully shaped hands, well kept.

"You are young, pretty" (she shook her head), "intelligent, plucky, generous, lady-like in manner; your voice and speech are charming. I'm only a commonplace, industrious fellow" (she shook her head again), "and if I keep the money—if I don't pay up—not even a man of honour. But I'm free, and



"'Hallo! what's this?' said someone."

with the money fairly well off, with good prospects, and you are quite fascinating."

She took her hands from her face, which looked very grave.

"Moreover, I had intended to search for you as soon as I heard of Glenister's flight, because—because I have constantly thought of you when I was away, and the thought has always given me exquisite pleasure."

She interrupted him.

"You are thinking of getting rid of the burden of gratitude by—by asking me to—by asking me to do you the cruel wrong of causing you to make a loveless marriage."

"Loveless?"

"Loveless—at least——"

He jumped up and tried to take her hand; but she withdrew it quickly. "You're wrong; really, you're wrong. It isn't that. You are charming. I never met such a delightful girl. Upon my honour, what I told you about thinking of you when away is absolutely true; and now that I find how generous, how plucky you are, as well as charming, I assure you that——"

She shook her head gravely. "No, I have acted ill, in a fashion, on your behalf, and



well, too ; and I meant to act well, and I will. You must go, and—" (a deep sigh escaped from her) "it's good-bye for always." She held out her hand.

The young man rose and then walked up and down the room deep in thought. All idea of the original nature of his business had left his mind, driven out by thought of the girl—the girl whose Christian name he did not know. The one important thing in life seemed to be to win the right to call her by that Christian name and add his own surname to it. He was cruelly puzzled. Clearly the girl had committed the crime from love—she admitted that—and had not ceased to love him, and yet refused him. The refusal apparently was not due to the fact that she felt he did not love her—he was sure that he loved her, and even that she believed it. Suddenly the idea came into his mind.

"You would not derive for yourself what you deem a benefit from the crime—you do believe that my feelings have ripened into love for you?"

She shook her head to the first question and nodded to the second, and then spoke with an effort. "No real happiness could be based on—on such a thing, whatever your feelings towards me or mine towards you."

Geoffrey sat down at a desk and, taking a pen and sheet of paper, wrote hastily :—

"DEAR SIR,

"The George William Johnson in the share register should be Geoffrey Winthrop Johnson, of 4, Victoria Street, and Bellevue Villa, Finchley. I hold the certificate. Someone tampered with the register to protect me.

"Yours truly,

"GEOFFREY W. JOHNSON."

Then he read the letter to the girl.

"Miss Hewson, whether you do me the honour of accepting the offer which I make to you with all my heart, or not, I shall give that with my own hands to the clerk outside."

The girl's eyes flashed and then grew dim.

"Mr. Johnson, give that to the clerk outside, and come back to me, and——"

"Do you mean it?" he asked eagerly, taking her unreluctant hand. He gazed into her face, and in it saw that her lips were still unwon, though her hand was his ; so he stooped and kissed it.

"Hallo ! what's this ?" said someone.

"Oh ! it's Mr. Smith !" called out the girl, jumping away.

"Kindly read that letter," said Geoffrey. "I'm Mr. Johnson."

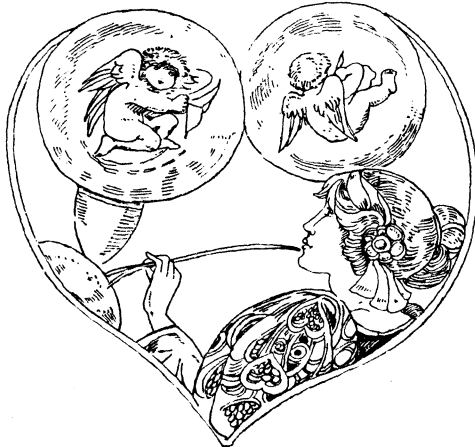
"And a very fine fellow into the bargain," remarked Mr. Smith, "even if you're a rich man."

"But he's not," said the girl.

"Well, we should never have found this out without your interference, Mr. Johnson ; and if you'll consult Mr. Jenkins, of 11, Bedford Row, my solicitor, and tell him to raise some objection, however frivolous, to our claim, we'll compromise on terms that won't hurt you very much. But there's something else to be explained."

"Oh ! that ?" replied Geoffrey. "Miss Hewson has just consented to be my wife."

"I shall make you pay the costs of the application for leave to compromise, since you are robbing me of the best clerk I have known in the course of a long experience."



# A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF CHESS-MEN.

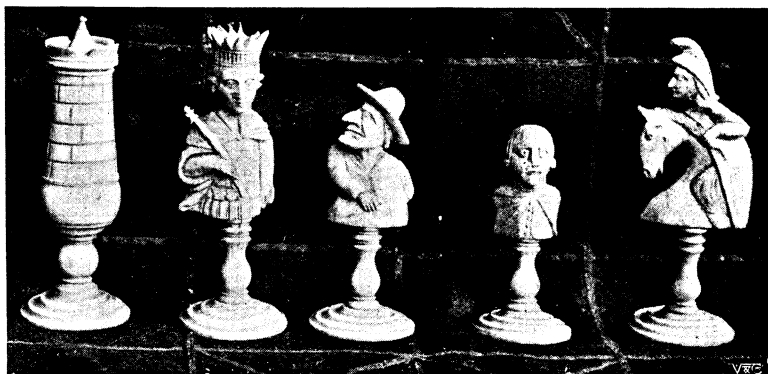
BY H. J. HOLMES.

*Illustrated by Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield.*

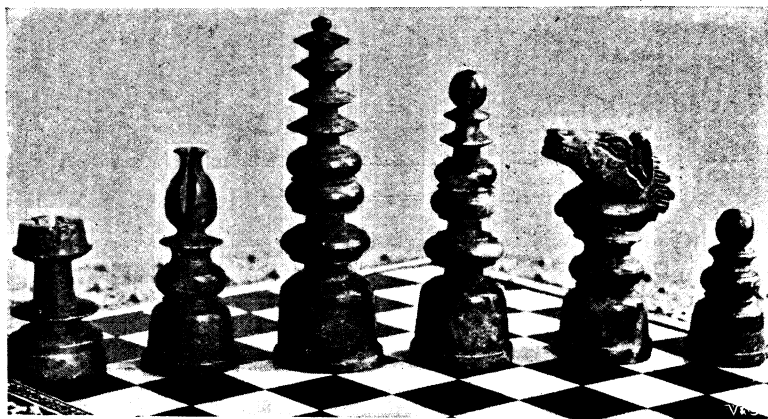
**P**ROBABLY the most unique chess collection in the world is that in the possession of a well known North of England enthusiast who has gathered together from every corner of the globe treasures so rare, so beautiful, as to give delight to the keenest connoisseur. Intrinsically worth a fortune, from an artistic point of view the collection is priceless.

It is due to the courtesy of the gentleman whose treasures represent many years of

figure, hunchbacked, with features not unlike our old friend Punch. The broad-brimmed hat, however, is decidedly clerical in style. The Knight is also very quaint, exhibiting a style of horsemanship rather



I.—AN ENGLISH SET OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



II.—INDIAN SET CARVED IN SOAPSTONE.

patient curio-seeking, that the writer is enabled to give, in most cases for the first time, photographic illustrations of a few of the gems of the wonderful collection, covering a period of quite four centuries of chess playing.

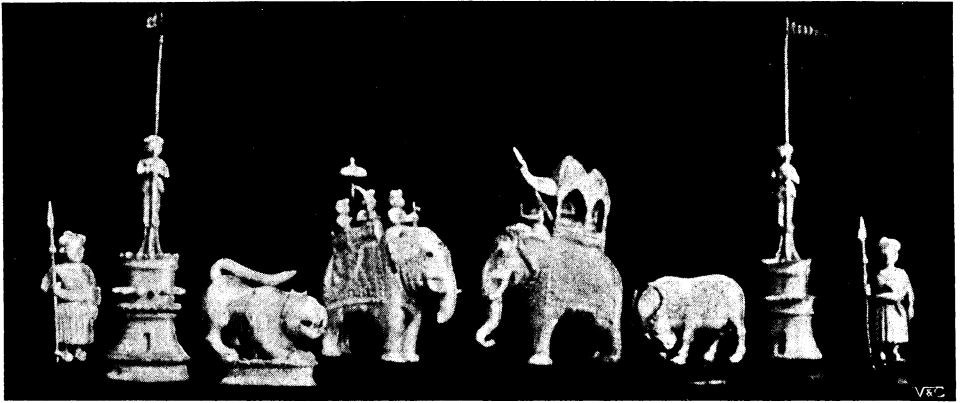
The first photograph illustrates, from left to right, the Castle, Queen, Bishop, Pawn, and Knight of an old English set from the eighteenth century. The Bishop is a curious

coincidental to that which is not unnoticeable on the racecourses of the present day, a style which is slowly but surely making the modern English jockey "sit up." The features of the Pawns are of Ethiopian cast, more observable in a similar curious set where the faces are black.

The next set (II.) is remarkable chiefly on account of the material from which the figures are carved, being of that magnesian mineral known as "soapstone." European in character, the set is the work of an Indian carver.

The next illustration (III.) is that of an exquisite Japanese or Indian set, very delicately perforated, and in the form of medallions, the sign of each piece being carved on both





VI.—THIS FINE SET REPRESENTS—

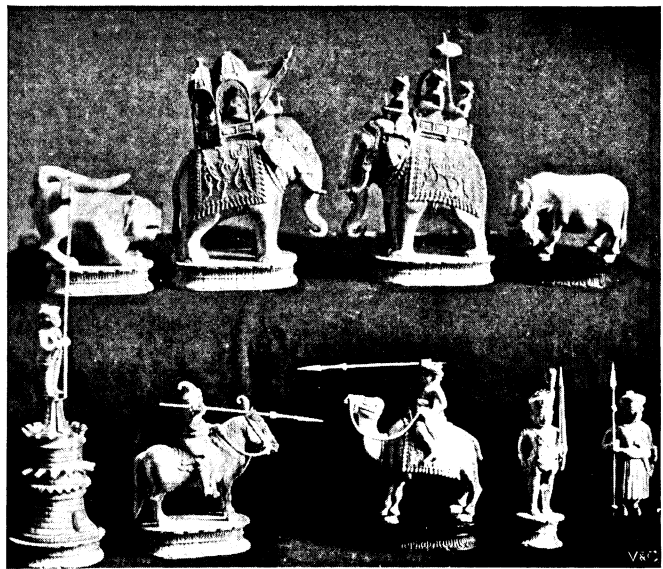
the opponent. To the right in the same photograph are six Indian pieces carved in ivory and stained red and green.

The next illustrations (VI.) show one of the finest sets in a unique collection. The pieces are very massive, carved in ivory. The Kings measure four and a half inches in height.

The set represents India and the East India ("John") Company as opponents. The Kings and Generals (these latter take the places of Queens, which are unknown in early Eastern sets) are represented by laden elephants, the former being canopied, the latter only boasting of an umbrella apiece. The Bishops take the form of a lion for the "John" Company, and a sacred bull for India; the Knights are riders of a horse or dromedary, the latter being Indian; the Castles are easily recognised; the Pawns are Indian and British

("John" Co.) soldiers. The Indians have black bases.

Another of the gems of the collection (VII.) is a set in wood, early English, forming figures



(VI. a) INDIA AND—



(VI. b) THE EAST INDIA ("JOHN") COMPANY.

of Crusaders and Saracens. The finest minute carving it is possible to imagine is displayed in every figure, the four Knights being most exquisite models. Every piece in the set is different, even the Pawns varying in some way. The

King measures five inches high, the rest of the pieces being in proportion.

The photograph marked VIII. includes part of an Indian set, and some curious pieces from Burmah (on the right). The figures are very crude, but remarkably curious, representing Burmese gods, warriors, elephants and temples, etc.

One of the most beautiful sets (IX.) is made of porcelain, designed by Flaxman. Every piece and pawn is different. The colouring is exquisite—white and gold, and blue and gold for the opposing pieces. The modelling

beautifully carved throughout in ivory, the detail being wonderfully accurate and complete. The set is very valuable indeed. The pieces are represented by monkeys. The difference between the two portions is marked by one-half the number having black eyes and nostrils, the others red. The

Queens are very comical, with their fans and gaudy gowns. The Knights are also extremely quaint, being mounted on donkeys. The Castles in this set are warriors on foot, but the pedestals are ornamented instead of plain. The difference between King's and Queen's Castles—very useful in chess

—is shown by the varying heights of the bases.

There are two very old and rare sets. The first (XI.) dates back several centuries—four at least. It is of Persian origin, ivory, but painted in all the bright colours of the East instead of being stained, as was afterwards always done. The set represents the



VII.—EARLY ENGLISH SET, IN WOOD, REPRESENTING—



(VII. a) FIGHTING CRUSADERS AND SARACENS.

is excellent, the eight Pawns being particularly fine. Six are shown in the photograph. The set represents ancient Britons at war. Each figure is armed with some sort of weapon—stones, battle-axes, bows and arrows, etc.

A modern Japanese set (X.) forms another of the quaint things of the collection. It is



VIII.—MODERN BURMESE AND INDIAN (MOHAMMEDAN) SETS



IX.—WEDGEWOOD CHINA SET, DESIGNED BY FLAXMAN.

Persians, with their yellow complexions, and the Indians, with their red-coloured skins. No doubt they date back from the time when the Indians were warring with the Persians. The crudeness of the carving is well shown in the photographs, the mounted men having no legs, but seeming to disappear into the bodies of their steeds. The foot-soldiers are the Pawns, the small elephant is the Bishop, the dromedary the Castle (as now called), and the horse the Knight. The two chief pieces are the Rajah and his General, or Chief Man, no Queens being introduced, as already stated, into Eastern sets, the women not counting for much over yonder



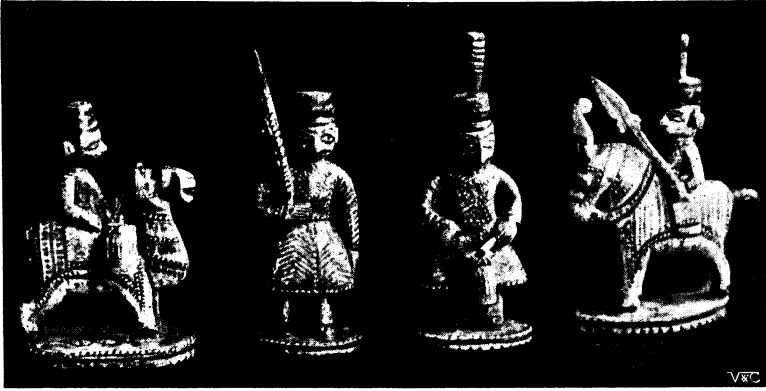
X.—MODERN JAPANESE SET IN CARVED IVORY.



XI.—ONE OF THE OLDEST SETS IN THE COLLECTION, PERSIAN ORIGIN

in "the good old days."

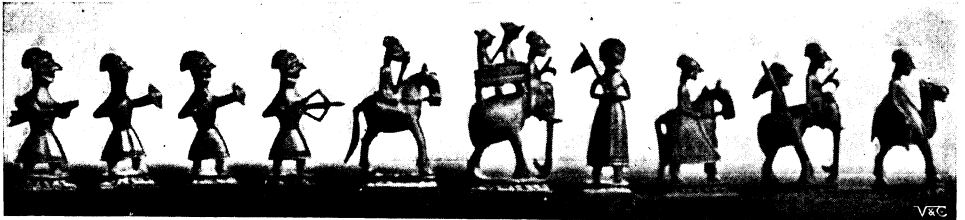
A peculiarity of this ancient set is that every piece may be taken apart into numerous little bits, there being many hundreds of atoms in the set. The horses' tails are removable, the men's heads, the knobs from their helmets, etc. The Rajah's elephant holds a tiger in his trunk, and there is evidence of the disappearance of the victim's tail—perhaps the elephant has swallowed it as a



XI. a.—OTHER PIECES OF THE SET.

preliminary! The Chief Man's elephant merely holds a chain. Very crude guns are mounted on the elephants' backs, also ladders to enable the riders to get to their

is usually the case in all Eastern sets. In this he is content with the horse. The Castle is shown as the dromedary; next comes the Bishop on an elephant, which



XII.—ANOTHER ANCIENT PERSIAN SET.

places. What attention to detail! This is a very comical set, although it may be taken for granted that it was quite a swagger affair a few centuries ago.

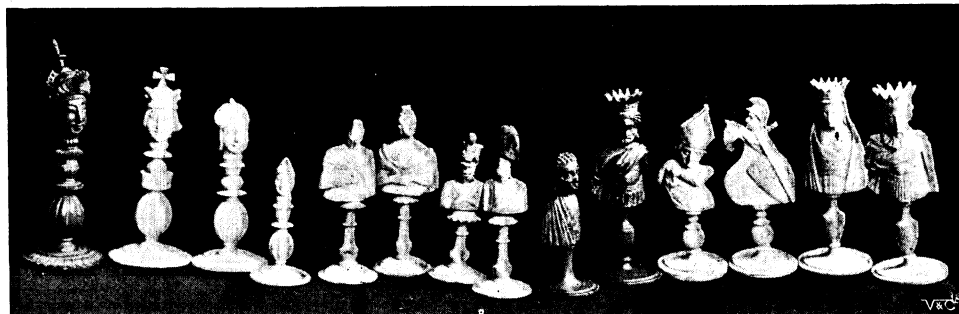
The other Persian set (XII.) is probably of about the same date, though no cannon is shown, which is likely evidence of the greater antiquity of the pieces. No brilliant colours are in evidence in this case, but the set is painted red and green. There is the same peculiar crude carving, the mounted men disappearing, as it were, into the bodies of their bearers. This set was doubtless made for one of the Eastern variations of the game,

has an atrocious resemblance to the Christmas pantomime article! The Knight on horseback is shown next; then the Scout or man with the red flag. The Rajah in the centre is followed by his faithful General,



XIII.—FRANCO-PRUSSIAN SET.



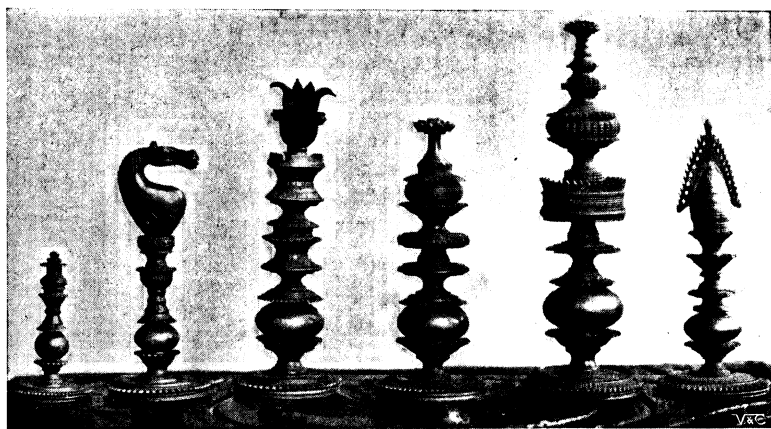
XIV.—SOME QUAIN  
PIECES.

after whom come four Pawns. This set is funnier than the other, but no doubt at one time it was considered quite as dignified.

A Franco-Prussian set (XIII.), reminiscent of a Continental bad time, is interesting.



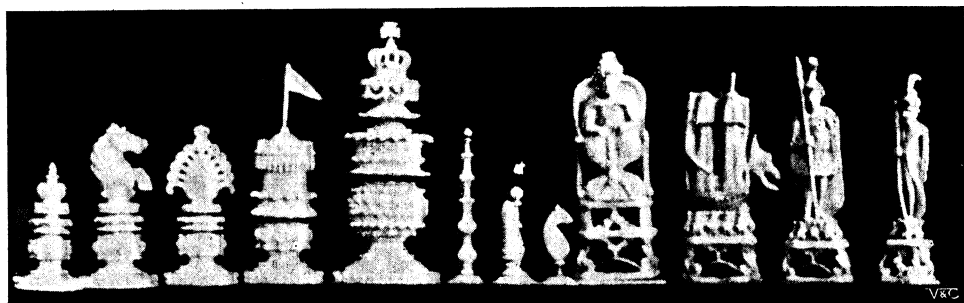
XV.—BISHOP'S SHOWN AS MONKS, AND A SQUARE-BASE PIECE.



XVI.—CARVED INDIAN SET.

The pieces were made, about the date of the war, from gun-metal. French and German foot soldiers are the Pawns, the officers Bishops—what irony!—and the respective royalties are shown as the Kings and Queens.

Some further quaint sets are sampled in the next photograph (XIV.),



XVII.—CARVED WHITE IVORY INDIAN SET.



XVIII.—AN EARLY RUSSIAN SET.

including some pieces from an Indian set, which are remarkable for their elaborate wigs; and four pieces from an eighteenth century English set, showing soldiers in old-fashioned uniforms, the Royalties being some of the Georges with their Consorts. Some others, from a set already referred to, show the Pawns as negroes of the correct colour, and our old friend Punch again as Bishop, this time with a mitre. It is said that this is probably the result of confusing the piece with the French Bishop (*Fou*), which is a fool with cap and bells.

The only instance known of Bishops shown as monks is included in the collection. They are illustrated in photograph XV. In this are also seen two very beautiful ivory elephants from an ancient Chataranjah set. The features of the riders are full of expression. Grasped in the trunk of one of the elephants is the form of a fainting woman, with her golden hair hanging down her back. In the centre is the only square-base chess-piece known.

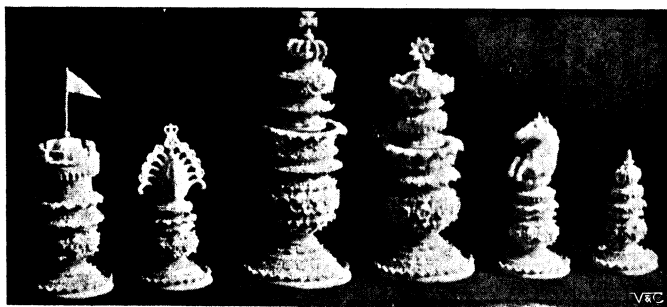
The figure is Chinese, the carving being from soapstone. No trace of the remainder of the set has ever been found.

A quaintly carved Indian set in ivory is shown in photograph XVI.

In photograph XVII. are illustrated an exquisite set in white ivory. The work is Indian. A precisely similar set is in the British Museum, which fact is very curious

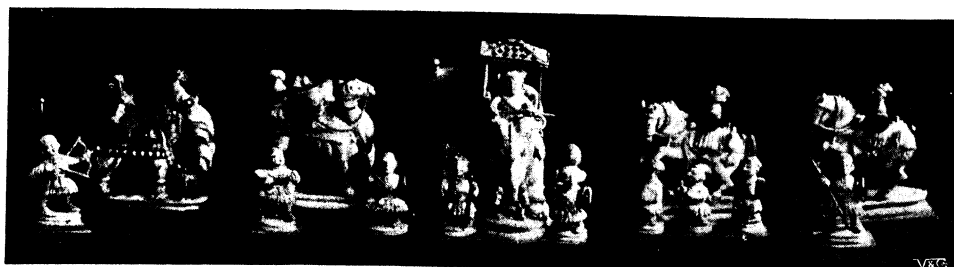
and puzzling, as Orientals do not, as a rule, make exact duplicates of any of their work.

A most interesting and historical set is photographed with the pieces referred to in the last



XVII. a.—CARVED IVORY INDIAN SET.

paragraph. It, with the set given in the illustration XVIII., has been the subject of much correspondence among chess savants. The two sets are the only ones known in which ships are found as pieces. They are, no doubt, very early Russian—1450-1500, or earlier. Both players use white ivory pieces, thoroughly an early custom, and most exceptional in a European set. Half of the pieces are of Russian character, the remainder are



XIX.—AN ANCIENT INDIAN SET, IN WHICH—

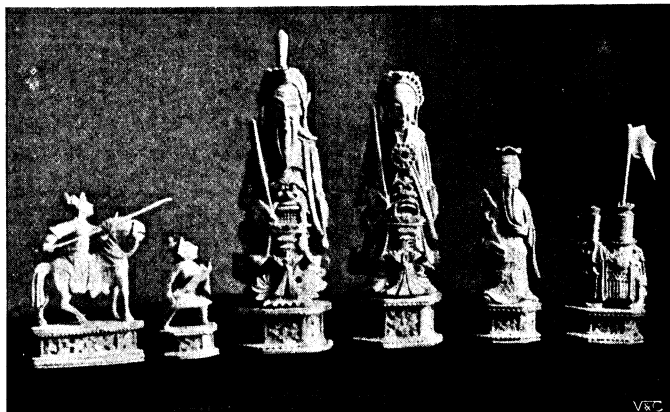


(XIX. a) EVERY PAWN IS DIFFERENT.

doubtful. The Russian Pawn is the figure wearing a quaint hat and wolfskin cloak, the other type of Pawn on the right wearing a helmet. The Bishops are elephants, one with the driver, the other "untamed and uncontrolled"; the Castles are sailing vessels, one a single-masted ship, the other with two masts. The King is seated. There is no Queen, but instead the Eastern General, or Chief Man. The Queen came into vogue in 1500, or a little earlier, which enables connoisseurs to date this set. The bases are most elaborately carved. The really curious part of these two sets are the sailing vessels. In



XX.—CHINESE SET ON CONCENTRIC BALL BASES.



XXI.—INDIAN IVORY SET, WITH CARVED BASES.

some very early Eastern sets a chariot was used, but as a rule it was the dromedary. Here we clearly see the work of some Eastern traveller or refugee adapting the Eastern pieces to Russian ideas about the time that the game came to Europe from the East. In the second set the General is the same as the Pawn, only larger. This fact is very interesting to a chess student,

for in those days, a Pawn on promotion—*i.e.*, when it reached its eighth square—could only be exchanged for a General, which was the next weakest piece on the board. Nowadays, however, it can be exchanged for any piece, which almost always means an extra Queen, whilst the latter, although taking the place of the usurped General, is now, of course, the strongest piece on the board.

Next comes a small but marvellously carved Indian set (XIX.), very old. Here we see the Pawns all differently carved. We have the horses, dromedaries, and elephants, also the Rajah on his tusky steed, with four soldiers (included in the piece) as a royal bodyguard, and the General with his reduced bodyguard of three, all on one side, however. The posing of the various animals in this set is beautifully modelled, and in every way the pieces are striking. Both halves are in white ivory, painted in various tones, one with flat, green bases, the other with red.

A characteristic Chinese set is seen in illustration XX. They are on concentric ball bases—a thoroughly Chinese plan this—four loose balls being most ingeniously carved *one within the other*, with very delicate workmanship visible on each. The height of most of the pieces already dealt with in this article averages three to three and a half inches for the King, the others proportionately. This set, however, although not the largest in the collection, begins with the kingly figure at eight inches.

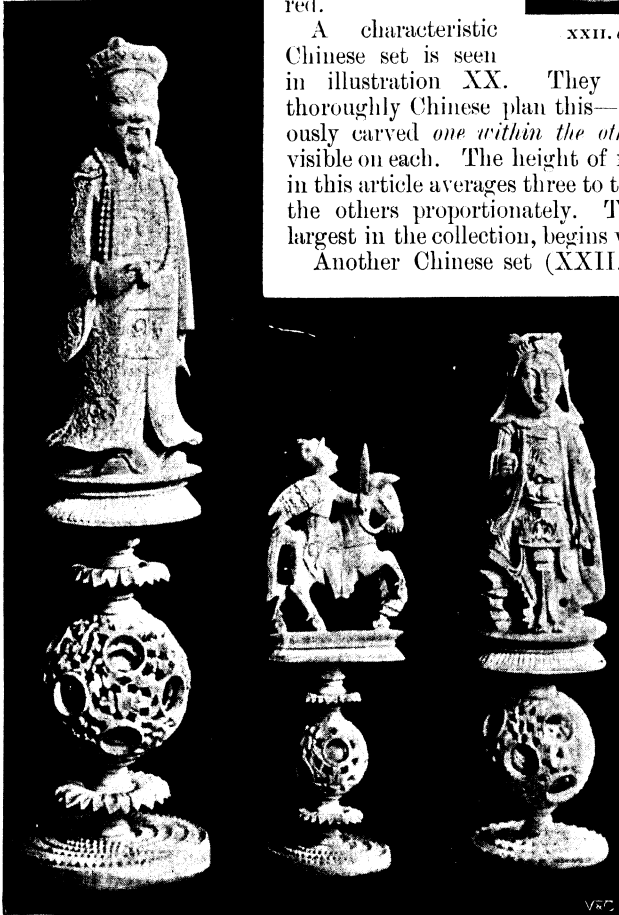
Another Chinese set (XXII.), similar in design to Photo XX., is one that came from the Palace at Peking—not in the form of loot, however. Its great attraction is its size. It is immense for a chess set. The King has no less a stature than ten and a half inches! It is most elaborately carved. Words fail to describe, and, alas! the photographs only give a very faint idea of the enormous amount of tiny detail work done upon the pieces.

This collection of wonders includes a unique chess-board and pieces. They are the smallest in the world. The table is scarcely two inches in height. The board measures about an inch square.

Illustrations of many of the treasures of this wonderful collection have been given, and yet there are many more. It would be impossible to do justice to the entire contents in the short space granted to a magazine article.



XXII. a.—FURTHER PIECES FROM PEKIN SET.



XXII.—GIANT SET FROM PEKIN PALACE,

# THE TRAGEDY OF A NIGHT.

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.\*



MAN, stripped to the shirt, bruised and disfigured in many places with blood and dirt, lay prostrate upon a sandy hillock, his bloodshot eyes turned steadily westwards. He was in dire straits—starving, half mad with thirst, and exhausted with fruitless fighting. For every barrel of his empty, still smoking revolver, a dead or dying man lay upon the little plateau around him. He had fought as a man fights who sees his own life forfeited by reason of overmastering odds, yet girds himself to meet death as becomes one of a great race and a great country. The number of his assailants had been such as had made fighting a pantomime, and his desperate resistance a farce, as far as any chance of escape was concerned. A hundred savage soldiery, whose language was a mystery to him, and whose arms and whole appearance a revelation, had come upon him in his sleep a short hour ago. Away over the stony steppes and across the mountains his false guides were flying in mortal terror of their lives. For this was an unknown country of horrors, at whose portals whole generations of explorers had perished, whose great City was still the home of mystery, the despair and the desire of travellers of all nations. Alone on the face of the earth this people had resisted the march of civilisation, had held firm and unshaken the great barriers which Nature and their own savagery had reared about the sacred capital. Yonder it lay in the cold, grey light across the plain, its great walls, monuments of marvellous masonry, encompassing it like an iron band, behind a heterogeneous multitude of minarets and strange square columns, flat-roofed houses, and curious watch-towers. Even in those moments

of his agony the man forgot his sufferings and his approaching doom in the mingled exultation and despair of the explorer. He, first of all Englishmen—first, indeed, of all Europeans—was looking, though from afar off and in grievous plight, upon the sacred city of Thibet. Even though he paid for his daring with his life, as seemed indeed certain, here was at least some measure of consolation. Yet it was consolation fraught with dismay and anger. To die so near the goal was maddening. A fit of ineffective rage seized him. Who were these wretched, half-starved savages, to stand between him and the desire of his life? He measured them against himself, and the thought of their brute power over him made him almost hysterical in those first hours of his pain. He was a man of note in his country, rich, noble, young. If only he could make them understand! He cursed the grim barrier of non-comprehension which his little knowledge of Asiatic and their hideous dialect had reared between them. All his signs they had treated with contempt. He had pointed towards the city and had shown them papers—papers to which many seals had been affixed, and which proved him to be an Englishman of note, entitled to the respect and consideration of all foreign powers. He had pointed backwards across the hills whence he had come, a long and wearisome journey, which from days had grown into weeks, and from weeks to months. Nothing had availed him. He had no presents with which to bribe them. Such few pieces of gold which he had possessed had been snatched from him by the first comers, their yellow Mongolian faces and narrow eyes on fire with cupidity. They had stripped him of his few possessions with a ruthlessness peculiar to their race, and afterwards they had set upon him to destroy him. He had a horrible fear that even now they were hesitating to kill him only because, furious at his stout resistance, they were planning a more terrible thing. He had heard many stories of the tortures which these people inflicted upon chance travellers, drawn towards their city, as a moth to the candle, by its solemn and impenetrable mystery. He recalled them

\* Copyright, 1902, by Ward, Lock and Co., in the United States of America.



"He was alone,  
with no one but his  
thoughts to bear him  
company."

now with sickening distinctness. What they had done to others they would surely do to him. And presently it appeared that he was right. A dozen of them came dragging a pine trunk stripped of its branches up the side of a wooded ravine a hundred yards away. Others began to drill a hole in the rising ground close to where he lay. Backwards and forwards they passed, casting every now and then upon him glances of fierce and sickly hatred, shouting menaces at him in a heathen gibberish, throwing every now and then a stone at his uncovered head. The man realised then, more fully perhaps than ever before, the hideous, unconquerable hate of this people for all aliens, under which heading he, the European, most surely came. It was written in their sallow faces, it flashed in their black, narrow-slit eyes, their gestures, and the vindictive torrent of abuse which flowed from their lips, proclaimed it. Their dead comrades they kicked aside with indifference. It was no desire to avenge them which had kindled their rage, which had made death too slight a punishment to be meted out to him, which had put torture into their minds—for it was going to be torture. The man saw it in their faces, read it in every grin and leer which chilled his

blood. He groaned aloud. It was an evil end for him, Geoffrey Felbrigge, Earl of Lechfort, Lord Lieutenant of his county and Master of Hounds.

An hour afterwards they left him. He was trussed and tied to the post which they had improvised, his hands and legs aching with the cords which cut into his flesh, his face turned with relentless irony to the city of his desires. They had trooped away, whither exactly he could not tell, with strange mocking cries and with flourishing gestures which seemed like an invocation to the elements to rain their tortures upon him. He was alone, with no one save his thoughts to bear him company—a strange, lone figure in the rocky solitude.

A fierce sun beat upon him all day. For ten hours he had neither eaten nor drunk, and the roof of his mouth was like blistered leather. His eyes were bloodshot and his tongue swollen. He had tugged at his cords until his arms were bruised, and the blood had forced its way through his tightened skin. Then a partial but merciless unconsciousness came to him. The sandy desert faded away from before his eyes, the sun-gleaming minarets of the city mocked him no longer, the fierce heat ceased to torture his numbed flesh. He was back in London, back in the long drawing-room, with its delicate perfumes and gently softened shade, face to face with the woman whose invincible pride and his own stubbornness had driven him forth a reckless wanderer, had kindled in him the old, wild spirit, the passion for

new countries, which, before he had met her, had been the joy of his life. Tall and fair and slim, in her white evening gown, he could see her standing before him with eyes which bade him stay, which said things to him which her tongue had been too proud to utter. He could see the jewel which flashed upon her heaving bosom, the tears which welled slowly into her eyes. It was his fault, his fault. The thought of her—his wife—the woman, and the only woman he had ever loved, soothed him for one moment only to madden him the next. She would be waiting for him, and he would never return. He would never be able to take her hands, to look into her eyes, to smooth her hair and kiss away those tears, as he had longed to many a time since he had left London in a sudden fit of blind, unreasoning fury. She had been right. He had been brutal and unreasonable. After all, the difference between them had been so pitifully trivial. He was a brave man, and he had looked death in the face before, death as hideous as this, if quicker. Yet he broke down now. It was the thought of Helen—not to see her—to let her know . . .

The sun went down, and the cooler air was rent with the sound of a man's sobs.

\* \* \* \* \*

In another hemisphere, London was doing its best to amuse itself. Westwards the pavements were thronged with saunterers, the streets were blocked with hansom, the night was warm, and the women's dresses were like the wings of summer butterflies. The playhouses were flaring with light, everywhere there was colour and movement and languorous content. Further westwards, from the great dwelling-houses and the mansions of the squares, drugget crossed the pavement, there was the murmur of floating music and soft voices from the holland-shrouded balconies above. The whole city seemed steeped with pleasure this soft spring evening. Everyone was entertaining or being entertained.

On the balcony of one of the great mansions in Cadogan Square a woman was standing alone. She had escaped for a moment unseen from the brilliantly lit ball-room behind; her face was turned eastwards, and her eyes were soft with unshed tears. It was a moment rendered necessary by a sudden rush of memories which had brought a lump into her throat and a strange sadness into her heart. The last time she had been a guest in this house he had been her companion. She remembered distinctly how he

had arranged her cloak in the carriage, had thrown away his freshly lit cigarette because she had coughed; had been, as it chanced, upon that evening more than ordinarily attentive to her in such little ways as woman sets store by. She remembered, too, how he had seemed to her that night, in comparison with the other men who had thronged the rooms, more than ordinarily handsome; he had danced with her three times, and out here on the balcony he had leant over her with a little laugh, and had kissed her—his own wife. Oh! how mad, how foolish she had been to let him go, when a single word from her would have stopped him! Never a day had passed but she had repented the stupid, stubborn pride which had kept sealed her lips. Where was he now? Lost to her, perhaps, for ever. She gazed wistfully and tearfully eastwards. Many thousand miles away a man was being tortured, and he, too, was thinking of that night.

"At last I have found you, then, Helen. Do you know that I have been looking for you everywhere?"

She turned round slowly and unwillingly. A tall, soldierly man was standing by her side, a man who looked at her as a man looks only at the woman whom he loves. She saw and shrank from it, as she had done many a time before. She wanted no man's love save his who was gone.

"I came out for a breath of fresh air, Morton," she answered. "The rooms here are always too hot. I think that they must be badly ventilated. I was just going in. Will you give me your arm?"

"I wonder," he said, "would you do me a favour, Helen? I want to talk to you for five minutes before you meet with any of your friends inside. May I?"

She moved her head gravely, but her manner explained a certain unwillingness.

"If it is necessary," she answered, "I am quite ready to listen to you."

He drew a short breath and hesitated. So much depended upon the next few minutes. There were grey hairs in his head, he was approaching middle age, and all his life he had loved but one woman. For a time she had been lost to him. This was his chance of winning her again. It was for life or death. No wonder that he hesitated.

"Helen," he said, at last, "there is some news which I wish you to hear first from me. The evidence of poor Geoffrey's death has been accepted unanimously and without



question by the court. I believe that since midday I have had the right to call myself the Earl of Lechfort."

Once more she turned eastwards. Her cheeks were very pale, but her eyes were dry. She spoke distinctly enough, though her tone was hard and emotionless.

"I thought," she said, "that it would take a week for them to give a decision?"

"The evidence," he answered gently, "was too conclusive to leave room for a shadow of doubt. No one regrets poor Geoffrey's death more than I do, Helen; but as to doubting it—it is impossible."

"Very well, Morton," she said, "I do not complain. You must let me know about your other arrangements, and I will move into the Dower House, at Huncote, whenever you please. That, however, must not imply that I consider myself a widow."

He interrupted her—a frown upon her forehead, a note of passion in his tone.

"Give me credit at least, Helen," he cried, "for being ordinarily decent! You shall choose either Lechfort or Massingham, and it will be yours for life. Besides, I could not afford to live in them myself. I am forced to take the title and the estates; but, as you know, the income from them is not large, and all Geoffrey's money was, of course, left to you."

"I will agree to anything," she said listlessly, "which you and my solicitors advise."

He drew a little nearer to her, and the danger-light flashed once more in his eyes.

"Helen," he said, "I want you to agree to something else, which has nothing to do with Mr. Cunliffe, which has nothing to do with anybody except yourself."

"Well?"

The attempt at discouragement was obvious. He chose to ignore it.

"Geoffrey has been dead now for three years——"

She stopped him.

"He has disappeared for three years," she corrected. "Do you mind leaving it like that?"

"He is dead. The proofs are absolute. We have his clothes and his belongings, the testimony of his guides, the word of those who saw him dead. I am not one who ever hankered after dead men's shoes. I would bring him to life if I could, but it is impossible. Helen, you must learn to realise this."

She looked him steadily in the eyes.

"The proofs," she said slowly, "may seem

convincing. I do not blame the courts for admitting them, nor you for taking the title: yet, for myself, I am a woman, and I must have something to live for. I am going on hoping. What else can I do?"

"You can make others happy," he cried, his voice thick with emotion. "Happiness for yourself lies—that way. It is useless to nurse a dead sorrow. Geoffrey is dead, poor chap! and believe me, Helen, I am sorry. But there is the future."

"I shall live on—and hope," she murmured.

"Helen, when you say that," he answered, "you rob me of the one great hope of my life. You know very well what I mean. You know that I love you. No, don't shrink from me. I am not a poisonous thing. There is nothing criminal in loving you. If there is, I have been a criminal all my life, for I have never cared for any other woman. I don't ask for anything now—no, not even for hope. It is too soon. You have not realised as yet that Geoffrey has gone. I am going to wait very quietly and very patiently. I ask for nothing, but I want you to know."

She drew her skirts coldly away from contact with him.

"Morton," she said, "perhaps it is as well that you have spoken. I can tell you my mind now plainly. If you wish to remain my friend, you will never breathe a word of this again. To you Geoffrey may seem dead; to me he is alive. I am a woman, you know, and I am hard to convince. Facts count for little with me against consciousness. I feel that Geoffrey is alive; I refuse to believe him dead. He may never come back to me, but I shall wait for him—and hope."

"What hope can you have?" he protested bitterly. "You read the letter from Colonel Denny?"

"Other Englishmen were travelling that way."

"His clothes? They were his. His tailor has proved it."

"He may have lent them, or they may have been stolen."

"His silence?"

"He is in a country as silent as the grave."

"It is ridiculous!" he cried passionately. "You will not listen to reason. It is madness! You are offering up the best years of your life a fruitless sacrifice—to what? Heaven knows! You mean that you will never listen to me, that you will cling to this miserable folly throughout your life and mine. You



"On the balcony of one of the great mansions in Cadogan Square a woman was standing alone."

will wreck them both for a whim—a superstition."

"I am Geoffrey's wife," she said. "So I shall always feel myself until——"

"Until what?"

"Until I know that he is dead."

"Until you know that he is dead," the man repeated slowly. "That is certain enough already. Yet tell me this—what further proof will satisfy you?"

"The sight of his body, or speech with one who has actually seen it," she answered slowly. "Nothing else."

The man ground his heel upon the stone floor, and his face was set and white.

"Listen, Helen," he said. "I am an idle man. I will humour your fancy. You will not listen to me unless you have speech with someone who has seen Geoffrey's body or can bring you certain word of his death. Very well. Where he went I will go. I will follow in his footsteps until I come to the end. He is dead. I know it. Never mind, I will bring you the proof. And then?"

"You mean it!" she cried. "You will go?"

"Yes, I will go. And then?"

She shook her head sadly.

"I cannot make any bargain," she said. "It is too hideous. Besides, you know my belief. You will find Geoffrey alive. I am sure of it. You will bring him home to me. If you do that—oh! if you do that!"

The light upon her face was a brilliant revelation of her surpassing beauty. But the man who saw it was white to the lips. To him it was torture. If only she would ever care for him like that!

"I will take my chance," he said slowly; "but remember that before I start I warn you. I shall come back alone. That I am sure of before I start. Try and make up your mind to it, or you will only be courting a bitter disappointment."



She answered him with apparent irrelevance.

"When shall you start?"

"To-morrow."

\* \* \* \*

There was a time when the man had clung to life, but that time had gone by. It was for death now that he prayed, for forgetfulness, for oblivion. Of time he had lost all count. There was no change in the days. The same pitiless sun burned and scorched his flesh from midday to sundown. Every evening he breathed the same little gasp of relief as the fiery red ball sank behind the low line of wild, storm-beaten rocks. Yet the nights brought no relief. As the darkness fell came the keen, icy winds, the deathlike silence, the unutterable sense of desolation, which made him glad even to crane his neck and watch the dark forms of the savage warriors who guarded him gathered round a fire of logs outside

"A man was creeping out of the shadow of the rocks."

their hut. At first he had treated the privations which he was made to endure, the leering gibes and hideous mockery of his yellow-skinned guards, with the full contempt of a strong, brave man. He had nerved himself to face death, and he had closed the door upon all that host of torturing thoughts which had made such an end so bitter. But the time had been too long. More than once already he had broken down, had felt a sudden burning at his eyeballs and the rush of warm, womanly tears. Beyond there seemed to be still more terrible things. Already he had experienced a hideous unloosing of all fixed thought, he had burst

into violent and incoherent speech, which had sounded strangely even to his own ears. He had felt himself dimly to be on the threshold of that fearful world where the body lives and the mind is held by demons. Then he had looked about him with feverish and sick desire for a weapon with which to escape. Anything sooner than the horrible chains of madness—death a thousand times rather, if by any means he could compass his own self-destruction. But there was no weapon. The ill-clad, pitiless savages who guarded him took zealous care that the white-faced interloper, who had dared to journey to within sight of their holy city, should not escape them. By degrees he had learned a little of their language. One night he gathered easily from their signs and disjointed words that they were discussing his death. They were weary of their solitude, of their lonely guard upon the mountains. Better finish him off, or swear that they had cut him down whilst endeavouring to escape. They died so slowly, these white-faced devils, and the time hung heavy upon their hands up here in the lonely pass. But there was always a majority who shook their heads solemnly and were firm. To end his tortures would mean death to every one of them. Their orders were to keep him alive. Their own heads would grin from the walls which bounded the slaughter-house of the city if they disobeyed. So those who were weary went out and kicked him savagely to relieve their feelings, and returned to the shelter of the hut.

Then there came a night when he awoke with a sharp cry and a rush of blood to his poor, numbed heart, from one of those long, agonising dozes which was as near as ever he could come to sleep. The cry was checked in a moment by a gentle exclamation of warning. A man was creeping out from the shadow of the rocks and coming towards him—a man whose face was familiar, whose expression was one of horrified pity. He told himself that this must be a nightmare—he had had them before, and he dug at his eyeballs, and then, opening them wider, stared and stared again. But the man's face did not fade away as those others had done. On the contrary, he was drawing nearer, his trembling lips were parted, and a hoarse whisper came from them—

"Geoffrey! Why, Geoffrey, this is horrible! What, in Heaven's name, have they been doing to you?"

Then the sleeping mind of the man awoke and his heart beat thick and strong. He had

buried all hope long ago. This was like new life.

"Morton," he whispered faintly. "Speak to me again softly. Let me feel you. I want to be sure that you are flesh and blood. I have had so many fancies in the night-time. Let me be sure that this is not another cursed dream."

The man drew nearer to him, and the glazed eyes of the captive lit up as though with fire. Whatever those others might have been, this was a real and palpable presence.

"You know me, Geoffrey, old chap. I came out here to look for you. They said that these devils had done you to death. Thank God that I have found you! Have courage, Geoff."

"Thank God, indeed!" the man sobbed. "Be still for a moment, Morton; let me think."

There was a short, tense silence. His heart was thumping against his ribs, and his head swam. Yet with this sudden birth of hope something of his old coolness was back again. He was able to think, and to think clearly. Afar off there was a break in the night, the dawn was already brightening in the east. Soon they would be bringing his handful of dried peas and water. He looked anxiously towards the hut where all was still.

"You are not alone, Morton?" he whispered. "How many of you are there?"

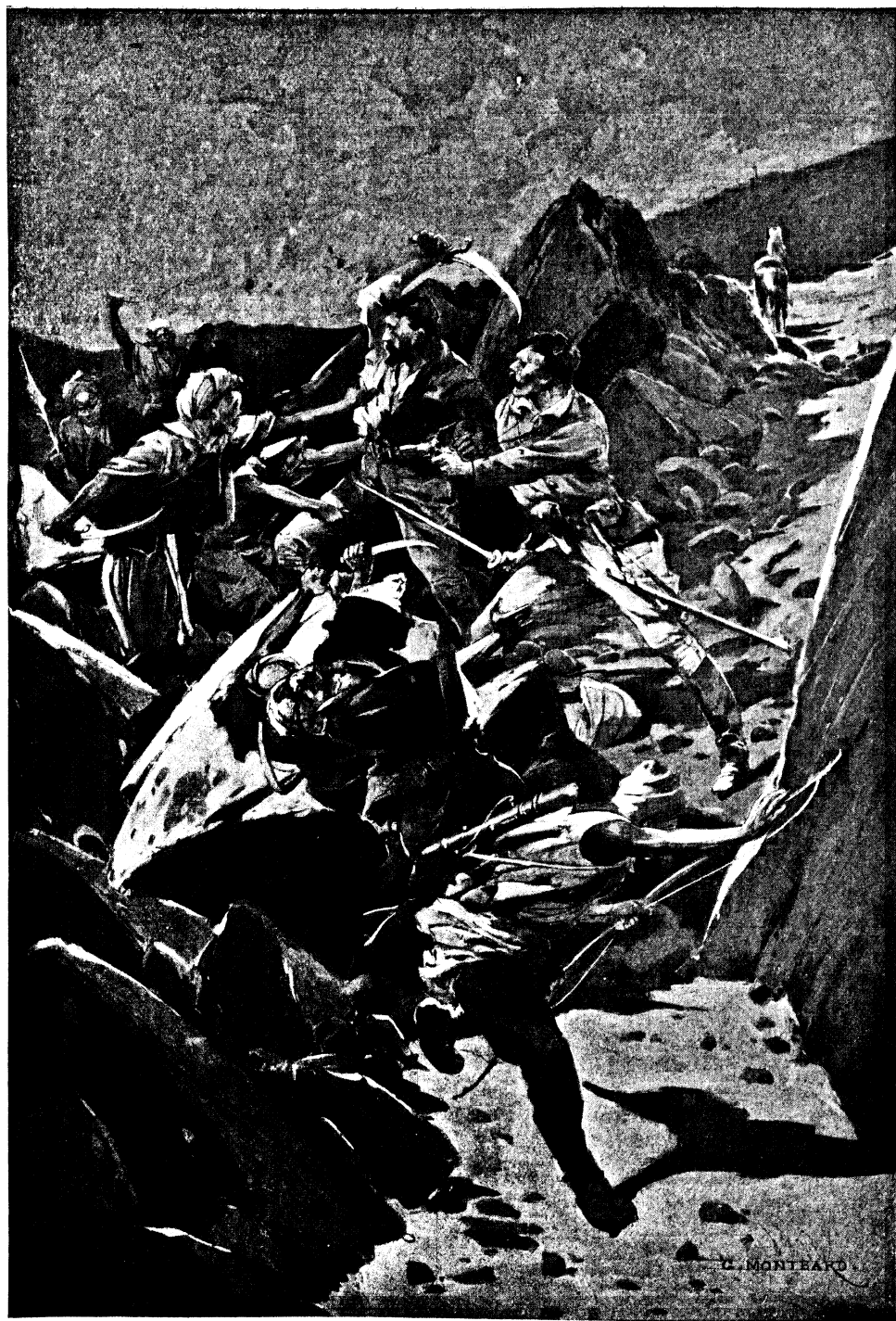
"Only myself and one guide, an Afghan," the new-comer answered. "The others have all deserted. I started with twenty, and twenty bearers, but they have melted away. We have had to fight twice."

"There are twelve men guarding me," the prisoner whispered, motioning towards the hut. "Soon they will wake and bring me food. If you set me free now, we should not be able to get far enough away. Go and hide till night comes again. When it is dark enough I will call out as though with pain. They will take no notice. I have shrieked through a whole night, and they have not turned their heads. Come softly up to me then, and have a knife ready to cut these accursed ropes. How did you come—on foot?"

"I have horses; two spare ones—little mountain ponies. They climb the mountains like cats. Once away, they will never catch us. Bear up, old chap, till to-night."

\* \* \* \* \*

All through the long day the man, who seemed indeed to be enduring a perpetual crucifixion, appeared to be growing weaker and weaker. The soldiers who guarded him



"It was a battle against hideous odds."

wagged their heads, came out to stare, and jabbered amongst themselves. He was nearing his end, that was certain. No one but a strong man could have held out so long. It was nearly all over now. They decided to send one of their number to the city with the news. Their instructions had been to keep him alive as long as possible. He was to remain there, alive or dead, an awful message from this people to the hated strangers who should seek to force their way on towards the sacred city. But when their backs were turned there was a change in the man. A new light was in his eyes, the fire of a new hope was burning once more in his veins. Yet that day was the longest he had ever known. Surely the sun had never moved so slowly, the darkness had never been so long delayed! Yet, slowly though that fiery red ball sank into the west, its setting was none the less sure. At last the rim touched the broken line of rocky hills, beyond which were home and freedom. Then, all quivering with impatience, the man waited whilst grey deepened into black, and the voices of his guards, seated together in the distance, grew drowsier and fainter. And the day, too, had been long, the longest of his life to the man who lay behind a rock waiting only a few hundred yards away. Months ago, when first he had heard some vague rumours of an Englishman held in captivity and torture by this cruel and savage people, he had had only one thought—to push on at all hazards and at all risks. He had only half believed their story; even if there were truth in it, he had not expected to discover in their captive the man to find some trace of whom was the avowed object of his expedition. During that long, horrible day he began to realise what the finding of Geoffrey must mean to him. It was the death-blow to his hopes. With this man's return to life must end the one great desire of his heart. It was like slow madness creeping into his brain. He had never doubted but that he would go home after many dangers and many privations to take her hand in his, to tell her that he had done all that a man could do, that failure was written in the Book of Death beforehand, and then, some day, to plead for his reward. He would not have hurried her; she was not a woman to be easily won, but in the end his persistence and his devotion must have triumphed. This is how he had thought of the future; his worst imaginings had never included such a possibility as this. He was to return shamefaced and corrected, to confess that she was right, to take her husband

home to her, and leave them to their happiness. What was there left for him? Without Helen life in any form was barely endurable. The desire for her had been the one great desire of his life. He looked back over the bare, wild country across which he had come, across the iron-girt hills on which never a tree or a shrub could blossom, and up the great gorge where every footstep had been taken in peril, and every loose stone dislodged by their cautious progress had fallen a thousand feet. And as the day wore on, the man's passion grew and voices whispered in his ear. Helen was so beautiful; she would so soon learn to love him. If he crept away now down into the little valley where the ponies were tethered and his worn-out guide was sleeping, in an hour he would be far away. The way back was easy. There would be no one to whisper of his treachery, rather he would be praised for his gallant journey into the heart of a dangerous country. What was Geoffrey to him? There had been no pretence at friendship between them; they were kin, and that was all. And Helen. He closed his eyes and stood once more by her side upon the balcony. The perfume of her hair, the soft, silent music of her eyes—with a swift rush of memories these things became suddenly real to him in the deep silence of a brooding and unpeopled land.

When the sun set he was ten miles away, riding with white, hard face and loose hands, breathing sharply, and with a glare in his eyes which was like the glare of a madman. For he was pursued by ghosts, they were on every side of him; in front, their voices whispered to him through the gathering darkness. Was it he, Morton Felbrigg, soldier and gentleman, a man of honour and of good conscience, who was riding into the night with ashen cheeks—never daring to look behind, trembling at every shadow, and starting at every breath of wind which moaned through the few lone trees? He thought of his last campaign, of that terrible battle from whence he had come drenched with blood, with the body of his comrade upon his shoulders and the thunderous applause of his wildly excited regiment in his ears. He thought of the small iron cross which the Queen had pinned to his breast, and which, it had seemed to him, must for ever keep the man against whose heart it beat from even the passing thought of meanness or dishonour. He thought of the woman who trusted him, with whom his life—if, indeed, he ever dared to claim her—



must be one long living lie; of the grim secret which, as the years went on, would work in his veins like poison, until the hour of inevitable confession came, and the eyes which had learned to look upon him kindly blazed out the scorn of a wronged and deceived woman. He thought of these things until his head was full of horror, and he hated himself and what he was doing with a deadly, sickening hatred. Yet he rode on still into the night.

And behind, across the steppes and up the gorge, a man was waiting for him with breathless and passionate eagerness. The sun had set and the darkness had come. With pain and difficulty he moved his head a little and looked around. Where was Morton, his deliverer? Why did he not come? Every moment now was a golden moment wasted. The night was dark, his guards were asleep. Many times his cry, strained at first, but pitifully now in earnest, had wailed out upon the thick darkness. Sometimes his guards had cursed, sometimes an animal from the distant belt of woods had yelped back an answer, but Morton never came, and of all the nights of torture which the man had passed that was the cruellest. When morning came he was very near to death, when the midday sun beat upon his head he was raving. When night came again he was in a torpor, and death hovered around.

He was still unconscious when a knife cut his bonds and the arm of a strong man lifted him, a poor, helpless wreck, from the ground. The motion of a pony revived him for a moment, at the sound of a shot he opened his eyes. He was in a strange place, and, as he staggered back to consciousness, he saw such a sight as few have looked upon. He saw Morton, with blood streaming from his face, and eyes flashing like a man possessed of devils. With a two-edged sword, which gleamed in his hand like whirling silver, he had cut down three of his assailants. In his left hand his revolver was flashing out the fires of death. The desire of life seized hold of the half-conscious man. He slipped from his pony, and snatching a sword from the dead hand of a prostrate man, joined in

the fray. It was a battle against hideous odds, but when it was over Geoffrey was unhurt, and his deliverer, with the stump of an arm hanging useless by his side and the lust of blood in his red eyes, was looking about for more men to kill—and there was none.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was years before Geoffrey knew the whole truth, but he and Helen heard it together one Christmas morning, when a great guest honoured them by coming straight to Lechfort Towers, on his return from a campaign which had made his name a household one, and himself the idol of an enthusiastic country. Outside, the way across the park to church was lined with people who were waiting to see him pass, who had come from far and near on the chance of seeing him. He took them both into the great library and bade them listen to him.

With slow, bitter words and bent head he told them the story of that night and day. He told them of his flight and of the agony of his repentance, how he had ridden back through the soft, grey dawnlight and the burning heat as though the fires of hell were at his back. But they never let him finish. Geoffrey had seized his hands and with a deep sob had begged him to stop. But the woman bent over and closed his white lips with hers.

When they passed out across the park and between the lines of people, who had been waiting with uncovered heads in deep, respectful silence for a glimpse of him, he bowed to them with a smile which for many years no man had seen. Those who knew him from his photographs wondered. Later, in the clubs, men congratulated him upon his altered looks and obvious happiness. He laughed at them always and passed on. He alone knew how slight the joy which his fame and success had brought, how immeasurably sweet the dropping of that grim burden of self-hatred, which at the touch of her lips and the clasp of Geoffrey's hands had fallen away from him for ever. The tragedy of that night has still a dark corner in his mind, but the key has been turned upon it and the fires are extinct.



## A LIFE OF PERIL:

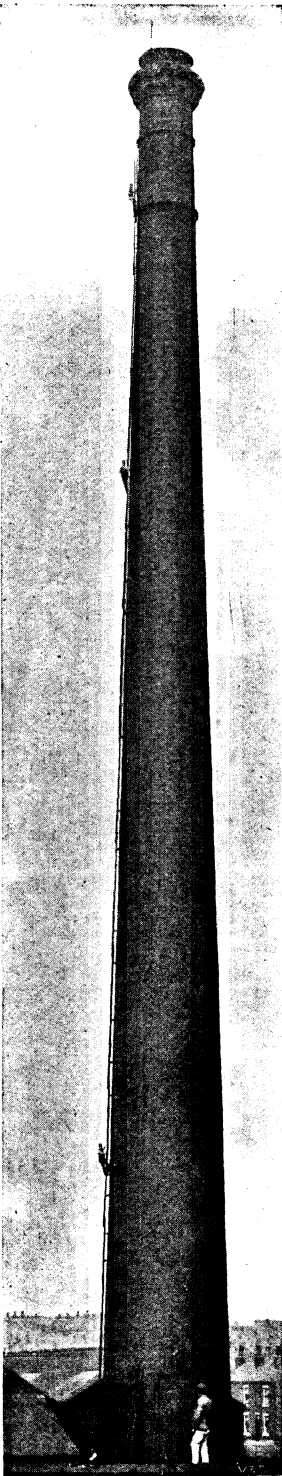
### THE LANCASHIRE STEEPLEJACK AND HIS WORK.

BY GEORGE FALCONER.

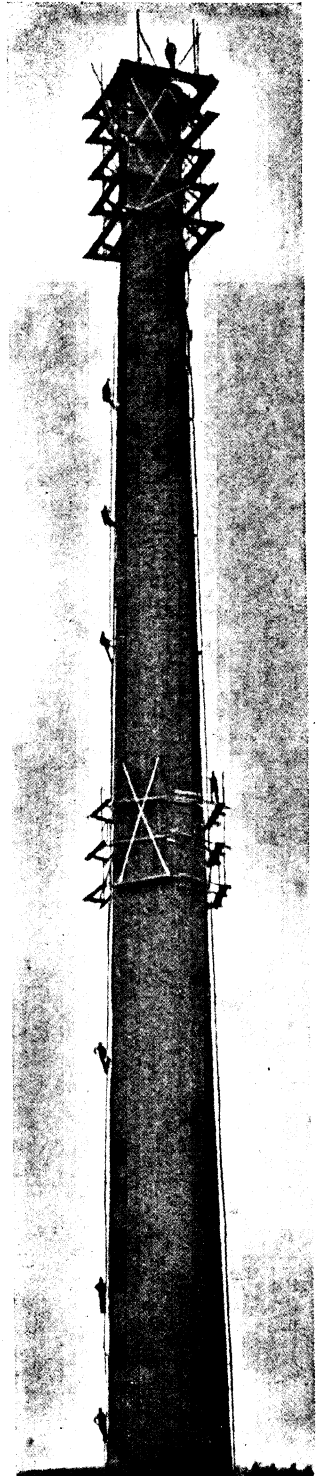
TO the ordinary reader the prosaic name of Mr. J. Smith may not appear to be a remarkably distinctive one. Nevertheless, in the North of England it is one of considerable repute, and there are few of the inhabitants of those parts who have not heard of "The Lancashire Steeplejack." To those who dwell in the South of England the steeplejack is almost unknown, owing to the comparative scarcity of manufactories; but in the busy industrial centres of the North, where lofty chimneys are more abundant than trees, he is an indispensable member of the community.

Mr. Smith is a typical North-countryman, despite the fact that he is a Coventry man by birth; he has resided for so many years in Rochdale that he has become imbued with the geniality, hospitality, and *bonhomie* so characteristic of the people of the North. He is not a man of large build, and, although approaching his fiftieth year, he is as lithe and active as many men who are half his age. He still indulges in a daily vigorous course of gymnastics, such as the dumbbells, horizontal and parallel bars, punching the ball, and so forth, since he maintains that it is absolutely essential that he should retain perfect suppleness of limb to enable him to conduct his work as safely, carefully, and as thoroughly as hitherto.

Rochdale is one of the great centres of the cotton spinning and kindred industries, so that this intrepid steeplejack lives, moves, and has his being in a veritable world of chimneys. Tall, gaunt, blackened stacks,



LADDERING A CHIMNEY.

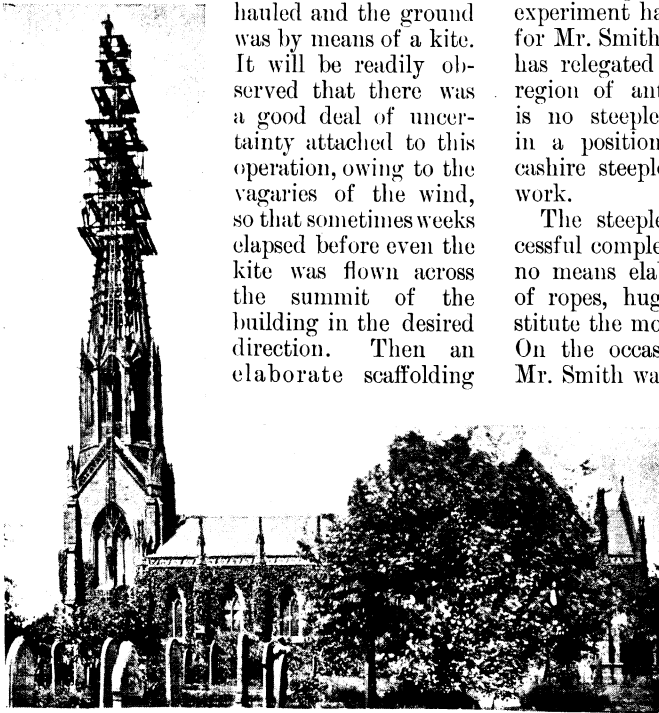


BELTING AND POINTING A  
CHIMNEY.

ranging from 100 to 300 feet in height, are silhouetted sharply against the sky in all directions so far as the eye can reach. Mr. Smith is responsible for the safety of a large proportion of these stacks, since several firms in Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, and other large towns have contracted with him for the periodical examination of their chimneys, to ensure their being maintained in constant repair.

As I have already mentioned, Mr. Smith hails from Coventry, where his father—a shoemaker by trade—intended his son to follow in his footsteps; but beeswax and leather presented no alluring attractions to Smith junior, who had formed loftier aspirations. He, therefore, entered a large firm of builders, where his remarkable clear-headedness while engaged on work at dizzy heights soon attracted attention.

"In those days," remarked Mr. Smith, "to repair a lofty chimney or steeple was a laborious, expensive, and risky undertaking. The general method for establishing communication between the summit of the structure to be overhauled and the ground was by means of a kite. It will be readily observed that there was a good deal of uncertainty attached to this operation, owing to the vagaries of the wind, so that sometimes weeks elapsed before even the kite was flown across the summit of the building in the desired direction. Then an elaborate scaffolding



REPAIRING THE SPIRE OF DARCY LEVER CHURCH.

had to be erected, upon which several more weeks' work would be expended, so that mill-owners were rather chary of having their

stacks repaired. I was deeply impressed with the disadvantages attending the existing methods, and it occurred to me that as



MR. J. SMITH.

*"The Lancashire Steeplejack."*

ladders were employed for examining the roof or walls of a building, they might be utilised for the same purpose in the case of chimneys. At any rate, I resolved to make the attempt." What the result of that experiment has been is generally well known, for Mr. Smith's method of scaling a chimney has relegated the kite-flying process to the region of antiquities, and nowadays there is no steeplejack in the country who is in a position to compete with the Lancashire steeplejack in this particular class of work.

The steeplejack's appliances for the successful completion of his allotted task are by no means elaborate. Ladders, planks, miles of ropes, huge iron dogs, and pulleys constitute the most important items of his plant. On the occasion of my visit to Rochdale, Mr. Smith was just engaged in the task of scaling a chimney at Heywood, and he suggested, therefore, that I should drive over with him to the scene of action and personally watch the operation.

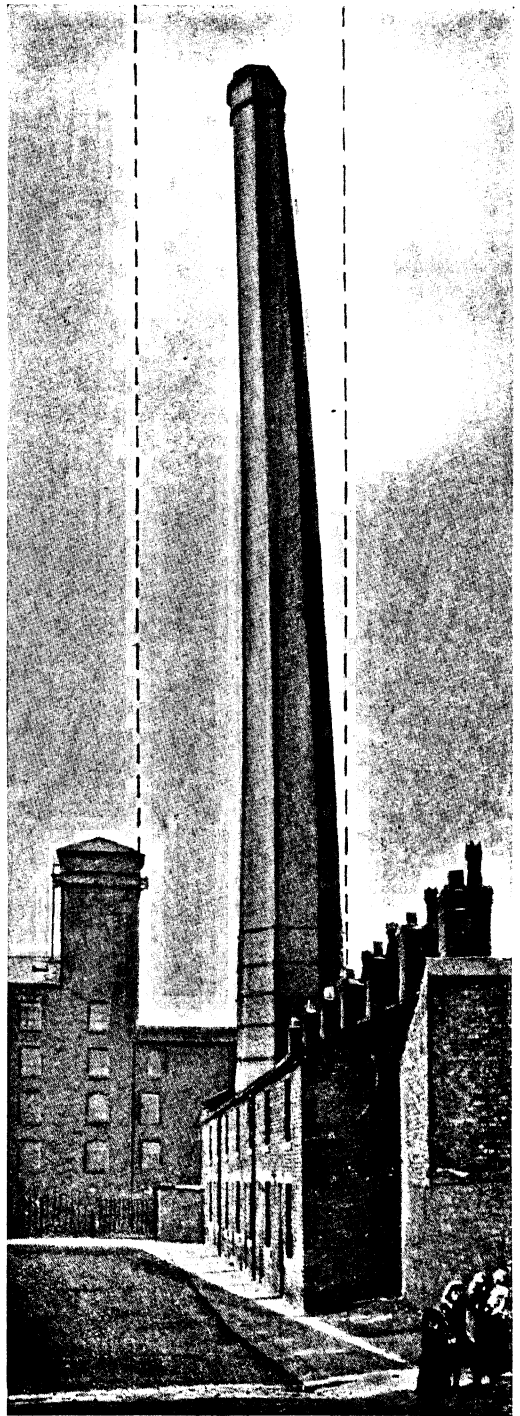
In this instance the chimney was square in shape and measured about 170 feet in height. When we arrived, the men were busily engaged in laddering the structure. The ladders utilised for this purpose measure about 21 feet in length, and are so constructed that the maximum of strength is obtained with a corresponding minimum of weight. The steeplejack drove one of the

iron dogs firmly and deeply into the brickwork at the base of the chimney, securely lashed a ladder thereto, climbed to the top of the ladder, drove in another dog, hauled up a second ladder, firmly lashed that to the dog at the top of the first ladder, scaled to the top of the second ladder, drove in an iron dog, hauled up another ladder, and so on, until a continuous array of ladders stretched up one side of the chimney from its base to the summit.

The rapidity with which the work is carried out is remarkable. On this particular occasion the chimney was successfully laddered in less than two hours, which is a contrast to the bygone tedious process with the kite, or the envelopment of the chimney from top to bottom in scaffolding. The chimney upon which the operations were in progress at the time of my visit was a perfectly plain one—that is to say, there was no coping crowning the summit of the shaft. This prompted me to ask Mr. Smith how he contrived to overcome a projecting coping.

"Oh, in just the same way," he replied, with his characteristic nonchalance. "It is natural for you to climb a ladder when it leans against a wall, therefore why should you hesitate to climb the ladder when it leans away from the wall?" This question was unanswerable, but, at the same time, the idea of climbing a ladder leaning away from a wall at an angle of forty-five degrees, a hundred feet or so above the ground, certainly appeared a little disconcerting to my primitive ideas.

"Repairing coping-stones," remarked Mr. Smith, "is an important and hazardous branch of the work. The coping to a chimney will often weigh from twenty to thirty tons. If by any chance during the repair a mass suddenly became dislodged and fell upon surrounding buildings, it would work terrible havoc. When a chimney is erected, the builder clamps the coping-stones together with iron cramps, in much the same way as beams of timber are very often secured together. Sometimes when we ascend a chimney that has not been touched for nearly half a century we find the coping-stones considerably decayed through the combined action of heat, wind, and rain, so that they crumble at the slightest touch. I remember on one occasion I had a very narrow escape. I was busily at work removing a dangerous coping-stone, when, without the



THE ENGLISH TOWER OF PISA—THE CROOKED CHIMNEY OF HEYWOOD.

slightest warning, the large mass became detached. I only just had time to throw myself upon the narrow edge of the chimney wall when it crashed through the scaffolding upon which I was at work at the time. The chimney wall was only nine inches thick, and there I remained, suspended in the air, with my head hanging over the black mouth of the chimney, from which asphyxiating fumes proceeded, and my legs dangling in the air. However, with great effort I contrived to work my way gradually round to the ladder, by which I safely descended to the ground."

The laddering process completed, Mr. Smith proceeds to examine the masonry of the chimney to discover what repairs are necessary. The stack I visited at Heywood was in a sad stage of decay. The weather, combined with the heat from the furnaces below during some forty years, had considerably impaired the masonry. Huge cracks were visible, extending in all directions, and, when examined through a pair of field-glasses, to the inexperienced eye the structure looked as if it must inevitably collapse. The walls of the chimneys, as a rule, are about three feet in thickness at the base, tapering away to nine inches at the top.

"Occasionally," commented Mr. Smith, "it is necessary for me to examine the building from the inside. The day selected for the task, which I can assure you is far from being a pleasant one, is generally Sunday, when the fires are extinguished. In these cases a thick, stout beam of timber is secured across the top of the chimney, and I lower myself by a pulley and seat. I recollect a curious incident which happened a few weeks ago in connection with a task of this description. When I descended to the bottom of the chimney I found a huge pool of water, about two feet in depth. How did it come there? Well, you see, the stack was situated in a valley, and the water had gravitated to this spot from the surrounding highlands. This discovery, I may tell you, was a little disconcerting at first. It was important that the water should be removed in order to permit the furnaces to burn. This was easier said than done. If we had drained the water entirely away from the spot, the chimney might have suddenly collapsed about our ears, because we did not know to what extent the water was supporting the foundations of the chimney. We subsequently overcame the difficulty by simply drawing off the surface water, and by this means eventually freed the interior of the stack from water."

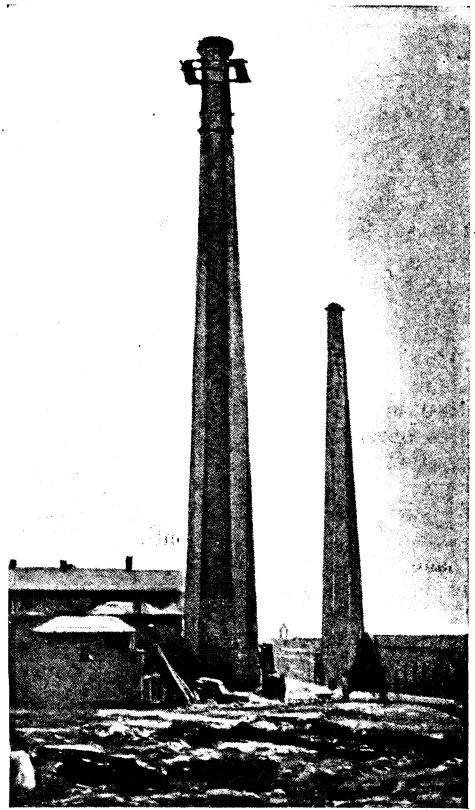
The general repair necessary to a chimney, however, is pointing—that is, refilling the interstices between the bricks with new mastic, as time and weather deteriorate the old mortar. A scaffolding is generally erected around the summit of the stack, and from this seats are suspended



STEEPLEJACKS AT WORK ON THE SIDES OF A CHIMNEY.

upon endless ropes run through strong pulleys, so that the workman can raise and lower himself at will. The scaffolding is constructed upon what is technically known as the "clip and pole" system. If sound materials are employed, and there is no bungling in the erection, it is absolutely impossible for it to collapse.

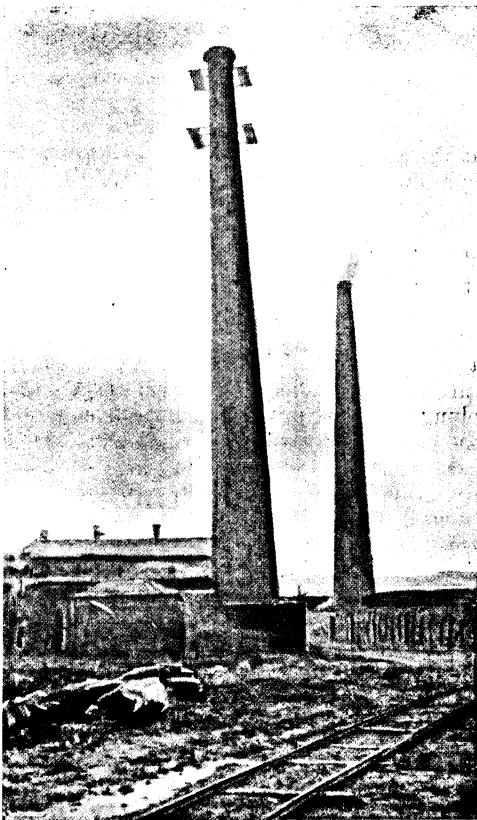
It is a strange fact that hitherto but scant attention has been paid to the maintenance of lofty chimneys. During later years, however, proprietors have become more particular in this respect, and their money is certainly well invested. The average chimney will weigh anything from 1,000 to 4,000 tons and cost from £1,000 to £4,000 to construct. Sometimes a chimney will be found to be in such a ruinous condition that to the uninitiated it appears as if it must be demolished and a new stack erected. However desirable such a course might be, it is not always possible, especially where the buildings are crowded together. The common malady is bulging, which is caused by



—AFTER.

excessive heat. In such cases a new lease of life is imparted to the structure by enveloping it with broad iron bands wherever necessary, in much the same manner as a cooper hoops his barrels.

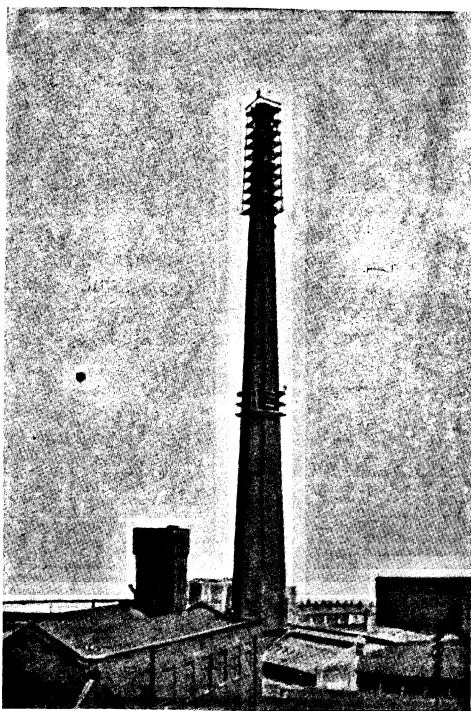
"One of the most remarkable instances of 'belting' that I can recall," said Mr. Smith, "was that of a chimney belonging to Messrs. Thomas Walmsley and Sons, at Bolton. This stack had to withstand an appalling force of heat, for between thirty and forty huge furnaces roared incessantly at its base, and the smoke and heat issuing from the daily consumption of one hundred tons of coal were evacuated through this one shaft. The result was that the chimney was cracked and bulged in all directions in the most startling manner. As it was impossible to erect a new shaft, I determined to encase practically the whole structure in iron from top to bottom. This was no light task, as the chimney was over 200 feet in height. Owing to the unusually heavy nature of the belting work I completely enveloped the stack in scaffolding. This alone took three weeks to erect. It



STRAIGHTENING A CHIMNEY—BEFORE.

comprised twenty-seven platforms, while 400 feet of poles and 7,000 feet of scaffold planks were requisitioned." Our photograph comprehensively illustrates the heavy nature of this unique task, and also how thoroughly the chimney was belted. When Mr. Smith has repointed a shaft he applies a liberal coating of linseed oil to the masonry to protect it from the weather.

There was one point which impressed me rather forcibly in connection with these lofty stacks, and that was the comparative absence of lightning conductors. When I broached the subject to Mr. Smith, he replied, "Yes, it is remarkable that so few chimneys are protected with lightning conductors, especially when one considers the widespread devastation that would ensue in the thickly populated centres if one were to be struck and the masonry were to be dislodged." Such an accident did occur some months ago at the village of Pendle Forest, near Nelson. During a severe thunderstorm the chimney



THE TALLEST CHIMNEY IN ENGLAND—367½ FEET IN HEIGHT.



FOUR AND A HALF FEET OUT OF THE PERPENDICULAR.

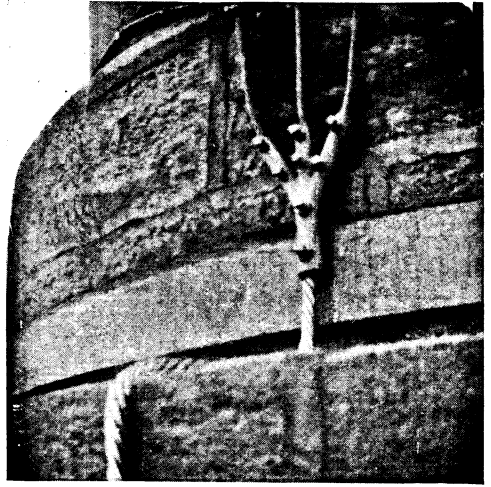
at the Spenbrook cotton mill was struck by lightning. A huge portion of the crown of the chimney, about eighteen feet in extent, was torn away and hurled through the roof of a shed below, in which the operators were at work. Fortunately, no one was injured, but there were some hairbreadth escapes. One large portion of the *débris* crashed on to a loom, but the weaver sustained no harm further than a shock. Another large stone plunged into a fully charged gasometer, and the gas exploded with a terrific report. The electric current, after passing down through the chimney, played among the looms in various parts of the building, and over seventy were ignited. Had it not been for the prompt action of the weavers in extinguishing the small conflagrations there is no doubt that the whole mill would have been gutted. As it was, damage almost to the extent of £600 was inflicted. Several of the mill proprietors, however, recognising the risks they run with unprotected chimneys, are having lightning conductors affixed thereto, so that injury arising from such accidents is now reduced to a minimum.

"What do you consider is your most





THE LANCASHIRE STEEPLEJACK AT THE SUMMIT OF THE TALLEST CHIMNEY IN ENGLAND, AND—



HOW HE FIXED THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.

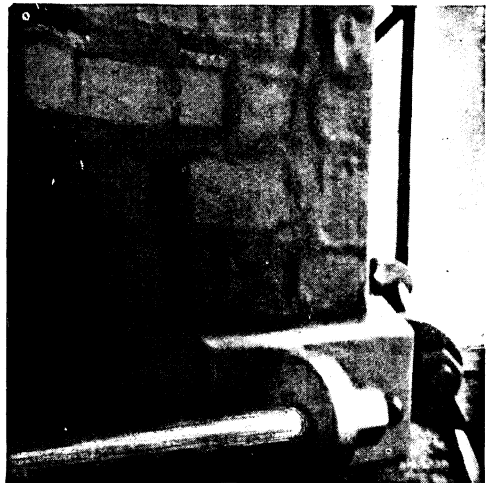
remarkable contract for the repair of a chimney?" I asked.

"If you mean as regards dimensions," replied Mr. Smith, "it was undoubtedly the complete restoration of a massive chimney at Bolton. This stack, which is the property of the well known machine manufacturers, Messrs. Dobson and Barlow, exceeds the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, towering as it does 357½ feet into the air. It is the tallest chimney in England and the second tallest chimney in the world, the premier honour in this class resting with the famous Townsend stack of Glasgow, which is 489 feet

high. The following details will convey some idea of its mammoth proportions. It is octagonal in shape, and measures 127½ feet in circumference at the base, tapering away to 34 feet in circumference at the top, while nearly 1,000,000 bricks and 120 tons of stone were utilised in its construction. Having successfully laddered the stack from top to bottom, and erected the clip and pole scaffold around the summit, I found that the height was so great that it would not permit me to haul up the necessary repairing materials from the ground, as the ropes were drifted about in all directions by the wind.



UGLY CRACKS EXTENDED DOWN THE SIDES FOR 150 FEET.



THE CRACKS REPAIRED AND THE METHOD OF BELTING AN OCTAGONAL CHIMNEY ILLUSTRATED.

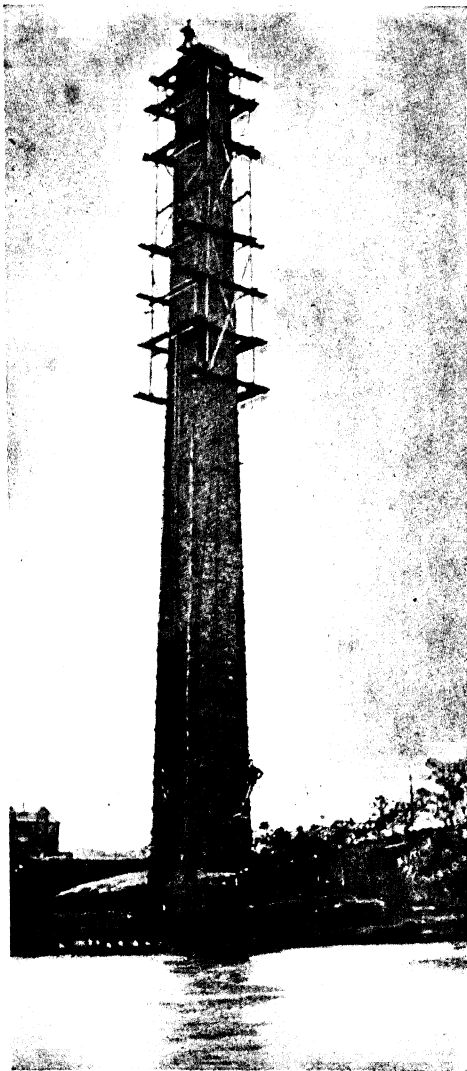
*Photos by Mr. Marshall Robinson, A.R.I.B.A., Bolton,*



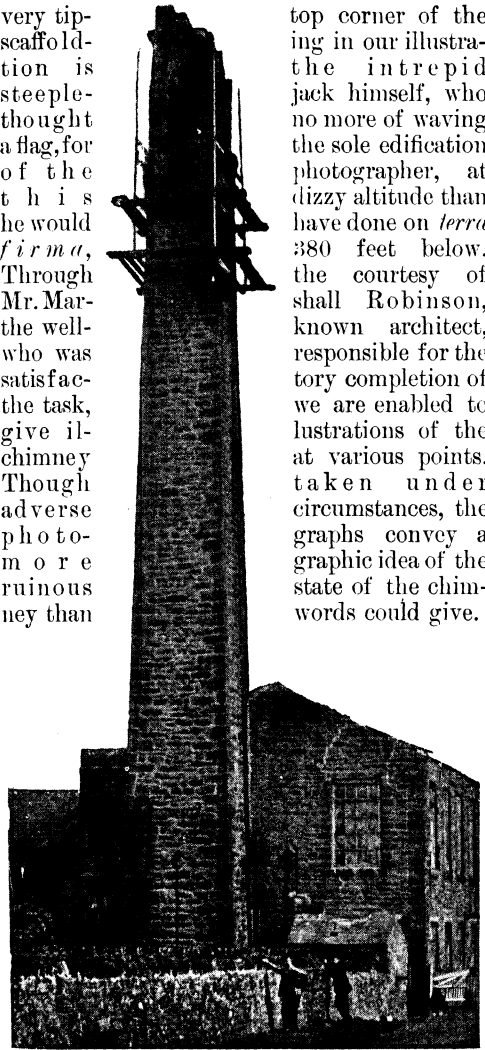
I therefore erected a series of scaffolds half way up, and thus overcame all obstacles." Something like eight months were occupied in the work of restoration, which cost over £2,000. These repairs, by the way, were in progress during the Queen's Jubilee of 1897, and Mr. Smith, acting upon the suggestions of the late Sir Benjamin Dobson, the head of the firm, fixed eight electric arc lamps at the top of the scaffolding. The illumination proceeding from these lamps, which represented an aggregate of 1960 candle-power, was most effective at night, and the stack was thus a conspicuous beacon for many miles around. The minute speck to be seen at the

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LENGTHENING A CHIMNEY.



AN UNPROTECTED CHIMNEY THAT WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AND REPAIRED BY MR. SMITH.

While we were in Heywood, Mr. Smith showed me what may almost be termed the English "Pisa tower"—the leaning chimney. It certainly is the most crooked chimney in England, and when viewed in the same manner as shown in our illustration the effect is decidedly striking. It looks as if it must inevitably topple over, but Mr. Smith assured me that it is as safe as the straightest stacks. The proprietor exhibits a keen pride in this building freak, and spares no money upon its continual repair, so that the neighbouring inhabitants shall have no cause to doubt its stability. "No, I am completely at a loss to explain why it assumed this strange

position," commented Mr. Smith. "It listed over directly after its completion, but all I can say is that during the twenty years it has been in my hands it has not moved a quarter of an inch, notwithstanding the fact that it is 195 feet in height and represents a dead weight of 2,000 tons." The steeplejack could not satisfy my curiosity as to how much it listed from the perpendicular, but judging from our illustration it must be several feet. At any rate, the crooked chimney constitutes a "lion" of Heywood.

"One of the most perilous undertakings that I can remember in connection with chimney work," said Mr. Smith. "was the straightening of a large stack, 200 feet high. It was as much as 4 ft. 6 in. out of plumb. No, the reason for the listing was not through faulty construction, because the chimney itself was in sound condition, but the foundations had subsided on one side, causing the chimney to heel over to the extent shown in the photograph. I may tell you that when a chimney deviates as much as four and a half feet from the perpendicular it is a serious matter." To straighten the chimney the steeplejack removed a course of bricks from about two-thirds of the convex side. As he withdrew the bricks iron wedges were temporarily inserted. Sometimes the removal of one course of bricks is sufficient to bring a chimney back once more into the perpendicular, but in this case as many as four courses had to be removed. The chimney at this stage was mainly resting upon the iron wedges. Then came the crucial moment. The wedges were withdrawn one by one, and the apertures were filled with a thinner course of bricks and specially prepared



THE CHIMNEY AT THE ATLAS WORKS, BOLTON, THAT REQUIRED COMPLETE SCAFFOLDING IN ORDER TO CARRY OUT REPAIRS.

mortar. As the wedges were removed the whole chimney, obeying the laws of gravitation, slowly and steadily returned to the perpendicular.

This is a particularly anxious time to the steeplejack; for should the cumbersome mass lose its balance, disaster, swift, sudden, and awful in its consequences, must result.

For a steeplejack to balance a huge chimney weighing approximately a thousand tons as nonchalantly as a juggler balances a billiard cue on his nose is no mean achievement. Still, Mr. Smith never allows his presence of mind to desert him, and the chimney was returned to a perfect plumb-line without the slightest hitch and without the fracture of a single brick above the line of cutting. Another chimney, upon which Mr. Smith similarly operated in a successful manner, was 3 ft. 1½ in. out of the perpendicular. In this case the deviation was the result of building the stack in too close proximity to a well, which caused the foundations of the stack to subside. Indeed, it speaks volumes for Mr. Smith's ability and care to say that in the hundreds of difficult and perilous tasks upon which he has been engaged he has never experienced an accident.

In addition to chimneys, church spires attract a certain amount of the famous steeplejack's attention. One of his most notable achievements in this direction was the Darcy Lever Church, in Lancashire, which has the peculiar distinction of being the only terracotta church in England. The lightning-conductor and spire were in need of repair, and so scaffolding was erected to accomplish the work. The same principle of scaffolding applies as well to spires and towers as to chimneys.

# ANOTHER PATIENT.

By R. RAMSAY.\*



DOCTOR'S carriage was driving fast through the darkening streets — driving with a suggestion of desperation. It dashed through the traffic and the twilight crowds, hardly pausing at the

uplifted hand of a policeman, and the blinds were down.

Sir James had come up from an urgent call to the country (that wire had summoned him just as he had hoped for a little lunch), and he had to cross half London in twenty minutes. Paterson, on the box, was doing all he could for his master. Inside, Sir James, in his shirt-sleeves, was trying to do his part.

He was young still—young to be so lucky as never to have a minute to call his own. The little reading-lamp flickered on his kind, clever, clean-shaven face, half smiling, but rather weary, as he struggled into his evening clothes.

Paterson had managed to guard them this time. His last suit had been stolen out of the carriage waiting at Waterloo. So had this; but Paterson saw the thief out of the corner of his eye and jumped after him, catching him—and the clothes. Paterson was getting clever, although so stout——

“Hallo!” The doctor whistled.

Somebody had hailed the coachman, and he had obeyed an unlucky instinct to stop.

“Wait a minute, Paterson. I want to speak to the doctor.”

Paterson's answer was full of alarm.

“He canna'—my lady, my lady—he isna' fit——!”

“Why, Paterson, are you cracked?”

He, eager to retrieve his mistake, was endeavouring to drive on, but the person had

caught hold of the carriage door handle. The coachman was horrified, and Sir James, inside, divided betwixt laughter and a like alarm, was hurrying into his waistcoat.

“If he has but the sense to hand it!” gasped Paterson in despair.

Then, with a sudden cunning, he leaned from the box and called in a confidential whisper, “My lady!”

At his solemn address she let go and turned his way for an instant—just enough for the wily Paterson to whip up and start.

“Ye maunna keep him. It's an awfu' important case!” he called, dashing by triumphant. Sir James breathed again, and leaned back and laughed.

“Lady Mary's voice,” he said. “I'll have to apologise, but I wish to goodness she'd understand I can't possibly—that it can't be done.”

He straightened himself, desperately engaged with his white tie and still smiling to himself. Tragedy and comedy were always tripping up each other's heels at his door, and there was a good deal to smile at in his profession. But for that a man could hardly live.

Sir James leaned back again, and the smile faded from his mouth. His mind was full of another patient.

He had many times had to tell a man, or woman, that life is short; and he was able to do it quietly, and leave the listener to think it out for himself; able to turn to his next patient with eyes that were hardly graver. It was all in the day's work. But to-day——

It was haunting him still—a girl's face, an utter stranger's. She was tall and slight and stately, dressed in the last daintiness of the day, and beyond the window her horses were impatient. Sir James had fancied her one of the many high ladies who came to him afflicted with nerves, or jaded. He had been slightly contemptuous underneath his sympathetic air—and then he had looked straight into a sad, white, reckless face.

“Doctor—I'm not afraid.”

She faced him with a brave smile of understanding; her eyes caught his, making his heart beat strangely beneath the grand-

\* Copyright, 1902, by Ward, Lock and Co., in the United States of America.



"The doctor's carriage was driving fast through the darkening streets."

fatherly manner that sat quaintly on so young a man. And he had to tell her the truth.

"How will it happen?" she asked. "I can't lie in my bed and be a burden."

There was a bitter ring in her voice, but no terror. She flung back her head defiantly.

"You must not play with your life," he said. Her carelessness made him stern.

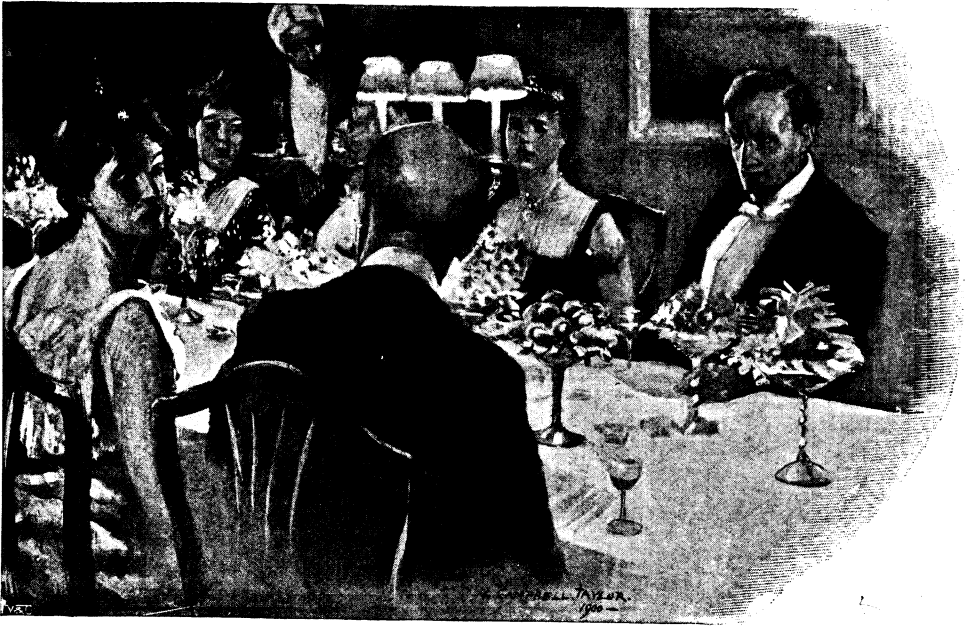
"Play with it!" she cried, and laughed.

"It's only right you should know," he said. "You must go away immediately. Utter rest is your—is your chance——"

He had not the courage to say, the *only*.

"If I don't?"

He had asked for her doctor's address, meaning to trust her to him with a warning.



"Sir James sat and watched her."

Life was a dear thing, too brief to be flung away at a woman's whim, in the rush of London. But she said that she had no doctor, she did not believe in doctors—with a quick laugh and apology for the slip. So he looked her earnestly in the face, with a strain at his heart the while; he had had to doom so many, but never, never had it been so hard.

"You will kill yourself. The least excitement, the least over-exertion—do you understand?"

She was standing and he was standing—the judge and the condemned. His attitude was gravely professional—and she was putting down his fee on the table. They shook hands, and another patient had left him. He was alone.

Sir James knew, with the sureness of one who could be scientifically amused and unbelieving till his turn came, that never, never in all his life would he forget that patient. She had come and gone like a ghost, and it was not likely he would ever find her again; but, like a ghost, she would haunt him always.

"Sir James! Sir James!"

It was Paterson, plainly triumphant, and wanting praise. The doctor had reached his dinner-party at a minute to eight o'clock.

\* \* \* \* \*

The doctor was desperately hungry.

At first he paid as little attention as he

dared to the lady on either side. He had taken in a title, but for the life of him he could not remember what that title was. Fortunately the title was hungry, too.

At last, however, he became aware that the great lady on his right was keen to have his approval—and free attendance—for an orphanage of her own, and that she on his left was cleverly fishing for advice on a hypothetical case that might be her husband's. He looked up from his plate with a sigh of comical despair.

It was a brilliant dinner. All were talking—not as earnestly as the two who were attacking him, but far more gaily. Along the table rippled a quick river of conversation, above it one gay voice, like the voice of a leader, with its quick challenge and its little halt at the end of it, half for breath and half to allow a laugh.

"How lucky Mrs. Van Dam is to have caught such a lively person——"

He lifted his eyes. They travelled across the glitter of glass and silver, and remained staring—thunderstruck.

"Good Heavens!" he said, and was silent.

A brilliant speech faltered on her lip half an instant: the eyes reading his were dark, with something like mortal fear—and then they grew all defiant. There was a little fixed red in her cheeks; it was a very pretty red, but it was the tint of art, a danger flag, gay and piteous. And the

smile on her lips was as daring as a smile of pain.

Sir James sat and watched her. She was killing herself. He knew.

It was hard to believe that not many hours ago he and she had stood face to face while he told her the awful truth. It was harder, strangely harder, to watch her now.

"Why, Sir James, you look simply murderous!"

He did not hear the joke; he did not even know which of the titles made it. He was staring fiercely across the table.

She saw his look, and she gave him a queer little defiant nod, as if saying, "I will do what I like with my own life, doctor!"

And Sir James, sitting opposite, dumb and stiff, with a strange unhappiness at his heart, dared not lean forward and cry, "And mine?"

\* \* \* \* \*

That dinner was over at last. And at last, with a fading fragrance of cigarettes, the men came upstairs.

The hostess was talking fitfully to all the ladies. She gave a gasp of relief as the door opened, and sat back smiling. Sir James marched into the drawing-room like a Fate.

His titles made room for him, each with her harpy-wants; others smiled up on him in passing, but he kept on his way unmoved.

There was a great jewelled curtain hanging to the floor at the upper end of the room; it had been flung back a little, betraying a room beyond. Sir James saw it and passed under its glittering, jingling fall.

He had guessed right. She was there, with her hands at her heart, and her cheeks haggard under the pretty, fixed, piteous red.

"How dare you!" Sir James asked gravely.

She looked up startled, and flung out her hands for support. He caught and held them—little, unsteady hands.

Ah! She must live—she must live!

\* \* \* \* \*

"I—I'm all right," she said. "It was only bad for a minute.... Oh! thank you, thank you; now I'll go back."

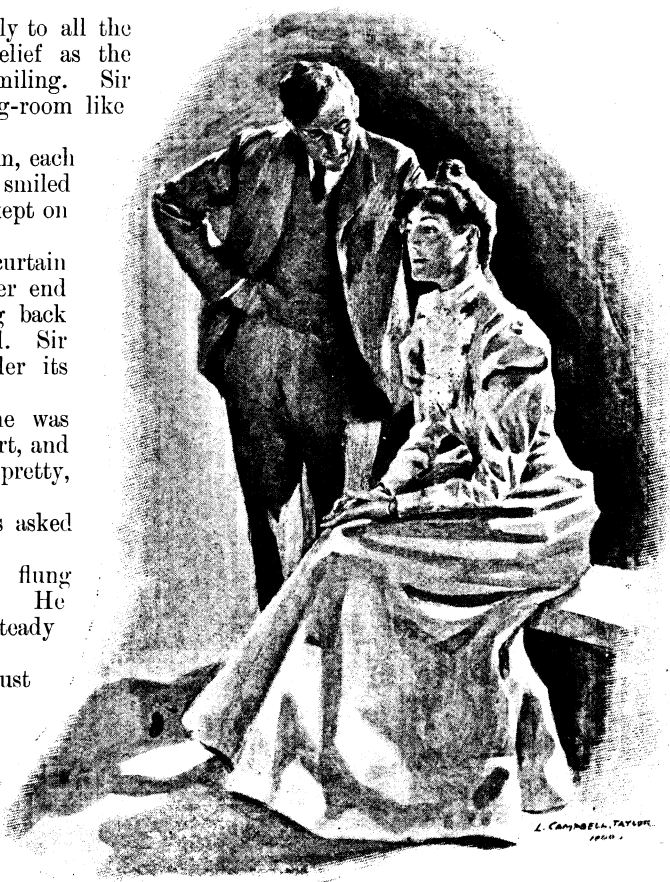
"You will not," he said grimly. "I understand you

are staying with Mrs. Van Dam. You will go to bed immediately, and I will—tell her."

He was turning, as if to do as he threatened, but she caught suddenly at his arm.

"Don't!" she cried, her voice eager in its beseeching. "Oh! I know you think I'm a vain, gay woman who cannot grasp—things. I saw the shocked horror in your face to-night—a little choked laugh interrupted her bitter earnest—"but it's not that! Oh! I saw you thinking, 'Well, it will kill her—perhaps to-night'; and it frightened me a little. But that is all I ask. I would rather like to die so, because—" She paused; her hold tightened on his arm.

"Oh! doctor, you don't understand—I'll tell you. If you go to Mrs. Van Dam and say—*it*, she will get in a panic and send me away. And I've nowhere to go to, nowhere in all the world. Oh! look at my clothes, if you like—she dresses me for my part. I've got to smile and talk and be brilliant for



"On scientific principles," he said, "love at first sight is the only thing."

both of us—for Mrs. Van Dam's a stick. She has been a success this season, but all the same, if she heard, she would turn me out—right out of her house—at once. Afraid of illness, you know, and—death. Well, kings long ago had their jesters. I dare say the jesters had to die at their posts.”

“You must not,” said Sir James. His voice, to himself, sounded hoarse.

She threw back her head with a reckless air, and the light shimmered along the gay glitter of her dress; in the room beyond there was talk and laughter.

“I don't know why I'm bothering you, doctor,” she said wistfully; “only you know so much, and one trusts a doctor. Did you see the man on my right? I tried to be nice to him, because—he is a Governor of a Home for the Dying. And so I tried to be brilliant, and all the while I kept thinking, thinking—perhaps he could get me in. But I hadn't the pluck to ask.”

The little, bitter laugh with which she ended was like a sob, but all the same she was smiling dauntlessly in his face.

Across the doctor's mind flashed a recollection of Lady Mary Campbell, she who had stopped his carriage to press her impossible commands. She, a grandmother, a good woman, had the strangest notions about her health, and nothing would serve her at present but that her dear doctor should come away with her to the South and watch over her in the sun.

“I'll do anything—*anything* for you, doctor, if you'll only come.”

So she had said, eccentric, but a woman of her word. Sir James had said he could not possibly leave his practice; he had said it three times in a week, but vainly.

“I'll do anything for you, doctor!”

He felt in his pockets for a slip of paper and hurriedly scribbled a telegram—

“I will do what you ask upon one condition. Will call to-night.”

He already saw Lady Mary's high satisfaction—her thankful willingness to allow another patient to travel southwards under her wing—the gruff motherliness with which she would make believe.

Then he turned to his patient. She was standing there, sweet and haggard, a look of awful waiting behind the recklessness in her eyes.

“Child,” he said eagerly, “will you trust me?”

She looked at him with a wistful, wondering understanding. Her lip quivered under the infinite tenderness in his eyes. Ah! with

this man to fight for her, she might yet hold fast to life. She had not cared much—but now—

Sir James caught her hands in his, strong and white and eager. She must live—she must live! Kind Heaven!

\* \* \* \*

“I'm so proud.”

The lady looked up at her doctor; the red fluttered in her cheek.

“Proud?” she asked.

“Child, he is proud of you. You have made amazing strides since he has been back in England. He wants to put you into an advertisement and blazon your case abroad. If he hadn't a name already, you'd make him famous.”

“It's a pity I can't.” There was a wistful note underneath the laughter.

“Why?” said Sir James.

“Because I can do nothing for you.”

Lady Mary leaned over the balcony and saw her favorite enemy, a particular donkey boy. She had been learning a little Arabic, and was spoiling for a fight. A wild brandishing of her parasol brought him sailing up the street in his long blue garment, calm as an ancient Pharaoh, and she hurried down to the fray.

Sir James and his patient were left gazing down on the wonderful Eastern city. There was strange music in the gardens; there was strange music in the air.

He was thinking of yesterday, of the ridiculous eagerness of his journey, and the awful lingering of the train while the sun was setting behind the ricefields, and the light grew dimmer and dimmer, with Cairo far. Then at last the plunge into the struggling street, with a hundred Arabs fighting for him, and everything eerie and indistinct. He had walked on and on with a quiet face and a calm stride, and at last, looking up along a dim range of colonnades, he had seen a face high up in a balcony watching for him. It was as if she had been watching always, had watched that traveller all the way from London.

Sir James leaned forward. His face was quiet and it was always earnest. His voice was not as steady as it had been.

“On scientific principles,” he said, “love at first sight is the only thing. Will you let me justify that theory—all my life?”

She looked at him wistfully. Her eyes were young, young with happiness, although she was still afraid.

“All my life,” she said low, her hands tight in his; “all—my life——”





SOW AND LITTER OF PIGS CARVED IN BRAUNTON CHURCH, DEVON.

# ANIMALS AT CHURCH.

By YORK HOPEWELL.

which was taken from the other side, to show what is left of the spaniel at the feet of his lady. This fine monument has been much defaced, and all the shapeliness of the figure has been rubbed off. The quaint carving of the claws and the shagginess of the dog's coat, however, are still plainly discernible. The lion here is clearly one of the crest of the "Howard" family, to which the Arundel earldom belongs.

Deerhurst has a fine specimen of a dog-carving in its church. It is on the tomb of Lady Cassey, and, as usual, the animal is placed at her feet. This instance is remarkable from the fact that the name of the favourite is carved below it, a most unusual circumstance. The dog, "Terri," had evidently been a particular pet of his mistress, and his affection and hers have been commemorated in this manner. There are one or two places in the North of England besides those mentioned, where a dog has an effigy, and there is also the one at Ingham Church, in Norfolk, where under the dog is placed its name, "Jack," though the sculptor spelt the word in his own way, according to the fashion of his day.

A capital example of the carving of a dog in a church is that at St. Mary's, Warwick. Here, on a marble slab, near the entrance to

**F**EW people have any idea of the number of curious carvings and sculptures of animal life that are to be found in various cathedrals and churches throughout our Islands; and these are often discovered in the most unusual and unexpected places—odd corners of small churches that usually escape the notice of nine-tenths of the visitors who enter the buildings. Many of them, of course, bear some relation of heraldry to the originators they have so long survived; but many, also, are either frankly decorative or else memorials of some dead prototype.

Probably, were all the churches that have carvings of animals in them gone through systematically, we should find, apart from the merely heraldic animal designs, that the favourite creature to be portrayed in such places and circumstances is the dog. There are several examples of "man's friend" being commemorated in our ecclesiastical edifices. A photograph of one of these is given here, though it is to be regretted that the vandalism of a bygone age has resulted in the head of the dog being broken off. The animal was carved somewhat like a spaniel of to-day, and lies at the feet of the wife of Sir Brian FitzAllen, Earl of Arundale. His tomb, where this sculpture is to be found, is in Bedale Church, in North Yorkshire. At his own feet is a lion, but this is not clearly seen in the photograph,



AN ELEPHANT ON A MISEREERE IN EXETER CATHEDRAL.



OX'S HEAD AT HORNCURCH, ESSEX.

the Beauchamp Chapel, is the tomb of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, both of whom died at the very beginning of the fifteenth century. The Earl's feet rest on a bear, and the lady's on a dog which bears a collar of bells round its neck. The bear here carved at the Earl's feet is almost unique; there are few carvings of bears in English churches.

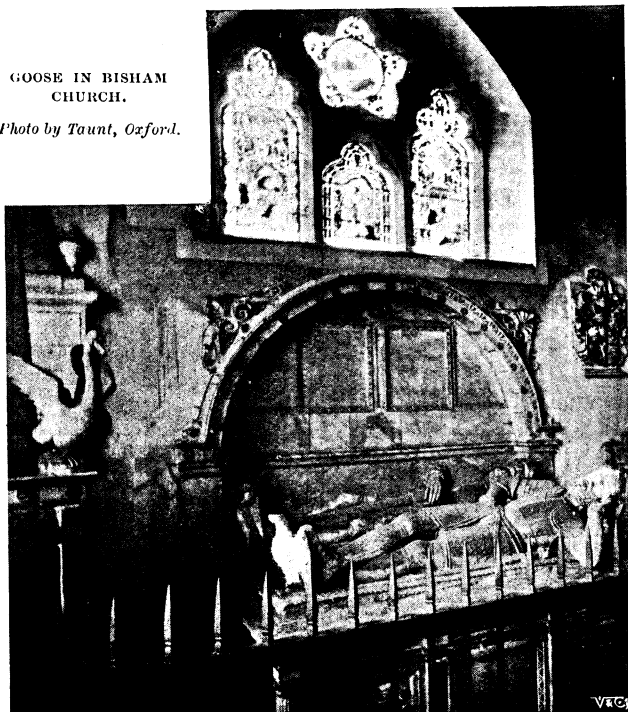
If there is any animal that can challenge the dog for supremacy as an adorning of churches, that one is the lion. Why the lion should have been such a popular subject, outside heraldic considerations, for church decoration can only be explained from the prominence the Scriptures always give to him as a model of strength, power, and sovereignty. It was not easy to choose which of the lion-carvings to illustrate here, but we have decided upon the one in Ripon Cathedral. This well known brass shows a fine example of the king of beasts and is the subject of an old story. It is said that a certain gentleman of the neighbourhood was some centuries ago travelling in far lands, when one day, in a wood, he was suddenly confronted by a fierce lion. He at once fell down on his knees and began to pray, and the lion, after one or two supercilious glances, turned round and left without molesting him.

On his return to his home he had this brass put up in the cathedral as a memorial of his escape. On the brass he can be clearly seen at the right end, praying, surrounded by trees, whilst the figure of the lion stands out well against the background of trees. Lately this brass in the old minster at Ripon has shown signs of wear, and the lines are not now so clear as they were some years ago.

There are several other instances of lions in churches up and down the land. One we have mentioned above at Bedale Church, and there are heads of this animal to be found amongst the carvings on more than one bishop's throne, including that in Exeter Cathedral. This throne, by the way, is one of the most interesting of all such articles of church furniture in England. The extraordinary heads of creatures carved on it were done probably about the beginning of the fourteenth century. Besides such examples, well known and comparatively common, as the dog and lion, it has the rarer ones of the pig and the cow, and the still more rare ones of the sheep and the monkey! I shall give another case soon where a full-sized figure of a monkey adorns a tombstone in an English church, but I must confess that this throne at Exeter is almost the only instance with which I am acquainted where a sheep is carved in an

GOOSE IN BISHAM CHURCH.

*Photo by Taunt, Oxford.*





*Photo by]*

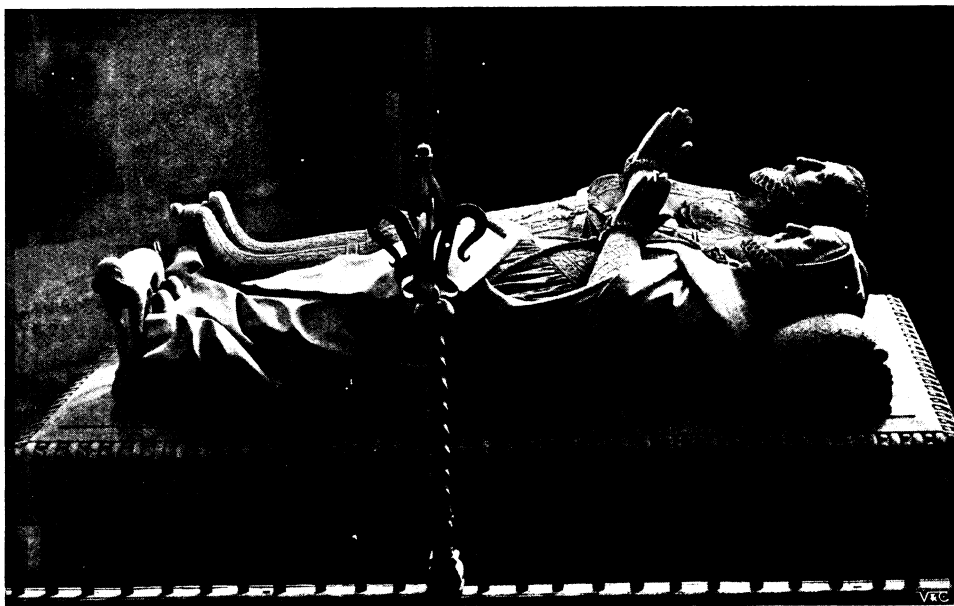
*[Saunderson, Richmond.*

HEADLESS SPANIEL AT THE FOOT OF THE COUNTESS OF ARUNDALE IN BEDALE CHURCH.

English church—that is, as apart from the many cases of the “Lamb,” as symbolical of the Saviour.

There is, however, the figure of the lamb at the foot of the tomb of an Earl and Countess of Warwick who lie buried in the choir at St. Mary's, Warwick. Here, again, the Earl's feet rest on a bear—which animal used to be the badge of the ancient Nevilles, Earls of Warwick—and the feet of the Countess rest upon this effigy of the lamb.

Speaking of the pig, no more curious instance of that animal being used in decorating any church can be given than the one at Braunton, near Ilfracombe, in Devonshire. It appears that in days gone by the Braunton people resolved to build a church, and began the edifice on the hill overlooking the village. But their building fell to the ground without apparent cause, and a second effort resulted likewise, also a third. Then one night the chief builder heard a voice, as



*Photo by]*

*[Russell & Sons.*

MONKEY AT THE FOOT OF A COUNTESS OF LINCOLN IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.



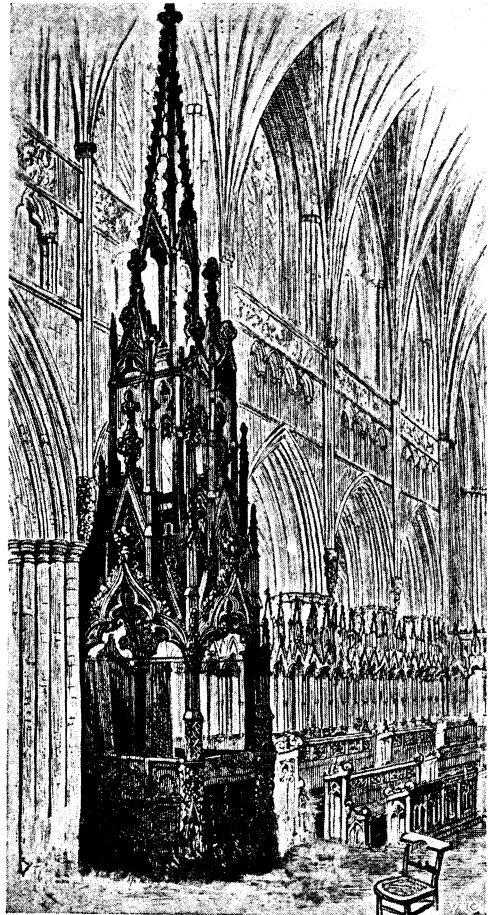
PELICANS IN ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, YARMOUTH.

from heaven, and it told him, he said, to seek for the spot where a sow was feeding her litter of six pigs, and to build the church there. This was done by the good folks of Braumton, and the church was built where the famous sow was found, and finished without further interruption.

To keep in memory this extraordinary miracle there was carved upon the interior roof of the church the figures of the old sow and her litter, with a fitting inscription placed under it. The roof was re-slatted in 1887, but great care was taken that the celebrated carving should not be injured, and there it is to-day for the visitor's inspection. The church itself has a strange name, being dedicated to St. Brannock.

Most of the animals we have mentioned and shall mention may be found in more than one church in the country. But the one we are now to speak of is at least unique in that no other counterpart of it is known to exist in any British church. It is the carving of the elephant on a *miserere* in Exeter Cathedral. Some authorities go so far as to question whether the animal is intended for an elephant, but there can be little doubt on that score, though it is to-

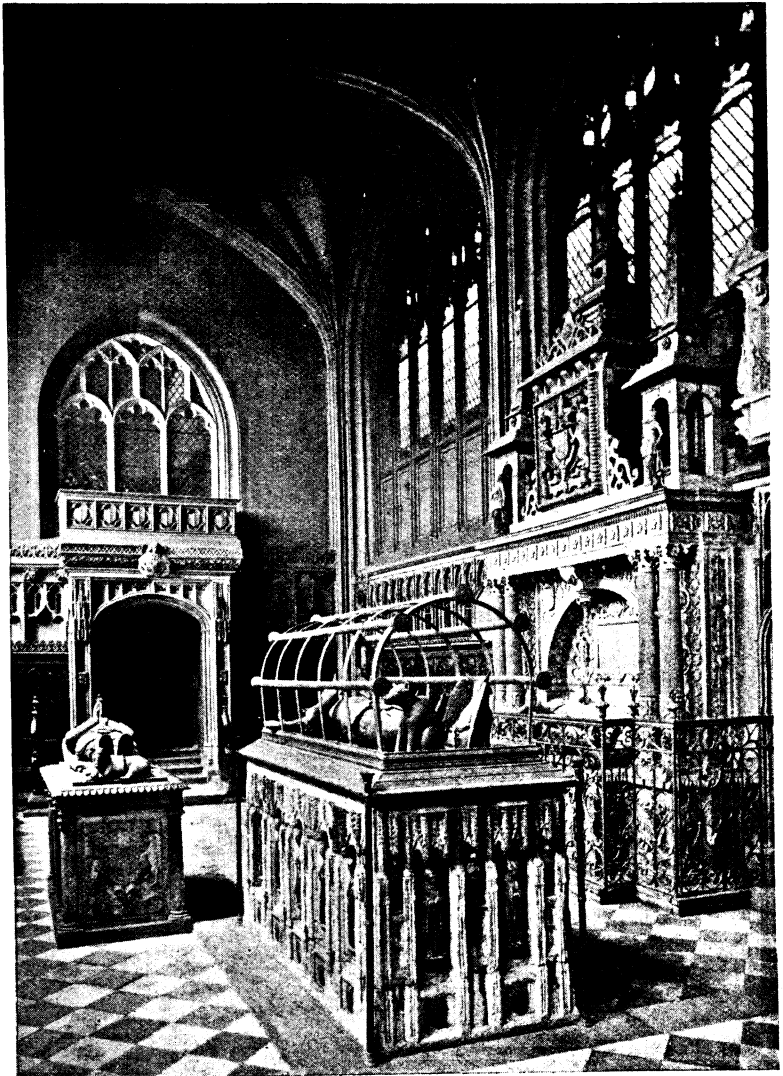
day much defaced and in a most awkward position for telling what it actually looked like when first carved. The picture here given of it is hardly a true one in the fullest sense, as the artist had the utmost difficulty in trying to obtain even the barest photograph of it, owing to the extremely inaccessible situation it shares with the *miserere* on which it is carved, and also owing to the fact that it is almost impossible to throw the light on it. He had therefore to get the best picture he could, and to work from that afterwards. As to the date of this carving, and why such a comparatively unknown animal, as an elephant was in such distant days to our forefathers, should be sculptured here, nothing is known, except for one or two items which show us, judging from the style of the work and the appearance of age, etc., that we must go back centuries to get at its origin.



BISHOP'S THRONE AT EXETER CATHEDRAL, ADORNED WITH HEADS OF SHEEP, COW, PIG, AND MONKEY.

We spoke just now of the head of a monkey being carved on a bishop's throne. There is one church in England which has a full-grown monkey wrought on a tomb, and that church is no less a place than St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. If the visitor to this famous spot can get permission to look round the Lincoln Chapel, he will find therein the tomb of the Earl of Lincoln, who was for thirty years the Lord High Admiral of England in the reign of Good Queen Bess. He was a great favourite of hers, as he had been of her father and her brother, both of whom he served faithfully. He died in 1584, and this monument was erected to his memory by his Countess, who was herself afterwards buried here. The recumbent figures show the Earl and his lady, and whilst his feet are resting on the effigy of a greyhound, hers are pressed against the figure of a monkey, which is standing upright. All these sculptures are in an excellent state of preservation, and the chief difficulty we had with the photograph arose from the bad light of the chapel, which only allowed of the picture being taken from one point. The figure of the greyhound at the Earl's feet could not be shown for this very reason, or it would have proved interesting, being perhaps the best of all dogs sculptured in our churches, for clearness of outline and capital preservation.

It is surmised, though little is known



[Photo by]

[Frith & Co., Reigate.]

IN THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, ST. MARY'S, WARWICK.

to-day about the matter, that this monkey must have been a great pet of the lady's, and that it was perhaps buried in this grave with her. Monkeys were so little known in our own land in 1584 that, when one was here as a pet, it must have been highly valued, especially if it were a gift, as seems probable in this case, since her husband had travelled widely. Our photograph was taken especially for this article by the kind permission of the authorities at Windsor Castle, and is the first that has appeared of this quaint tomb.

The pretty little village of Hornchurch, in Essex, can claim a unique example of

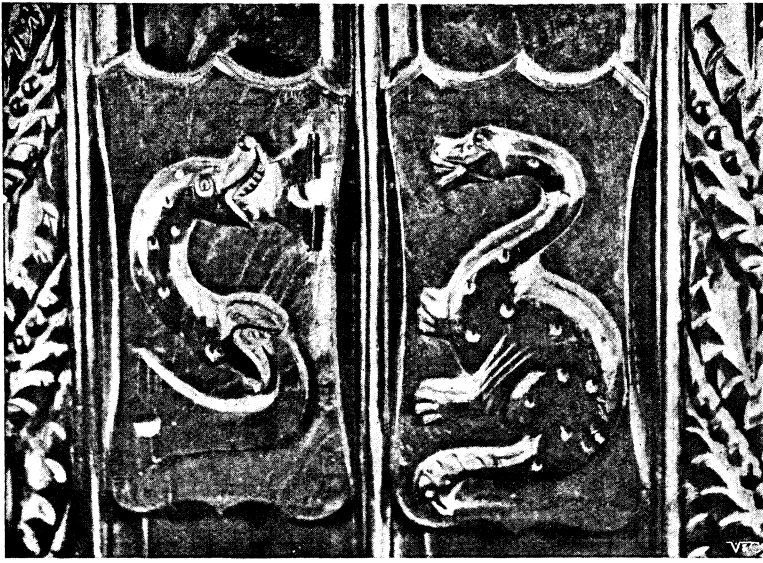


Photo by]

[Phillipse, Ilfracombe.

THE "KANGAROO" IN MORTHOE CHURCH.

animal carving, for it must surely be the only place in England whose church is externally adorned with the finely wrought head of an ox. This is to be seen over the gable end of the edifice, and stands out most prominently above the chancel window. The name of the village itself has been derived from this very ornament on the sanctuary, so we are told, though whether rightly so or not we must leave others to say. The church was formerly connected with a priory whose

sculptures that were full of meaning and that had most interesting histories attached to them. But this goose of Bisham was fortunate in escaping the hand of the destroyer, and, unlike many other memorials of animals in Thames-side churches, it remains whole to-day. Curiously enough, at the feet of the knight whose tomb is close beside it there will be noticed two birds, which were intended, doubtless, to represent eagles. But the eagle is quite common as a sculpture in

in sculpture in English churches. There is one, however, on the pulpit of St. Peter's, Cornhill, London.

A goose, opening its wings for flight, is to be seen carved on a tomb in the church of Bisham, the pretty Thames village. It is an excellent piece of work, and is, which is more uncommon in these things, in excellent preservation. The iconoclasts of the days of Cromwell and of later days have destroyed thousands of such



Photo by]

[Saunderson, Richmond.

LION IN RIPON CATHEDRAL.

crest, it is said, was an ox's head. This carving represented that crest, as is believed to-day; and though the church was once called "Havering" Church, owing to its being then in a parish of that name, it is surmised that it began to be called the "Horned Church," hence Hornchurch, as to-day. However that may be, there is no doubt of the originality of the emblem, for, except the oxen's heads on the Exeter throne, the cow has not been particularly prominent

the churches over England, just as is the lion, and for almost precisely the same reasons; therefore we have not given any other special photograph of it here. The goose is distinctly more scarce in this connection.

At Coxwold Church, in Yorkshire, there is a finely wrought stag. It is on what is known as the Belasye monument, and here also there is a lion at the feet of the lady, whose effigy is beside that of her husband. At the feet of



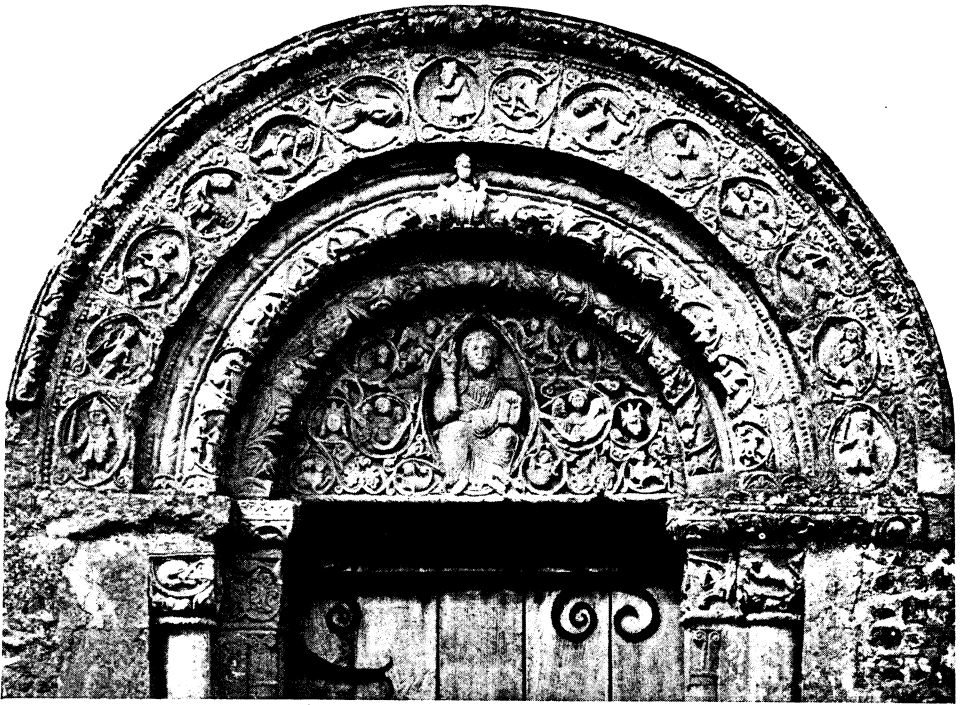


Photo by]

[Frith &amp; Co., Reigate.

ARCH AT BARFRETON CHURCH, WITH DOGS, RABBITS, PIGS, AND OTHER ANIMALS ON ITS INNER MOULDINGS.

the man rests a noble figure of a stag, complete except for one of the horns, which has been broken off. The effigy of the man is painted the colour of steel armour, and that of the lady is black. Both the lion and the stag are painted a dark brown colour, and this, together with the dark recess in which the monument lies, has made the work of the photographer anything but easy. Notwithstanding this, the figure of the stag can be clearly seen on our picture, and was probably intended to mark the knight's prowess as a hunter, or else was included as figuring in some coat of arms of the ancient Belasye family.

There are at least two cases where pelicans are prominent as fine carvings in English churches, and probably more than two, since the pelican has ever been a noted bird of scriptural allusion. A famous example is that of Foxe's tomb, in Winchester Cathedral. But the other, and the better example, is that of the pelicans above the choir-stalls in the well known St. Nicholas' Church, Great Yarmouth. The pelican is in each case represented as resting on her nest, and the young ones are looking up, waiting to be fed from the mother's bill. Fine, bold figures are they all, too. In grace and delicacy of finish,

the birds on the Winchester tomb seem crude and rough, indeed, beside these at Yarmouth.

At Barfreton Church, near Deal, there is a beautiful old Norman porch which has on its inner mouldings some strange carvings, including two pigs drinking from the same pot, several dogs chasing rabbits, and other subjects not usually found in similar positions. The church is said to have been erected as a thank-offering by a noble who almost lost his life in the forest, and this may account for the prominence given to forest animals in the beautiful sculptures which adorn it.

Mention of these forest animals naturally brings to mind the two hares which are to be found in the south choir aisle of Wells Cathedral. At the foot of an effigy of Bishop Harewell, to whose name they bear an obvious reference, they afford an excellent example of fourteenth century animal sculpture.

Then let us mention the carving of an animal which has given rise to more contention, most probably, than that of any other such subject in any church. We refer to the sculpture known as the "kangaroo," in the church at Morthoe, North Devon. This country church, about five and a half miles from Ilfracombe, has become noted for this

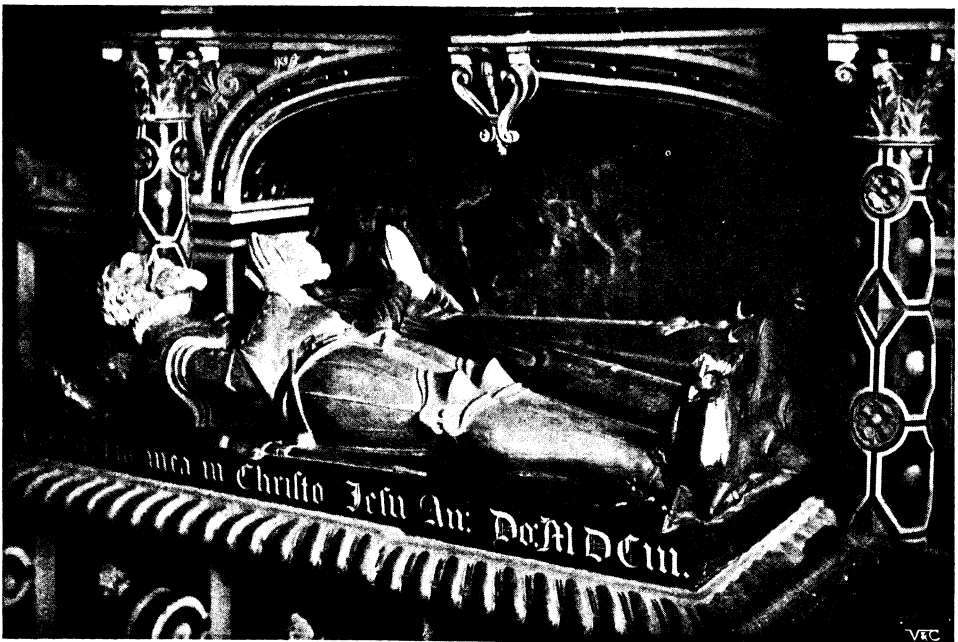


quaint carving. It adorns the end of one of a series of pews which have suffered much at the hands of some old carver. Fishes abound on some of these pew-end carvings, but there is only one "kangaroo." To us to-day the strange animal appears much more like an old drawing of the "leviathan" of Job, or like a sea-serpent, than like a "kangaroo"! But local tradition will persist in the belief that the sculptor, whoever he was, in his own times meant this for a picture of that animal, therefore it is always called the "kangaroo."

The Priory Church, Bridlington, can show a fine carving of two nondescript animals commonly supposed to be dragons. They are ready for fight, and below them are portrayed the figures of a wolf and a crow. But there has been some uncertainty whether the sculptor really meant to portray those animals, and one authority maintains that the figures are intended for a fox and a goose. Another sculptured animal here, which some folk call a cat, is believed to have been meant for a lion. It is not easy to say which contenders are right in such cases, for the carvings are often quaint and rare, in more

senses than one, and ancient ecclesiastical artists did not err on the side of over-scrupulous accuracy in their designs of human and animal figures.

One strange omission from this list of animals carved in our churches cannot fail to be noted, and that is the horse. There is no really satisfactory example of a horse carved in any English church. The omission would be extraordinary in any case, seeing how common an animal, even as a favourite, a horse is. But it is all the stranger when one thinks of hundreds of recumbent knights, men to whom, when alive, a good horse was a most necessary thing. How it is that not a single one of these—at any rate, of importance—ever commanded or suggested the sculpturing of his favourite steed on his own monument, is one of the many points of curiosity connected with the present subject. The model of a noble horse, a past favourite, is not unknown on gravestones in churchyards and on memorial stones raised especially over the tomb of the steed itself. But as an ornament of the more elaborate tombs in our churches, the sculpture of the horse may be said to be conspicuous by its absence.



*Photo by]*

*[Saunderson, Richmond.*

STAG AT THE FOOT OF A BÉLASYE IN COXWOLD CHURCH, YORKS.

# THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.\*

SECOND SERIES.

## No. IV.—THE TENOR AND THE MAN.



THE train slowed up for Skipton Station with a heavy grinding of brakes, and the younger secretary blinked wearily at his notes. "It will take me ten hours to transcribe all

these, Mr. Thompson. When do you want them?"

"Nine o'clock to-morrow morning," said Tom cheerfully. "Mr. Asquith won't be ready for them before. You can work in the train going back to Bradford, and you've all night before you. Let's see, it's—m'm—5.35 now. That'll leave you twenty-five minutes for dinner and breakfast, say half an hour for getting about from place to place, and four and a half hours for sleep. Ample for any man. I've a lot more things to think out, and shall probably have to spend to-morrow out on the hills here working at them. I'll wire if I find I can get in to Bradford. Here we are. Good night to you both." Tom and his dog jumped out and swung away down the platform.

Seed, the other secretary, laughed as the younger man pocketed his shorthand notebook and got disgustedly out of the carriage.

"You don't seem to like it?"

"I don't, and that's solid. It's slave-driving. I shouldn't stand it if he didn't happen to be paying me about twice the salary I could get anywhere else."

"Doesn't it occur to you that there's a reason for the size of the screw? There's no philanthropy about T. Thompson in business. You're new in the firm, but you'll soon find out that you'll always be worked

well up to the breaking strain—and paid according."

"I like the pay."

"Of course you do. And you won't be afraid of grinding a bit to earn it. You'd like more—and you'll get it. I'm in the same box. That's why he picked us. That's why he picks all his men. That's half the reason why he makes such tons of money—just his knack of picking men. He's found out that the men to make money for Thompson and Asquith are the men who intend to make money themselves, and he pays them big salaries—what other firms call absurdly big salaries—and works them for all they are worth. I suppose you came to him with a bundle of testimonials?"

"Well, yes. He saw me in a railway carriage first, and got into talk, and asked me to call. Of course, I brought all the certificates and things I could lay hands on. He never looked at one. He asked me if I played billiards well, and I said, 'Not at all.' He asked me what kind of luck I'd got, and I said, 'Good, so far.' He asked me my shorthand speed, and to wind up he told me to write out as quick as I could, and word for word, our talk in the train, and when I'd done that, he told me to learn to write at double the pace, and took me on at nearly three times my old screw. But great Scissors! the amount of work he gets, and the responsibility he gives one!"

Seed laughed. "Come and have a glass of beer to warm you up before your train goes. You're a bit new yet. But you'll get used to it all when you've settled down, and you'll like the pace. We all do. And you needn't think you'll crack under the strain. He's picked you, and as you haven't been fired within the first week, or shifted on to a different job, that's sound proof that you can last out all right and are worth teaching. By the way, he was dictating a letter to you in Spanish just now. It made me laugh to watch your face."

"He's such a vile accent!"

\* Copyright, 1902, by Cutcliffe Hyne, in the United States of America.

"It's his worst language. He can talk French and German as glibly as a Swiss, and they say his Italian is quite decent, too. But that Spanish! However, the main thing is, it is quite understandable, and he's up in Catalan as well as Castilian. Here we are. What'll you have? Bass, or whisky-and-soda?"

"Whisky for me, if I've got to sit up and scribble all night."

"Confound it, man!" said Seed sharply, "don't pity yourself so. It's a time of pressure, and we've all got to buckle to. Do you think T. T.'s sparing himself? He's staying out at a house in the country at the back here to-night, and there's a dance in the evening, and they'll probably be kicking up their heels till 3 a.m. Well, I've to put up at the village pub and be ready for him at six, and he and his dog will be there to an absolute certainty. It's quite on the cards he won't have been to bed at all, and will turn up with his boots muddy and four couple of rabbits in his pocket."

"The boss seems made of cast iron," said the younger secretary thoughtfully.

"Cast steel. During this heavy push of the last week he hasn't anywhere near averaged four hours' sleep to the twenty-four, and what scraps he has got have merely been on railway trains. He's lived on trains. He's been twice to Paris, and yet he's as fresh as a daisy, and fit to fight for the middle-weight championship of creation this minute. I'll tell you what T. T. is. He's a man."

"By gum he is! all of one. Here's 'Long may he wag!' It's worth while sweating for a boss like that—especially as he has sense to pay one a screw that one can save a bit on."

In the meanwhile, Tom, with the mongrel Clara at his heels, had crossed the line, had gathered the afternoon news from the bookstall posters, and was going to make his quick way out of the station, when suddenly his face brightened, and he stopped and went up to a stout, pale man who was peevishly tapping the platform with his foot.

"Hullo, Bertram! What on earth brings you down here?"

The stout man pressed his hands deeper into the pockets of his elaborate fur coat and looked round slowly and somewhat superciliously. "Ah! Why it's 'our Mr. Thompson.' I'm down here for a house-party at Dacre. Beastly bore, these sort of things! but one has to be victimised. Lady Hard-



"And how is 'our Mr. Thompson'?"

castle made me promise I'd come down for it. They wrote that they'd send a carriage for me to the station, but it's not come yet. I've waited half an hour in this infernally draughty place already! I shall be catching a chill in my throat next. And how is 'our Mr. Thompson?' How's wool?"

"Oh! wool's scratching along quite nicely, thank you. Here's the Dacre carriage, by the

way. Sorry I can't come out with you, but I'm going to walk. One must catch a mouthful of fresh air some time, you know."

Mr. Bertram shivered. "Fresh rain. Man, don't you see it's raining? Surely you don't walk for choice in the rain? But are *you* staying at Dacre?"

"To-night. I couldn't get there before. Afraid I shall have to be off again to-morrow."

"Got to look after your factory, or whatever it is? You make something, don't you? Coats, isn't it?"

"Parts of them," said Tom cheerfully. "There you are. Like the window up? I'll shut the door for you. Good-bye. Come along, Clara."

Now, just then, besides running the businesses they had got to very handsome profits, and increasing these businesses right and left, the firm of Messrs. Thompson and Asquith were speculating very largely in Argentine wool, and to bring off the *coup* successfully required a very big brain and some very clear and continuous thinking. The whole of this devolved upon Tom (as Hophni Asquith was the detail man of the partnership), and, by way of doing his duty towards himself and his partner just then, Tom emptied his head of every matter concerning money, wool, markets, exchanges, and freights for the time being, and set himself to enjoy the air and the things that lived in the air and the open. He lit his pipe and carried it bowl downwards to keep out the wet, turned up his trousers, and, with the rain pricking freshly on his face, strode out through Skipton streets into the hill country beyond.

There was no view to be had. The moorland on either flank was shut out by the rain mists, and underfoot everything squelched with wet. Nevertheless Tom was enjoying himself thoroughly—enjoying himself more, in fact, than he expected to presently at Dacre. "Fancy Emily being there!" he commented with a rueful grin. "If I had guessed it earlier, I rather think business would have been too pressing to let me turn up."

"Emily," it may be mentioned, was Lady Hardcastle. Formerly she had been Miss Outhwaite, and once there had been a probability of her legal signature being Emily Thompson. The engagement had been broken off by an ingenious scheme which has been detailed earlier in these chronicles.

But Tom was no man to worry himself in advance with something that could not be

avoided. He was well out in the country by now, and had left the roads, and he and Clara were taking the fields and the high limestone walls at a fine pace. Twice Clara flushed a draggled rabbit, and looked rather hurt when Tom refused to let her course it. But Tom spanked her playfully on the buttock and reminded her that poaching for quantity was not their present business. "We'll just enjoy some of the niceties of the art," Tom explained to her, "and as hares are pretty scarce round here, old girl, I'll trouble you to show me just one couple, and we'll decorate them with earrings. I've got just two nice brass paper-fasteners in my pocket. There's no scent for you to pick up in this rain, so it's a case of eyesight—your eyes against mine, Clara—and I take two to one in biscuits I beat you. There's to be no coursing, mind that. And mind, also, you don't flush one single hare. I want to put my hand on them."

Now, there is no such thing for a man as stalking up to a hare in her form, unbeknown to the hare. The ground is a most delicate telephone, and the ear of a sitting hare is very close to it. But a hare will never move—or make herself conspicuous by scampering across an open field—if she thinks that she is not being looked for very closely. She is quite aware that by colour she assimilates into the landscape very accurately, and, indeed, chooses for a spot to make her form one with such colour and cover that she will so assimilate. Still, at the same time, the hare is constitutionally timid, and much hunting has made her instinct for knowing when she has been sighted almost superhuman—that is, there are few human beings who can see her and prevent her from gathering knowledge of the fact.

Now, Tom was quite aware of all these items, and so was Clara, and many and many a time they had tried to outwit hares together in this way, and many and many a time had they failed. It was not profitable poaching, and therefore Clara, who liked quantity, did not especially admire it; but it was poaching brought to a fine art, and on that account Tom, who had the casting vote, highly approved of it.

Twice during this wet afternoon they sighted farm men, and had to slink off out of their way through the mists. Once they nearly jumped over a wall on to the top of a crouching shepherd, and when that indignant man and his dog gave chase, they had a good deal of trouble in dodging round walls, and slipping through sheep-gates, and

splashing up a ghyll or two to shake them off. It was a most persistent shepherd, and perhaps Tom looked like a poacher who, if caught, would buy himself off handsomely. But between whiles they searched the ground ahead and on either flank as they walked, with four of the keenest and the most highly trained eyes in the North of England, and when they came to walls, and had made sure that the coast was clear, they crouched on the coping-stones and searched from an eminence.

At last Clara pointed, noiselessly, unobtrusively, and accurately, from the top of a wall. It was not a setter's point, or anything like it; it was an indication of Clara's own entirely; and Tom was just the one man on earth who could understand it. "First biscuit to you, old lady," said he, and Clara showed just the smallest tips of her teeth, and then they both dropped down into the field below.

They did not walk straight towards that crouching hare. Clara, having done her share, pattered off in quite a different direction, and Tom faced so that a straight course would take him within about five yards of the desired spot. He walked with his hands in his pockets, and his big, square chin well up in the air, and his blue eyes looking anywhere but in the hare's direction. But, as everybody knows, it is the hardest thing imaginable to walk in an absolutely straight line, and with each step Tom edged imperceptibly in towards the hare's direction.

The hare, motionless as the brown grass tussock against which she crouched, watched him with a thumping heart. "Man, certainly, and therefore dangerous. But not dangerous unless roused to a knowledge of an unfortunate hare's presence. If she jumped up and ran, he'd set his beastly dog on her track. But as it was, he did not see her. He was the stupidest and the most unsuspecting kind of man. It was horribly startling, of course, to see him coming so near, but strong nerves were a thing which ought to be cultivated, and —"

Tom stooped sharply down and picked up a kicking, bucking, struggling hare by the scruff of her neck, and the uncomely Clara came racing up and grinning till her nose was wrinkled like a concertina.

Tom produced one of his brass paper clips, pushed it through the hare's ear, and clamped out the ends. "Now, if anyone shoots you," quoth he, "and finds that there, they'll write a letter to the *Field* about it. In the

meanwhile, it will give you a fine subject to yarn about to your friends. Clara, my duckums! we'll just try your self-restraint now. Lie down, Clara! And keep down, Clara!"

Clara spread herself out on the wet grass and panted.

"Stop that panting!"

Clara stopped.

"Now, quite still, please," said Tom, after the manner of a photographer, and dropped the hare squarely on to Clara's back. The hare kicked and fled, and Clara was torn by many emotions. But she remembered her upbringing — and Tom's ash-plant — and shuddered and lay still — for which she was duly complimented.

Forthwith, as the afternoon was growing late, they returned once more to the industry of the chase, and got their second hare, though not at the first attempt. That, duly decorated, was also turned down again, although there was a good thick fir-wood handy, and the primitive man within Tom was struggling very hard to be indulged. At Dacre there would be merely a conventional evening, and possible awkwardness arising out of the presence of Lady Hardcastle. Out there, in that black, seductive wood, he could build a bower of branches in some dingle where a fire would be masked, and make a barbecue of the hare before it grew cold and tough, feast there to barbaric repletion, listen to the wind's music in the trees, sleep on aromatic pine-needles, and then once more be up and after the game in the fresh chill of the dawn.

Tom put down that second hare with a sigh. "You've had a much narrower escape than even you think about, miss," said he with a sigh. And then, with Clara at his heels, he set off at a fast trot through the dusk towards Dacre.

He had nine minutes for dressing when he got to the house, and did it neatly, effectively, and without hurry. Tom was always rather a dandy about dress, but quick decision and handy manipulation served him here as they did in other things, and he was invariably one of the best turned-out men in the room, though others had likely enough taken three-quarters of an hour over the process.

His hostess laughed at him mischievously. It was a stock joke to try and shove T. Thompson off his balance. The experiment never succeeded, but it was interesting to watch his manœuvres of self-defence. Lady Hardcastle from across the room gave



"There was no view to be had."

him a dry nod with a good deal of meaning in it. Then they went in to dinner.

At the dinner-table Tom had an easy time. Mr. Bertram posed as the "celebrated tenor," and, as Lady Hardcastle showed a pretty wit in putting him through his paces, the others were for the most part content to listen and be amused.

Bertram had the gift of a deft satire which was really very funny at times, and people allowed him to go to lengths they would not dream of permitting anybody else. As someone said of him, "You couldn't kick Bertram—it would be as bad as kicking a woman."

On this particular evening he directed his

lightsome impertinences at Tom—or "our Mr. Thompson," as he persisted in calling him. The table laughed, and Tom (who was only too pleased at keeping the talk on such safe topics) grinned tolerantly. Those who happened to know the capabilities of T. Thompson's tongue were amused also from a different standpoint.

The text of the stout tenor's discourse was the horrors of work, the unpleasantness of people who did work, the lack of humour in Bradford manufacturers, and the ridiculousness of business generally. Tom cheerfully agreed with him on every point.

Mr. Bertram next went on to show how impossible it was for a poet's nature—such as his own, for instance—to understand the ambitions of Philistinism as exemplified by "our Mr. Thompson." And so he continued, till Lord Dacre, who was a slow man without a modern idea in his head, began to wonder to his next-door neighbour "What on earth the missus meant by asking these actors and acrobats and outsiders of that kind down?" Upon which, by way of making a break, he began to talk horse of the most pungent variety.

Tom saw the move and carefully headed him off.

Lord Dacre's horse at dinner was notorious, and always led very hurriedly to a noisy general conversation. So once more they dropped back to Bertram's solo, and the master of the house gulped his wine and pondered: "Well, if Thompson likes that bounder to go on, I suppose it's primarily his concern. Sound man, Thompson, although he doesn't hunt. Never knew him do anything yet without a definite object."

So the baiting went on, and Lady Hardcastle, from close beside him, watched Tom out of the corner of her eyes.

After dinner, when people began to come in from outside for the dance, Bertram kept



"They crouched on the coping-stones."

in close touch with Lady Hardcastle, after the most approved lap-dog fashion. He considered it as part of his *rôle* of "celebrated tenor" to have an affair always on with some married woman, and if he could make it rather scandalous and could get it hinted at in the baser society papers, that made it in his view all the better advertisement. He was not a person whom any clean-minded man would conveniently kick, and so he had made himself by this means a nasty halo of notoriety. People were mildly surprised at Emily Hardcastle for allowing herself to be coupled with such an individual, but some of them supposed it was because her own husband was old, and dry, and in India, and the rest concluded it was because it amused her. But, as it happened, both of these reasons were entirely wrong.

The guests came, filling the hall with bright faces and pretty frocks, but the dancing did not begin. The hostess fidgeted and looked anxious. Lord Dacre glared out a continuous series of maledictions. He was

a slow man himself, but he disliked being kept waiting, and there was no sign of the band. He differentiated very little between musicians, whether they were vocal or instrumental, and his remarks about these "thoroughly-condemned acrobats and singers and fiddlers, who thought they could keep decent people waiting," were not calculated to tickle Mr. Bertram's professional pride. At last Lady Hardcastle went up to him.

"Look here; let me start things. I can hammer out bad waltzes on the piano to any extent, if you'll let me."

"You're awfully good, but the ball-room's a great barn. You'll break your wrists if you try to fill it. Let's see,

can't somebody help you? We've got a fiddle. I wonder if anyone can scrape it." He raised his voice. "Hi! I say, all of you, can anybody play tunes on a fiddle?"

Everybody looked round and chattered, but nobody volunteered.

"Here, it's your line, Bertram, isn't it? Sorry to press you, but we're in a bit of a hole."

"Not my branch of the profession—I'm sorry."

"Tom," said Lady Hardcastle, "come and play the violin to my accompaniment."

"Now, who the deuce," rapped out Dacre, "is Tom? Oh! you, Thompson! Why does she call you—?"

"We used to be engaged once—weren't we, Tom?—till you—till I, that is—till, anyway, we broke it off. Come along. We mustn't keep people waiting for our waltz."

"Humph!" grunted Dacre. "Cool hand! Two cool handfuls, in fact."

"There's your pitch," Emily Hardcastle was saying at the piano up in the gallery.



"Be quick and tune up. You needn't have avoided me so carefully. I haven't got small-pox, and I don't bite."

"This E string is badly frayed; I shall jar somebody's teeth. I haven't touched a bow for six years, and my fingers are like sticks. You mustn't play fast, or I can't keep up. Ready now."

They played the dance through together with vigour and rhythm, and there was a great clapping of white-gloved hands, and Bertram from below exclaimed, "Why, 'our Mr. Thompson' is a musician! How well he hides his surprising qualities!"

"Why do you stand that fellow's impertinences?" asked Lady Hardcastle sharply.

"Pleases him; doesn't hurt me; and I thought they rather interested you. Who am I that I should crush worms?"

"He's a beast! I took him up because you took him up first."

"I?"

"Tom, don't be exasperating. Remember we used to know one another very intimately once for a while. We weren't in love with one another one little bit; but, as I say, we knew one another intimately, and you used to talk over your affairs. Of course, when I came back home again from India, and met Mr. Bertram in London, I remembered what you had done for him."

"Then please forget it. It was a freak of the moment, and it's forgotten. He doesn't know about it, and I shouldn't at all like to embarrass him by letting it leak out."

"Embarrass that lump of conceit? Oh! Tom, you're very ignorant on some things still. Embarrass the fat Bertram? All the king's horses and

all the king's men couldn't do it. And why you should have any niceties about the matter, I don't understand. You're a curious creature."

"That's probably why you threw me over. They're ready for another dance. This waltz looks swiny and pretty easy. Let me put up the music for you. You begin."

They played through another dance, were duly thanked by applause, and then—"I've adopted some of your pet theories, Tom—ambition, for instance. One must have



"Picked up a hare by the scruff of her neck."

some sort of interest in life, and one must do something with a husband. So I pushed him on, and worried him, and worked things till they gave him the K.C.S.I. I thought you were going for a title yourself?"

"So I am, later. There's plenty of time. Tell me all about India."

"There's nothing to tell. There are just the pair of us—and no one else came. He has his office, and I had weariness. As I told you, I worried him on till he got the handle, and that's the end. I couldn't screw him up to anything further. He says he's no chance of being made a Member of Council. He says he's at the top of his tree, and all he wants now is to be retired. He's just working out his time."

"You came home?"

"I had to. It was too dreary and maddening in India. He's old enough to be my father, you know, and he's got old bachelor ways. Presently he'll come home on a pension, and we shall live together in Bedford, or Bath, or Cheltenham, or somewhere. Cheerful, isn't it?"

"Oh, you'll settle down to it all right. You were always a most adaptable girl, Emily."

"I wasn't sufficiently adaptable for you, it seems. What have you been doing with your music, boy? It's run to seed terribly. I wonder you can bear to hear yourself play so amateurishly."

"I've chucked it—didn't you know? No, of course, that was after we—er—lost touch with one another. Well, you see, music was taking up too much time and steam. I always was keen, and always was a pretty good performer. I 'follered it,' as we say in Bradford, rather a lot for an amateur—in fact, a good deal more than some professionals. Music was beginning to be part of me, and it was getting more and more hold. Then I got into a tight place financially, and if I'd to pull round again, and get a pile, and—er—other things I wanted——"

"Mary Norreys."

"I always did intend to marry her when it was off with you, you know. Well, I saw that to get all those items in a small space of time, I should have to have all my water on. Now, there wasn't room for music on the old scale, and I didn't see my way to halve it. Music is that way, Emily, when you're really keen on it—the whisky habit is nothing to it. It grips you body, soul, and bones. And there's no getting over the fact that it's enervating and unfits you for anything else. Either you must let it have its

own way, or you must chuck it overboard altogether. You can't halve the dose when you've been saturating yourself with it. So I chucked it. It was a horrible wrench, but I chucked it—absolutely. It was the hardest thing which has come into my life so far."

"What a point that would have been for Bertram at dinner!"

"Oh! Bertram! he's rather a nauseous creature, isn't he? But I'm in a way responsible for his production, and he seems to think it's part of his rôle to pose and be silly and rude. Besides, he's a bit under my weight. The mosquito doesn't really hurt the elephant, and it pleases him to try. I can imagine most men will find him rather unendurable. But women seem to like him, so I suppose he knows what he's doing. Never does for a man in one line of business to criticise the trade methods of another man in another line. Beg pardon, though, Emily. I'd forgotten for the moment that you rather affected him yourself."

"If you'd done me the honour to listen to what I was saying some five minutes back, you'd understand why I took him up. As you've been rude enough to forget, I shall pay you out before the evening's through."

"Be merciful, Em! Remember I'm the breadwinner of a flourishing family."

"I do remember all that. I wish your wife was here to look on. By the way, how is she?"

"Quite excellent. But number three is a very small infant, and she couldn't very well leave him. At least, she wouldn't. You see——"

"I see the band. And Lord Dacre! Listen! You can hear him giving them his views on their lateness from here. They deserve it all, don't they, for making us slave away together like this, when we might have been below enjoying ourselves? But I won't stay. If Lord Dacre saw me here, it might embarrass him, and rob the band of their due. You'd better wait and listen, Tom. You may pick up a turn or two of Anglo-Saxon that will some day possibly be of use to you. You like making use of people, don't you? Good-bye for the present."

"Phew!" said Mr. Thompson, after the lady had swished away from the stair, "that young woman's sharpened up a lot since I met her last. And altered. And spread out. She'll do with letting alone. I wish to Heaven I'd never come near Dacre to-night!"

Tom danced then solidly on through the programme till supper-time. He danced

well, and he liked dancing. When he came to a ball he danced thoroughly. And when supper-time came, he looked for a partner whom he thought would amuse him most, and prepared himself to sup thoroughly also.

The long table in the dining-room had vanished, and round tables for four were the order of the night. Lord Dacre met him in the doorway. "Come along, Thompson, and we'll pig in together. That makes two of us. Who shall we get for the other two?"

"We offer ourselves," said Emily Hardcastle from behind.

"Have you given up flat-racing altogether?" asked Tom hurriedly.

"Had to. Couldn't afford it. I'm only a small man. Flat-racing's all very well for a financial magnate like you."

Bertram lifted his glass. "The financial magnate!" mocked he. "Our Mr. Thompson! Long live clothes-making, or whatever it is!"

"Look here," said Dacre stiffly, "I am a personal friend of Mr. Thompson's, and can say things to him which would be rank rudeness if they came from a stranger."

Bertram was not so easily repressed. "Ah! but I, too, know 'our Mr. Thompson.'

I once spent a week's exile in the Arctic city of Bradford."

"You once spent seventeen years in the Arctic city of Leeds," said Lady Hardcastle, "and that's next door."

"I suppose I did," said Bertram rather weakly.

"And you'd have been there now if somebody who was an absolute stranger to you hadn't helped you out."

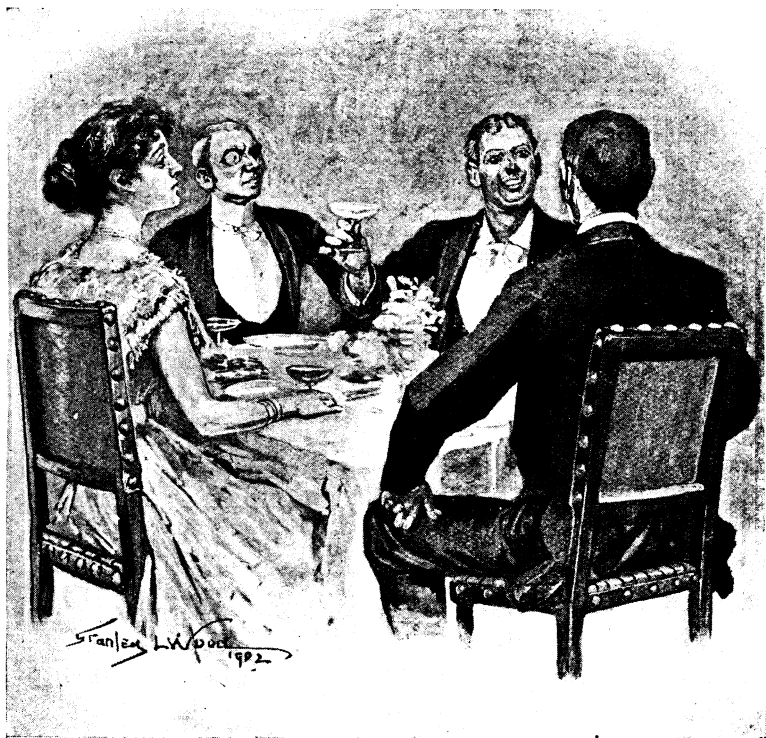
"Ah! but you see, that beneficent person saw that I had a voice, and wanted to give it to the world."

"That beneficent person saw a very unprepossessing little draper's journeyman singing in a church choir. I was with him, so I know. By the way, Mr.

Bertram, you have given up honouring church with your presence now, haven't you?"

"One expands. But, dear Lady Hardcastle, is it worth while going into all this ancient history? So much of it is liable to be apocryphal."

"The beneficent person, as we walked away from church, said, 'That poor lout of a tenor, who sang the solo in the anthem so badly, has got a very decent voice, if it could be trained. He'll never do it off his own bat—weak chin; no determination. Rather a good



"Bertram lifted his glass."

"Now I shall die happy," said the little man, with coarse good humour, but scowled when he saw that the stout tenor was with her. "Worst of being in your own house is you can't pick who you'd like to take your corn with," he grumbled. "However, we'll make up our minds to enjoy ourselves, and I'll tell you all about my gee I've entered for the Grand National. Nippiest mare over the sticks and over water you ever put eyes on. Got quarters like—like—I don't know what. Of course, the date's a bit awkward. You see, with mares——"

idea to give him a three years' subsidy and let him have his chance." Lady Hardcastle looked thoughtfully at the carved ceiling. "I remember that Sunday quite well."

"I say, Emily," said Tom, "don't you think it would be a good idea to change the subject? Don't you see you're making us all very uncomfortable with listening to these family details of yours?"

"I don't mind a bit," said Lady Hardcastle cheerfully. "I told you I'd score off you before the evening was out."

"Yes; dry up, Thompson!" said Lord Dacre. "Here—you—fill his glass and keep it full, and fill Mr. Bertram's. We're all parched here. Get along now, Emily—beg your pardon, shouldn't have used the Christian name—I bet an even fiver that Thompson was the dark horse."

"Of course he was, though probably Mr. Bertram never took the trouble to find that out for himself. Tom kept him at Leipsic and Florence for three years, and, of course, did it anonymously through his solicitor."

Mr. Bertram's face looked pulpy and white. "I thought it indelicate to make any inquiries. We artists always shrink instinctively from money matters."

"Ungrateful lot, charity boys," said Lord Dacre with brutal candour. "Thompson, here's your good health! You're a fine sort. Hang it! I wish you hunted. Now, I never finished telling you about my mare that I've entered for the Grand National, did I? No. Well, you see, this is the trouble about her. You know, mares——" And on he went. It was one of the few tales Lord Dacre had ever been able to get through without interruption.

But the little man was not without his faculty of shrewd observation. To his wife that night, as he turned in bed, he said, "Twig anything about that Hardcastle woman?"

"She'd a very nice frock, dear, if that is what you mean."

"Hang her clothes! But I tell you what, she's just about as gone on my pal Thompson as she can stick."

"Oh! rubbish, dear. I know they were engaged once; but that's all over and done with. Besides, there was no talk of love on either side. It was only a marriage of convenience."

"Bet you an even pony I'm right."

"Well, you can't prove it. And, anyway, a man more absurdly in love with his own wife than Mr. Thompson you couldn't find anywhere.—What are you laughing at?"

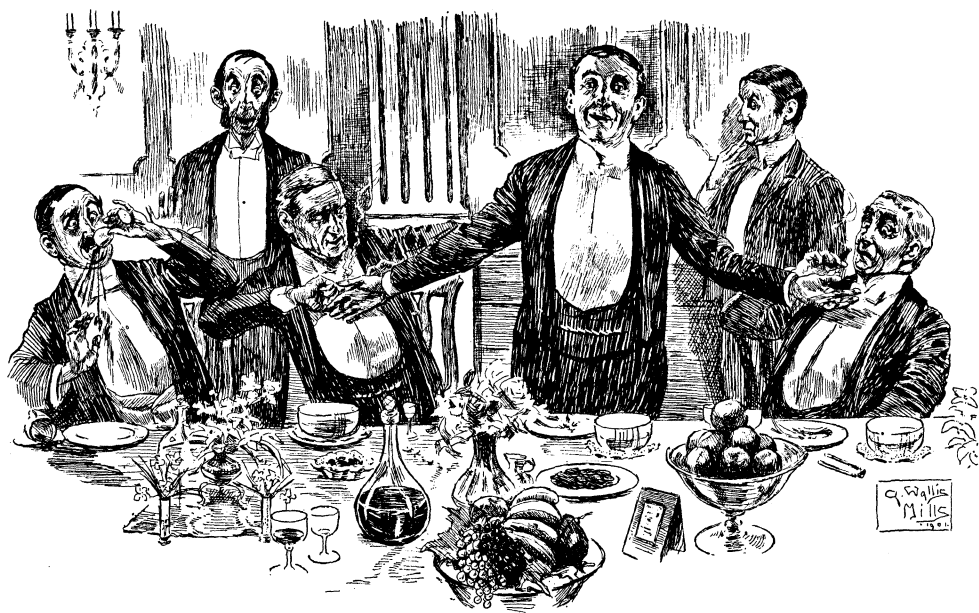
"Thompson. He was badly rattled. I lifted fifty sovereigns out of him at *écarté* just before I came up. Once he even forgot to mark the king. First time in my life I ever played cards with T. Thompson without paying for it. I say, though, they were interested in the mare at supper. I told them all about her chances for the National.—Hullo! old girl, snoring already? Well, I suppose it's about time I snoozed off, too. One thing I'm glad of, though. I bet that beast Bertram keeps out of decent houses for the future. The dear Emily will keep treading on him out of memory for old Tommy. Jocks! what a funny world it is!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A little later came the dawn, and with it Mr. T. Thompson arose, tubbed, dressed, and let himself very quietly out of the great sleeping house. He cleared the grounds with Clara at his heels, and, once out of earshot, whistled jauntily to himself and to the morning birds. Six o'clock saw him down at the village inn. A minute past six he was sitting with Seed, and that ready writer was slashing down shorthand sentences in a note-book.

"The right idea's come, at last," said Tom cheerfully. "I thought it all out, lock, stock and barrel, last night, between dinner and going to bed, and now we can act finally. I've reduced the thing to an absolute certainty. Begin now with this cable to Buenos Ayres. You must put it into code yourself afterwards. . . ."





THE RATHER TOO APPROPRIATE GESTURES.

BROWN (*who, since he has been made the proud representative of Little Peddington, indulges in oratorical gestures*): And, therefore, gentlemen, it is apparent that my right hon. friend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a great mistake in attacking the pockets of the great middle class. Had he consulted me, I should have said, "Let us look around us and lay hands on articles of luxury, such as wine and cigars."

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

### THROUGH THE GALLERIES.

By W. Pett Ridge.

EVERYTHING improves in this world (bar the coffee at public restaurants), and the galleries of London theatres are not excepted. Partly this is caused by the improved building of new theatres; partly by the precise, military, two-by-two line which waits now at most gallery doors for the time of opening. The days are gone when only pugilists, with science and force at their command, reached the front rows and there protruded their heads between the iron bars. These places have been taken by bands of mild young women, who, with time at their disposal, are able to seize and hold a position outside at any hour during the afternoon that accords with their desires. There was sport under the whole system; you never knew what turn of the surging, swaying, excited crowd might whirl you round to a position in the fore or send you well across to the opposite pavement; you always ran a happy risk of being singled out and swept into prominence in the same way that every French statesman has the possibility of being made President. On Saturday nights, when the crowd included sets of joyous youth, the game was played as if it were football.

"Now then, half-back, *where* are you?"

"Follow up there, sir! Follow up close!"

"Now for a scrum, boys! Al—to—gether!"

"Play up, chaps! Get a goal before half-time!"

This was no place for women-folk. Quiet men counted themselves fortunate if they reached the gallery with a good half of their coat intact and the brim of a hat in their possession. What a roadway (it was no thoroughfare) the narrow Surrey Street was when the two crowds fought and wrestled and contested generally, in the desire to hear Florence St. John in "Olivette"! What a happy lad you were when one foot found its way on the ledge of the open doorway, and how you complained of Providence when three large men backed you out and sent you half way down the street towards the Embankment! How the few courageous ladies who sometimes took part in the scrimmage, protected by gallant young men, protested uselessly with entreaties and sarcasm!

"Oh! please don't scrowge so. There's plenty of time."

"When you're tired of standing on my foot, young man, don't let me keep you. Dessay you've got a lot of other engagements."

"Erbert! I say, Erbert! is my hat straight?"

"Yes, sir, that's what I called you, and if you like I'll call you it again. Paltry 'ound! There!"

Nowadays in the galleries of West End theatres one meets, for the most part, refined, well-mannered people, who speak in low tones, excepting, perhaps, the lady who on some previous occasion has occupied a seat in the dress circle, and she speaks in a voice that might reach distant shores. "The one right up in the corner at the back. No, not that



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.—I.

one, dear; the one you can't see; and we were rather cramped, and we could only see the other side of the stage, but it was *most* comfortable. *I* wore my pale blue." Even the pinched programme girl goes about in these quaint galleries with a reserved air, and murmurs "Twopence!" in a way that gives one the impression that she is imparting, in the strictest confidence, a Cabinet secret. The St. James's has, I think, always had this audience in its gallery. There it is that a set of three or four young women take some small interest in the piece, but give all the rest of their interest to the principal attraction, the dresses; between the acts their heads are bunched together, exchanging the results of trained observation. I once saw an impetuous lady unpick the trimmings of her hat during the course of a Society comedy, and rearrange the headgear on the model of that worn by Lady Somebody in the first act.

At the Princess's, the gallery still recalls (as the advertisements phrase it) the delicious teas of twenty years ago. There the scent of oranges is still persistent (to this day some of us cannot meet the perfume of orange-peel without an indefinite feeling that we are enjoying ourselves at the play); the patrons eat sandwiches and sip from flat flasks with the appetite found nowhere but here and in excursion trains. At the Princess's, years ago, babies could be encountered, but modern parents seem to have decided that infants can discuss trouble at

home with less inconvenience, and that a certain maturity is required before the mind can apply itself critically to the modern drama. In the galleries of West End theatres which submit musical plays there is now enough of melody without the assistance of infants. The desire to learn the air of a witching refrain is so keen that one may find oneself surrounded by—

First, a growling bass;

Second, a head voice tenor;

Third, a soprano girl;

All these endeavouring to acquire the tune by following it with, at times, the distance of an octave. They do it half consciously, but this does not lessen the annoyance, and one can give sympathy to the old gentleman who found himself thus placed whilst the principal lady on the stage gave in an agreeable solo her views on the subject of love.

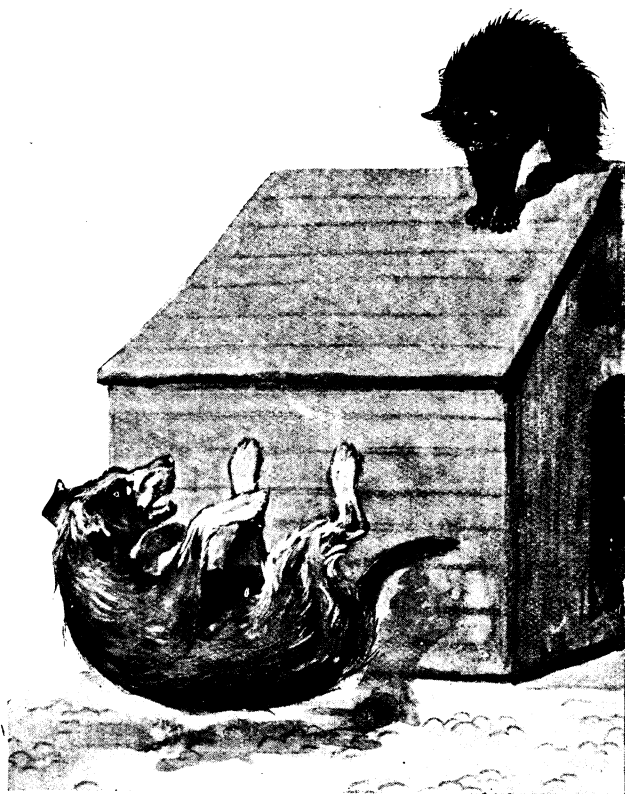
"Ah!" said the old gentleman caustically, when it had finished and his neighbours were, in consequence, silent again, "there's nothing I like

so much as a glee!"

Another kind of neighbour for whom the heart does not yearn is the man who in the Lyceum gallery follows the text with care, word for word, muttering gloomily whenever he detects an elision, but who would also, I think, grumble







III.

were he to draw blank in the sport and to go down the stone stairs at the end with an empty bag, for this to him would mean a wasted evening which might have been spent in hunting misprints in the evening journals. In every gallery is to be met the dogmatic authority on dates. Let none think that by the taking of infinite pains they may defraud this mathematician



IV.

authority; "christened at Old St. Pancras Church, and got a son taller'n himself."

A walk across Waterloo Bridge or a penny 'bus from the Bank, and the galleries are so changed that they might be in another world. The packed, excited, noisy patrons go up to the high roof like the side of a mountain; they shout and whistle and appeal to each other from the moment they rush pell-mell down from the doorways, with but slight intermission, until such time as their



V.



voices give out or until the descent of the curtain on the first act. Half the noise is made by exuberant, joyous patrons; the rest is made by quiet people begging for silence. Stern, uniformed men stationed at different points shout a warning as the curtain goes up on Act One—

"Keep order there, can't ye?"

But this might well be an appeal for more clamour, judging by the effect it has. All the time that servants on the stage far below are endeavouring to explain the plot in order to save trouble for the principals when they shall appear,

Last Sunday week we had a few words on the subject of grub——"

"Order there, can't ye?"

"And she on with her 'at and bunked off."

"Tell us all about it."

The recital was fired off at intervals in clear, distinct shots. Just before the curtain descended on Act One, at a quiet moment when the heroine had given herself up for a murder which she thought she had committed, but had not really committed, the final sentence was aimed across from the other side.



#### NEARING THE END.

WAITER: Sorry to 'ave to mention it, sir, but I shall have to charge you sixpence extra for your dinner, you eat so much.

FARMER BROWN: For goodness sake don't do that! I'm a'most dead now, eating half-a-crown's worth; and if you make me eat another sixpenn'orth, I shall bust!

all this time the gallery is contesting and arguing and exercising the art of repartee. Once, at the Britannia, I saw two men on opposite sides carry on a conversation throughout the first act, and the gallery, after trying to hush them to silence, gradually became interested in their disjointed talk, and divided interest between this and the drama.

"'Cheer, Ginger, ole man! I never see you when I come in."

"Them cheap eyes," bawled Ginger, "come dearest in the long run. Where's the missis?"

"'Eaven knows!" called out the other, "I don't.

"If I'd bin in your place," said the voice clearly, "I should have acted precisely."

Appetite in East End galleries is so well recognised that between the acts men go in and out with large open baskets containing refreshment in the shape of crusts of bread and cheese, thick sandwiches, and Banbury cakes. There is but little drinking, except amongst the infants; the evening is given up to the drama and food. When they are settled down, and powerful scenes are occurring on the stage below, the gallery follows the story with a fiery interest. It gets to know by the orchestral warning when each



CHIVALRY UP-TO-DATE.

"WHAT'S up, old chap? Creditors?"  
 "No, my wife—shopping—parcels!"

character is expected, and prepares accordingly its shout of approval or howl of contempt. For a time the gallery is all on the side of good works, honest living, fairness between man and man, courtesy to women: it is steadfastly, bitterly against specious intrigue, crafty behaviour, and general wrong-doing.

And I cannot help thinking that this, after all, counts something for righteousness.

#### FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

*By Katherine Mann.*

"'E was a very nice Frenchman, on the 'ole," said the proprietor of the "Moth" inn, "an' we got 'long beautiful together. It seems an easy kind o' langwidge, after all, but summat bold."

"How did you manage to understand each other?" asked the young squire.

"There wasn't no difficulty 'bout that, for 'e jist pointed an' poked at me, an' I jist motioned an' manoevered at 'im, an' we got 'long fust-class. I perticklerly mind o' one morning. It was pourin' cats an' dogs, an' I says to 'im, 'Man, sir, if ye go out this day ye'll get water-logged, an' yer boots an' stockin's'll be fair squmshed.'"

"And what did he say?"

"'E understood ivery word, that 'e did, but on that 'casion 'e only give way to innocent baby iexpressions like 'boo' an' 'bah.'"

"Just so; *bout* and *bas*," translated the squire.

"'Xactly. Then when I adds, 'Even the hens 'ave gone to roost on sich a day,' 'e says, '*Poules?*' 'Pool!' says I. 'Man, it's a reg'lar puddle.' 'E was a bit familiar, too, an' tuk to 'callin' me Pa, an' askin' to 'ave a drink whenever I addressed 'im. 'Gin, say Pa, an' 'Say Pa,' over an' over ag'in."

"Ah! I see."

"That's another word 'e were very fond o'. Allus said it no less than five times. 'See, see, see, see, see'; an' then 'e would say, 'No,' maybe nine times runnin'—an' runnin' 'ard—like this: 'No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, a terr'ble waste o' breath, squire.'"

"It certainly is; but the French have lots of it."

"So it would seem. But, squire, 'e was awfu' fond o' swear words, and would say 'La' an' 'Lor,' an' much worse, ten times a day; an' when I kind o' checked 'im up, 'e says very excited, '*Dame* means lady, an' *elle* means lady, too'; an' I says 'Damn may mean lady, an' 'ell, too, sure'nough, but not in my 'ouse, sir!—not in my 'ouse!'"

"That would silence him?"

"Wal, 'e looked summat 'stonished, 'e did, but 'e jist went an' fumbled in 'is dictionary, then come an' threw out both arms an' said, '*Dame do* mean lady,' an' bounced out o' the 'ouse, an' 'e's never come back. Yes, squire, it's a queer kind o' langwidge, for all it's so easy."



THE NATURAL EVOLUTION.

POLICEMAN: My young friend, when you see a boy loafing about the street corners, what place in life do you suppose he is fitting himself for?

YOUNG FRIEND: To be a policeman, of course!







"OPHELIA." FROM THE PICTURE BY J. CASADO.

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# IN THE FOG.

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.\*

## No. II.—THE STORY OF THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER.



HE necklace was a present from the Queen of England to the Czarina of Russia," began the Queen's Messenger. "It was to celebrate the occasion of the Czar's coronation. Our Foreign Office

knew that the Russian Ambassador in Paris was to proceed to Moscow for that ceremony, and I was directed to go to Paris and turn over the necklace to him. But when I reached Paris I found he had not expected me for a week later, and was taking a few day's vacation at Nice. His people asked me to leave the necklace with them at the Embassy, but I had been charged to get a receipt for it from the Ambassador 'himself, so I started at once for Nice. The fact that Monte Carlo is not two thousand miles from Nice may have had something to do with making me carry out my instructions so carefully.

"Now, how the Princess Zichy came to find out about the necklace, I don't know, but I can guess. As you have just heard, she was at one time a spy in the service of the Russian Government. And after they dismissed her she kept up her acquaintance with many of the Russian agents in London. It was probably through one of them that she learned that the necklace was to be sent to Moscow, and which of the Queen's Messengers had been detailed to take it there. Still, I doubt if even that knowledge would have helped her if she had not also known something which I supposed no one else in the world knew but myself and one other man. And, curiously enough, the other man was a Queen's Messenger, too, and

a friend of mine. You must know that up to the time of this robbery I had always concealed my despatches in a manner peculiarly my own. I got the idea from that play called 'A Scrap of Paper.' In it a man wants to hide a certain compromising document. He knows that all his rooms will be secretly searched for it, so he puts it in a torn envelope and sticks it up where anyone can see it on his mantelshelf. The result is that the woman who is ransacking the house to find it looks in all the unlikely places, but passes over the scrap of paper that is just under her nose. Sometimes the papers and packages they give us to carry about Europe are of very great value, and sometimes they are special makes of cigarettes and orders to Court dressmakers. Sometimes we know what we are carrying, and sometimes we do not. If it is a large sum of money or a treaty, they generally tell us. But as a rule we have no knowledge of what the package contains; so, to be on the safe side, we naturally take just as great care of it as though we knew it held the terms of an ultimatum or the Crown jewels. As a rule, my *confrères* carry the official packages in a despatch-box, which is just as obvious as a lady's jewel-bag in the hands of her maid. Everyone knows they are carrying something of value. They put a premium on dishonesty. Well, after I saw the 'Scrap of Paper' play, I determined to put the Government valuables in the most unlikely place that anyone would look for them. So I used to hide the documents they gave me inside my riding-boots, and small articles, like money or jewels, I carried in an old cigar-case. After I took to using my case for that purpose, I bought a new one, exactly like it, for my cigars. But to avoid mistakes, I had my initials placed on both sides of the new one, and the moment I touched the case, even in the dark, I could tell which it was by the raised initials.

"No one knew about this except the Queen's Messenger of whom I spoke. We once left Paris together on the Orient Express. I was going to Constantinople,

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and he was to stop off at Vienna. On the journey I told him of my peculiar way of hiding things, and showed him my cigar-case. If I recollect rightly, on that trip it held the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, which the Queen was sending to our Ambassador. The Messenger was very much entertained at my scheme, and some months later when he met the Princess he told her about it as an amusing story. Of course, he had no idea she was a Russian spy. He didn't know anything at all about her, except that she was a very attractive woman. It was indiscreet, but he could not possibly have guessed that she could ever make any use of what he told her.

"Later, after the robbery, I remembered that I had informed this young chap of my secret hiding-place, and when I saw him again I asked him about it. He was greatly distressed and said he had never seen the importance of the secret. He remembered he had told several people of it, and among others the Princess Zichy. In that way I found out that it was she who had robbed me, and I know that from the moment I left London she was following me, and that she knew then that the diamonds were concealed in my cigar-case.

"My train for Nice left Paris at ten in the morning. When I travel at night I generally tell the *chef de gare* that I am a Queen's Messenger, and he gives me a compartment to myself. But in the daytime I take whatever offers. On this morning I had found an empty compartment, and I had tipped the guard to keep everyone else out, not from any fear of losing the diamonds, but because I wanted to smoke. He had locked the door, and as the last bell had rung, I supposed I was to travel alone, so I began to arrange my traps and make myself comfortable. The diamonds in the cigar-case were in the inside pocket of my waistcoat, and as they made a bulky package I took them out, intending to put them in my handbag. It is a small satchel like a bookmaker's, or those handbags that couriers carry. I wear it slung from a strap across my shoulder, and, no matter whether I am sitting or walking, it never leaves me.

"I took the cigar-case which held the necklace from my inside pocket, and the case which held the cigars out of the satchel, and while I was searching through it for a box of matches I laid the two cases beside me on the seat.

"At that moment the train started, but at the same instant there was a rattle at the

lock of the compartment, and a couple of porters lifted and shoved a woman through the door and hurled her rugs and umbrellas in after her.

"Instinctively I reached for the diamonds. I shoved them quickly into the satchel, and, pushing them far down to the bottom of the bag, snapped the spring lock. Then I put the cigars in the pocket of my coat, but with the thought that now that I had a woman as a travelling companion, I should probably not be allowed to enjoy them.

"One of her pieces of luggage had fallen at my feet, and a roll of rugs had landed at my side. I thought if I hid the fact that the lady was not welcome, and at once started to be civil, she might permit me to smoke. So I picked her handbag off the floor and asked her where I might place it.

"As I spoke I looked at her for the first time and saw that she was a most remarkably handsome woman.

"She smiled charmingly and begged me not to disturb myself. Then she arranged her own things about her and, opening her dressing-bag, took out a gold cigarette-case.

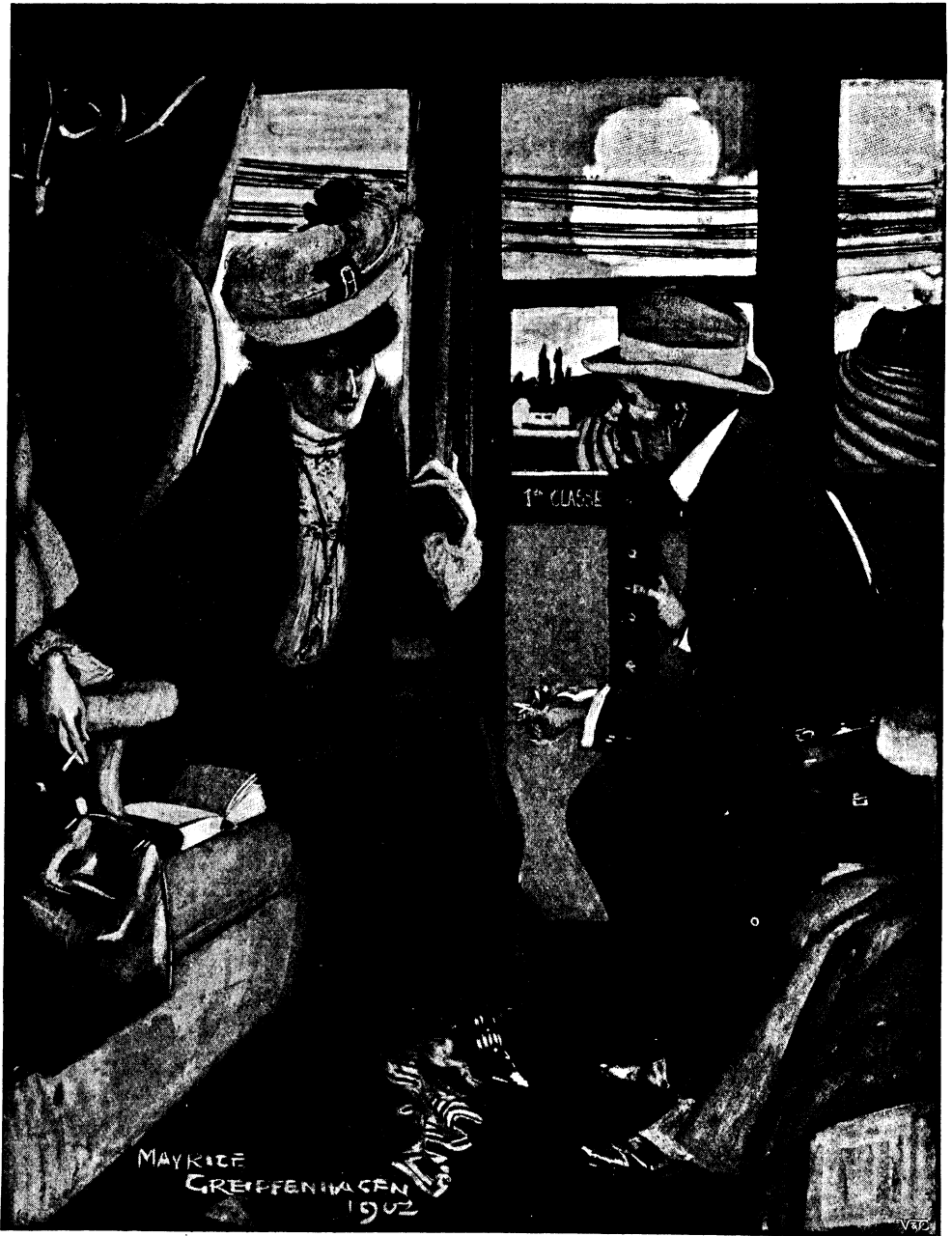
"'Do you object to smoke?' she asked.

"I laughed and assured her I had been in great terror lest she might not allow me to smoke.

"'If you like cigarettes,' she said, 'will you try some of these? They are rolled especially for my husband in Russia, and they are supposed to be very good.'

"I thanked her and took one from her case, and I found it so much better than my own that I continued to smoke her cigarettes throughout the rest of the journey. I must say that we got on very well. I judged from the coronet on her cigarette-case, and from her manner, which was quite as well bred as that of any woman I ever met, that she was someone of importance, and though she seemed almost too good-looking to be respectable, I determined that she was some *grande dame* who was so assured of her position that she could afford to be unconventional. At first she read her novel, and then she made some comment on the scenery, and finally we began to discuss the current politics of the Continent. She talked of all the cities in Europe and seemed to know everyone worth knowing. But she volunteered nothing about herself except that she frequently made use of the expression, 'When my husband was stationed at Vienna,' or, 'When my husband was promoted to Rome.' Once she said to me, 'I have often seen you at Monte Carlo. I saw you when you won





"Finally we began to discuss the current politics of the Continent."

the pigeon championship.' I told her that I was not a pigeon shot, and she gave a little start of surprise. 'Oh! I beg your pardon,' she said, 'I thought you were Morton Hamilton, the English champion.' As a matter of fact, I do look something like Hamilton, but I know now that her object was to make me

think that she had no idea as to who I really was. She needn't have acted at all, for I certainly had no suspicions, and was only too pleased to have so charming a companion.

"The one thing that should have made me suspicious was the fact that at every station she made some trivial excuse to get

me out of the compartment. She pretended that her maid was travelling behind us in one of the second-class carriages, and kept saying she could not imagine why the woman did not come to look after her; and if the maid did not turn up at the next stop, would I be so very kind as to get out and bring her whatever it was she pretended she wanted?

"I had taken my dressing-case from the rack to get out a novel, and had left it on the seat opposite to mine, and at the end of the compartment furthest from her. And once when I came back from buying her a cup of chocolate, or from some other fool errand, I found her standing at my end of the compartment with both hands on the dressing-bag. She looked at me without so much as winking an eye, and shoved the case carefully into a corner. 'Your bag slipped off on the floor,' she said. 'If you've got any bottles in it, you had better look and see that they're not broken.'

"And I give you my word, I was such an ass that I did open the case and look all through it. She must have thought I *was* a Juggins. I get hot all over whenever I remember it. But in spite of my dullness, and her cleverness, she couldn't gain anything by sending me away, because what she wanted was in the handbag, and every time she sent me away the handbag went with me.

"After the incident of the dressing-case her manner began to change. Either she had had time to look through it in my absence, or, when I was examining it for broken bottles, she had seen everything it held.

"From that moment she must have been certain that the cigar-case in which she knew I carried the diamonds was in the bag that was fastened to my body, and from that time on she probably was plotting how to get it from me.

"Her anxiety became most apparent. She dropped the great lady manner, and her charming condescension went with it. She ceased talking, and, when I spoke, answered me irritably or at random. No doubt her mind was entirely occupied with her plan. The end of our journey was drawing rapidly nearer, and her time for action was being cut down with the speed of the express train. Even I, unsuspecting as I was, noticed that something was very wrong with her. I really believe that before we reached Marseilles, if I had not, through my own stupidity, given her the chance she wanted, she might have stuck a knife in me and rolled me out on the rails. But as it was, I only thought that the

long journey had tired her. I suggested that it was a very tedious trip, and asked her if she would allow me to offer her some of my cognac.

"She thanked me and said 'No,' and then suddenly her eyes lighted, and she exclaimed, 'Yes, thank you, if you will be so kind.'

"My flask was in the handbag, and I placed it on my lap, and with my thumb I slipped back the catch. As I keep my tickets and railroad guide in the bag, I am so constantly opening it that I never bother to lock it, and the fact that it is strapped to me has always been sufficient protection. But I can appreciate now what a satisfaction, and what a torment, too, it must have been to that woman when she saw that the bag opened without a key.

"While we were crossing the mountains I had felt rather chilly, and had been wearing a light racing coat. But after the lamps were lighted the compartment became very hot and stuffy, and I found the coat uncomfortable. So I stood up, and, after first slipping the strap of the bag over my head, I placed the bag in the seat next me and pulled off the racing coat. I don't blame myself for being careless; the bag was still within reach of my hand, and nothing would have happened if at that exact moment the train had not stopped at Arles. It was the combination of my removing the bag and our entering the station at the same instant which gave the Princess Zichy the chance she wanted to rob me.

"I needn't say that she was clever enough to take it. The train ran in the station at full speed and came to a sudden stop. I had just thrown my coat into the rack, and had reached out my hand for the bag. In another instant I should have had the strap around my shoulder. But at that moment the Princess threw open the door of the compartment and beckoned wildly at the people on the platform. 'Natalie!' she called, 'Natalie! here I am. Come here! This way!' She turned upon me in the greatest excitement. 'My maid!' she cried. 'She is looking for me. She passed the window without seeing me. Go, please, and bring her back.' She continued pointing out of the door and beckoning me with her other hand. There certainly was something about that woman's tone which made one jump. When she was giving orders, you had no chance to think of anything else. So I rushed out on my errand of mercy, and then rushed back again to ask what the maid looked like.



“I must have rushed up to over twenty women and asked, “Are you Natalie?””

"'In black,' she answered, rising and blocking the door of the compartment. 'All in black, with a bonnet!'

"The train waited three minutes at Arles, and in that time I suppose I must have rushed up to over twenty women and asked, 'Are you Natalie?' The only reason I wasn't punched with an umbrella or handed over to the *gendarme* must have been that they probably thought I was crazy.

"When I jumped back into the compartment the Princess was seated where I had left her, but her eyes were burning with happiness. She placed her hand on my arm almost affectionately and said in a most hysterical way, 'You are very kind to me. I am so sorry to have troubled you.'

"I protested that every woman on the platform was dressed in black.

"'Indeed, I am so sorry,' she said, laughing; and she continued to laugh until she began to breathe so quickly that I thought she was going to faint.

"I can see now that the last part of that journey must have been a terrible half-hour for her. She had the cigar-case safe enough, but she knew that she herself was not safe. She knew if I were to open my bag, even at the last minute, and miss the case, I should know positively that she had taken it. I had placed the diamonds in the bag at the very moment she entered the compartment, and no one but our two selves had occupied it since. She knew that when we reached Marseilles she would either be twenty thousand pounds richer than when she left Paris, or that she would go to jail. That was the situation as she must have read it, and I don't envy her her state of mind during that last half-hour. It must have been hell.

"I saw that something was wrong, and in my innocence I even wondered if possibly my cognac had not been a little too strong. For she suddenly developed into a most brilliant conversationalist, and applauded and laughed at everything even I said, firing off questions at me like a machine-gun, so that I had no time to think of anything else but of what she was saying. Whenever I stirred, she stopped her chattering and leaned toward me, and watched me like a cat over a mouse-hole. I wondered how I could have considered her an agreeable travelling companion. I thought I should have preferred to be locked in with a lunatic. I don't like to think how she would have acted if I had made a move to examine the bag, but as I had it safely strapped around me again, I did not open it, and I reached Marseilles

alive. As we drew into the station she shook hands with me and grinned at me like a Cheshire cat.

"'I cannot tell you,' she said, 'how much I have to thank you for.' What do you think of that for impudence?

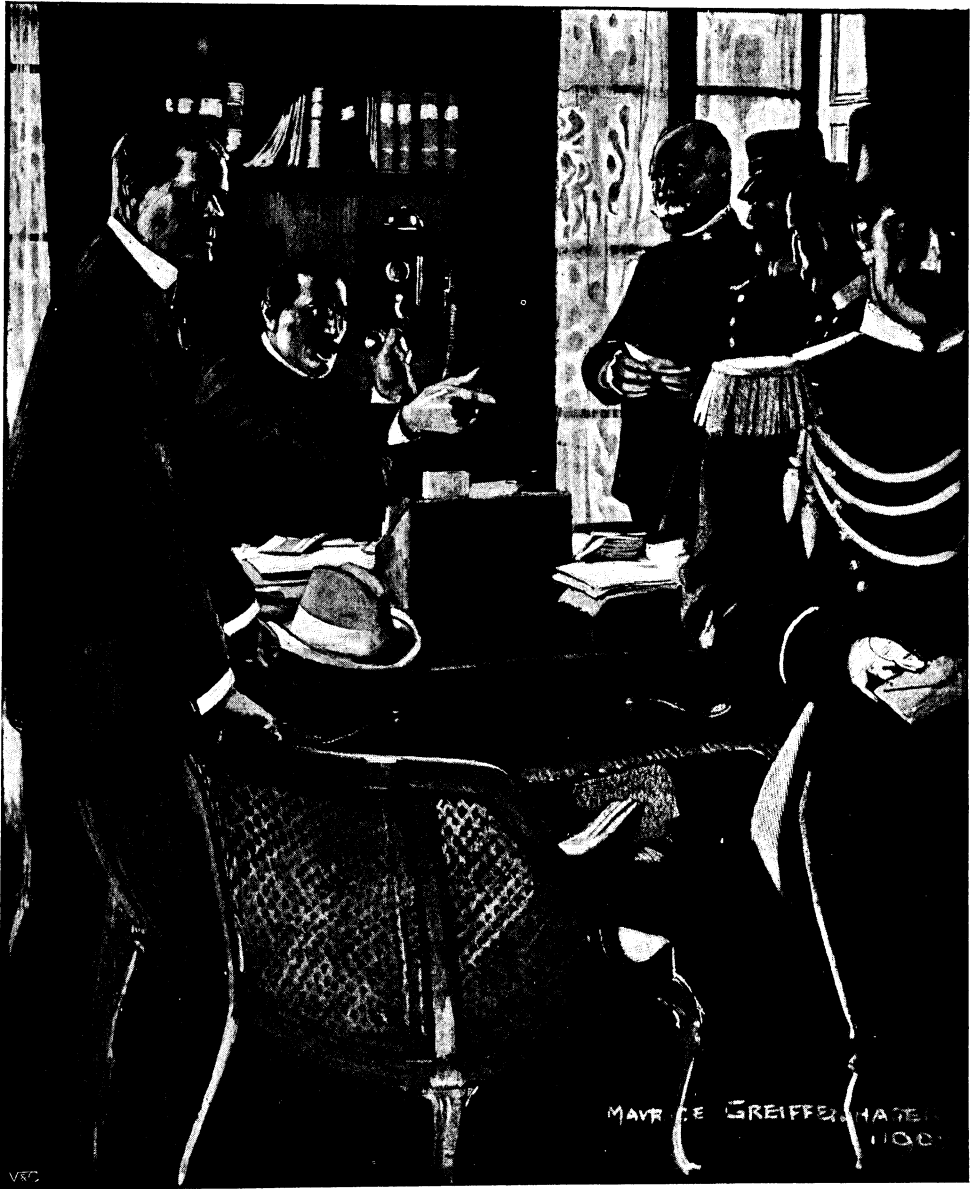
"I offered to put her in a carriage, but she said she must find Natalie, and that she hoped we should meet again at the hotel. So I drove off by myself, wondering who she was, and whether Natalie was not her keeper.

"I had to wait several hours for the train to Nice, and as I wanted to stroll around the city, I thought I had better put the diamonds in the safe of the hotel. As soon as I reached my room I locked the door, placed the handbag on the table and opened it. I felt among the things at the top of it, but failed to touch the cigar-case. I shoved my hand in deeper and stirred the things about, but still I did not reach it. A cold wave swept down my spine, and a sort of emptiness came to the pit of my stomach. Then I turned red-hot and the sweat sprang out all over me. I wetted my lips with my tongue and said to myself, 'Don't be an ass! Pull yourself together, pull yourself together. Take the things out, one at a time. It's there, of course it's there. Don't be an ass!'

"So I put a brake on my nerves and began very carefully to pick out the things one by one, but after five seconds I could not stand it another instant, and I rushed across the room and threw out everything on the bed: but the diamonds were not among them. I pulled the things about and tore them open and shuffled and rearranged and sorted them, but it was no use. The cigar-case was gone. I threw everything in the dressing-case out on the floor, although I knew it was useless to look for it there. I knew that I had put it in the bag. I sat down and tried to think. I remembered I had put it in the satchel at Paris just as that woman had entered the compartment, and I had been alone with her ever since, so it was she who had robbed me. But how? It had never left my shoulder. And then I remembered that it had—that I had taken it off when I had changed my coat and for the few moments that I was searching for Natalie. I remembered that the woman had sent me on that goose-chase, and at every other station she had tried to get rid of me on some fool errand.

"I gave a roar like a mad bull and I jumped down the stairs six steps at a time.

"I demanded at the office if a distinguished



“‘While I was standing there he must have given at least a hundred orders.’”

lady traveller, possibly a Russian, had just entered the hotel.

“As I expected, she had not. I sprang into a cab and inquired at two other hotels, and then I saw the folly of trying to catch her without outside help, and I ordered the fellow to gallop to the office of the Chief of Police. I told my story, and the ass in charge asked me to calm myself and wanted to take notes. I told him this was no time for taking notes, but for doing something.

He got wrathful at that, and I demanded to be taken at once to his Chief. The Chief, he said, was very busy and could not see me. So I showed him my silver greyhound. In eleven years I had never used it but once before. I stated in pretty vigorous language that I was a Queen's Messenger, and that if the Chief of Police did not see me instantly he would lose his official head. The fellow jumped off his high horse at that and ran with me to his Chief—a smart young chap,

a colonel in the army, and a very intelligent man.

"I explained that I had been robbed in a French railway carriage of a diamond necklace belonging to the Queen of England, which Her Majesty was sending as a present to the Czarina of Russia. I pointed out to him that if he succeeded in capturing the thief, he would be made for life and would receive the gratitude of three great Powers.

"He wasn't the sort that thinks second thoughts are best. He saw Russian and French decorations sprouting all over his chest, and he hit a bell and pressed buttons and yelled out orders like the captain of a penny steamer in a fog. He sent her description to all the city gates, and ordered all cabmen and railway porters to search all trains leaving Marseilles. He ordered all passengers on outgoing vessels to be examined, and telegraphed the proprietors of every hotel and pension to send him a complete list of their guests within the hour. While I was standing there he must have given at least a hundred orders, and sent out enough *commissaires*, *sergents de ville*, *gendarmes*, bicycle police, and plain-clothes Johnnies to have captured the entire German army. When they had gone he assured me that the woman was as good as arrested already. Indeed, officially, she was arrested: for she had no more chance of escape from Marseilles than from the Château D'If.

"He told me to return to my hotel and possess my soul in peace. Within an hour he assured me he would acquaint me with her arrest.

"I thanked him, and complimented him on his energy, and left him. But I didn't share in his confidence. I felt that she was a very clever woman and a match for any and all of us. It was all very well for him to be jubilant. He had not lost the diamonds, and had everything to gain if he found them; while I, even if he did recover the necklace, should only be where I was before I lost it, and if he did not recover it I was a ruined man. It was an awful facer for me. I had always prided myself on my record. In eleven years I had never mislaid an envelope nor missed taking the first train. And now I had failed in the most important commission that had ever been entrusted to me. And it wasn't a thing that could be hushed up, either. It was too conspicuous, too spectacular. It was sure to invite the widest notoriety. I saw myself ridiculed all over the Continent, and perhaps dismissed, even suspected of having taken the thing myself.

"I was walking in front of a lighted *café*, and I felt so sick and miserable that I stopped for a pick-me-up. Then I considered that if I took one drink I should probably, in my present state of mind, not want to stop under twenty, and I decided I had better leave it alone. But my nerves were jumping like those of a frightened rabbit, and I felt I must have something to quiet them or I should go crazy. I reached for my cigarette-case, but a cigarette seemed hardly adequate, so I put it back again and took out this cigar-case, in which I keep only the strongest and blackest cigars. I opened it and stuck in my fingers, but instead of a cigar they touched on a thin leather envelope. My heart stood perfectly still. I did not dare to look, but I dug my finger-nails into the letter and I felt layers of thin paper, then a layer of cotton, and then they scratched on the facets of the Czarina's diamonds!

"I stumbled as though I had been hit in the face and fell back into one of the chairs on the pavement. I tore off the wrappings and spread out the diamonds on the *café* table; I could not believe they were real. I twisted the necklace between my fingers, and crushed it between my palms, and tossed it up in the air. I believe I almost kissed it. The women in the *café* stood up on the chairs to see better, and laughed and screamed, and the people crowded so close around me that the waiters had to form a bodyguard. The proprietor thought there was a fight and called for the police. I was so happy I didn't care. I laughed, too, and gave the proprietor a handful of coin and told him to stand everyone a drink. Then I tumbled into a *fiacre* and galloped off to my friend the Chief of Police. I felt very sorry for him. He had been so happy at the chance I had given him, and he would be so disappointed when he learned I had sent him off on a false alarm.

"But now that I had the necklace I did not want him to find the woman. Indeed, I was most anxious that she should get clear away. For if she were caught, the truth would come out, and I was likely to get a sharp reprimand, and sure to be laughed at.

"I could see now how it had happened. In my haste to hide the diamonds when the woman was hustled into the carriage I had shoved the cigars into the satchel and the diamonds into the pocket of my coat. Now that I had the diamonds safe again it seemed a very natural mistake. But I doubted if the Foreign Office would think so. I was afraid it might not appreciate the beautiful



"I spread out the diamonds on the *café* table."



simplicity of my secret hiding-place. So, when I reached the police station and found the Princess still at large, I was more than relieved.

"As I expected, the Chief was extremely chagrined when he learned of my mistake and that there was nothing for him to do. But I was feeling so happy myself that I hated to have anyone else miserable, so I suggested that this attempt to steal the Czarina's necklace might be only the first of a series of such attempts, and that I might still be in danger from an unscrupulous gang.

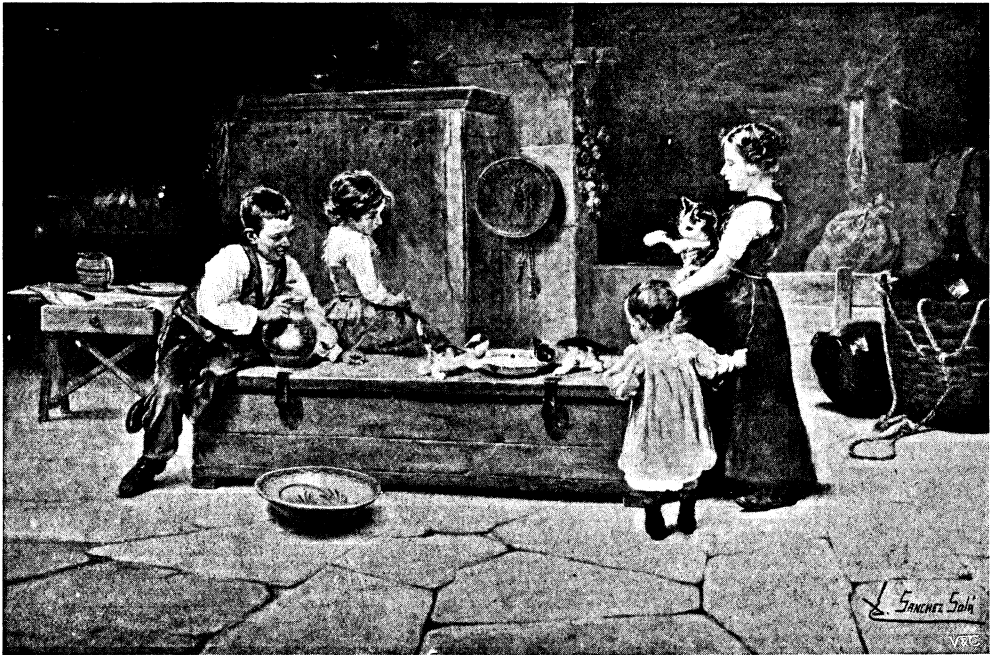
"I winked at the Chief and the Chief smiled at me, and we went to Nice together in a saloon car with a guard of twelve carabineers and twelve plain-clothes men, and the Chief and I drank champagne all the way. We marched together up to the hotel where the Russian Ambassador was stopping, closely surrounded by our escort of carabineers, and delivered the necklace with the most profound ceremony. The old Ambassador was immensely impressed, and when we hinted that already I had been

made the object of an attack by robbers, he assured us that His Imperial Majesty would not prove ungrateful.

"I wrote a swinging personal letter about the invaluable services of the Chief to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and they gave him enough Russian and French medals to satisfy even a French soldier. So, though he never caught the woman, he received his just reward."

The Queen's Messenger paused and surveyed the faces of those about him in some embarrassment.

"But the worst of it is," he added, "that the story must have got about; for, while the Princess obtained nothing from me but a cigar-case and five excellent cigars, a few weeks after the coronation the Czar sent me a gold cigar-case with his monogram in diamonds. And I don't know yet whether that was a coincidence, or whether the Czar wanted me to know that he knew that I had been carrying the Czarina's diamonds in my pigskin cigar-case. What do you fellows think?"



A LITTLE LIGHT REFRESHMENT.

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. SÁNCHEZ SOLÁ.

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# THE TUNNY FISHERIES OF SARDINIA.

BY H. LE MESURIER.

THE tunny fish is a product of the warm seas near the Equator, but in the month of March it begins to migrate towards the Mediterranean in shoals of thousands and tens of thousands. Those that escape the wholesale slaughter which takes place in the tunny fisheries begin to return from where they came soon after the month of June. A smaller kind of the same fish is indigenous to the Mediterranean Sea, remaining hidden in its depths during

and especially the one named Isola Piana, which belongs to the Marchese di Villamarina, whose mother is the first lady-in-waiting to Queen Margherita of Italy. The accompanying photos have been kindly given by him to the writer.

A description of the way the tunny is entrapped and killed will, doubtless, be novel to most readers. The method by which they are caught can be traced back to ancient times. The vast nets, made of thickest cords, are

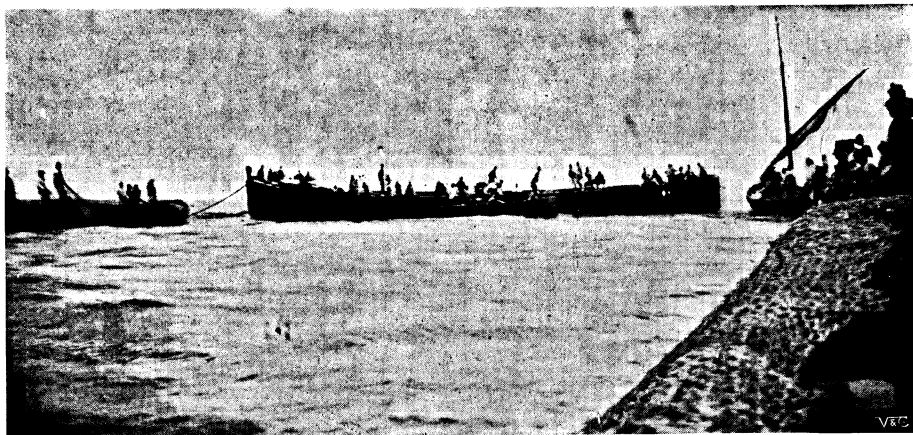


SPEARING THE FISH.

the winter months, and emerging to the surface in March.

Pure and salubrious water is necessary to them, and the slightest impurity disturbs and causes them to deviate from their natural course. Though one of the largest species of fish, they are exceedingly timid, and a few handfuls of sand flung in their midst throws them into disorder and puts them to flight. Use is made of their natural timidity by those who are employed in these fisheries, and by many a simple artifice they are induced to pass into the compartments of the *tonnara*, as the tunny fishery is called, where they are finally slaughtered. There are many of these *tonnare* in southern Italy, but some of the most important are those on the coast of Sardinia,

generally between 400 and 500 yards long, and form a corridor which ends in different compartments, or chambers, as they are usually called. The fish enter these in search of food, and as they pass from one to the other, it is impossible for them to turn back or escape, unless it be during a tempest, when the violence of the waves breaks or loosens the cords of the nets. These are kept in a vertical position, being anchored to the bottom at one end, and attached to the surface of the water at the other by floating pieces of cork. They are distant about a mile from the shore. Each compartment has a depth of thirty metres, and a length of about forty metres on each side. The last of these is called the *corpus*, or "chamber of death," and is the only one that has a bottom to it

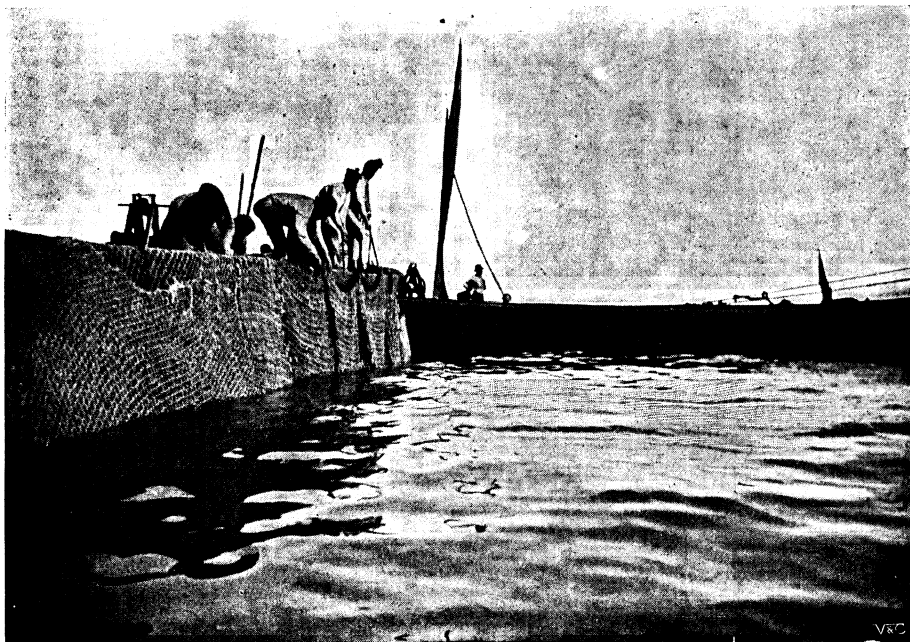


BOATS FORMING A SQUARE IN ORDER TO DRAW UP THE "CORPUS" PREPARATORY TO THE SLAUGHTER.

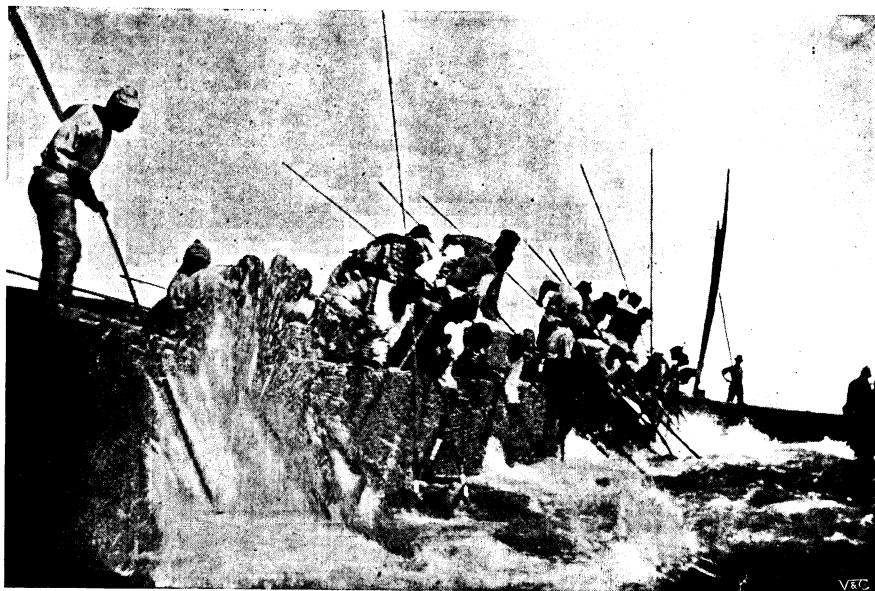
as well as sides, and a door made of cords and level with the lower part of the net, which is raised like a portcullis when the fish are driven into it at the time the *mattanza* or slaughter is about to take place. The course of the tunny is always towards the east, and they guide themselves by the left eye, and this must be always borne in mind by those who lay the nets.

The *rais*, as the head of the tunny fishery is called, frequently visits them, and from his boat he can approximately count the number of the fish ensnared. When it

appears to him that there are sufficient to make it worth while, he presents himself to the director-in-chief of the *tonnara*, and gives him an account, not only of the number, but also of the quality of the fish he has seen, whether they are chiefly large, small, or of middle size. If the *mattanza* is agreed upon, the crews of the different boats to be employed are sent for, being generally not less than 120 men. The next day before dawn the *rais*, together with the most experienced of the sailors, after ascertaining that the weather is favourable.



SAILORS FASTENING ONE SIDE OF THE "CORPUS" TO THE BOAT IN FORMING THE NECESSARY SQUARE.

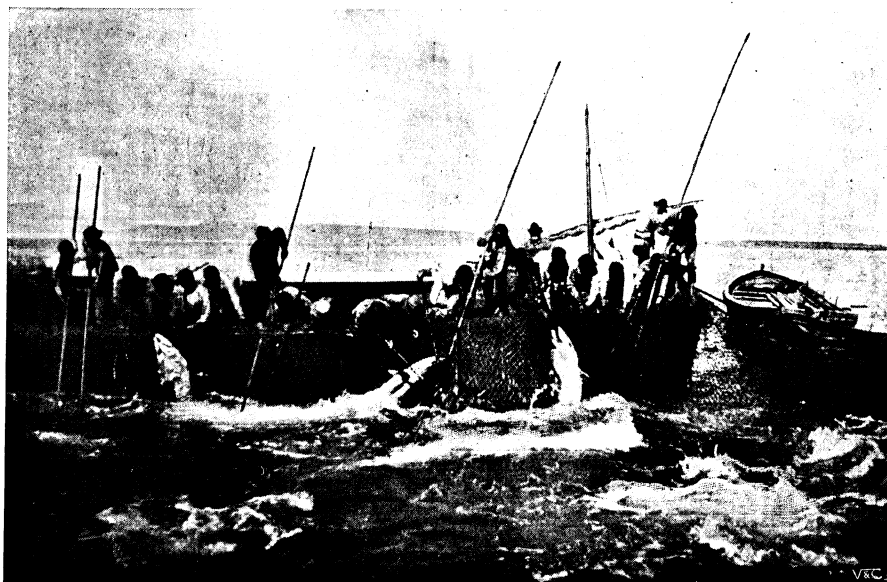


EACH TRIES TO KILL THE GREATEST NUMBER.

begin to make the necessary preparations. The large boats are laden with harpoons, pikes, lances, and other necessary instruments.

Bread, wine, and various provisions are also embarked. The clothing of the men is of the lightest, the exercise they are about to engage in being of the most violent description, and it is necessary that their limbs should be perfectly untrammelled. On

arriving at the nets the fish are again counted, and the boats form a square, the small one, in which the *rais* remains alone, being in the centre immediately over the *corpus*. When all are in their places the men take off their caps and prayers are said. Different saints are invoked, and especially St. Peter, as the chief patron of fishermen. Those who are leading the prayers, which are chanted, end



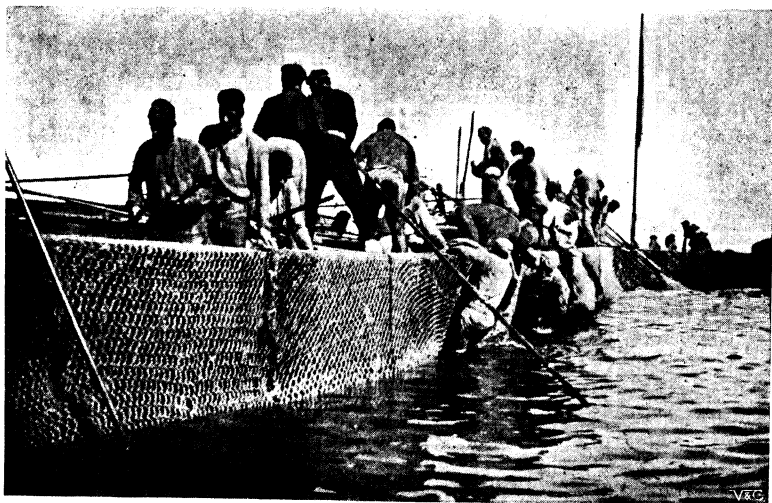
IN KILLING THE FISH, CARE MUST BE TAKEN NOT TO MUTILATE THEM.



THE ORDER TO KILL IS AGAIN GIVEN.

them with the following invocation, "O Lord! give us a successful fishery!" to which the crews reply, "*Dio lo faccia!*" or, "May God grant it!" When the prayers are over, the *rais* asks the captains of the different boats whether they are all ready, and on their replying in the affirmative the drive of the fish begins. The largest compartment, which immediately precedes the chamber of death, is the one where the greater number of fish are collected, and where they swim round and round in a circle, which must be broken in order to force them to pass into the *corpus*. As soon as they have entered it the door is raised, so as to prevent their escaping into the other compartments. The crews of the boats which surround the net begin to raise it gently. The *rais* from his boat encourages the men, and now and again dashes water upon them, which refreshes them while they work, and the cry is often heard, "Water, water, *rais!*" A peculiar monotonous song is

sung, which encourages them and lightens their labour as they work. When the net is raised and drawn in by degrees, the *rais* from his boat watches and directs the operation, because if it is not raised equally by all the sailors, the fish may easily escape. If the sea be not perfectly smooth, the difficulty is increased. When the fish perceive they are being surrounded by the net, which is drawn towards the boats, they make violent efforts to escape, and as they lash the sea with their tails, the water is dashed over the men till they are wet through. In the violence of their struggles the fish soon lose their



THE MEN WASH THEMSELVES IN THE SEA AFTER THE FIGHT.

strength, and then the eyes of the sailors turn to the *rais*, in expectation of the signal that the slaughter is to begin.

He is at too great a distance for the sound of his voice to reach them, so he raises his hand, and at the same time whistles loudly, which is the sign for them to fall upon the fish. Each tries to kill the greatest number, and there are often disputes between them when two have by chance wounded the same tunny, each asserting that it falls to his share, and the *rais* has to act as umpire between them. In killing the fish, care must be taken not to mutilate them, as they should be given whole into the hands of those whose duty it is to prepare them. When about two-thirds have been destroyed, the signal is given for the slaughter to cease, and any sailor who does not leave off immediately is fined.

The reason of this is that the smaller fish are those which remain, and they can be more effectually destroyed when by a fresh operation they are drawn into a part of the *corpus* where the cords are so thick and close that they are impeded from forcing their way through. The order to kill is again given, and is so carried out that not a tunny remains alive. When it is ascertained that not a single one remains in the nets, they are again lowered, and the heavily laden boats draw off from the spot where the slaughter has taken place, the sea being covered with blood as far as eye can reach. The number of the fish slaughtered is again counted, and the crew then throw themselves into the sea to wash off the blood with which they are covered, before changing their clothes and returning to the shore. The *rais* alone remains behind in his small boat to see that all is right with the nets, and whether any fish are already beginning to enter them. Most of the large *tonnare* have an establishment not far from the landing place, where the tunny is prepared. About two hundred persons are on the beach awaiting the arrival



MENDING THE NETS.

of the boats. Able-bodied porters are ready to carry the fish on their shoulders, the weight of each one varying from 20 lb. to 200 lb.

After opening and cleaning them, the parts of the intestines which can be used are divided among the sailors, in proportion to the number they have killed, and they return home with their spoils, singing joyously as they go. The fish carried to the establishment to be cured number from several hundreds to a thousand. The heads are cut off and placed to dry, and are afterwards boiled, and the oil which is extracted from them is used in the preparation of leather. The bodies of the fish are hung up by their tails, as they must be entirely drained of every drop of blood before they can be cured. They are then placed on tables, where they are quickly cut up and boiled in large cauldrons. The men who prepare them are those who during the winter months make the barrels in which they are placed as soon as they have been allowed to cool. The tunny is easily spoilt if there be the slightest carelessness in the preparation of it for exportation, and only the most experienced workmen are employed. The work must be done with the greatest celerity, and a thousand tunny fish are frequently prepared in the course of forty-eight hours. The barrels and tins in which they are placed are filled with oil. The inferior parts are cured with salt alone and sold on the spot at low prices.



The tunny is much used in all parts of southern Italy, especially during Lent. It can be cooked in such a way as to resemble veal, and, even simply prepared with oil, is a most nutritious kind of food.

Those who have never seen a tunny fishery can hardly realise the amount of labour and expense which it entails. The *mattanza*, or slaughter, of the fish I have described, though lasting but a few hours, leaves the strong men who take part in it with stiff and aching limbs for many days afterwards.

Owing to the number of persons to whom it gives employment, it is one of the greatest resources of the otherwise poor and neglected island of Sardinia, notwithstanding its being

taxed out of all proportion to what the industry yields.

The *tonnara* of Isola Piana is infested by sharks, which are attracted by the odour of the tunny fish. They frequently succeed in seizing one of these with their teeth, devouring with a single bite the belly, which is the part most prized. On one occasion a shark followed the boats conveying the fish so close inland that it was stranded. The proprietor's dog, seeing the huge creature struggling on the sand, ran backwards and forwards into the water, barking furiously the whole time. The Marchese, who from a window was watching the scene, had the satisfaction of seeing his dog saved by the sailors, and the shark destroyed.



APPLE-BLOSSOM.

A Photographic Study by H. Treng.



# OUR NATIONAL PERIL.

By ERNEST E. WILLIAMS,\*

Author of "*The Imperial Heritage*," "*Made in Germany*," "*Marching Backward*," and "*The Foreigner in the Farmyard*."



PERILS beset every nation. Some, by fortune or wise statesmanship, are avoided, or their maleficent influence is mitigated. Sometimes the peril becomes an overwhelming evil and

the nation succumbs. In placing the title, "Our National Peril," at the head of this page, I am not ignoring the fact that more perils than one beset the English people at the present time. But there is one peril which looms so gloomily upon the nation's horizon, which has already inflicted such grievous harm upon the nation, which is so particularly a source of national decadence, that without violation of language it may legitimately be allotted a seemingly exclusive description and be named Our National Peril. The peril I mean is that which lies in the ruin of this country's agriculture.

The history of the world demonstrates that an essential to the health, or even the long-continued life of a nation, is that it shall be rooted in the soil. To the decline of agriculture upon the Italian plains the fall of Rome was in no small measure due; the rich and powerful Venetian Republic withered away because it was only commercial, and had no roots in the soil. The trouble between Chile and Argentina arises from Chile's lack of agricultural lands, without which her future is doomed to poverty and insignificance. And it must always be so. As Alison writes in his "History of Europe": "No nation can pretend to independence which rests for any sensible portions of its subsistence, in ordinary seasons, on foreign, who may become

hostile, nations." And Burke has told us that "in every country the first creditor is the plough. This original, indefeasible claim supersedes every other demand." Nature, in making the soil the mother of all wealth, its only real source, reminds us, in point of economic fact, and also after the manner of an allegory, that the tilling of the soil must ever remain the basis of industrial society. Without agriculture, as Alison said, no nation can really be independent, for it continuously leaves hostages of first importance in the hands of possible enemies. Without agriculture the vital forces of the nation die away. For it is not the denizens of crowded cities, even of the wealthiest manufacturing and commercial towns, who keep up the country's population; it is to the countryside we have to look for the continuation of the race. It is to the countryside the recruiting-sergeant goes for the best of his soldiers; it is from villages—from agricultural even more than from fishing villages—that the Navy draws its supply of sailors.

So it is also in economics. Agriculture is not only the greatest wealth producer amongst all the departments of industry, but the manufacturing industries themselves depend upon it. The best market for all manufactures is the market at the door of a factory—that is to say, the market of the surrounding countryside, where manufactures can be sold without the profits being drained by transport charges and the army of middlemen, which intervene when a far-off market is sought. Agriculture and manufactures living side by side support each other, even physically, as well as economically, as the most elementary agricultural chemistry will explain to you; and when they are wedded in the same community, wealth and economic well-being are produced and conserved to an extent which is not possible when they are divorced.

\* NOTE.—*The WINDSOR does not necessarily identify itself with all the deductions contained in Mr. Williams' careful article, but publishes it as a striking contribution towards the study of a subject which all thoughtful people admit to be one of vital importance.*—EDITOR.

## ENGLAND'S SUICIDE.

To kill agriculture is something worse even than the murder of a great industry. So intimately bound up with the well-being of a country is that country's agriculture that to kill it is to drain away the country's life-blood, and the nation which kills its agriculture commits suicide.

Yet England has deliberately killed her agriculture. In a moment of madness, succeeded by years of thoughtless folly, the Parliament of this country signed the death-warrant of the queen of this country's industries. It committed this crime in the fancied interests of the manufacturing and commercial interests of the country, though these interests were progressing to a degree which was the world's marvel. I say that this act was performed in a moment of madness, and in support of this view that the country's politicians were suffering from a fit of aberration of mind, I may appeal to Gladstone's own words, uttered a year or two before he plunged into the hysterical agitation against agriculture. In 1843 he declared: "I am strictly correct in saying there would be no new labour set in motion by the manufacturers of this country if foreign corn were admitted free, but what would be more than counterbalanced by the displacement of the labour of the British peasantry."

Those were the words of the patriot and the economist in his time of soberness. With his mind as yet clear of the turgid rhetoric of the Repeal League, he saw clearly enough that the evils and losses attendant upon the ruin of agriculture must be greater than any advantage in the way of an increased export trade in manufactures which might possibly accrue from withdrawing the necessary support from agriculture. Yet Gladstone's flash of insight into the real bearings of the matter were soon lost amid the growth of such doctrines as that tersely and cynically expressed in Thompson's "Free Trade Catechism": "It may be information to the home agriculturists to state that there would be no physical impossibility in living without them altogether."

And so the deed was accomplished. It was not all at once that agriculture began to die. Just as a man may, by some foolish course of living, sow in his system the seeds of death, and yet continue for some years afterwards in fair and apparent health, so it was with English agriculture. The "natural protection" of distance, which Cobden promised

to the English farmer, did shield agriculture for awhile. The prairies of North and South America were as yet but sparsely employed in arable cultivation, and, apart from the comparative smallness of the foreign wheat supply available, a lack of facilities for transportation and the high charges for freight did give the farmer protection against foreign competitors, even after the duties were removed. But all through the intervening years the foreign wheat-lands have been developing, railways have made a mesh over them, and the seas are now so crowded with ships that they are carrying grain across the Atlantic for a penny a bushel, and in some cases actually as ballast.

Meantime also the commercial and manufacturing population of England was largely increasing; not, however, as Free Traders vainly imagine, because of England's free import system, which as yet was not in practical operation, but because England was the world's workshop, and the world's gold discoveries and other industrial developments were daily augmenting the number of purchasers crowding around that workshop; and therefore, with these two advantages in hand—the lack of effective competition, and the growing urban population at its doors—English agriculture did seem for a time to be impervious, or almost impervious, to the attacks which had been made upon it in the 'forties.

## THE DOWNFALL.

This period culminated about 1875. Shortly afterwards signs of change became apparent. The protecting influences were disappearing, competition was growing and becoming growingly effective. The approaching *débâcle* first became alarmingly noticeable during, as it was in a measure precipitated by, the bad season of 1879. That misfortune may be likened to the chill which, in the case of a man who has within him the seeds of consumption, discloses the real state of his constitution, and plunges him into the illness from which he never recovers, though the chill itself may be a small and temporary ailment which otherwise he would easily and quickly have thrown off. This country's agriculture has never recovered from 1879. I do not mean to say that the disease was not apparent to an ordinarily close observer before 1879, or that, even supposing 1879 had been a good year instead of a bad one, the depression would have been much longer delayed. Still, in the history of

English farming the dire trouble which has since overtaken it is currently dated from that year. Nevertheless, it is well to bear in mind that the decline, in spite of the apparent good times of the middle 'seventies, had commenced prior to that period, for the acreage under wheat in the United Kingdom amounted in the middle 'fifties to about 4,200,000, whereas the average for the first quinquennium of the 'sixties was only  $3\frac{3}{4}$

exhibited a practically unbroken record of decline in this country's agriculture. Notwithstanding that almost at the beginning of this quarter-century a Royal Commission sat upon the then existing depression in agriculture, the position since has steadily worsened, and shows not the slightest sign of mending. If the complaints of distress do not continually augment, it is for the ominous, baleful reason that the farmers and



PROPORTIONATE YIELD OF TOTAL WHEAT ACREAGE 25 YEARS AGO.

million acres, and for the first quinquennium of the 'seventies it was some 13,000 acres below this figure. But for general purposes of comparison it will suffice to take as a starting point the middle years of the 'seventies.

#### A QUARTER OF A CENTURY'S RECORD.

I want, in the course of this short exposition of the state of British agriculture, to be as parsimonious of statistics as an adequate treatment of the position will allow. For I know that to the ordinary reader figures wear a repellent look. But their use cannot be altogether avoided, and I must therefore ask your indulgence for, and your attention to, a few figures I am now about to inflict upon you, because they are necessary to an adequate presentment of the case. I want you to get well into mind the fact that the last quarter of the nineteenth century has

their labourers, in yearly increasing numbers, have given up in despair and disgust the struggle to maintain the country's chief industry—there is less and ever less

farming now than formerly. This will be apparent if I detail the acreage figures over the period. And I will mitigate the number of the figures by tabulating



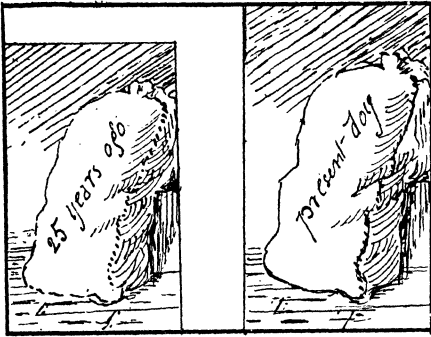
YIELD OF THE SAME ACREAGE AT THE PRESENT DAY.

them in quinquennial averages. Here is the result.

THE WHEAT ACREAGE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.			
Average.		Average.	
1871-1875 . . .	3,737,140	1886-1890 . . .	2,488,357
1876-1880 . . .	3,190,086	1891-1895 . . .	2,015,647
1881-1885 . . .	2,829,584	1896-1900 . . .	1,957,573
GREAT BRITAIN ONLY.			
1900 . . .	1,845,042	1901 . . .	1,700,828

These wheat acreage figures are those to which your attention should chiefly be drawn : for the production of breadstuffs is the most

important department of agriculture, and it may be taken as typical of arable cultivation generally. But it may be well to demonstrate this last point. This will be done by reproducing a similar acreage table to the above, but including all kinds of corn crops—



IMPORTED WHEAT.

that is to say, in addition to wheat, barley, oats, rye, beans and peas.

#### THE CORN CROPS ACREAGE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

	Average.		Average.
1871-1875	11,543,777	1886-1890	9,722,297
1876-1880	10,931,553	1891-1895	9,234,921
1881-1885	10,345,860	1896-1900	8,816,109

BARLEY AND OATS ONLY, IN GREAT BRITAIN ONLY.  
1900 . . . . 5,016,353 | 1901 . . . . 4,939,350

Here the same tale of continuous decline may be read. The other corn crops have gone the way of wheat. Nor have these lost corn crops been replaced by green crops. I will not worry you again with tabulated statements; let it suffice to compare the average at the beginning of the quarter-century with the average at the end. The green crops of the United Kingdom, which comprise potatoes, turnips and swedes, mangolds, cabbage, vetches, etc., were from 1871 to 1875 planted over an annual average of 5,073,843 acres. From 1896 to 1900 they were planted over an average of 4,318,733 acres. So it is with flax, the average acreage of which from 1871 to 1875 was 136,005 acres; from 1896 to 1900 it was only 47,974 acres. Even hops have declined in the same period from 64,044 acres to 51,600 acres.

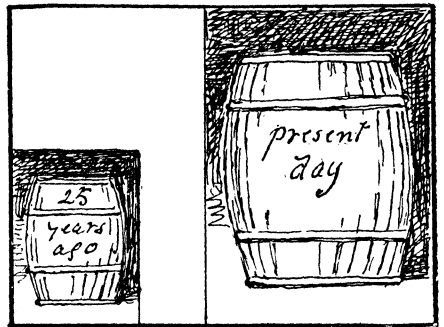
There is a proverb "Down corn, up horn"; but the later history of England poorly exemplifies that proverb. Notwithstanding the land which the diminished arable cultivation set free for stock and sheep raising, the head of cattle held in the Kingdom has only increased from 9,932,443 to 11,178,976; while the number of sheep pastured in the United Kingdom has positively declined during

this period, the figure being in the first years 33,192,418, and in the last years 31,051,718. We have failed even to increase the number of pigs, which have declined from 3,782,134 to 3,663,716.

Now think out the meaning of these figures in the light of the growth during the period of the population, which has increased from 31½ millions in 1871 to 41½ millions in 1901, and which would have increased, it may be remarked, yet more, but for the extensive emigration from rural Ireland, and for the substantial emigration from rural England and Scotland, caused by the decline in agriculture. And consider these figures, moreover, in the light of the increased wealth per head of the population, which means increased purchasing power, and therefore increased consumption of food.

Consider them in the light of our increased imports of foodstuffs. In 1875 we imported 51,876,517 cwt. of wheat; in 1900, 68,669,490 cwt.; in 1875 we imported 6,136,083 cwt. of wheat flour; in 1900, 21,548,131 cwt.; in 1875 we imported 11,049,476 cwt. of barley; in 1900, 17,054,990 cwt.; in 1875 we imported 2,955,202 cwt. of meat, bacon and hams; in 1900, 17,911,738 cwt.

This is the record for the queen of industries in this country during the past quarter of a century. Are you satisfied? Do you now accuse me of exaggeration in speaking of the present condition of agriculture as our national peril?



IMPORTED FLOUR.

#### THE LOSS OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

There are many points of view from which this death by inches of our chief industry may be regarded, and from time to time publicists invite your attention to one or other of these aspects. Before I close this brief survey I purpose to touch upon most

of them; but in the first place I would direct your attention to one aspect, which, though of very great importance, has not yet received the serious consideration which it deserves—I mean the loss of capital which the country has suffered, and continues to suffer, by reason of the decline in agriculture. In a way it is somewhat strange that this aspect of the matter should not have received greater attention, because Englishmen are apt to pride themselves upon their huge accumulations of capital, and of late years they have been a little exercised in their minds over the question whether the nation's capital is growing at a satisfactory rate, compared with its progress in past times, and compared with the present progress of other nations, or whether, indeed, it is now growing at all. And in truth the question is a vital one; yet scarce anyone discussing it includes in the discussion the question of agricultural capital. Yet the capital invested in the best of all the industries is surely proper matter for inclusion in any discussion of the nation's capital generally.

Let us, therefore, before proceeding to other aspects of the rural problem, try to find out how the position stands in regard to the loss of capital which the country has suffered by reason of the decay of its rural industries.

It is not easy to appraise this loss. Various estimates have been made, but they can only be estimates; exact aggregate figures are not obtainable, and in so far as the estimates are based upon exact statistics, and confined within their range, it is safe to assume that the real loss of capital has been very much greater than such estimates say. This point I would like you to bear in mind

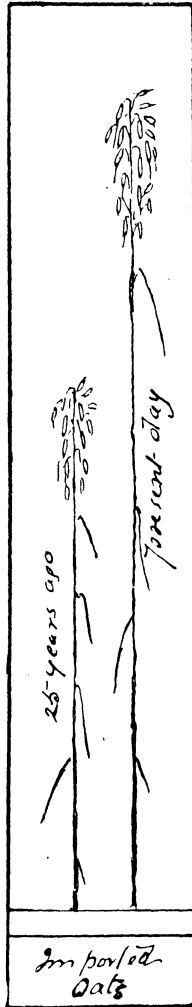
when perusing the estimates I am now about to lay before you.

For the purpose of calculating the loss, I doubt if we can find a better authority than Mr. Robert E. Turnbull, a land agent of

great experience, who prepared statistics upon the subject for the London Farmers' Club, and afterwards put in these statistics as evidence before the last Royal Commission on the Depression of Agriculture. Listen to them, and say if they are not startling enough to shake the most confirmed optimist.

First for the landlords' capital. Between 1874 and 1892-3 the value of agricultural land decreased from £1,874,000,000 to £1,160,000,000; that is to say, in eighteen years it fell off by 38 per cent. Think of what that means. In this brief space of time 38 per cent. of the agricultural landlords' capital was swept away. It is an enormous amount; it represents capital invested in the best of all the industries, and the loss occurred at a time when capital generally in the world was growing at a rapid rate. It was the first fruits of Free Trade. For the loss began synchronously with the coming into force of unchecked Free Trade in this country.

Moreover, it is a moderate estimate. Indeed, when the data upon which Mr. Turnbull formed his estimates are examined, it will be agreed by most persons that the estimate is too moderate, for it assumed that agricultural land was worth twenty-eight years' purchase in 1874 and 1875, and twenty-five years' purchase in 1892 and 1893; whereas it is asserted by many of those who follow the course of land prices that in the former period agricultural land was selling at thirty years' purchase, and doubt has been expressed as to whether twenty-five



years' purchase was not too heavy a figure to take for the sale price of agricultural land in the 'nineties. If the estimates had been thus altered, the enormous drop in capital would have been yet greater; for the method of calculation was, of course, the capitalisation of the rents and tithes in the two periods.

Now, the case has worsened since 1893. As the acreage figures I have already given show, there has been a progressive loss since 1893 in the Kingdom's arable acreage, and there has not been any recovery in rents. Bearing these various facts in mind—the underestimation of the loss in the period covered by Mr. Turnbull, and the loss since then—I am not exaggerating seriously, if exaggerating at all, when I put the total loss of agricultural landlords' capital in the last quarter of a century at the round figure of 1,000 millions sterling. Think of it!

But this is not the end of the story. There is the farmers' capital as well as the landlords' capital, and the farmers' capital, according to Mr. Turnbull's estimates, declined between June, 1874, and June, 1892, from £440,550,000 to £330,575,000—a loss of £110,000,000, equal to 25 per cent. And this loss, too, has been progressive.

The farmers' capital, it may be said, is calculated by adding together the value of the following items, which I reproduce in shortened form from Mr. Turnbull's table.

#### FARMERS' CAPITAL IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

	1874.	1892.	Decrease.
Live Stock . . .	£265,750,000	£185,725,000	£80,025,000
Implements, etc.	48,000,000	48,000,000	—
Manures . . .	48,000,000	38,500,000	9,500,000
Labour . . .	28,000,000	25,500,000	2,500,000
Seed . . .	19,800,000	12,310,000	7,490,000
Hay . . .	8,800,000	5,750,000	3,050,000
Corn . . .	12,750,000	5,770,000	6,980,000
Straw . . .	2,500,000	2,250,000	250,000
Hop gardens, orchards, etc.	2,500,000	2,500,000	—
Tradesmen's charges . . .	3,000,000	3,000,000	—
Dairy produce . .	1,450,000	1,270,000	180,000

In explanation of some of the above items, I may say that "corn" comprises 20 per cent. of the wheat, oats, beans and peas upon the farm, that the "straw" is that reserved for thatching and for stock, while the "hay" is that reserved for live stock and for sale. The "tradesmen's charges" are 25 per cent. of the estimated annual outlay, being part of the cost of the growing crops, and the "dairy produce" represents one-sixth of the season's make of cheese in stock on the 4th of June.

For the agricultural year from June, 1874, to June, 1875, the gross revenue upon the

above capital is estimated by Mr. Turnbull at £267,718,000, and for the agricultural year June, 1892, to June, 1893, at £185,750,000—a decrease of £81,968,000. (Just imagine what that means to the yearly income of the agricultural and the other classes of the country!) The first year's gross revenue was equivalent to £5 13s. 6d. an acre, that of the second year to £3 17s. 4d. an acre. The gross revenue of the first year represented 60½ per cent. upon the capital, of the second year 56½ per cent., notwithstanding that that capital was, as we have seen, so greatly reduced.

Now, if you will run your eye over the items in the above table, you will see that there has been no increase in farmers' capital since 1892, but, on the contrary, there must have been a considerable decrease in the aggregate. But there has been no general improvement in prices, either—a slight improvement here and there, but considerable decreases elsewhere; and, as the acreage returns which I have tabulated in an earlier part of this article show, the actual amount of farming is less to-day than it was eight years ago. If, therefore, in order to arrive at a round figure, we say that to-day the farmers' capital in this country may be returned at 300 millions, as against the 440 millions of a quarter of a century since, we arrive at a loss in farmers' capital during that period of 140 millions sterling. The extreme Radical may rail as much as he pleases against the landlord, and profess no sympathy with the loss of his capital, but even the extreme Radical must look with sympathetic eyes at the loss of capital suffered by hard-working farmers. But there is no need, even for the purpose of gaining the sympathy of the extreme Radical, for shutting out from consideration the huge loss of capital sustained by the landlords, because economically the loss would have been just the same whether the land had been owned by an aristocratic landlord class, by a multitude of small peasants, or by the State. It is the actual loss of capital value in the land itself which, in an economic view, we have alone to consider. The personal factor may be altogether eliminated, and the case remains just as strong and the facts just as glaring. Then once again get into your minds the sum total of those facts—namely, that owing to the decline in agriculture, this country, during a bare quarter of a century, has lost more than 1,100 millions of capital.

Patriotic reader, when you are bidden, as you so often are bidden, to glow with satis-

faction over the increasing capital held in this country (much of which is not capital at all, or at best only capital and water, principally water, and much of which is invested in foreign enterprises which are of no use to this country, and often breed harmful competition with its industries), at such times I beg of you to moderate your enthusiastic transports and remember that your country during the last twenty-five years has lost over 1,100 millions of the capital invested in the best of all its industries.

Closely associated with the capital question is its partner—the labour question. It is computed that for every twenty-five arable acres put down to grass, a labourer is thrown

country. In the case of that valuable branch of rural industry, the cultivation of hops, the lowered acreage is per acre a much more serious matter for labour than is the loss in other branches of farming. The amount of labour employed upon every acre of hop-gardens is estimated by Colonel Brookfield at £24 9s. a year. Now, as we have seen, the loss of acreage among hops during the last quarter of the century amounts to 12,500 acres. This decline in hop-growing means, then, that labour in this country gets now over £300,000 a year less wages than it would have received, had the hop-gardens of this country been merely maintained at their former level. And when it is remembered

who the hop-pickers are—the poor of London slums, who make each year a valuable addition to their wretched incomes, and at the same time get much-needed fresh air, and what is practically a country holiday as well—it will be realised that there is involved not only an economic loss, but an element akin to tragedy.

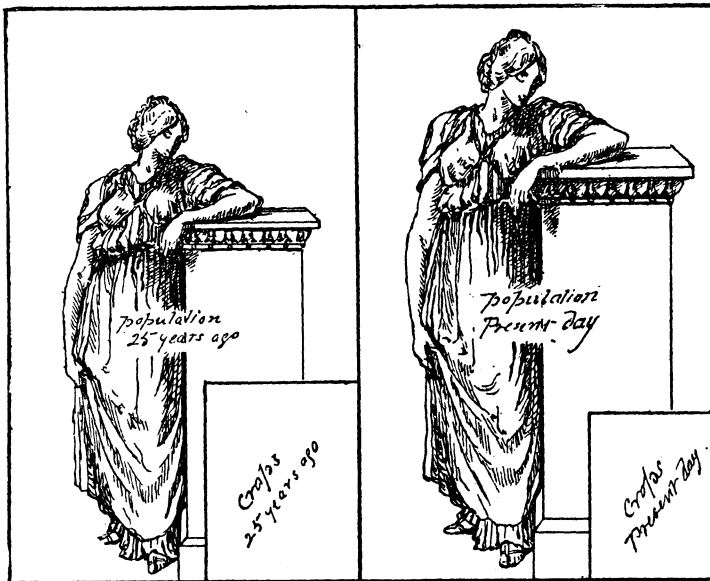
#### INDIRECT LOSS OF CAPITAL.

But if we are to discuss, as it is necessary we should discuss, the collateral losses in capital which have resulted from the loss of agricultural capital, we get on to a much widened area.

Loss of capital means loss

of income, and loss of income is loss of purchasing power, and the loss of purchasing power by one class involves loss of income and capital to other classes, who would have made money out of the larger purchases of the first class. Those 140,000 labourers, for instance, whom I have just mentioned, would have spent their money among local shop-keepers, and so increased the trade and eventually the capital of their district and their country.

I have lately come across an excellent presentment of the case from this point of view which found its way into one of the appendices attached to the Evidence given before the last Royal Commission upon



RELATIVE SIZES OF POPULATION AND TOTAL OF HOME-GROWN CROPS OF ALL KINDS.

out of employment. Now, the loss of corn and green crop acreage during the last quarter of a century amounts to fully  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million acres. Therefore, were the arable acreage of this country only as large as it was twenty-five years ago, and it might and should have been very much larger, there would be employed upon our fields to-day 140,000 men more than are, in fact, employed. That is a point for working-men to consider. They might have been, perhaps, had they chosen, among those 140,000. Or, if they had preferred the urban life, their position in the urban labour market would have been better, unhampered by the competition of those 140,000 men from the

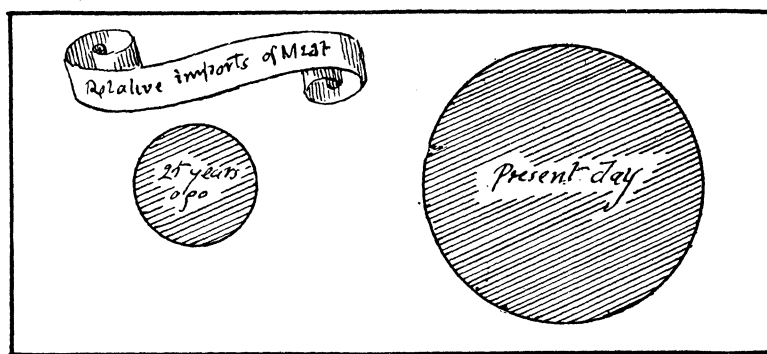


Agriculture. Mr. W. H. Haughton, a Land Office inspector of the Board of Agriculture, was requested by his Department to furnish a statement regarding the acreage of uncultivated land in his district, the county of Bedford. One of the instructions given to this gentleman was to make an approximate estimate of the extent of land which, having been arable within the past ten years, was no longer cultivated, but was left to the unaided efforts of Nature, and was therefore of little or no value. And he reported that in his county there had to be returned under this head 8,904 acres, all of which used to be under the plough, in a clean state of cultivation, growing good crops of corn and supporting fat stock. The landlord received his rent, and the land supported prosperous tenant farmers and a large number of agricultural labourers. "Now," wrote Mr. Haughton—this was in 1895—"nearly all

adds that the result is that many farmers have not now the capital to cultivate the land properly.

But it is the part of Mr. Haughton's report from which I am now about to quote to which I would particularly direct your attention in this place. He is speaking of the large number of farmers proposing at that time to let considerable quantities of their land go to grass, and of one farmer in particular who told Mr. Haughton that he was going to put down 500 acres. From this text the Board of Agriculture inspector proceeds—I cannot do better than quote his own words: "In this one case alone the loss to the country is large—loss of home-grown food, of employment for labourers, blacksmiths, carpenters, harness makers, agricultural implement makers, etc., etc. On all sides in the agricultural districts, distress and loss of capital are increasing. The landlord

each year is getting less out of his property. The clergyman's income decreases. The farmers, in numberless cases, get no return from their farms and are losing capital. The merchants and tradesmen in the country towns suffer, the mechanics in all trades connected with the manufacture of implements



RELATIVE TOTALS OF IMPORTED MEAT.

the old farmers of the above reported land are gone, having lost their capital. The land being out of cultivation, the labourer's occupation on it is gone, and they have been driven to seek work elsewhere. The farm buildings are fast going out of repair, with the fences and field gates to keep them company." And he adds that most of this land could not be brought into cultivation again except at an expenditure at from £7 to £10 an acre, in addition to large sums upon repairs, etc., which the landlords would have to incur. And then, speaking generally of the tenant farmers, he writes: "Their capital has seriously decreased, their credit is gone, the merchants, cattle auctioneers, and tradesmen are now very shy of giving any fresh credit to the men who, a few years ago, were their best customers, and whose names they were only too glad to have on their books for good round sums." And naturally he

for agriculture must suffer from loss of work; so it is not the landlord and the farmer alone who suffer from agricultural depression."

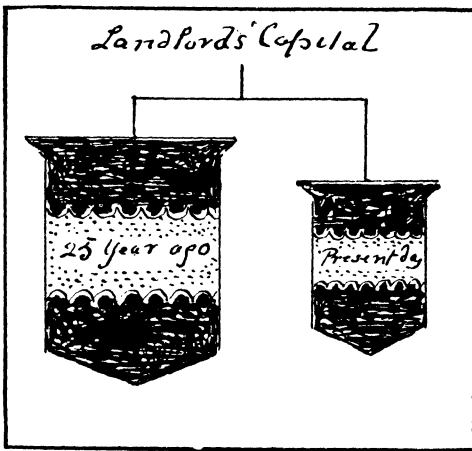
And to this statement may be appended Sir James Caird's estimate, made in his evidence before the Royal Commission upon the Depression of Trade, that in one year (1885) the loss in the purchasing power of the classes engaged in or connected with agriculture amounted to £42,800,000.

The Bedfordshire Land Office inspector winds up his report to the optimistic gentlemen at Whitehall with the following pregnant paragraph, which deserves to be rescued from the obscurity of a dusty Blue Book:—

"This is a point I consider is not brought sufficiently to the front, as a large proportion of the voters in the country believe that agricultural depression hurts no one but the landlord and the farmer, and as long as they

get the benefits of the low prices for corn they do not think it matters if the landlords and the farmers in the country are ruined and the clay land goes out of cultivation."

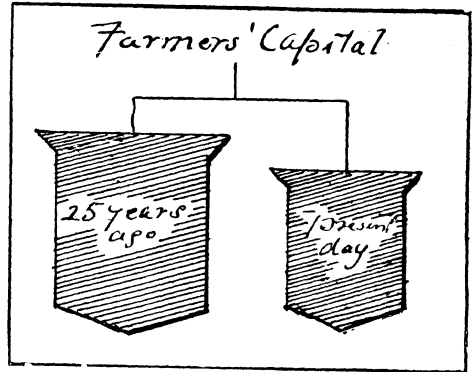
It is not only that the agricultural capital of the country is so much less than it would have been but for the decline in cultivation; there have been losses to other sorts of capital, which it is impossible to number, but which are real and serious. It was the manufacturing interests of this country who sacrificed agriculture half a century ago, but those same manufacturing interests to-day would be better off, would have more trade, and more profitable trade, if a thriving agriculture were spread over the countryside around our factory towns. Do not think that if you are not a farmer or a landlord this question of agriculture does not affect you. It does affect you, whoever you are. You may be a doctor—the denuded countryside gives less scope for your practice. You may be a stockbroker—there would be more business coming to your office if the agricultural classes had not lost their money. You may be (let me take a quite extreme case) an actor—theatres in country towns, and in London also, would be better filled if farmers and their wives had not been ruined. Therefore, this question of agricultural decline does affect every one of you, whatsoever your trade or profession, and if



you do get out of ruined agriculture a loaf a halfpenny cheaper, or a pound of butter a penny cheaper, think seriously whether even from the point of view of your own pocket you are really enriched by the ruin of your fellow countrymen in the villages.

#### OTHER ECONOMIC LOSSES.

This question of the capital loss which the country has suffered is of such pre-eminent importance that the subject needs to be thrashed out in all its bearings, and before passing away from it, therefore, I would



direct your attention briefly to one or two other aspects of the matter.

In the first place, let no one run away with the notion that the frightful loss of landlords' capital which I have enumerated above consists only in depreciated values. During these years of vanishing capital the landowners have actually been sinking large additional sums in their estates, and therefore their real loss of capital is very much greater than the figures compiled upon the basis of purchase values indicate. Thus, Lord Harrington's agent, Mr. Gilbert Murray, told the Royal Commission on Agriculture that during the twenty-six years he had been connected with the Elvaston estate, he had spent £40,000 on 6,000 acres in buildings and drainage, entirely out of income. Again, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach told the same Royal Commission that for the past thirty-five years he had "practically spent his income upon them." These examples might be multiplied indefinitely. Nor is it an adequate reply to say that the landlords spending these sums got interest upon the money. Colonel Hughes, when giving evidence before the Royal Commission, upon the large sums that had been spent in improvements upon the Wynstay estate, said that the return in the way of interest amounted only to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Now, I need hardly remind you that one expects more than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. return from money invested in a losing and most uncertain business. It is not fair, either, to treat the matter quite in this way. The money spent upon improvements on an estate should be

considered as part of the general capital of the estate, and the income of the estate should be treated as a whole. Doing this, it is doubtful if the additional money put into agricultural land can be said generally to have yielded even the poverty-stricken return of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

There is another point which it is worth while to impress upon the reader. The official returns which give the statistics of the amount of land going out of cultivation from year to year understate the actual position. This will be apparent if I quote a few sample extracts from reports made to the Board of Agriculture by land officers and inspectors. Mr. Creed reported from Essex that, in addition to the land actually out of cultivation, "a great many farms are unlet and out of owner's hands." From Lincolnshire, Mr. Higgins reports that though he is not aware of land having gone out of actual cultivation, "certain lands have gone into a partial and imperfect state of cultivation." Again, from Norfolk, Mr. Beck reports: "No land out of cultivation, but large areas have been left in grass as sheep-walks." It will thus be seen that the actual condition of farming is worse even than the official returns show, depressing though these are.

There is another feature of the case which may be mentioned in this place. It may be asked, seeing that the farmer's heaviest losses are usually upon wheat-growing, why do farmers let their capital and income slide away by continuing to grow wheat, instead of devoting themselves to other kinds of farming, in which there is more profit or less probability of loss? There are various answers to this question. For one thing, farmers *are* growing less and less wheat every year; but there are many reasons why they hold on as long as possible to the old staple industry. There is one reason which I would particularly mention just now, as it more immediately concerns the point of view that we have just been discussing. The reason is this. The cultivation of wheat divides farm labour over the season more equably than do other branches of farming; and the urgency of this reason for wheat cultivation will be apparent as soon as it is stated. But I may add that the practical economics of farming furnish yet another reason why wheat is grown even after it has ceased to be directly profitable. That reason is, that a lot of straw is required upon farms; and even in these days we have not yet got to the pitch of importing straw from foreign countries.

Again, with regard to the loss of national

capital, through the decline in agriculture, by other than agriculturists, as I have said, this loss cannot be estimated, though it spreads far and wide into all sorts of industries, like the ever-widening circle made by a stone falling into a pool of water; but I may make particular mention of one such industry, since it is, or was, largely a rural industry in close connection with farming. I refer to the milling of wheat. It may without exaggeration be said that the ruin of the miller is greater even than the ruin of the farmer. One of the most melancholy, as it is one of the most common sights in the country is the broken-down mill. I am not aware that any estimates have been made of the loss of capital in the milling industry, but the figures, if they were compiled, would undoubtedly be of formidable dimensions, and the loss to the miller is continually mounting, at an even greater ratio than the loss to the farmer. For whereas the import of wheat grew from 52 million cwt. to  $68\frac{1}{2}$  million cwt. between 1875 and 1900, the import of wheat-meal and flour grew from 6 million cwt. to  $9\frac{1}{2}$  million cwt. in the same period—that is to say, during the last quarter of a century our wheat imports have increased by 31 per cent., but our flour imports by no less than 58 per cent.

And this increasing stoppage of English mill-wheels is of even more moment than the direct loss of production in the mills themselves indicate; for milling gives the valuable by-product of offal, the uses of which to other industries are important. By importing flour in ever larger quantities we not only ruin the wheat-farmer and the miller, but we also deprive the country of a vast mass of offals which, if we had them, would enrich other departments of rural industry.

#### A RÉSUMÉ.

Let us sum up the position so far. For the main facts we have dealt with are so important, so appalling in their significance, that it is well the impression of their recital should not be weakened by the explanatory matter in which it has been necessary to imbed them. The salient facts, then, are these.

The power, the health, the wealth, the very existence of a nation are in the long run bound up with the prosperity of its agriculture. England has, for a certain fancied consideration in other directions expected to be received, deliberately sacrificed her agriculture. The effect of the sacrifice has be-

come increasingly apparent during the past quarter of a century.

The wheat acreage of the United Kingdom has fallen from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million acres in the early 'seventies, to well under 2 millions at the present time. That is to say, within a quarter of a century we have diminished our native supply of breadstuffs by one half, and this notwithstanding that the population has increased in the period from  $31\frac{1}{2}$  millions to  $41\frac{1}{2}$  millions.

The increase of population has, however, been only in the towns, for the abandonment of agriculture has brought about the gradual depletion of the countryside by the emigration of the villagers into the towns or abroad.

The abandonment of wheat-growing has not been compensated by increases in the other branches of rural industry. The acreage of corn crops generally has declined from  $11\frac{1}{2}$  million acres at the beginning of the quarter century to  $8\frac{1}{2}$  million acres at its end. The green crop acreage has declined from 5 million acres to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  million acres. The valuable flax cultivation has declined from 136,000 acres to 48,000 acres. The yet more valuable hop-gardens have declined from 64,000 to 51,000 acres.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the extended area thus rendered available for pasturage, the head of cattle has only increased from 10 millions to 11 millions, while the number of sheep has declined from 33 millions to 31 millions, and there is a slight decline in the number of pigs fed in the country.

This decline has proceeded *pari passu* with an enormous increase in our imports of foodstuffs—that is to say, an enormously increased dependence upon the goodwill or the impotence of foreign nations, and an equivalent weakening in our defensive power, issuing in ever greater anxiety regarding our naval power and continuously augmented attempts to strengthen that power. Taking breadstuffs alone, we eat roughly four—in some years five—loaves made from imported wheat to one loaf made from home-grown wheat.

Consequent upon the permanent depression in our agricultural industries wrought by foreign competition, and the abandonment

of home production, the country has suffered stupendous losses in its capital, and this at a time when other nations are augmenting their capital with startling rapidity, and the possession of a great capital (upon which England has prided herself) is as necessary to a nation as the force which makes the heart beat is necessary to the sustenance of animal life.

That part of our agricultural capital which is vested in the owners of the land has, during the past twenty-five years, been diminished by 1,000 millions sterling; and not by its transfer into other industrial channels—the diminution is sheer loss.

That part of the nation's agricultural capital which is vested in the hands of the farmers has diminished within the same period by a sum little short of 150 millions sterling. And this diminution also represents actual loss of capital.

Great losses of capital have also been suffered by industries such as milling, which are allied to the farming industries.

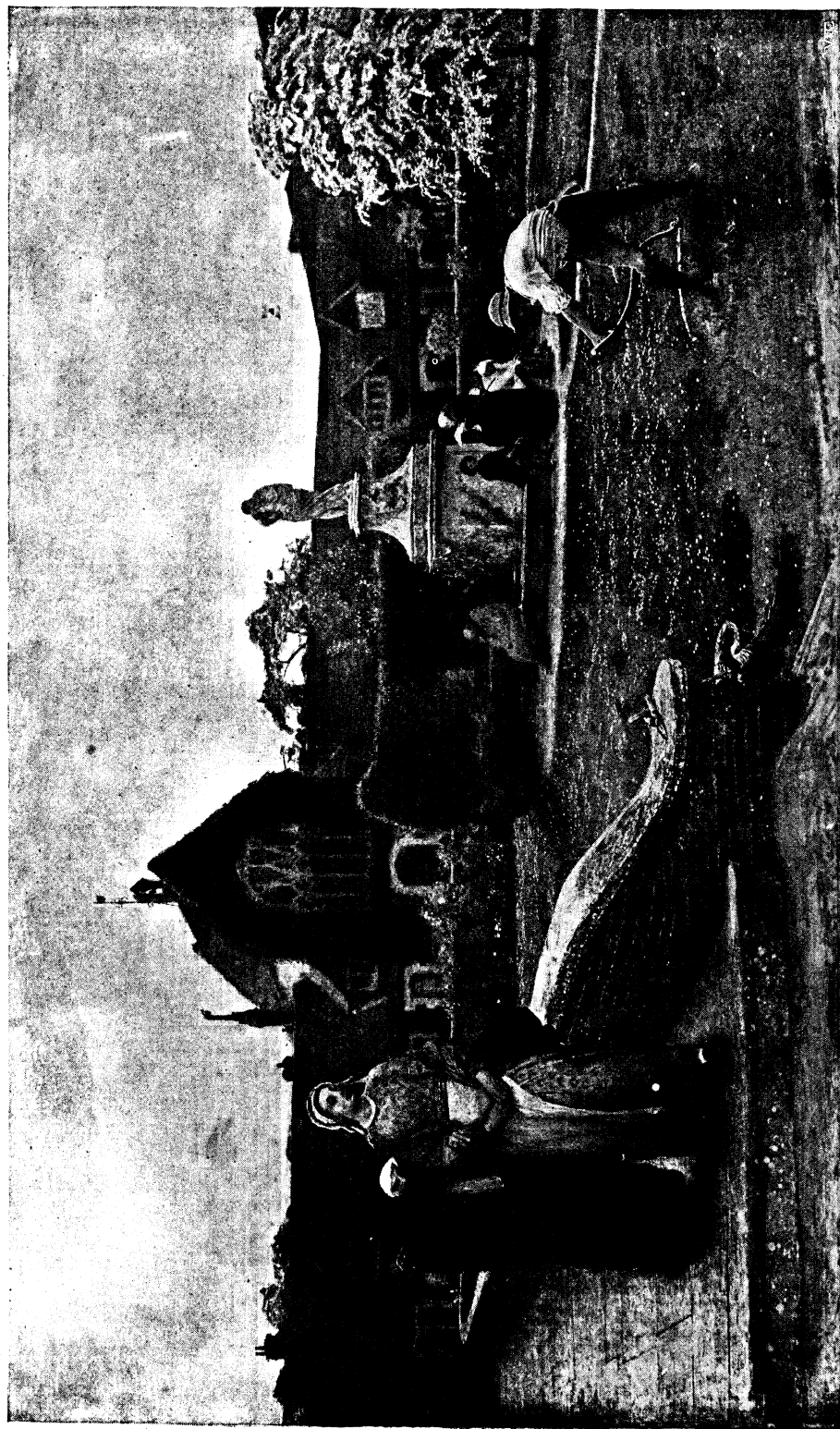
With this loss of capital has proceeded a general loss of trade and wealth in the country, ramifying all through our industrial society and inflicting loss of wages and other evils upon labour, increasing pauperism—which, again, is a charge upon capital and labour—and augmenting the emigration of the very men whom it is in the interest of the country to preserve within its borders.

\* \* \* \*

This, in short, is the situation which England has to face at the dawn of the twentieth century. It is an overwhelmingly serious situation viewed from any point of view, and the aspects are many. It is indeed a situation which can only adequately be described as our national peril.

No more urgent problem than the renovation of agriculture can command the attention of statesmen and all citizens of this country at the present moment. The questions involved go to the very root of our national well-being, even of our national existence. In a subsequent paper I purpose to discuss the possibilities of renovation.

(To be concluded.)



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"THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE." FROM THE PICTURE BY FRED WALKER IN THE TATE GALLERY.

*[The Autotype Company.]*

# THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.\*

SECOND SERIES.

No. V.—THE NEW GROOVE.

"GIRLS is so bad to get," sighed Mrs. Asquith. "I know t'lunch isn't what you're used to, Tom."

"I know that quite well, too, without your telling me," said Mr. Thompson drily. "But why try and make me uncomfortable by apologising for it?"

"Oh! it's t'custom," said Mrs. Asquith deprecatingly.

"Not *the* custom: *a* custom; one of many, and a rank bad one at that. You take it from me, Louisa, that you need never start in to apologise until your guest begins to grumble at the grub, and very seldom then."

"Can your wife keep girls, Tom?"

"Mary's far too sensible to worry her head about domestic arrangements. All her time's wanted for other things. We've got three houses, and there's a housekeeper in each to run the place and look after the servants. The great thing is picking your housekeeper. But once you've done that, you pay them well, give them full responsibility, don't interfere, and let them understand you want perfect results. As the alternative to perfect results, of course they'd get sacked. They know that quite well and avoid it; good pay and the policy of non-interference isn't to be come across every day. And, as a consequence, when they are dealing with the servants under them—with whom, of course, they have an entirely free hand—they treat them like human beings, pay them well, and get them, when a pinch comes, to work themselves cheerfully to the bone."

"It's so simple to talk about."

"It's simple to do, if only you make up your mind to it. Come now, Louisa, it isn't a question of not being able to afford it. You're just as well off as we are, and neither you nor Hophni have a bit of notion of spending your money like Christians. You're only

hoarding it for your children, and the odds are (from what I saw at Christmas of your two young pups from Harrow) that they'll divide it between ballet-girls and book-makers when their time comes to finger it. And then their children will start afresh on the bottom level. That's the old Bradford axiom, 'Clogs to clogs in three generations.'"

"Oh! Tom, you brute!"

"There's nothing more thoroughly obnoxious than the candid friend. Your boys, when they were over with us at Buton, my dear lass, had the excessive bad taste to be ashamed of their home and parents, and were foolish enough to say so to Mary. She sent for me there and then, and requested me to take them out into the stable-yard and give them a licking."

"Tom! And they've never been beaten by neither me nor Hophni i' all their lives!"

"Well," said Mr. Thompson cheerfully, "I bet they know what a malacca hunting-crop feels like now. But we're getting away from the point. Here are you, a very rich woman, and you live as if—as if your husband was an overlooker in the mill. You've got a great big ugly house, and you keep three-quarters of it shut up, with dust sheets over the furniture and the blinds down. You live half your time in the kitchen, and do nine-tenths of the cooking yourself, and it wouldn't surprise me to hear you took a turn at the weekly wash."

"I only get up Hophni's collars and cuffs. I haven't touched the boys' linen since they went to school: they didn't seem to like it. But Hophni never could bear to put on a pair of cuffs ironed by anyone but me. Come, Tom, that's only a little thing. And there aren't the fronts to do now. He wears them paper ones."

"Of course, too, you bake the family bread and tea-cakes, and pasties, and pastry, and the rest of it; I'd forgotten that. Louisa, if I came of a hair-tearing stock, I should pull

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myself bald whenever I think of you. You're incorrigible. And Hophni on certain points is just as bad. Confound his nasty paper dickeys! And to call extra attention to them, he wears a couple of single diamond studs in them that cost a thousand pounds, and look it. You and he are utterly without sense of proportion in some things."

"I suppose you are right, Tom. You always are right. It must be our misfortune."

"Then get over it, lass! get over it! If you've no ambition to pull up into a proper position for your own sake, at least find the energy to do it for your children. You've sent the boys to Harrow; you've packed off the girls to the most expensive school you could find in London; and, whatever else they learn, at any rate they'll pick up ideas about decent living and well-appointed houses. I don't want to rub it in any more, Louisa, but you've seen already what the result's beginning to be. Neither of the girls comes home to you at all for the holidays: they prefer to go and stay with some of their smart friends. The boys do come home, and, well—when I licked them, upon my word, I felt half sorry for them."

The door opened, and the pallid Hophni Asquith came into the room.

"What are you two talking about?"

"I'm acting the perfect prig," said Tom, with a bit of a sigh, "and making myself thoroughly objectionable to Louisa. It's a sermon on the old text of 'Buck up!' I'm saying it's time you gave up wearing ready-made clothes, Hophni, and took to an occasional clean shirt instead of patches of imitation where the white's supposed to show. I'm telling Louisa to run the house on more expansive lines, and spend five thousand pounds a year on it instead of two hundred."

Mrs. Asquith bristled. "I'm sure, Tom, we never spend less than twelve hundred a year on the house."

Tom suppressed the "No one would guess it," which lay on his tongue, and added, "You ought to keep capable servants. You netted seventy-six thousand pounds as your share last year, Hophni, and you let your wife cook your meals and wash your collars and shirt-fronts. Oh! I forgot! You economise on that now and wear paper dickeys. Hang it, man! the perspective's wrong altogether."

Hophni plucked at his square red whisker and then bit his nails. "We've been brought up that way, and it's hard to change."

"I could never," said Mrs. Asquith, "put

up wi' one of them fancy cooks, who wouldn't welcome me i' my own kitchen. We tried one once as Mrs. Tom recommended to us, and she was so scornful, it made me hot all down my back to give her her orders."

"Tom's right, though," said Hophni. "We ought to get out of this old groove and be moving up, if only for the children's sake." He sighed. "It won't be comfortable. We've flitted three times now since we were wed, each time to a bigger house, and each time we've liked it less than the last."

"We don't seem to get it homely, as I should like," said his wife. "Things won't chime in, somehow. But I many a time wish we was back i' that old chamber—'eight we come to when we was wed."

"I hate to be beaten," said Hophni, "but the trouble of it is, I can't see where we have gone wrong. When I bought the land here in Nob Lane, I got the best architect in Bradford, told him to find out what the next house had cost, and ordered him to build one that cost five thousand pounds more. He did it, and everyone says it looks the value on the outside. I know we've no taste in these matters, Tom, and the architect had, or ought to have. It's his trade to have taste, and he's the best architect in Bradford. I didn't want to spoil anything by interfering. I told him to furnish the house as expensively as he knew how, and gave him a free hand everywhere."

"I notice I'm sitting just now in a horse-hair rocking-chair with broken springs," said Tom, with a laugh. "Did your architect countenance rocking-chairs and horsehair coverings?"

"It's the only comfortable chair in the house, and this is the only comfortable room. We must have somewhere. How can you sit in a great barn forty-two feet square, on chairs upholstered in Genoa silk velvet at eight pounds a yard, and look at a lot of marble statues that are showing far too much leg for decency? That's our drawing-room, and it's got gold brocade hangings and a marble mantelpiece that's like a tomb in a cemetery. I've the architect's written guarantee that it cost more than any room in Bradford, and he says we ought to have we'r teas there. Well, Tom, I can't, and that's all. If I can't get my tea set up to t'table, I'd rather go without it."

The frail little Hophni Asquith was getting irritated. Mrs. Asquith was also beginning to fume. Tom tactfully smoothed matters over. "Now look here, lad, don't worry your head about the thing, and, as likely as





“‘Hope I’m not going too fast for you?’”

not, it will smooth itself out quite naturally during the next few weeks.”

“How’s that?”

“I mean it’s not unlikely you’ll have a chance to re-furnish.”

“I don’t see.”

Mr. Thompson chuckled. “Well, between the three of us, I may point out that Thompson and Asquith’s hands will most probably come out on strike presently. I don’t want it, but the unions have forced it on us. Now, I’m not against trades’ unions.

I was a workman myself not very long ago, and I know they have their uses. But as a master, I intend to be master, and I won’t be bossed by ignorant windbags who want to show their power just so that they can screw out more salary for themselves. I’m not going to have production stopped. Their idea is that every mill-hand we’ve got shall slow down to the pace of the slowest, and get paid one level wage. They’ve deliberately set up a law against earning more than a certain amount per week. What I want, and what I’m going to have, is the pace to be set by the best hands and the others to do their hardest to follow them. I’m no believer in equality. The best worker is worth the best pay, and shall have it. As for the bad workers, I don’t want them at all. They are

quite at liberty to go and work for other firms.”

Hophni Asquith bit at his nails. “That’s all very well in theory, Tom, but you’d better not say it too loudly, or we’ll be having the masters against us as well as the hands.”

“Why not recognise the plain fact that they are against us? We’re successful, very successful, and we’re still a very young firm. It’s contrary to reason to suppose that people shouldn’t be envious and try to put a sprag in our wheel if the chance comes. No, lad,



"The foreman brought word."

if we have a strike, you can bet your boots on it that the strikers will have plenty of cheques from outside sympathisers."

"It's a terrible thing to think about."

"Not a bit of it. I rather like a 'scrap,' especially if we make up our minds to win beforehand. I don't live in Bradford, so they can't get at me very conveniently; but here, in Nob Lane, you're nice and handy, and when they've been on strike a month, and the *Spectator's* fanned them into a bit of fury, they'll come and smash your windows for you, and wreck the furniture, as sure as the town rates will subsequently shell out for damages."

Hophni winced. He was not a man of war, and he was not impressed with this threatened invasion of his castle. "But why force a strike, Tom? If we let things go on, as likely as not they'll smooth over."

"We've let them go on too long and too far already. Of course, it has suited our convenience to do so. But the unions are spoiling for a strike now or later, and my idea is to give it them now when things are slack, instead of getting dropped on, and perhaps having our hands forced, when trade brisks up again. Well, good-bye, Louisa, I must go now."

"But, Tom," said his partner, "this isn't

a thing to be decided on hurriedly. This is a thing to be thought over."

"I've thought it through during the last half hour, lad, and made up my mind. Of course, there are a lot of aspects to the affair. The women and children will suffer, and I hate to think about that. But it will be kindness to them in the long run. They fight every new labour-saving machine we bring in, and they'd kill trade if they had their own way. As it is, we shall merely make them earn increased pay, and get better homes, better food, better education, and better conditions all the way round."

Hophni Asquith squirmed in his chair. "It would be a change from the very root of things. I couldn't decide all at once on such a tremendous matter as that."

"All right. It seemed to me a very simple and obvious puzzle. But every man his own methods. You can worry and wriggle over it till to-morrow morning if you like. But for myself, I'm going to tip it out of my brain till then, and see if I can't flog out that burr-extracting scheme. It's odd how that avoids me."

"Not at all odd, seeing that every comber in Bradford is trying to invent it."

"Well, it's all right for them, perhaps, but I don't like being beaten. Good-bye, Louisa; don't hate me too much. Good-bye, Hophni; see you at the office to-morrow morning at eight."

Now Tom and his dog (who was waiting for him outside) did not forthwith take themselves out of Bradford and make their way to Buton Hall. The sight of a peculiarly ragged woman, with three peculiarly dirty children, dragging along the road outside, put another thought into his head. The woman he knew. She was the wife of a labourer in Thompson and Asquith's dye-house, a man of small intelligence, who was then earning nineteen shillings a week. They belonged to the lower type of unskilled work-people, which was getting more rare—the type which on wage-day redeemed the family possessions from the pawnshop, ate and drank riotously on Saturday and Sunday, repawned on Monday, and lived the rest of the week on herrings and credit. One week's loss of employment would upset this delicate financial balance most completely, and though strike pay would come in for awhile, the strike which Tom foresaw would be a fight to

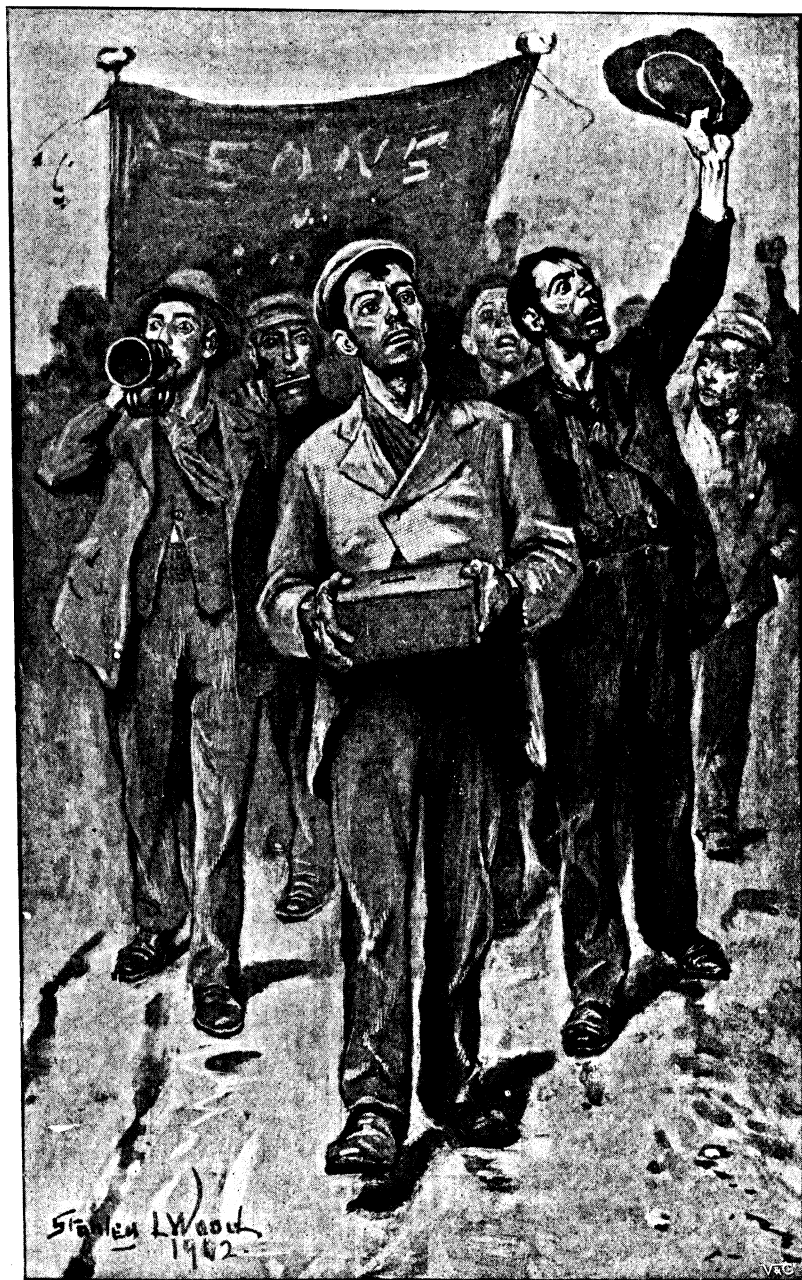
a finish, and strike pay would necessarily come to an end before its conclusion. Tom liked money greatly; he liked power, which money helped to bring, far more; but although he was a strong man, and chose only strong men to work for him, he had an infinite pity for the weak, and a theory that

hunger descends with equal grip on the just and the unjust.

"Poor little devils!" he muttered, as he passed them by with his quick stride. "I can't win by torturing the likes of them. I hate being inconsistent, but there's nothing for it but being inconsistent now. It

wouldn't do to get dropped on, though. Let's see, now, who's the man? By Jove! yes, Parson Cobbold. He's shrewd, he's straight, and he's capable. He's High Church and I'm Low, and the only time we met publicly I put his back up by saying I thought Rome-and-water a very poor mixture." Mr. Thompson chuckled. "Foolish thing to quarrel, as a general thing, Clara, my dog-dogs, but it has its uses occasionally. No one will guess at collusion between me and Cobbold."

Mr. Cobbold was in when Tom called, and accepted his invitation for a walk across the moors to Ilkley. Mr. Cobbold was a big, burly bachelor of forty, who fancied himself as an athlete, and he and Tom amiably tried to walk one another off their legs. Furthermore, Cobbold was a great sportsman



"With band playing and money-boxes rattling."

(during his three weeks' holiday per annum), and he and Tom exchanged views on the habits and customs of game from two entirely different standpoints, till they had left Shipley Glen well behind them and were well up on the moor.

"Nice, clear air up here, Thompson, after the town. Hope I'm not going too fast for you?"

"Not a bit. We'll stretch out here on the level, if you like."

"Wait till I light my pipe. Always like to smoke when I'm having a stroll like this. By the way, you've generally an object in things. I suppose you didn't bring me out here entirely with the purpose of making me a convert to those wicked poaching ways of yours?"

"Not altogether. I started with that by way of sapping your moral fibre to begin with. Speaking to an expert, I believe temptation's always done this way, isn't it?"

"Go on."

"Having got so far, I now want you to do an extremely underhand action: I want you to deceive a big Bradford firm, to cause them to lose a lot of money and be pointed at by the *Bradford Spectator* and all other right-thinking people as utter brutes. Also everything I'm going to say is to be—as you'd say technically, 'under the seal of the confessional.'"

"Don't recognise confession; but go on. I suppose I shall do it, whatever it is. You are not the kind of man to ask anything which would be refused."

"I want to make use of you. We're going to have a strike in all our mills and sheds, and the dye-house, and the machine-shop, and all the lot of it. A big, brutal, devastating, senseless strike! I've a sort of foreboding the hands will go out exactly a fortnight from to-day, and, once they are out, I'm going to lock 'em out for two solid months, to pull their belts tight and meditate on the evil of their ways. That sounds pretty tolerably brutal, doesn't it?"

"M'm! It's high-handed, anyway. I suppose the idea is to starve the poor wretches into submission."

"That's the scheme in a phrase. What I want you to do is to see they don't starve—the women and kids, I mean. Tumble?"

"Ye—es. But why force on this strike at all? It will entail an awful lot of misery. You know how improvident most of the people are. It will mean loss to you, too, with stopping your mills. Give me a match, will you? I wish you'd let me try to get hold

of some of the trades' union leaders, and see if I can't get them to meet you reasonably."

"Nop!" Tom's big jaw clicked up like a trap. "I know exactly what I'm doing. I've been watching them, and warning them, and trying to jam sense into them for five years, and now's the psychological moment when it's a case of beat them or bust. It will be a big fight, and we shall have to have all our water on to win, and, well——"

"Starving the women and children would be one of your strongest cards!"

"Think I can't see as far through a hedge as that? I'm going to pretend to starve 'em, and shall get the credit or discredit of doing it." Tom grinned. "I foresee that they'll wreck my partner's house in Nob Lane, because we're such an utter pack of brutes. You'll see that they aren't starved—much. I'll send you the needful along in five-pound notes, which can't be traced back to me, and you can shove 'em into your own account and work the thing how you like. I don't want to know any details; only do it, that's all."

"Thompson," said Cobbold, "if we belonged to a sentimental nation, I should like to say 'Shake hands.' I always thought you were a pretty decent sort, in spite of your bigoted views on Church ritual."

"Nothing of the kind. I've got an artistic eye, that's all, and the sight of pinched faces annoys me. Great thing I want you to do is to hold your tongue as to where the supplies come from."

"Quite so. But your partner knows, of course?"

Tom wryed his face. "He does not, and you mustn't tell him. I'm acting dead against the interests of the firm, and I suppose I'm liable to go to gaol for deliberately tampering with my partner's interests. But—well, I like having my own way, and, you see, Asquith's a man with rather a defective sense of humour. He hates the idea of a strike at all, but once he's in, he'll fight like a gamecock. He'd only see that he was taking the bread out of his own kids' mouths, if he was feeding the kids of strikers that we were trying to beat. Look here, that's settled now! Listen to that snipe drumming over there. Don't often see snipe on this moor. Let's go off into the heather, and I'll bet you a penny Clara and I catch a brace of grouse under the half hour."

"You wretched poacher! As a strict game preserver, I only hope I have the chance of giving evidence against you in a police court. But in the meanwhile I'll take the bet. I'd like to see how you do it."



"Belaboured them with a broom handle."

Tom chuckled. "Pick up your feet, then, and tread like Agag."

If the committees of irritated trades' union leaders could only have seen the quiet preparations which Messrs. Thompson and Asquith were making during the next fortnight, they would probably have been still more chary in tackling the firm. It was a matter of common knowledge that both partners had been workmen themselves a comparatively few years before, and although they were not loved the more on this count—for success always breeds envy and dislike—

it was taken for granted that, knowing the workmen's way of looking at things, they would be all the more dangerous to tackle. Furthermore, the head of the firm, Mr. T. Thompson, was a man who always contrived to get his own way.

But just then all the operatives' unions had an enormous amount of prestige behind them. On all sides economists condemned strikes, and employers had grown into the habit of making almost any concession to avoid them.

The other Bradford firms were all for compromise. If only they could keep the peace and their mills running, they were willing to accept half-hearted work and have most of their arrangements ruthlessly overruled by their own workpeople.

Tom, who liked the best of everything, had allowed himself for long enough to be swept in with this ruck, but he was sufficiently shrewd to see when the limit had been reached, and plucky enough to apply the remedy.

He made quiet arrangements for stopping some contracts, for delaying others, and for doing whatever else was necessary to hang up the various branches of Thompson and Asquith's enormous busi-

ness without unduly damaging them, and then suddenly and quickly he put on the screw. He posted a notice for his spinners—that from that day week piecework would be the rule all round; and the committee of the spinners and weavers' union held a meeting that night. Watkin, their chairman, a big ex-professional cricketer, called upon him next morning, with two colleagues as a bodyguard.

"Hullo! Watkin," said Tom, "come to put half-a-crown on this afternoon's match?"

"Morning, Tom." Mr. Watkin prided himself on always having a Christian name for everybody. "We just dropped in to see when you'd like that strike to begin."

"This afternoon, if you like, lad. I'm sending along to the dye-house, and if you'll give the word, I'll tell them to lock out."

"It's spinners I'm talking of, Tom. The dyers' union have no idea of calling out their men."

"You'd rather they stayed in and earned wages, and helped to support your union instead of coming upon their own? Nice, simple game, wouldn't it be? Unfortunately you are not dealing with the spinners in this mill only. Thompson and Asquith have a lot of businesses, but for strike purposes they are one and undivided. If you amuse yourselves by calling out one lot, we shall be humorous enough to lock out the rest, so far as it suits our purpose. So you'd better gamble on that. Have a cigar? They won't poison you; they're not wool-combers."

"If you lock out all your hands, you'll make yourself pretty unpopular with the papers."

"What!" said Tom, with a laugh, "have you been to tell the editor of the *Bradford Spectator* already that we should do that?"

Mr. Watkin winked a sharp eye.

"Never you mind guessing at our tactics beforehand. You'll learn them fast enough if you insist in forcing on a strike. But I suppose that, now we've had our frolic, we'd better come to terms. Good piece of tobacco this, Tom. Well, now, what have you got to offer us? We don't want to be too hard on you."

"Right, boys. Nothing I like better than a quiet, comfortable settlement. The spinners shall have the terms that we posted in the mill; and, if they work hard, they'll earn about fifty per cent. more wages than they have been getting in the past. If they don't work hard, they'll get fired, and we shall be quite pleased to hear they've got a job with one of our competitors. Glad you like the cigar, because I know you're a judge. You sacrificed your cricket to cigars, didn't you?"

"But, Tom, look here, be serious. This is defying us."

"That's what I meant."

"If that's all you've got to say, we shall certainly call all the hands out to-morrow."

"I knew you would. We've been getting ready for you to do it during all this last fortnight, and I won't deny that it's been

hard work. But we are ready for you, Watkin, and listen to this" (Tom slapped the desk against which he was standing and thrust out his great heavy jaw): "once you call out those hands, out they stay for two solid months."

The chairman of the union was obviously startled. "But Tom, lad, we may come to terms before then."

"You won't have the chance. We shall lose money by a stoppage—big money. You unions seem to think the fine should always be on our side. Well, if you fine Thompson and Asquith, they're going to make you sit up as well."

"Tom, you've been a working man yourself. You know as well as I do that this spells starvation for many of the lasses and bairns."

"It seems to me that you're the man who's now deciding about their dinners."

"Well," said Watkin doubtfully, "we can't afford not to strike."

"I didn't suppose you personally could. So that's settled, and we needn't waste more time talking about it. Put half a dozen more of those cigars in your pocket before you go. I suppose you'll have to miss seeing the county match this afternoon now! Good-bye."

Next morning the spinning-frames started in Thompson and Asquith's mills, but no hands turned up. In the combing and weaving-sheds, at the sorting benches, in the dye-house and the machine-shop, things went on as usual up to dinner-time; but in the afternoon, with the exception of the machine-shop, there was a lock-out all round. In the machine-shop there were few society men, but there were distinct mutterings of trouble. Tom went and harangued them.

"Now look here," he said. "You're all working well here, and I've nothing to grumble at. You're all earning good wages, and as we shall have a push on presently, there will be plenty of overtime, and the man that hasn't his four pound ten or five pounds to draw on pay-day will only have himself to thank for it. If you strike, I'll open a fresh machine-shop in Keighley, and shut this down for good. Now, you know me, and you know I keep my word, and I guess you won't be fools enough to chuck up a soft job. Knock off now and talk it through, and send the foreman to me in half an hour with news of what you are going to do."

In due time the foreman brought word. There was to be no engineers' strike. "But," said the foreman, rubbing his nose with a black forefinger, "they've passed a



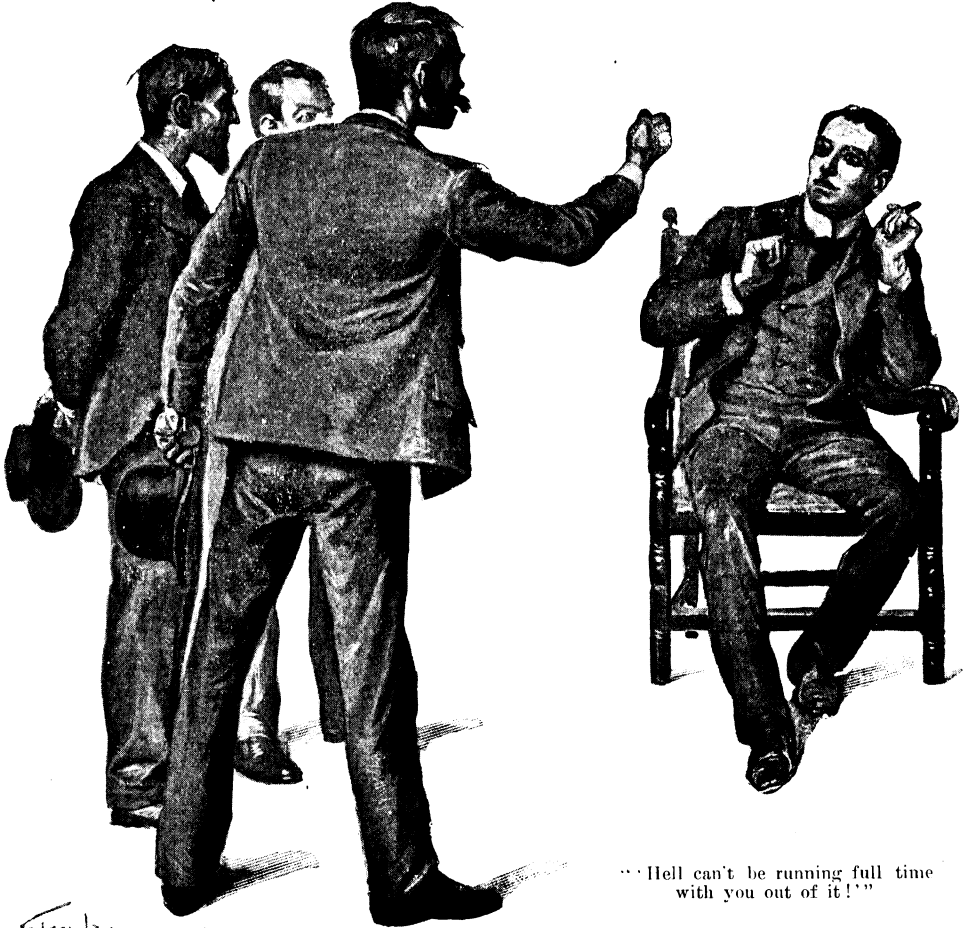
resolution to hand over half their wages to the strike committees."

"Quite natural of them," said Tom, "and I reckoned on it. One bucketful doesn't spread very far over a big pond."

An enthusiastic mob that night filled Bradford streets and broke a good many panes of glass which were the property of Messrs. Thompson and Asquith. The *Spectator* next morning threw public odium on

and the Rev. John Cobbold gave proof to a Bradford bank as to why they should honour his cheques up to an unusually large amount.

Mr. T. Thompson was very active during those next eight weeks. He was in his own machine-shop, and in the machine-shops of Keighley, arguing, explaining, and often, with coat off and hands discoloured, demonstrating at lathe, forge, or fitter's bench, or again, working all night through with



"Hell can't be running full time  
with you out of it!"

Tom's "brutal display of force" in issuing his two months' sentence, exhorted the down-trodden workpeople to stand firm, and implored the fierce, intolerant firm, with journalistic tears, to give way and be good. Hophni Asquith read the attack with white-faced indignation. Tom did not read it at all, as he was very busy out at Buton with drawing-board and instruments, working at the details of some new combing machinery;

pattern-makers. Between whiles he took over some mills in Roubaix, and others in Germany, and set them going on his own vigorous lines. He excited the ire of Continental employers by raising his wages all round, and the incidental detail that he extracted double as much output from his hands quite escaped their notice. He kept two secretaries trailing about at his heels, and dictated to them mostly in trains and



walking about the streets from place to place, as he was too busy at other times. He got through rather more work than any eight other men could have done, and if he could only have found time to put in a little bit of poaching as well, he would have been entirely happy.

During all these weeks he had no time to look at a paper, which was a pity, because the papers were giving up much space to discussing him. The entire press of Europe, England, and America wrote violent articles about the man who had ventured to invent a new method in strikes; and Hophni Asquith subscribed to a press-cutting agency, and shivered with apprehension every time he went to chapel, lest his soul should be prayed for publicly. Hophni wondered, too, who was the anonymous philanthropist who (obviously out of sheer loathing for Thompson and Asquith's methods) had given Mr. Cobbold such lavish funds to feed the hungry children, and so prevent the strike being ended at the two months' limit, by an exhausted surrender. He wrote querulous letters to Tom on this subject, suggesting that firms who were opposed to them in business were handing out these supplies; and Tom left the letters unanswered, or replied curtly through a secretary that he was too busy to bother with trifles like that just then.

At the same time Tom did keep the anxious Hophni and Mrs. Louisa occasionally in his thoughts, and one day, towards the end of the two months, he wrote a letter to the editor of a Bradford paper in which Hophni's welfare was cannily considered.

*"Sir," it ran, "As you appear to take an interest in the strike now proceeding at our mills, I shall be glad if you will make it known that if, when the strike has lasted two months, the hands choose to return to work, they may do so on our terms of employment, which we consider equitable. That matter is entirely in their own hands. If they do not return to work on that day, we shall close down the dye-house and the various mills for a further period of six months. And if, at the end of this latter date, they still hold out, we shall withdraw our interests from Bradford entirely, and enlarge our existing establishments in France, Germany, the United States, and elsewhere.*

*"We are, sir, yours truly,  
"Thompson and Asquith."*

The letter was printed, with lurid editorial comments, and amongst other effects it had

one which Tom had calculated upon. A mob gathered, in spite of all police interference. It was not led by Watkin in person, but it was exhorted by him in language that was fluent, forcible, uncommittal, and quite unmistakable; after which (whilst Watkin, as a known figure, retired out of police range) it marched, with band playing and money-boxes rattling, for Nob Lane.

T. Thompson was out of reach, but Asquith had a big new house, most extravagantly furnished, and—they visited it. They pitched about forty tons of rockery and other *débris* through the broken window sashes into the most expensive drawing-room in Bradford. They smashed up the greenhouses and brought out all Hophni's precious orchids to cool. They drove Mrs. Louisa into such a fury that she belaboured several of them with a broom handle; and, in fact, they all enjoyed themselves so thoroughly, that on the road back to their homes they were talking quite naturally over the fact that three days hence the two months would expire, and they would be all merrily back at work again. Louisa had shown up finely whilst they wrecked her house. Louisa was one of themselves, and they loved her for her pluck.

It had been really a very pleasant strike. The pay from the unions had just lasted out; the youngsters, thanks to Parson Cobbold, were as fat as butter; and now was the time to go back to the mills. They began to speak in no uncertain voice on this last point, and if they were not to be wiped out of existence in a holocaust of resignations, the unions had to listen.

The union chairmen and committees gritted their teeth with despair and rage. It is always a hateful thing to own oneself beaten and countenance surrender, and when the rank and file have a way of treating their defeated generals something after the Carthaginian style, and taking care that they are always afterwards incapacitated for office, that does very little to tone down the bitterness of the situation. But there was no help for it. T. Thompson, of Thompson and Asquith, was believed and trusted. He had promised them a two months' strike, and they had done that smiling. He promised them an additional six if they refused to be good, and they quite trusted and believed that he would be a man of his word.

So Watkin and his two silent supporters wrote for an appointment, and once more made their way to the Thompson and Asquith office.

"Morning, Watkin," said Tom. "Hands coming in to-morrow? Have a cigar? They're only woolcombers this time, but we're all a bit pinched just now, aren't we?"

"Hang your cigars!"

"That means the strike's ended, eh?"

"I don't know. It depends on the terms."

"You know perfectly well what the terms are, and you know equally well they won't shift. I've said so, and that's sufficient guarantee. It's the new groove or none. Quick now, are they coming in to-morrow, or do they want to play another six months?"

"Six months! Pah! You daren't do such a thing. It would ruin your business. That's just a bluff."

Tom's big square jaw hardened. "If you haven't learned yet that in this firm we've a way of seeing bluffs through, you know too little about Bradford ways to be fit for your job."

Watkin shook a big cricketer's fist. "Hell can't be running full time with you out of it!"

"Matter of opinion, but perhaps you're an authority. However, spit your venom, boy, and don't mind me. Still, I don't see why you should make it a personal question."

"Personal! I shall be sacked from the chairmanship of the union. I lose my livelihood through you! I've got to go to work again! Personal!"

"Are you serious about that? Have you no resources?"

"I'm as serious as a ruined man can be."

"Very well, then. I'll give you a job after your own heart. I'll give you two pounds a week to carry your hands in your

pockets, and walk round our mills and works and report on any abuses that catch your eye. I've put in tons of new machinery whilst the hands have been out on strike, and as everything is going to be run on piecework now, conditions and rates of wages will take a bit of adjusting. That will, perhaps, convince the other talking and writing fools that we have every intention of doing the right thing by our workpeople."

"And you aren't afraid of my making mischief?"

"Not one inch. It would come to my ears if you did, and out you'd go, and you aren't fool enough to get sacked out of such a soft job."

"Well, Tom, it's very good of you. Better than I des—expected. Thank you, Mr. Tom. You know I've got a missus and youngsters to think of, like other people. I'm sorry things got so angry whilst the strike was on. It's a great pity about Hophni's—that is, Mr. Hophni's house."

"Why," said Tom drily enough, "he'd got the place fitted out with some most un-Christian furniture, which made the eye ache to look on, and now he'll be able to get it furnished afresh in better taste—at the expense of the rates."

"Eh! well, Mr. Tom, it's over and done with; and there's not much ill-feeling left. But there's one man I bet you don't forgive in a hurry, and that's Mr. Cobbold. There's no creature did more to prevent your winning than that parson."

"Just acted according to his lights. Man must, you know, Watkin. Good morning to you all."



# A SECRET OF THE SOUTH POLE.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.\*



L L Sloppleton knew him as "Cap'n Towson," and if I had my own suspicions that quartermaster, with a third mate's certificate, was nearer the mark, I kept my opinion to

myself. The fiction—if it was a fiction—was an innocent one, and none of his making, nor, indeed, any business of mine.

The only claims I ever heard him urge were those of seamanship and experience. Of the first I am no judge, a ten-foot punt being the largest craft I have ever navigated; but the frank deference shown him by the fishermen and longshore sailor-folk argued that his claim was just. That he was a deep-water seaman I am certain; not simply because of his familiarity with sundry foreign ports of which I also had some knowledge, but there was that depth in the eye, that set and grave immobility of face, which are born of dealing with Nature in the bulk. The serious gravity of the sea begets itself in those who do business continually in great waters.

As to his experience, I have only himself as witness; but even when large allowance has been made for amplification and the imagination which is the gift of the sea, I hold the evidence to be sufficient. Those of my friends to whom I have retold his tales have not scrupled to call him liar, and certainly his stories were at times largely capable of disbelief. But for my part I always found it hard to doubt him; he was so circumstantial, so fluent, so calmly level, so credulous of himself. There was no assertiveness, no subtle doubt lurking in an appeal for belief, but just a quiet assurance that disarmed incredulity. Your habitual liar has a way of calling the gods to witness that is in itself suspicious. With Towson there was none of that. The thing

was so because it was so. It was as if Galileo said the sun moved because it moved, and not all the Pope Urbans in the world could make it a lie.

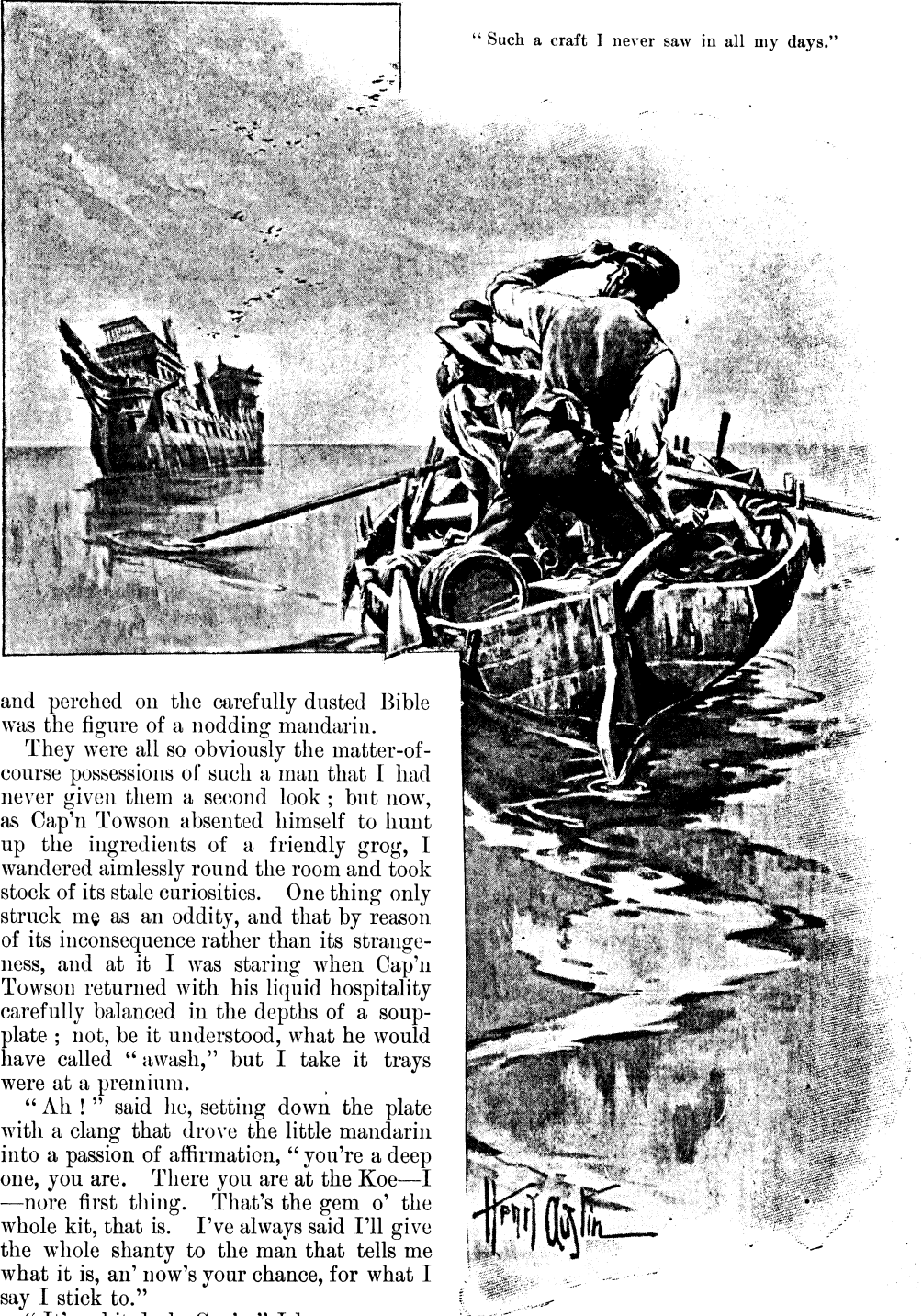
Still, at times I almost had my doubts, and was inclined to think he had missed his generation and was a survival of the Arabian Nights. For instance, he had one story of a tidal wave, the precedent hollow of which burrowed so deep that it laid bare—but that is not the present story, and so may be left aside. Only, even with it, as Cap'n Towson told the tale, I declare I saw the oozy sludge of the sea's foundations creep up and up the hissing crystal surface of the watery mountain, until its foul and slimy blackness stained it to its summit. A lie? Well, maybe so—maybe so; but then, you did not hear Cap'n Towson tell the story, and I did. More truth lies in the way a thing is told than most men suppose, which is a subtle saying and needs some thinking out. We had become very good friends, we two, especially during ten days' wet weather.

Sloppleton is not a cheerful place in a grey drizzle, and a man wearies of the smell of twist tobacco and stale beer held in suspense in the atmosphere of the local taproom. These ten days, therefore, were mostly spent by the open window of my diggings, our boot heels on the wooden bench which lay by the wall, and ourselves sunk as far in the comfort of two armchairs as the hard padding of the shiny horsehair would permit.

But once—it was on the afternoon of the tenth day—a straggle of sunshine tempted us out into the sloppy road, and when the downpour recommenced, Cap'n Towson's cottage was the nearest shelter, and there we retreated. It was not the first time I had been his guest, and so the collected treasures of his seafaring life were more or less familiar. There were the usual birds of gay plumage under glass shades, the uncouth seashells, the fretted sprays of coral, the dreary conventional specimens which serve to keep green the memory of the retired merchant seaman. A ship's model was placed above the doorway, its spars awry, its thread ropes snapped and tangled. Over the mantelpiece there gaped a set of shark's jaws, topped by the blade of a swordfish,

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"Such a craft I never saw in all my days."



and perched on the carefully dusted Bible was the figure of a nodding mandarin.

They were all so obviously the matter-of-course possessions of such a man that I had never given them a second look; but now, as Cap'n Towson absented himself to hunt up the ingredients of a friendly grog, I wandered aimlessly round the room and took stock of its stale curiosities. One thing only struck me as an oddity, and that by reason of its inconsequence rather than its strangeness, and at it I was staring when Cap'n Towson returned with his liquid hospitality carefully balanced in the depths of a soup-plate; not, be it understood, what he would have called "awash," but I take it trays were at a premium.

"Ah!" said he, setting down the plate with a clang that drove the little mandarin into a passion of affirmation, "you're a deep one, you are. There you are at the Koe—I—nore first thing. That's the gem o' the whole kit, that is. I've always said I'll give the whole shanty to the man that tells me what it is, an' now's your chance, for what I say I stick to."

"It's a bit dark, Cap'n," I began.

"Oh! have all the light on the subject you can," and he chuckled as if at a joke. "I'll pull the blind up. There, what do you make of it now?"

To be frank, I didn't make much. It was an irregular, flattish fragment, perhaps

two inches square, and slightly curved inwards at top and bottom. A stout thread held it in place against a piece of millboard, and the whole was framed and glazed like a picture. In colour it was greyish blue, and its surface smooth but dull. There was neither inscription nor mark upon it that I could see.

"Well?" and he shook me by the elbow with a kind of good-humoured, triumphant impatience. "Well?"

Tilting it so that the light—dim at the best, for the rain was coming down heavier than ever—fell upon it, I bent down and then drew back, in the approved fashion of a critic who is at a loss for an opinion and yet fears to show his ignorance.

"It is—that is to say, it looks like—metal?"

Cap'n Towson smacked his thigh noisily.

"The shanty's safe for this time. Guess again, mate."

But I shook my head. What was the use of guessing. There was no doubt that Cap'n Towson's mystery went beyond the mere composition of the fragment he preserved so carefully, and I said as much.

"You're right, sir; an' by gum! them that goes down to the sea in ships see mortal queer things. Now, there isn't a museum in the whole country has the equal to that scapple of shucks there. Metal, says you? Well, maybe 'tis; then again, maybe it's glass, maybe it's pottery, an' maybe it's somethin' of all three, that we folks on our side of the world know nothin' about. I give you my word I don't know, and I never met the man as could tell me. That's a bit o' the South Pole, that is!" and again he chuckled, but checked himself. "But, by gum! it was no laughing matter. When I die, I'm agoin' to leave it to the British Museum. I s'pose they'll pound it to bits to see what it's made of. Even then they won't be any the wiser, an' there's no more where that came from—at least, I hope not, if what I think came in it. We've trouble enough in the world without that. Well, let 'em pound. When that day comes I won't care. Mix your grog, an' I'll tell you how I came by it."

In the soup-plate were two long tumblers pushed one into the other, a small jug of water, and a bottle of rum three-parts full. Separating the tumblers, he handed me one, laid his thick, stumpy fingers round his own so that their lower line encircled the curve of the bottom, and filled the glass until the spirit rose level above the upper line of his forefinger. Then he handed me the

bottle, and added about an equal quantity of water.

"Strict measure's my motter, Mr. Ward, strict measure. Then a man never drinks too much nor too little: the first is brutal and the second beastly. Here's luck! Now, sir, you'd best sit down, and—yes, I'll fill it again. In a manner, d'ye see, there's two yarns in it, and I'm not so sure where to begin. At the beginning? Easy said an' seems reasonable, but I ain't no circus rider. To spin two yarns at once is about as bad as to straddle a couple of barebacked horses. Sooner or later they'll part company, and then where are you? No, I'll drop the barque *Julia K. Anderson*, five weeks out from 'Frisco and bound round the Horn, much as she dropped me, and that's without so much as a 'By your leave,' an' begin where she left off with three of us—Tobias Clark, Joe Brady, an' myself—adrift in the Pacific. I was a foc'sle hand those days, Mr. Ward, and I'm not ashamed of it. Why should I? It's a noble calling is the sea, and I reckon England sucks her Empire out o' the salt water. The foc'sle isn't the poop-deck, I know, an' there are some that sneer at a sailorman's ignorance; but mostly the foc'sle knows as much as the foc'sle wants to, and when I say we were about 110° West and 5° South, you'll know we were half distance between the Marquesas and the Galapagos. Thanks be to goodness! the ocean stood to her name, an' with the Line so near we had no cold to grumble at. How did we get there, an' in an open boat? Now, sir, that's the other yarn, and I'll tell it any day in the week; but what I'm talkin' of now is that sliver o' potsherd there in the frame, an' the sooner I get to it the sooner I'll be done.

"Bein' there, there was two things we might do, make east to the mainland or west to the islands, an' the drift o' the current settled it for us. No man of sense swots more in the tropics than he can help, and when God Almighty sets the sea drifting," and he raised his hand reverently as if in a salute, "why, it's only a fool that doesn't say 'Amen' an' be thankful. That means, d'ye see, we headed for the islands.

"A day an' a night we had made our westing, an' with the sudden coming o' the morning Brady woke me up.

"'Glory be!' says he, shaking me, 'the trip's over afore it's begun, an' good luck go with it! Look ye there!'

"With that I sat up, blinking an' gaping, for I had been sound as a top, an' my eyes were still glued with sleep, till he slewed me

round an' pointed astarn. 'Whoo-oo!' says he, dancing an' laughing an' crying all in one, like the mad Irishman he was; 'if that isn't the makings of land, oh! call me Bull.'

"By that I had my knee on the after thwart an' was staring east with my hands as telescope. The sun was up, an' a point or two to the north, so that the black spot was plain enough, being no more than five miles away, maybe four, the shimmer o' the sea in the sun makin' it hard to guess. Too plain, for I turns to Brady and says to him, sudden-like—

"'Bull!'

"My word! Mr. Ward, you should ha' seen his jaw drop, though at first he didn't catch on.

"'What d'ye mean? Who's ye callin' names?'

"'What I say. Bull! Bull-calf, if ye like it better, an' a darned sight too good for ye. Don't you know a derelict when you see her?'

"By this time Clark had crawled out o' the bows, an' was on his hands an' knees between us, leaning over the stern.

"'Irish is right, an' Irish is wrong,' says he, 'which is a way them Irish have, an' makes it so hard to know when you've got 'em. She's a blamed hulk, that's what she is sure enough; but I guess'—Clark was a New Yorker—'I guess she's sound enough, for she rides high,



"'I'm thinking Davy Jones is aboard.'"

an' a tight hulk is better'n a crank cockleshell any day in the week.'

"But that didn't satisfy Brady. Not that he kicked. No, sir, Brady was no fool till his fourth tot o' rum, but as he laid himself to his oar—me steerin'—I saw his face was sort o' vacant-like; an' he was mutterin', 'Bull, Bull,' slowly an' softly to himself, like a man tryin' to get the grip o' somethin' that beat him. It's not often a man gives himself away as badly as Brady did.

"Well, sir, as I say, I was steerin', an' little by little as the hulk bulked agin the sky, I liked its looks less an' less. 'Twasn't that it had no masts an' was as bare o' bulwarks as a canal barge. That was right enough in a derelict, an' I'd seen it from the first, though Brady in his hot haste had missed that they were missin'. No, it wasn't that the decks were swept as clean as if they'd been whittled bare with a jack-knife, but it was the unchancy look of her.

"Such a craft I never saw in all my days. She was driftin' portside on, an' as she rose on the sky she was more like a brace o' narrow, two-storey cottages gone awash than a decent ship. High an' rounded at the bows, high an' rounded at the stern, an' low in the waist, with no kind of elbow room between the two. She had great square windows for ports, an' except for the ragged stumps o' two masts she was naked as a shell. There wasn't so much as a twisted end of a stay stickin' out from the side.

"When she was a little less'n a quarter of a mile off, I sang out, an' we lay to an' took stock.

"My! but her hull was smooth! The old man o' the 'Frisco hooker had been a bully for holystonin', but *Julia K.* never had her decks polished like the side walls an' gable ends o' them cottages; no, sir. Their smoothness was past words, an' fairly beat me; but Clark, the Yank, twigged it in a wink. I reckon he'd done some whalin' in his time.

"'Ice,' says he, 'an' whips of ice at that.'

"'Begorrah!' chips in Brady, with a grin. 'I hope she's some aboard. I could do with a bit in the grog this weather.'

"But neither Clark nor me laughed. The uncanny lumpishness of the thing bothered me.

"'Blame me if ever I saw such a craft,' says I.

"'Haven't ye?' says Brady. 'Well, faith! I have, or a half wan, anyhow. It was high an' dry on the Kerry coast, an' they do say

it was there afore Crom'ell's time, bad cess to him!'"

"Ah! Cap'n Towson," interrupted I. "I have it now. She was Spanish."

"Maybe, sir, maybe. What we saw afterwards might ha' been Spanish, but Spain never made that mossel o' shucks there in the frame. Call her Spanish, Mr. Ward, though it makes no odds.

"What I've figured out is this. She went bust, say, 40° West an' the same North, an' the south-east arm o' the Gulf Stream bore her past the Azores, west o' the Cape Verdes, and so into the Guinea Channel. Then she got south into the Equatorial current, an' drifted west until the flow splits on San Roque, when down she came south again until she caught the Antarctic drift, an' crawled away east on the 40th parallel. Somewhere near Saint Paul's a wind took her, and away she went into the ice, where Clark made out she lay two hundred years an' more. Long or short, it's there, to the best o' my belief, that bit o' china-metal went aboard of her; though that, like the reckoning I've laid out for her, is nothin' better than guesswork. It's mighty little we know of what goes on in the pack-ice 'way south, an' one thing's sure, in the ice she was. The pulpy sleekness of her timbers proved that. For a while we sat eyeing her, then says Clark—

"'A corpse, boys, that's what she is—a corpse.'

"'A corpse that doesn't want no buryin',' answers Brady. 'Leastways, not till we've done with her. Here, skipper, give us a tot o' rum all round, an' let's go aboard. I've had as much of a half-inch plank as is good for me health.'

"But Clark had a word to say. 'She's a hundred years old, maybe two, maybe three; happen she's rotten.'

"'Rotten yourself!' cried Brady, swirling the boat round with a dash of his oar; 'look how she floats. I'm for boarding her, anyhow. Sixteen hundred miles in an open boat, when I can have a sound bottom under me and a deck overhead? Not likely! Put your back in it, mate.'

"'Put your back in it,' said I, an' no more passed until we were squarely alongside the hulk. Still, for all Brady's talk, the more I saw, the less I liked. If it was as old as Clark said, then it must be the devil's own ship, surely, or it would have gone under long before. Then, again, Clark might be wrong, an' when I came to think of it that was worse. So there I hung in





"For a minute he swayed there."

the wind, betwixt an' between it is an' it isn't. But Brady had no doubts.

"‘Saints be good to us!’ said he cheerfully, an’ standing up on the thwart he gripped the edge of the port an’ looked in—the upper port, you understand; the under one was close on the water’s edge an’ tight battened. Then ‘Saints be good to us!’ he said again, but as if he had more need of the goodness, an’ wasn’t so sure it was to be had for the asking.

"The sea was as calm as a lake, but where there’s such a vast o’ water there’s

always a rise an’ fall. Not much of a swing it wasn’t, but enough to tilt the port now up an’ inch or two, an’ now down.

"‘Well?’ said Clark. ‘Well?’

"But it wasn’t until the hull had swung two or three times that Brady answered.

"‘The skylight’s covered over, but I’m thinking Davy Jones is aboard, for I see what’s like a bundle o’ clothes on the floor. Best shin up an’ whip the tarpaulin off.’

"‘If one shines up,’ says I, ‘we all shin up. We stick together, whether here or there.’

"‘All it is,’ says Brady, an’ up he climbs, with the painter round the crook of his arm.

"The port gave him a foothold, an’ from there he could get a grip o’ the edge o’ the deck; but, all the same, it was no easy job. Once on deck, he made the rope fast round the stump o’ the mast, so that me an’ Clark had an easy road.

"The sea takes a man to many a queer spot, Mr. Ward, but never to a queerer than that old hulk. Where we stood was more like the round top of a tower than a ship’s deck, an’ though I’m no more a coward than another, I’d have no stomach for a gale o’ wind on such a craft. But the colour was queerer than the build.

‘Twas all a greyish-white, smooth as an egg an’ spongy like sodden cork, so spongy that our boots left the print o’ the big nails clear up to the flat o’ the sole, an’ where Clark’s was split at the heel there was the split showin’ sharp an’ clean with every tramp.

"‘Ice,’ says he again. ‘Ice, an’ freezin’ an’ thawin’ and dryin’ and soakin’ an’ freezin’.’ That’s what that means.’

"The only part of the deck where we stood that wasn’t as flush as the palm o’ your hand was the skylight. It ran up the middle o’ the poop an’ was longish an’ low. I reckon

it served as a seat in the days the old scow wasn't a corpse. Brady was right when he said it was covered over, but 'twasn't with tarpaulins. Maybe they didn't have tarpaulins in those days. If not, they had what was as good, four or five, or perhaps eight or ten thicknesses o' canvas and blankets, but so matted that no man could tell which was one an' which was t'other, the rain an' the spray an' the wind an' the sun had beat them so solid. Tags o' cordage hangin' from the rings at the sides showed how they had been lashed, but the ropes had wore out long before, an' what held them in their place was a criss-cross o' chain, stout enough once maybe, but rusted to the fineness of a weddin' ring. The whole was a dirty, washed-out grey, the colour somethin' of a wasp's nest, an' the most corpse-like thing in the whole corpse ship.

"'Ice,' says Clark again, with a nod of his head at the skylight; 'all that was to keep the cold out; an' by gum! I guess they wanted it, every scrap!'

"'Then they don't want it no more,' says Brady. 'Be the Holy Fly! it's hot enough here. Let's have it off, bullies!'

"The chains were little better than streaks o' rust, an' so snapped with the first tug, but I tell you, Mr. Ward, that tug gave me the shivers. It was ghastly to think they hadn't been handled for maybe more than three hundred years, an' that the beggars who strained them were lyin' down below with mighty little on but their bones; but when it came to rippin' off the rotten canvas, that was ghastlier still. I give you my word it was like strippin' the dead, an' even now there are times when I lie awake o' nights that I can hear the soft rattle o' the rip o' the stuff; an' when I hear it, the skin of my back creeps an' I go cold down the spine.

"There was a grating, under the canvas, and glass under the grating, all covered thick with a woolly, soft dust like you get in the corners o' your pockets. The glass an' grating were both set in a frame, but the wood had shrunk with the heat. It stuck a bit, but no more than was natural, an' rather as if somethin' was suckin' at the glass. The edges seemed free enough, an', except for the suckin' back, it lifted out as easy as say 'Knife.' A bar of iron, still pretty stout, ran along the middle o' the skylight from end to end, holdin' the back o' the frame in place. Laying the glazed grating down on the deck, we looked inside.

"All that," said Cap'n Towson, breaking off suddenly, "all that is nothin'—at least,

no more than any man might come across in five years' cruisin' over God's waters; but what came after was queer, mighty queer, that I'll admit.

"What with the portholes an' the open skylight, an' the sun blazing above, the cabin was as plain to be seen as the palm o' your hand. My word! but it was spick an' span. Of course, there was the raffle of odds an' ends lyin' round loose, for I take it sailormen were just sailormen three hundred years ago, an' had their easy-going ways much as they have now, but there warn't no dust to speak of. I tell you, Mr. Ward, that took my breath. All these years o' travel an' no dust to show for them! Why, you can't leave a cuddy a week but you could write your name on the chair backs. Yes, that bothered me; but what bothered me worse was to see a slim, queer-shaped bottle standin' on end on the table right under my nose, an' half full o' some brownish stuff. Now, what business had a bottle to be end up after jogging half round the world, an' rocked by Heaven only knows what gales o' wind? A slim, crank thing it was, too. We don't have the like of it nowadays, an' more's the pity it got broke. An' what business had the liquor lyin' in it all them years, an' never dryin' up? That, as Clark would say, rattled me, an' small wonder. It was a creepy thing to come on all of a sudden, an' in such a ghost of a craft, but there was more besides it. By the bottle was a tin platter, bright enough, so bright y'd say a cloth had wiped it the day before, an' on the platter was a lump o' ship's bread. It was like nothin' in the way o' hard tuck I ever saw, but ship's bread it was, an' no mistake. I tell you that staggered me. The bottle maybe was fixed somehow, an' the platter maybe was fixed; but what fixed a lump o' crusty, slippery hard tuck all these hundred years, an' the hulk driftin', driftin', through who knows what rattle an' tumble of seas? I don't know that Clark or Brady took notice. I reckon they were huntin' after the heaps o' clothes Irish had seen through the port, an' when I saw them peerin' ar' stretchin' their necks I quit shiverin' an' followed their wake. Nor were the bundles far to seek. Three o' them there were, all the length but twice the girth o' a common man, so that when Clark said 'Ice' for the fourth time, I guess he was about right. You can bet it knows how to freeze south of 80°!

"They were bunched in a heap by the cuddy door, an' must have had three suits apiece on them; thin in the legs, with no breeches to speak of, puffed at the hips, an'

with great heavy cloaks. The door was fast shut, an' I could see a thick bar across it, the ends fallin' into sockets beyond the posts, as if to stand against hard pressure.

"'For bears an' such vermin,' says Clark, who caught my eye. 'I guess them three was all that was left o' the ship's crew, an' so good people was scarce. The rest was in Kingdom Come.'

"I reckon he was about right, but I didn't answer. I was tryin' to puzzle it out for myself, an' the way they lay told a tale. They were all head-on to the door; they were all flat on their faces, with their arms stretched out an' their fingers clawin' at the floor. That meant they were makin' a bolt for the open when somethin' dropped them in their tracks, dropped them sudden an' dropped them sure. Just so, but what? what? That's what I asked myself, an' maybe the answer was that one held what looked like a crumple o' paper in his hand—whitey yellow it was; an' on the floor, a foot or two from their big boots, was a mash o' bluey grey stuff. That there stuck in the frame was the biggest mossel left, the rest was stamped into grit. They had no hats on—maybe they'd rolled off when they tumbled—an' their hair was longer than was common even for an old-time sailorman; but their ears peeped through the wisps, an' the shape o' them, an' the shape o' their hands, was as plump an' good as if they were havin' no more than a dog's snooze till the bo'sun whistled. I said as much to Clark.

"'Bo'sun?' says he; 'I guess Davy Jones was the last bo'sun that piped them to quarters. Tell you what, Towson; see that bluey grit there, an' what's in the chap's hand?' I'll lay a dollar they picked up somethin' in the ice that scared them to death, an' it was in that smashed grit!'

"Maybe he was right. In my own belief the thing had been some kind of a hollow case, with more in it than what that hand gripped. Some kind of a gas, maybe, or fluid that turned to gas, an' in the turnin'—but, there, it's all guesswork.

"'When it comes to bettin,' says Brady, 'I'll bet I'm goin' below; an' as the door's battered, here's my road!'

"Leaning forward, he gripped the iron bar with his left hand, an' caught a grab o' the edge o' the skylight with his right to hoist himself up. But as his fingers closed inwards over the ledge he flung himself back with a yell.

"'Preserve us! What's that?'

"Then he stood starin', his great mouth

wide open an' droppin' at the corners. 'Twas all one as if he'd seen a ghost.

"'Shucks!' says Clark, 'did ye never face a dead man before? That kind can't hurt ye.'

"'Ever face a dead man? Aye, did I,' answers Brady, the Irish in him flarin' up; 'an' if ye give me any more o' yer lip, I'll be facin' another, an' mighty quick, too. Who said dead men?—though, be the hokey! 'twas all the feel of a corpse.'

"'Then why don't ye go down!'

"For answer Brady leant one hand on the bar as before and bent cautiously forward. The other hand he rested on the outer edge o' the skylight, an' I took notice he didn't put as much as a tip of his finger across the rim. Down he lowered himself, slowly down, down, down, like as if he was goin' to drink, until his face was level with the bar an' the edge o' the wood. Then, as it dipped below the line, he jumped back like before.

"'None o' yer tricks, Clark!' he yelled.

"'Tricks!' says Clark. 'Is the fool gone mad?'

"'Didn't ye slop somethin' cowl'd an' wet in me face?'

"'You're crazed,' says Clark, 'clean crazed. Where would I get anythin' cold or wet in such a swelter o' heat? No one stirred a finger. Here, I'll go below.'

"Sittin' on the edge o' the wood, he gripped the bar, slewed himself round, an' made as if to drop his legs through the skylight; but all of a sudden he stopped, an' I heard him gasp.

"'By gum!' says he, an' his face went white. 'That's queer—that's darned queer!'

"'What's the matter, Clark?' said Brady, jeerin' him. 'Why don't ye go down? Is it the dead men y're feared of? Sure, men like them can't hurt ye. God rest their souls!' he added solemnly.

"But Clark never heeded him except to say, 'I'm sorry I spoke, Irish.' An' the fashion he said it, subdued and puzzled-like, meant more than the words, though it wasn't Clark's way to climb down. He was a New Yorker, you remember; and that kind mostly hangs on to their crow, right or wrong. From Brady he turned to me.

"'Lay your hand alongside my leg—will ye, Towson?—an' tell me what's got me.'

"Then I noticed that, instead of his feet dangling this way an' that, as a man's mostly do, they hung stiff an' cramped-like.

"'Got you?' says I; 'what could get you? Are you pullin' my leg?'

"'No,' says he, speakin' very quietly an' with a weak twist of his mouth, 'but there's somethin' pullin' mine—leastwavs, holdin' it.

Feel along of me, as I told you, an', for Heaven's sake, hurry !'

"With that I stretched my arm down, palm out, slowly, slowly, the way I'd seen Brady move—though for the life o' me I couldn't have told why, for there was nothin' to see—an', like him, I went back with a jump an' a yell. There, just below the line o' the frame, where there was nothin', nothin' at all but clear air an' sunshine, was a cold spongy clamminess, like dry, soft ice—ice that was a thin, dry jelly, an' that sank under the hand like dough.

"'Why don't ye go down,' says Brady again, 'why don't ye go down, ye Yankee coward ? Is it the dead you're feared of !'

"That stung Clark. Curious, isn't it ! Call a man a cur, an' he grins, or maybe ruffles up a bit ; but call him an English cur, an' he'll shake the life out of you ! To couple Yank with coward was too much for Clark, an' Heaven keep me from ever seein' again the sight I saw then !

"'Who's coward ?' says he. 'Don't talk so much, Irish. Coward yourself, an' come on if you dare ! All hands below !'

"Gripping the bar in front, he swung off an' let himself drop with a thrust up that partly turned him round. For a breath he hung as if upon nothin' ; but I reckon he hadn't fairly let go the bar when he'd have given the world an' all for a fresh hold. Down he floundered, not straight as a man should, but as if he was drownin' an' drownin' in cold pitch that sucked him in by inches. That the stuff, whatever it was, gripped him close, I know, for I saw his clothes run up his leg an' leave it bare ; an' that he repented his foolhardiness I know, for up flew one hand to catch at the bar, up with a wild swing—an' missed it, gritting it with his finger-nails ; an' out flew the other, clutchin' at the wooden ledge, but missed it, too.

"'Help ! Help !' he screamed, with a sob, throwing his head back.

"His eyes caught mine as he went under, though to me an' Brady it was just that his open mouth was below the line o' the skylight. But under he was, for the scream stopped short with a choked gurgle, though his mouth gaped an' his jaw wagged like as if he was chewin' on somethin' soft.

"Up to that we had stood scared and staring ; but as he screamed, our sense came back, an' we plunged forward, grabbing at his hands. But if he was late, so were we. He had slipped past reach, an', as we watched, we saw him light on the table slowly and greasily, an' paw at it vaguely with his feet.

For a minute he swayed there, his big sea-boots makin' no noise on the wood, an' his arms beating the air with cramped jerks, like as if somethin' held his hands. Then he staggered an' rolled sideways to the floor, where he lay on his back, twelve feet away, giving us stare for stare, an' we no more able to help him than if he was fifty fathoms under the sea. As many men as you've fingers I've seen drown, but never one like that ; yet drown he did, if I know what drownin' means ! God have mercy upon him, for it was an awful end ! Three great pants he gave—pants like to split his chest ; then he lay quiet, an', as the hulk rocked to the heave o' the swell, the sunshine through the port played backwards an' forwards across his face without so much as a flaw in its light.

"Brady pulled himself together first. After we'd failed to catch Clark's hands, he had leaned over the skylight, dry sobbin' an' prayin' like a mother by a cradle ; but at last he shook himself, as a dog might comin' out o' water.

"'I'm goin' down, Towson,' says he.

"'Down ?' cried I. 'Down ? Why, man, it's death ! Do you see yonder ?'

"'Arrah, then ! have I eyes ? Isn't it that that takes me down ? How far off's the table ?'

"'Seven feet, be it more or less,' says I, wonderin' if I had a madman on my hands next. 'What's your notion ?'

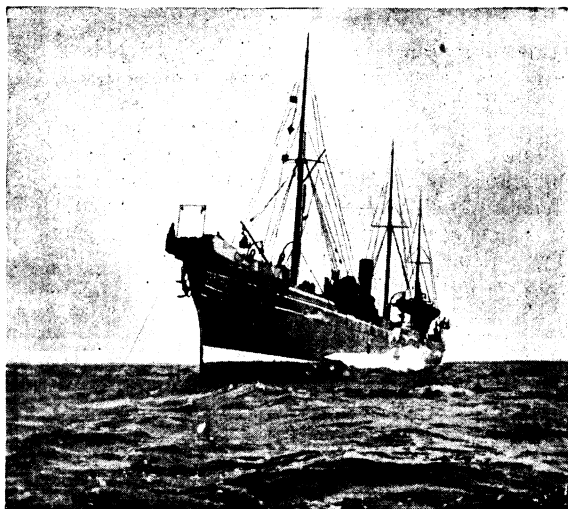
"'My notion is, the air's froze—not with cowl'd, but with somethin' that was in what's smashed on the floor there. My notion is the cuddy was caulked as tight as a captain's gig, an' when the poor devils broke whatever it was, they found sudden death, for the air must have gone solid in a wink. See how they broke for the door an' missed it. That's my notion, an' I'm goin' to hack the air outen her.'

"Well, sir, hack it out he did, but the bottle went smash, an' the bread turned to dust the minute the fresh air struck it. So did the three poor souls, all but their bare bones, an' their queer clothes crumbled at the touch like burnt paper, so that all that was left was the bit o' stuff you see in the frame there. That's the yarn, an' maybe Irish was right. They say folks can turn air to water now, why not to solid ? For we don't know everything our side the world, for all our cocksure ways. There's a powerful deal goes on beyond 80° South that we know nothin' at all about, an' that's the fact."

# ON BOARD A CABLE HOSPITAL.

BY A. WALLIS MYERS.

*Photographs by R. A. Shield.*



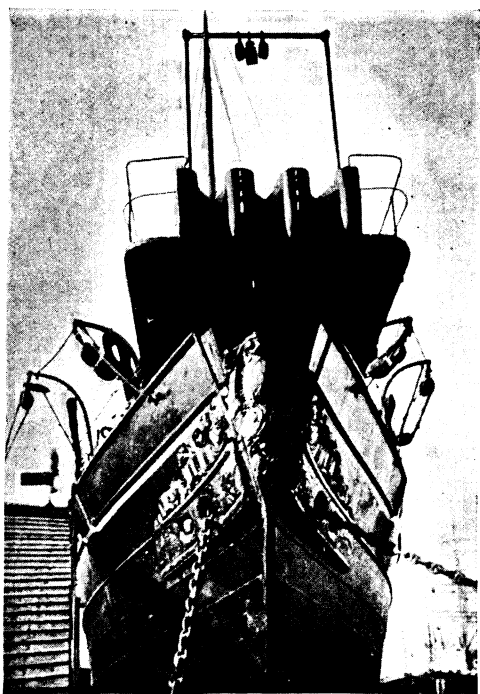
S.S. "MINIA": THE CABLE BEING "PAID OUT."

WE hail a passing hansom in Ludgate Circus and in twenty jolting minutes find ourselves in a dingy riverside train *en route* for Millwall Docks. An army of chimneys, reeking with vile smoke, an "alight" on to an oath-hardened platform, an uncomfortable passage down a narrow, ill-lit subway, and we are nearing one of the main East End docks, which contain such a strange flotilla of craft, home for stores or repairs. But our eyes are directed to a fine steamship, 325ft. long and 35ft. broad, a tonnage of 1,850; it is the *Minia*,

the cable-repairing ship belonging to the Anglo-American Telegraph Company.

We are there to inspect the vessel and to ask questions; and for this purpose we hold a letter of introduction to Chief-Officer Adams, a gentleman who is well qualified to speak scientifically on the delicate and absorbing subject of cable-laying, and who forms one of a group of a dozen capable officers who control the fishing and mending operations on board.

It may, perhaps, be advisable briefly to sketch at this point the history of the Atlantic Cable, in the almost daily "doctoring" of which the *Minia* is employed. More than forty years ago the Atlantic Telegraph Company, soon to be converted into the Anglo-American, endeavoured to lay the first deep-sea cable, a praiseworthy attempt which, though not successfully carried through—the cable broke in mid-ocean—was highly commended by scientific men, and the subject of considerable excitement in the eyes of the public. That was in 1857. A year later another effort was made, and eventually a cable was laid between Ireland and Newfoundland; but its condition was such that it lived only a few days, and the cost of both expeditions was lost. Notwithstanding these failures, and the crude manner in which the scheme was carried out, the projectors did not lose heart, nor were they dismayed by the fact that public faith in deep-sea telegraphy weakened—indeed, no further funds were forthcoming till 1865. Then another fruitless journey over the Atlantic was made. In '66, however, the Anglo-



THE BOW, WHERE THE CABLE IS PULLED IN.

American Company recovered the lost cable laid the previous year, and not only completed it, but laid a duplicate to Newfoundland. This was the beginning of the great series of cable links which now connect John Bull with Cousin Jonathan. The practicability of laying deep-sea cables having been demonstrated, and the possibilities of steam navigation having greatly developed, a wire was "paid out" by the ton, and we now have eleven Atlantic cables hourly working between the two countries. The Anglo-American owns four; the Commercial Cable Company, four; the American Company, two; and the Direct United States Company possesses a single cable, laid in 1874.

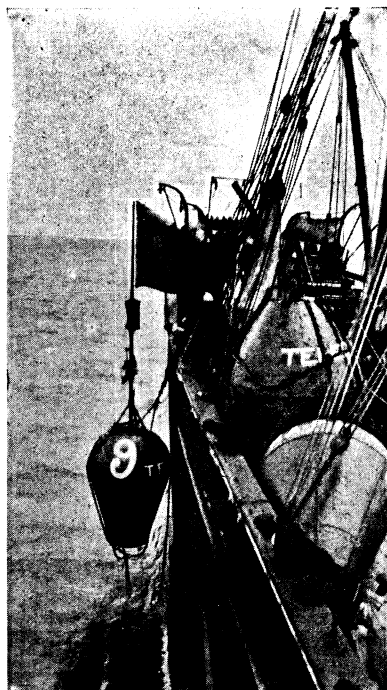
It is not necessary to dilate upon the many interesting and astonishing records in telegraphy under the ocean which have been accomplished. Suffice it to state that in the limited time which is at the disposal of the London Stock Exchange to send messages to its financial contemporaries in Wall Street, New York, as many as 2,000 messages have frequently been transmitted between the two Exchanges, which means that about ten seconds is apportioned for each message over a distance of 4,000 miles.

And perhaps more wonderful—a triumph not merely of scientific discovery, but of human skill—was the feat of cabling performed at the annual chess match between the British House of Commons and the American House of Representatives in Washington, for "moves" were actually exchanged in the space of thirteen seconds!

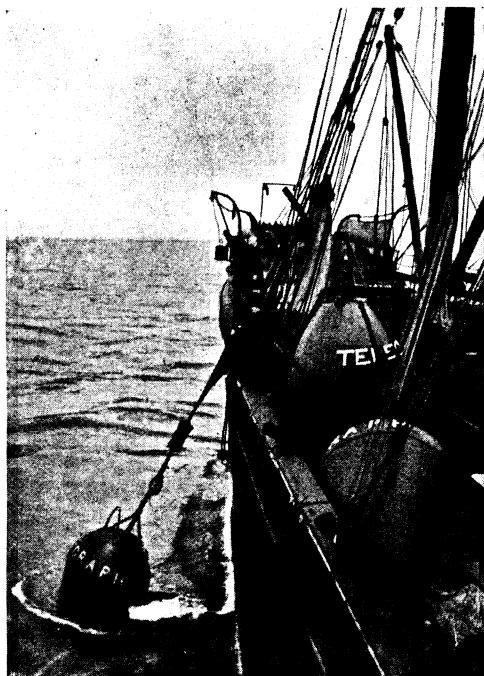
Our first call on board the *Minia* was the chart-room, where repose priceless maps and diagrams tracing in minute details practically every inch of the cable, as it has been originally laid. It was explained that the cables start from Valentia, in Ireland (whence short communications are fixed to London, Glasgow also being in direct telegraphic line), and go westward to Newfoundland, and thence to New York, which is in telegraphic communication with the whole of the North-American Continent, including San Francisco.

"You will notice," said Mr. Adams, as we began to make a tour of the vast array of mechanical and scientific apparatus on board, "that it is absolutely essential for our work to have a fast vessel, one so manned and carefully planned that she can scuttle off to the scene of a breakdown at a moment's notice. Time means money, and the 'fault' may be a thousand miles from where we are stationed. Again, the ship must be possessed of first-class manœuvring qualities; she must be able to turn in her own length and able to lay in close to the shore if the nature of the operation in hand demands it. Thus it is that we have here a ship perfectly sound and faultlessly equipped from top to bottom."

The *Minia*, it seems, is capable of paying out 500 miles of new cable and repairing



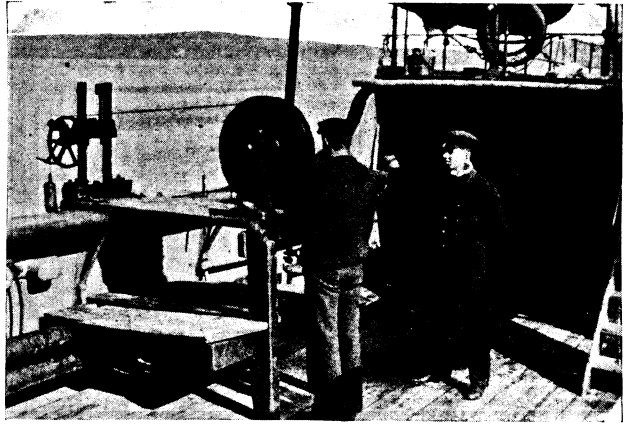
A SIGN-BUOY GOING OVER.



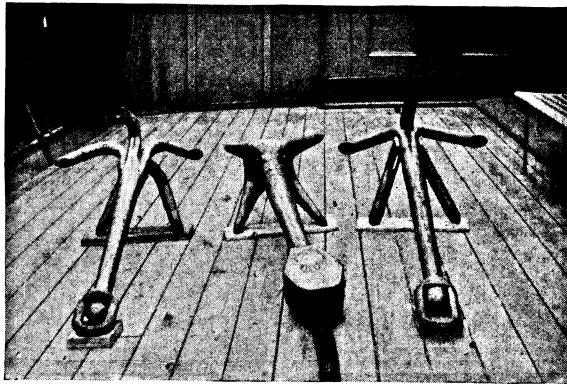
TOUCHING THE WATER.

one in any depth up to two miles, unaided by other vessels. There are three cylindrical water-tight tanks, into which the new cable is very carefully wound yard by yard from the outside, a truncated cone being fixed in the centre. Different coils are prevented from adhering to each other by a coating of whitewash, the end of each nautical mile being carefully marked for future reference. As will be seen from our illustration on the next page, the cable is coiled in huge tanks, in remarkable uniformity, a feat which is accomplished entirely by the sailors themselves, in the same manner precisely as a coil of rope is wound round. Indeed, the dexterity and accuracy with which the work is accomplished may be gauged by the fact that each of the tanks, 30 feet in diameter and 15 feet deep, will hold 200 miles of cable. Needless to say, every foot of cable is thoroughly tested at the factory before it comes on board, and previous to embarkation is sheathed

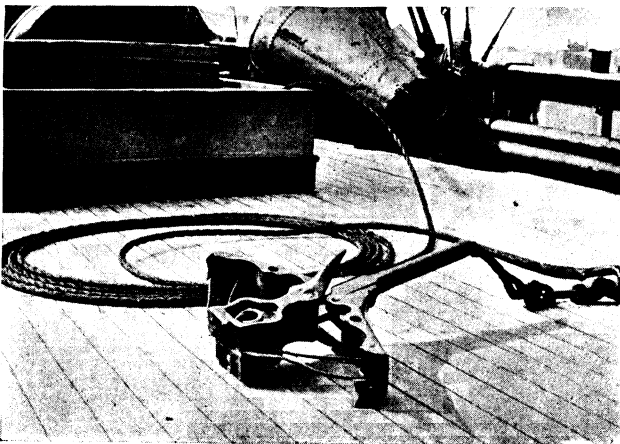
and stored in large water-tanks, which are kept at a nearly uniform temperature by means of water.



SOUNDING ON BOARD.



GRAPNELS.

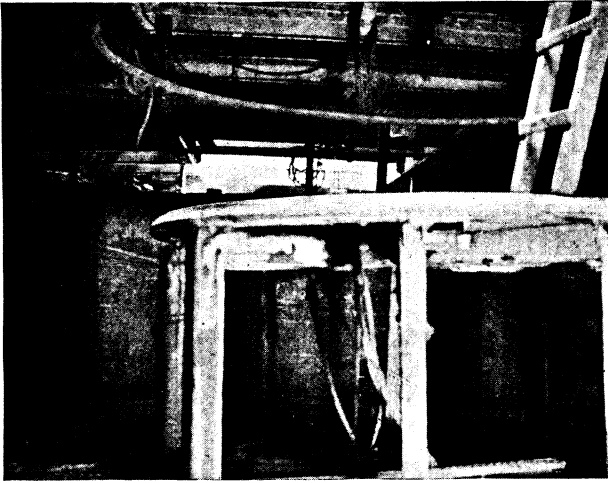


THE CUTTING AND HOLDING GRAPNEL.

The uninitiated reader will probably want to know what the composition of a modern cable actually is ; and Mr. Adams is, of course, ready with the information. A cable has three parts, of which the first is the conductor of the electricity, in the centre, composed of seven copper wires

wound together into a pliable strand, capable of bearing a weight upon it of over 200 lb. Over this strand is placed a covering or insulator of gutta-percha, necessary because the ocean is a powerful conductor of electricity, and consequently its contact with the unprotected strand would immediately dissipate the telegraphic message contained within. Gutta-percha has stood the test of time admirably, and is the prevailing composite for the insulator, which with a conductor forms the core of the cable. This is again protected by a strong coating of tanned yarn, which forms a soft bed upon which the iron





A TANK FOR STORAGE OF TWO HUNDRED MILES OF CABLE.

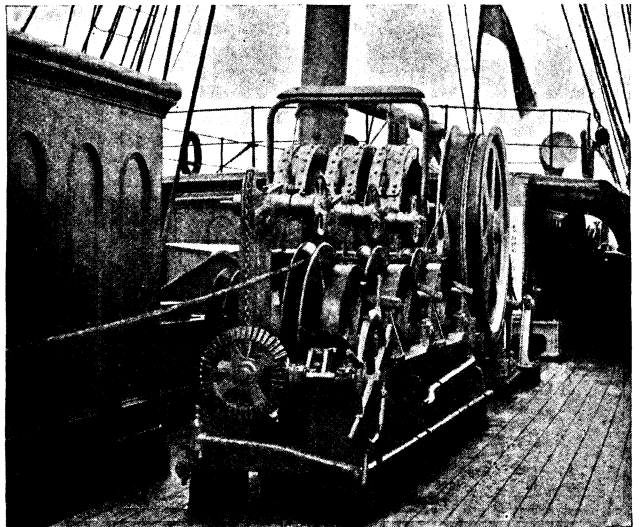
bars may rest; and the sheathed cable, having been thoroughly hardened and finished, is ready for laying.

Well, then, 500 miles of this finished cable are stored away in the three tanks described above; another tank is on board, and this holds the heavier or shore-end cable. The cable, of course, is "paid out" into the sea by means of powerful machinery fixed on the main deck; and there is also distinct mechanism for lowering the grapnel into the ocean for the purpose of hauling up the damaged line. A dynamometer, for measuring the strain brought to bear upon the grapnel rope or cable, is placed midway between the guide pulleys on the fore-castle deck, which is large enough to allow ready work being carried on when the cable is on board, or when a final splice is being shipped. Just above the spar-deck appears the picking-up drum, round which the "bilious" cable is wound by steam. Suitable drawing-off gear exists for pulling the cable on deck after it has passed the picking-up drum and allowed it to pass temporarily into a vacant tank. There are smaller tanks for stowing the grapnel and other ropes; the chart-room, near the steering-wheels, one of which is above deck and the other below, has already been mentioned, and above that is the light pilot bridge. Officers' and steward's quarters, the

saloon, and other essential accommodation for the crew, complete the make-up of the steamer, with the exception of the testing-room, to which important factor in the success of every expedition let us now make our way.

In glancing round the testing-room, and in conversing with the electrician, one is again very forcibly reminded what an omnipotent scientific factor electricity is. By means of its agency those on shore are enabled to ascertain where the "fault" (or break) in the cable lies, and thus have they the means, though the catastrophe be 2,000 miles from land, of directing the cable ship where to proceed with its bandages and splints. The method involves

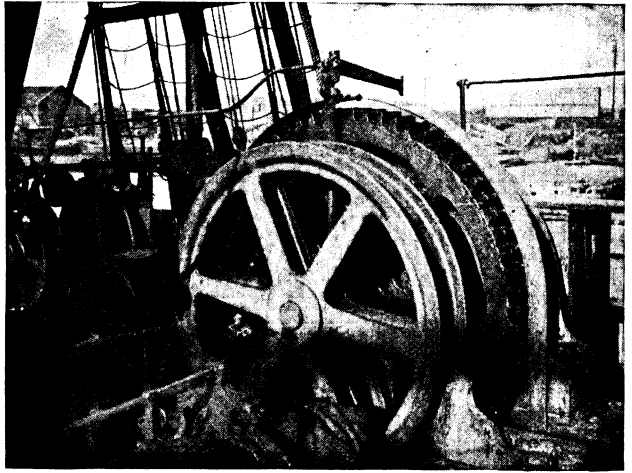
a little technical knowledge in grasping its working, but, put briefly, the defaulting spot is discovered by measuring the resistance of the current before and after the accident. The limit of resistance of the cable, calculated in ohms, is ascertained and registered on a finely balanced instrument, to be found in the electrician's cabin, and known as "Wheatstone's Bridge"—a machine by which the electrician can measure the resistance of any conductor between 1 and 1,000 ohms. Resistance practically ceases at the point where the conductor makes any considerable contact with the water; consequently, if, when measuring to locate a break, the apparatus



THE "PAYING OUT" GEAR.

indicates a resistance, say, of 900 ohms, the position of the fault (the resistance of the cable being, say, 3 ohms per nautical mile) will be 300 miles from the shore. With this information, the captain of the cable-repair vessel can estimate, by the aid of his charts and diagrams, the latitude and longitude of the breakdown. He can proceed there with certainty to effect the cure.

The testing-room is a very neatly arranged chamber, lit by electricity and having an adjacent cabin on its left in which the head electrician sleeps. Every instrument is so carefully fixed and arranged that, rough as the elements outside may be, it remains perfectly placid and uninjured. Once, during a heavy storm, the door was forced open and the whole paraphernalia given an unseasonable bath of salt water, but their judicious placement stood them in good stead, and scarcely any appreciable damage was done. It is really wonderful to think that, no matter what position in the deep



PURCHASE FOR HAULING UP THE CABLE.

ocean they have reached, the electricians in this little room can keep up a constant and minute inquiry with their fellow electricians on shore. For by this means not only is the new cable as it is laid bit by bit thoroughly tested from *terra firma*, but valuable electrical data are obtained for future use in case of faults and also for the detecting of the slightest fault.



THE ELECTRIC TESTING-ROOM, S.S. "MINIA."

What are the causes for a breakdown in the cable? This seemed a natural question for us to ask the electrician.

"There are," he replied, "about half a dozen, though it may be that science has not yet discovered some of the powerful destructive agents which, I may say, assist to give us our daily bread. The anchors which careless fishing vessels let drag on the ocean's bed are one of the chief causes of faults; another are the teredos, or marine animal borers, which eat into the cable and eventually penetrate its outer cover. These little insects (or should it be fishes?) are to be found principally off the coast of Ireland, and they eat enough gutta-percha in the year to convert themselves into fairly good tennis balls. Then shipwrecks have been known to foul a cable and render it useless for the time being; and lightning is said to have some effect, though I myself am a little sceptical on the point. But decay is perhaps the greatest evil. I have known cables last thirty years in perfect condition, and similar lines, for some inexplicable reason, decompose in several places after the briefest of lives. The life of a cable is like that of an active soldier, uncertain."

Having taxed the electrician, we are now able to return to the chief-officer and ask him one or two questions about the method



Photo by Notman.]

[Halifax, N.S.]

CAPTAIN DECARDARET, S.S. "MINIA."

of hauling up the cable monster from its watery castle for the purpose of administering repair. It may be that the fault calls for only a yard or two of new cable—a short space—or, on the other hand, several miles of new stuff may have to be paid out. The tiresome job, our informant explained, consists not so much in mending or laying the cable—that is comparatively easy when the sea is fairly calm—but in tracing it and getting it up on board.

How is this accomplished? Well, the first thing to be done, when the captain has brought the ship to what he imagines to be the *locale* of the fault, is to take a sounding and to float marked buoys, lighted at night, for the purpose of keeping a course clear for operations. Having accurately ascertained the depth of the water, the nature, if possible, of the bottom, and the direction of currents and winds, the operators begin grappling. There are, we were told, four kinds of grapnels—the long-toed, the short-toed, the centipede, and the chain; the third is the most frequently used. Attached to about fifteen fathoms of  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch grapnel-chain, the great metal hook is hoisted over the side; and the rope, running merrily on a drum, passes over one of three pulleys. By means of the rotometer or length-measurer, the officer in charge is able to ascertain when the picking-up gear is nearing the bottom, and then "dragging"



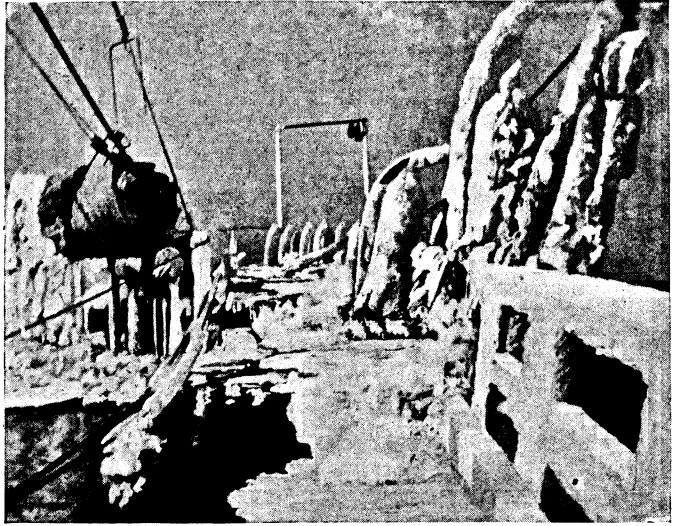
Photo by Notman.]

[Halifax, N.S.]

CHIEF-OFFICER ADAMS, S.S. "MINIA."

commences. The ship's head is brought round to the wind and tide, and a careful watch is kept on the instrument which records the strain on the grapnel. An increasing strain denotes the joyful fact that the "cable is collared"; but a sudden and jerky strain indicates "rocks engaged." Great experience is essential to distinguish between a good or a bad strain, and between good or bad ground.

The cable "collared," it must next be brought up; and this is a task which requires the utmost care and the greatest discretion. The speed of the picking-up gear has to be very nicely regulated; no surging or jerking must be allowed, lest any such cause further damage to the coil. Only under exceptional circumstances can more than 1,000 fathoms of cable be brought up on the bight without breaking. When the coil leaves the sea it is elevated to the bow of the ship and "stoppered" on each side of the grapnel nip with lengths of strong rope. It is then cut, and the heaving-in commences, in order that the exact scene of the fault may be found. Sometimes this is a tedious and laborious



SNOWBOUND OFF NOVA SCOTIA.

process, requiring the examination of many miles of sound cable; frequently, however, the electrical test has performed its functions with such accuracy that the fault very soon shows itself. And when this has been brought to line the operation of "doctoring" is not very complicated; the cable has to be spliced and joined, then coated and tested, and it is ready to be put back again into its damp bed. This last action has, of course, to be performed with due care, lest the coil

should dismember itself again; and a full and systematic record of its position in the ocean has to be entered in the books of the Company.

"Life on a cable hospital," remarked one of the officers, "is interesting enough when we can work; but it happens very often that the sea is so rough and the elements so boisterous that all operations are out of the question, and the *Minia* has simply to lie as low as she can until the storm



WAITING FOR THE ICE TO MELT OFF NOVA SCOTIA.

is over. This is monotonous and trying, as you might expect. Then, we are sometimes ice-bound for weeks together; the *Minia* is held fast in the clutches of a great swaying mass of icebergs. Here is a photograph taken off Nova Scotia, which depicts our happy little band engaged in a mild picnic on the ice. Cables and cable-repairing are at this period of enforced inactivity as remote from us as the North Pole! we are quite *hors de combat*."

"And the dog?"

"Oh, Rover! Good old Rover! He's been with us now for nine years; belongs to the captain, and has never been more than 200 yards from the *Minia*. Quite an institution, and knows more about faults, ohms, and grapnels than do a hundred landmen. Don't you, Rover?" as the latter-day "sea-dog" came trotting along the main deck to take part in the ceremonial of our departure.

Remarkable as we have very rightly considered the work dealt with in this article to be, and wonderful, in its kind, as the Atlantic Cable's original invention has proved, the world of science remains essentially one in which "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," and to-day the world is

following with keenest interest the young Marconi's growing success with his infinitely more wonderful trans-Atlantic wireless telegraphy. A cable, marvellous as it is, maintains a tangible and material connection between speaker and hearer: one can grasp its meaning. But here is nothing but space, a pole with a pendent wire on one side of a broad, curving ocean, an uncertain kite struggling in the air on the other—and thought passing between. And the apparatus for sending and receiving these trans-oceanic messages costs not a thousandth part of the expense of a cable. It is true that Marconi had already convinced the world of his ability to transmit messages for short distances without wires; yet his earlier successes seemed in no wise to prepare the public for his greater achievement. Earlier in last year he had communicated about 250 miles between stations on the British coast, but who imagined that he would suddenly attempt nearly eight times that distance? And now he has achieved the impossible.

The present article will be followed in the May WINDSOR by an elaborate account, obtained direct from the inventor himself, of Marconi's crowning triumph.



"ROVER," NINE YEARS ON BOARD THE "*MINIA*."

# WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

By HORACE BLEACKLEY.



THE counties of Rutland and Cornwall had for many years in succession possessed exceptionally fine cricket teams, and the championship had always been gained by one of them. The latter county never failed to

put into the field a very well balanced eleven, but Rutland indisputably had been a one-man side. The wonderful success of the team undoubtedly had been due to Shark, the fast bowler. For more than a decade Shark had been near the top of the averages, and no one was more dreaded by the ordinary batsman. Many were the occasions—usually when his side was in a tight corner—when he was irresistible.

Consequently, when at the dawn of a certain summer it was decreed in the councils of the mighty that Shark should not be allowed to bowl any longer in first-class cricket, the men of Rutland were seized with despair and indignation. Suddenly and in the twinkling of an eye the rulers of the kingdom of cricket had decided that several bowlers had an unfair delivery, and that these must be suppressed. A list of the "throwers" was drawn up and the decree went forth.

The Rutland committee, although naturally resentful, concluded for the sake of peace and quietness to accept the decision, and withdrew Shark from the team. This patience was all the more heroic, because there was a shrewd suspicion abroad that Sir Tom Doyen, the Cornwall captain, was the leader of the movement that had led to the suspension of the Rutland fast bowler. The local press and public, however, were appeased far less easily than the county committee. Much bitter feeling was caused, and a long, acrimonious discussion followed.

It is doubtful what would have been the result, had not the course of events helped

to mitigate popular indignation. As the cricket season progressed, the Rutland county eleven carried everything before it. The loss of the redoubtable Shark was scarcely felt. A wonderful left-handed slow bowler was discovered in a previously unknown colt, and in addition, young Parr, the captain, just down from Cambridge, asserted himself as one of the most brilliant batsmen of the year. A splendid series of victories soon stood to the credit of the team, and its colours were never lowered. In the first match against the formidable Cornwall eleven a draw had been the result. Thus it came about that the sensation caused by the suspension of Shark gradually faded away. In the pride of victory the men of Rutland could afford to be generous.

Still, among one class of the community the deed had been neither forgiven nor forgotten. Shark's colleagues, the rest of the Rutland pros, were still full of resentment at the injury that had been done to their brother-professional.

Such was the state of affairs upon the eve of the return match with Cornwall, late in August. Both counties were still unbeaten, and it was felt that the championship would fall to the side that won the game.

It was the night before the great match, and the Rutland players were assembled as usual in the hostelry of old Davie Tofts, the ex-groundsman. They were a festive company, and the presence of old Mark Antony and his brother umpire made them none the less jovial. As was natural, the conversation eventually turned upon the suspension of the suspected bowlers.

"It's worth while being a batter nowadays," observed Davie Tofts, with a sigh. "One didn't have the chance of picking the bowling in my time. I expect they'll be having armchairs put for 'em by the sawdust in a bit."

"Aye, aye; it must be tiring work standing about such a deal," sneered Mark Antony. "If the poor chaps only had to run, it'd be a rest for 'em. I wonder they don't let the umpires hold mufflers for 'em when they feel cold."

"Well, what with pitches like satin, and narrow boundaries," continued Davie Tofts,

surveying the company with a benevolent smile, "there's nowt but the bowling to stop any feller with a pair of hands notching a century. I reckon that's why they're going to put a stopper on all chaps that's at all tidy with the ball. There's too few runs made, that's the top and bottom of it!"

Those of his auditors who were not batsmen hailed the old man's sarcasm with deep guffaws, but Daddy Longlegs, the stonewaller, and the crack bat looked a little uncomfortable.

"There's too much talk about cricket nowadays," growled Bails, the portly wicket-keeper, from his corner near the door leading to the bar. "It's getting worse nor politics. It's a good enough game without so much gas. It only wants leaving alone."

"Now, what d'you think of suspending all these bowlers, Mark?" demanded Daddy Longlegs, anxious to prevent any more witticisms at the expense of the batsmen. "Umpires ought to have a notion about it, shouldn't they?"

Old Mark took a long pull at the pewter mug before returning an answer.

"Aye, I've my notion, right enough," he replied, with a huge puff of smoke, "though maybe it's a bit old-fashioned for these times. My 'pinion is that the umpires should be the judges of the game."

"Well, aren't they?" muttered the crack bat scornfully, who always became a little irritated by old Mark's sententiousness.

"Well, are they?" Mark retorted, pointing at the speaker with the stem of his churchwarden pipe. "Did they ask our 'pinion afore they jumped on all these bowlers? Did they ask us if we thought they was unfair? Not a bit of it. We weren't consulted. We'd nowt to do with it, as you very well know."

"Happen they thought you couldn't tell a fair ball from a shy," said Davie, with a twinkle in his eye. "I call it a rare slap at all of you."

"Aye, that's just it—it were a rare slap at all of us," retorted Mark indignantly. "It showed we umpires weren't to be trusted. It showed that other folk wanted to interfere with our job. And I'll just tell you what it is." Here the old man paused, while his head jerked a half-circle of impressive nods as he glanced fiercely around the room. "A bowler may shy till all's blue, but I'm blessed if I'll shout 'No ball!' No more will you, Toman, eh?"

And Mark gave his fellow-umpire, who

was sitting next to him, a fierce dig in the waistcoat.

"That's right enough, that is," replied Toman, a small, fat man of few words, choking desperately, being interrupted in the midst of a drink.

"No, I've got a competency, and they may suspend me," repeated Mark more emphatically. "Jim Phillips can do as he pleases, but I'm blest if I'll call 'No ball!'"

"That won't be doing your duty, eh?" remarked Davie mischievously.

"And why not?" returned Mark hotly. "It's no part of an umpire's duty now. We're not judges any longer of what's fair bowling and what aren't. If they think a chap shies, let 'em call a committee meeting and suspend him."

"That's right enough, that is," croaked plump little Toman.

"And now, landlord," said Mark, addressing Davie, "I'll just have another pint, and then, being a reg'lar man, I'm off to bed."

Bails, the wicket-keeper, was the first among the players to break silence when the two umpires had departed. His contribution took the form of a burst of uproarious laughter.

"Hello, Tichborne! what's up?" demanded Daddy Longlegs curiously.

"I was thinking what a lark it would be," replied Bails, still struggling with his emotion, "if old Mark Antony was to come across a bowler like Jack Crossland. There'd be ructions if he didn't 'No-ball' him."

"Well, he said, didn't he, that he wouldn't 'No-ball' a chap, however hard he shied?" retorted Daddy Longlegs.

"Aye, and old Mark abides by what he says," broke in Davie Tofts, with a dry chuckle. "It's a pity we've no first-class chucker in our team. You might ha' tried him to-morrow if those Cornwall chaps stick in. Mark isn't Jim Phillips, and he wouldn't 'No-ball' a cannon if you was to put it on at one end."

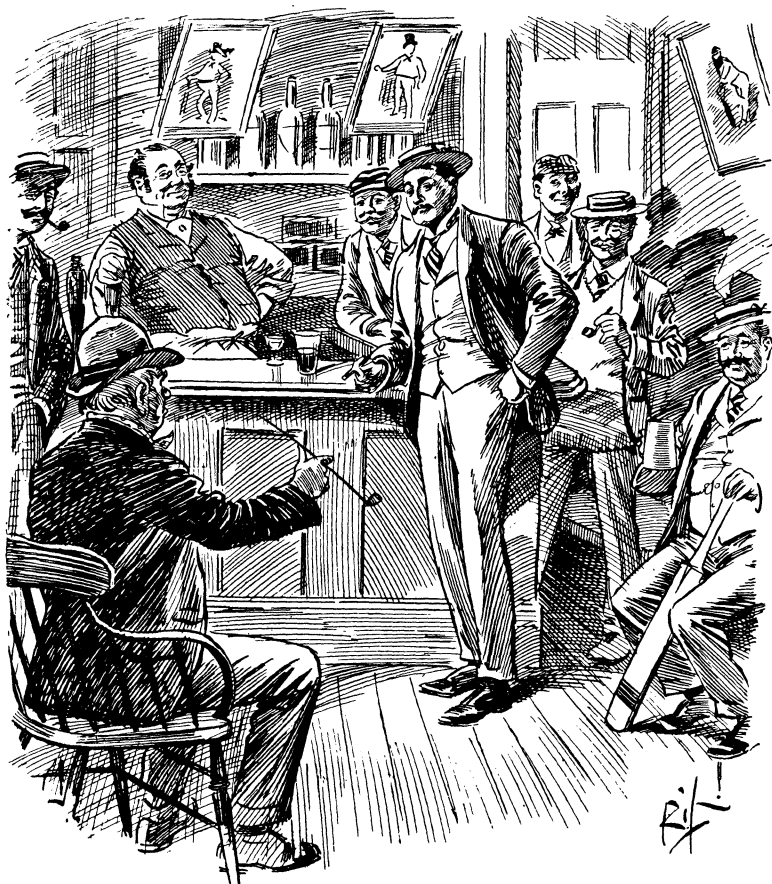
"We *have* a first-class chucker," remarked the crack bat slowly and with emphasis.

"By Jove! so we have!" cried Daddy Longlegs, after a moment's thought.

"Young Jock Morton, of course," said Bails briskly, slapping his huge thigh.

Jock Morton, a burly youth of over six feet, had come into the team that season. As a hard-hitting batsman of the Ulyett type, he had been very useful, but as an outfield he was incomparable. In his hands the most red-hot catch was safe as in the mouth





"Jim Phillips can do as he pleases, but I'm blest if I'll call "No ball!"'"

of a sack, he could cover something like 180 degrees along the boundary at racehorse speed, and his returns from the ropes, which came in like bullets, were never more than ten feet above the ground nor a yard wide of the wickets.

"But Jock Morton can't bowl," observed Davie, after a moment's thought.

Bails looked at Daddy Longlegs, and the stonewaller in turn glanced at the crack bat. Then a roar of laughter arose from the trio.

"No, Jock can't bowl," murmured Bails hysterically. "That's just where it is!"

"It's a pity poor old Shark isn't with us this season," said Davie, not deigning to investigate the subtle joke that was tickling the professionals. "We'd be a hot lot if we'd got him."

This was touching the Rutland players upon a sore spot, and ugly frowns gathered thick upon every face.

"A swindling piece of business, I call

it!" grunted the crack bat, chewing his moustache viciously.

"Those Cornwall chaps were frightened of him, that's what it was," cried Bails. "He always pilled the hon'able baronite Sir Tommy for a blob."

"Aye, Sir Tom Doyen were at the bottom of it, so they say," said Davie, with a nod of approbation, for the Cornwall captain was no favourite of his.

"Course he was!" thundered Daddy Longlegs. "When chaps get as old and fat as him, they like their bowling soft. I'd dearly love to be even with him for the nasty trick."

"We'll be even with him, lad, never fear," added Bails.

"Well, lick the Cornwall chaps,"

said Davie soothingly, "then you'll be even with him."

A splendid crowd assembled on the Rutland cricket-ground the next morning to watch the commencement of the great match. The turf was like velvet, the ground hard as wood, and a blazing sun shone in a cloudless sky.

"Heads it is! Good biz!" cried Sir Tom Doyen, as the coin fell upon the grass before the pavilion and he saw that he had guessed right.

"You've always got the luck!" snapped young Parr, the Rutland captain, picking up his half-crown savagely.

"Especially as you haven't got that coal-heaver to chuck us out, as he did last year," returned the Cornwall skipper uncharitably.

"I hope you'll never have to play against an unfairer bowler than poor Shark," retorted Parr mildly.

Bails, who had strolled up to consult his captain, was standing near, and this conver-

sation aroused all that was evil in his nature. He glanced after Sir Tom Doyen very unkindly, as that celebrity ambled away to write out the order of going in.

The first two Cornwall batsmen made a great stand. Figures flashed after each other upon the scoring-board with startling rapidity, as the ball flew all over the field and boundary hit followed boundary hit. Parr tried all his bowlers, but each was equally impotent. The batsmen stayed and slogged until luncheon-time, when the score had reached 150 with no wicket down. Glum indeed were the faces of the men of Rutland. Bails approached Daddy Longlegs as they were returning to the pavilion.

"High time to put a stopper on this work," he observed in a low whisper. "My idea's worth trying, eh?"

The stonewaller returned a sympathetic nod.

"It'll be a ticklish job," he added. "It'll need a deal of luck to carry through."

Jock Morton, the sturdy young colt, sat between Daddy Longlegs and the wicket-keeper at the players' luncheon-table. Jock was fresh from the country, and as yet his lively spirits and bucolic manners were not in harmony with the solemnity of first-class cricket.

"Now, Jock," remarked Bails paternally, as the first course was being served, "will you join Daddy and me at a bottle of fiz?"

"Thou'll ha' to pay," grunted Jock, with his mouth full, very much astonished at such an unusual proposal.

"O' course, it's his birthday," explained Daddy Longlegs genially, as Bails gave the order to the waiter.

The bottle—marked six shillings on the wine list—contained a brand of much potency, and the generous wicket-keeper took care that Jock should consume three parts of it.

"What d'ye say to another, Jock?" he demanded, when the last drop had disappeared.

"Thou'll ha' me tight!" giggled Jock, with watery eyes and a broad grin, but he offered no further remonstrance.

The better portion of two bottles of inferior champagne had the usual effect that all wine had upon Jock. Though he remained perfectly steady as to both legs and head, his power of reason vanished, and a genial though reckless humour seized him. Still, he was quite presentable. Bails was well acquainted with his temperament. The rest of the professionals, Daddy Longlegs

and the crack bat excepted, were much mystified that the wicket-keeper had selected Jock as the recipient of his generosity.

When the players sauntered into the field again after lunch, Parr found Bails walking by his side.

"Bad biz this, Tich," remarked the young captain, "How on earth shall we get 'em out?"

The round and bronzed countenance of the big wicket-keeper wore an expression of fitting solemnity.

"I should almost be inclined, sir," he remarked, in a very respectful tone, "to give young Jock Morton a turn with the ball."

Parr glanced at Bails keenly. The wicket-



"Heads it is!"

keeper had been in the Rutland team for fifteen years, and his judgment and experience were often useful to his captain, who frequently sought his opinion.

"Never knew Jock could bowl," said Parr sceptically.

"O' course, sir, he's not Lohmann exactly," replied Bails sweetly; "but I've seen him put down some reg'lar teasers at the nets."

"By Jove! he shall have a try!" cried Parr, after a moment's consideration. "He can't do worse than the other rotters."

With his usual defiant swagger a little exaggerated, Jock was strolling away towards long-on. There was a warm, delicious glow

within his breast, and he was feeling quite equal to slapping the King of England upon the back if he had met him at that moment. Suddenly he heard his name called in a voice of command. Turning upon his heel, he saw the captain waving to him, and then the ball was flung towards him.

"Have a try at the top end, Jock," shouted Parr.

Jock's huge hands closed upon the ball involuntarily to save his chest, and he looked about him in a dazed fashion, for the unexpected summons had bewildered him. Then he became aware that Daddy Longlegs was standing close at hand.

"What sort o' game are they playing at?" he asked in a thick voice.

"You've got to bowl," explained Daddy Longlegs encouragingly. "Buck up and give 'em beans!"

"I can bowl none," stammered Jock bashfully.

"Thee can chuck some road, can't 'e?"

"Aye, I can *chuck*!"

"Well, do as thee art told."

"What'll umpires say?"

"Ne'er heed umpires. Get forrard wi' thy own work."

Jock beamed with delight at this encouragement and marched with lengthy strides towards the wickets.

Then, after a few seconds of delay in the customary preparations—while Mark Antony proceeded to give the batsman guard, and the field spread out and stood at attention—Jock started for his run. His arm flashed in the air, the batsman made a convulsive dab with his bat, and the wicket-keeper standing ten yards back just ducked his head in time as the bails whistled over his shoulder.

"Well bowled, Jock!" he cried, while a roar of excitement arose from the crowd.

"Well, I'm hanged!" muttered the defeated batsman, who had scored over eighty runs, and as he passed Umpire Toman, who was standing at short leg, on his way to the pavilion he whispered—

"Got a funny delivery, hasn't he?"

"That's right enough, that is," grunted Toman.

"It were a good imitation of a shy," replied the batsman, as he walked off.

But, being mild as milk, and having also the uncommon peculiarity of never disputing the method of his dismissal, on principle, he said no more on the subject to anyone.

Then the amateur crack, who stood well at the top of the Cornwall averages came

sailing across the field. He took middle and leg in a leisurely fashion, he had the sight-board moved six paces to the left, he scratched the turf very vigorously with a bail, but all the same Jock made skittles of his wickets with his next ball.

"That was a something shy!" roared the amateur crack. "How's that, umpire?"

"Out, sir!" chirped Mark cheerfully.

"It was a bally throw!"

"Couldn't say, I'm sure, sir."

With an exceedingly bad grace the amateur crack at last proceeded to depart, and began to address the occupants of the pavilion seats in an indignant speech before he was half-way across the ground.

Two wickets for a hundred and fifty runs. Things looked a little better for Rutland.

Jock did not hit the sticks with his next ball, but he did the next best thing for his side. He hit the batsman. It was a terrible crack on the inside of the right knee, and the unlucky fellow had to be assisted from the field. He did not feel well enough to appeal to the umpire.

Practically three wickets were down for a hundred and fifty runs.

For some time those of the spectators who were supporters of Cornwall had become conscious that there was something radically wrong with Jock's delivery, and hoots and yells began to arise on all sides.

"I say, Tich," said Parr, who was fielding point, striding up to Bails, "I don't like this. Is Jock bowling fair?"

"Well, sir," replied the wicket-keeper, with stolid face, "he's got a funny flick with him, but the umpires don't seem to notice it."

"At all events, I'll have to put someone else on next over," said Parr sorrowfully.

A moment later Sir Tom Doyen came rolling in to take his innings. His face was purple with rage, and his eyes flashed fiercely as he encountered Parr.

"This is playing it rather low down!" he thundered. "Your last chucker was bad enough, but this chap thinks he's playing Aunt Sally."

"I'm awfully sorry," replied Parr humbly. "I always keep my eyes on the bat, so I can't watch the bowling. I'll take him off after this over."

"I should just think so," Doyen retorted; "he's shied every ball yet."

"The umpire didn't say so," answered Parr mildly.

Jock was no great respecter of persons at the best of times, and when Doyen, having taken guard, proceeded to read him an angry

lecture, he became quite vindictive against that stout gentleman.

"Give him beans!" murmured Daddy Longlegs at mid-on.

"Trust me," said stalwart Jock, beginning his run.

The ball was a species of yorker, and it cannoned into the leg wicket from the batsman's big toe. Doyen never saw it at all, but he felt it, and he observed the way in which it was delivered. For a second he stamped and fumed with pain. Then he burst forth. During the first few moments he spoke under his breath, which was fortunate, for Bails, who overheard his expressions, said afterwards that he had always thought that he himself had a good command of language, but Sir Tom Doyen could lick him by an innings!

"I say, I hope you're not hurt?" remarked Parr, thinking it best to interpose, as Sir Tom Doyen's language grew more audible.

"Hurt, you young rascal!" shouted Doyen. "Your bally ploughboy took a pot shot at me, chucked the something ball for all he's worth. If he shies the next one like it, I'll brain him."

"You're out, sir," said Bails, coolly picking up the fallen wickets.

"What?" cried Doyen. Then turning, "How's that last for a shy, umpire?" he snorted savagely.

"Couldn't say, I'm sure, sir," returned Mark, with placid face.

"How's that, umpire?" reiterated Doyen more fiercely.

"Oh! out, sir, of course," said Mark sorrowfully.

"Out! Well, I'm hanged!" thundered Doyen. "What d'you say about it?" he added, suddenly wheeling round upon the other umpire with a look of fury.

"That's right enough, that is," muttered the imperturbable Toman.

"Great Christopher!" gasped Doyen, and then to Parr—

"Surely you're not going to let me go?" he growled

wrathfully. "You could see it was an infernal shy!"

"Very sorry, old man," replied Parr, much disconcerted, for he was an honest youth. "I wasn't looking. I never take my eyes off the bat at point. If I'd seen it wasn't right, I'd let you go in again, but both umpires are against you."

"Look here," Doyen exclaimed majestically, "I'll go! But I've a good mind to take my team off the field. And if it occurs again, I will do. As it is, I shall report the matter at Lord's!"

Four wickets down for a hundred and fifty runs.

So far Jock's over had been brilliant, but great numbers of the spectators were getting very cross and were expressing their disapproval in no uncertain manner.

"Now, Jock, my boy," observed Parr, after Doyen had departed, "there'll be a row if we go on like this. It's lucky we're on our own ground, or there'd be a riot. Just bowl underhand for the rest of the over."

"Right-o, master," replied Jock, beaming good-naturedly and very proud of himself.

Whether or not the captain suspected the true state of affairs from the young professional's demeanour, he did not make any further comment.

As soon as the next player was ready, Jock came charging along with elbow bent in his former fashion, to deliver his fifth ball. The batsman, instructed by Doyen, and expecting another throw, stepped back hastily from the



"Jock made skittles of his wickets."



"He shot down the middle wicket with another outrageous shy."

wickets. But Jock, suddenly bringing down his hand, sent in a fast lob. Instantly recognising a pure half-volley, the batsman could not resist dashing at it. The hesitation was fatal. He failed to time the ball, and the miss-hit flew straight and high into the hands of extra cover.

Five wickets for one hundred and fifty runs.

The last incident amused the crowd and put it once more into a good humour. No one could question the fairness of *that* delivery.

Then unfortunately Jock forgot himself. The desire for one more good throw at the sticks with the last ball of the over was irresistible, and he shot down the middle wicket with another outrageous shy. The supporters of Cornwall stood upon their seats and howled. Of course the batsman appealed.

"Couldn't say, I'm sure," grunted Mark Antony, in response to the demand.

"That's right enough, that is," said Toman, when the question was put to him.

*Six* wickets for one hundred and fifty runs!

"I shall have to take you off, Jock," remarked Parr mildly. "I don't want to be mobbed."

"Right-o, master," returned Jock, with an immense grin. "I think I've given 'em a nip!"

Sir Tom Doyen had been watching Jock's sixth ball with a field-glass from the committee-room in the pavilion. His language when he saw the bails go flying was very painful to the many respectable old gentle-

men who overheard it. For a few seconds he debated whether he should go on with the match.

Then he reflected that one of his best batsmen was still in and well set; that three at least of his last men were good for fifty apiece, for the Cornwall team had no tail; that the wicket was perfect, and, now that Jock was taken off, the Rutland bowling was not to be dreaded. It seemed more than likely that his side would get 300 or more, as had often happened before when they were in a tighter corner than the present. Besides, he could report the matter to the M.C.C. just as well if he went on with the game. If he lost, he felt sure the match would be declared null and void. So he decided to swallow his pride and let the game proceed, and by so doing increased his reputation as a good sportsman, which was more, perhaps, than he deserved.

In other respects his decision turned out to be unfortunate. The tail of the Cornwall team failed miserably through nervousness and ill luck, and the score only reached 187. Rutland batted the rest of the afternoon, and half the next day, and in the end won easily by eight wickets.

On the Saturday night following the match the Rutland professionals formed a merry party in Davie Tofts' bar-parlour.

The two umpires were not present, but Jock Morton was there in great form.

"Davie, you're a treasure," observed Bails, with half-closed eyes and a serene smile. "We'd ne'er ha' thought of the notion of putting young Jock on to chuck but for you."

"It worked all right," said Davie, beaming. "But the lad must have been at the game before."

"Aye, we let him chuck at us now and then for a bit of a lark at the nets," explained Daddy Longlegs. "Everyone knows that Jock has the cheek of a canal-horse, but he wouldn't have had pluck enough but for that fiz. Would you, Jock?"

But Jock, who strenuously denied that his behaviour had been influenced by champagne, refused to be drawn into the discussion.

Of course, Sir Tom Doyen lodged an emphatic protest against the result of the match, but, as the evidence was conflicting, Rutland remained the champion county. The only effect of his action was that the names of Messrs. Toman and Mark Antony did not appear on the list of umpires for the following season. As the former possessed an old-established cricket and football emporium in the Midlands, while the latter was the

proprietor of a comfortable public-house in the South, they did not mind in the least.

Shark was allowed to play again the following summer, after his bowling action had been submitted to a most critical inspection. Not only was he photographed by the cinematograph while in the act of delivering the ball, but he was examined in the same attitude by the most eminent surgeons of the

day. The opinions of great figure-painters and of famous gymnasts were also solicited. It was rumoured at one time that a Royal Commission was contemplated. Finally a ballot of the members of the M.C.C. was taken, who decided in favour of the fast bowler by the narrow majority of five votes. Which shows what a diversity of opinion there is as to a fair ball and a throw !



"THE SNARE OF CUPID." BY R. ANNING BELL.



A MOONLIGHT VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, WHERE SHAKESPEARE IS BURIED.

# THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL: ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

IN these days of ciphers and rumours of ciphers, when fresh onset is constantly being made upon the personal credit of the man Shakespeare and his long-reputed authorship of the great poetic heritage that bears his name, it is significant of the attitude of a great number of students and playgoers who, to use the words of rare Ben Jonson, "do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any," that the Memorial Council, acting as the official custodian of the poet's memory in his native town of Stratford-on-Avon, finds itself justified in extending the annual Shakespeare Festival over a period of three weeks, in place of the fortnight of recent years and the mere week of the Commemoration's earlier custom. For there is always a note of very personal homage in this yearly Festival at the little town,

which still retains a very touching old-world grace, despite bygone vandalism and more recent but scarcely less deplorable "improvement." It is to see William Shakespeare's plays performed in William Shakespeare's native place, with all the added interest of allusion to local scenes and colouring that has been read into many of them, rightly or wrongly, in the course of some three centuries, that most of the visitors from a distance assemble, and not only to see the plays, but to make or renew the payment of their homage at each haunt associated by tradition with the promise of the poet's ardent youth or the calm seclusion of his latter years, or identified in local colour with some passage in his work. Then there is the personal note,



THE GARDEN FRONTAGE OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

Two photographs by Mrs. Catharine Weed Ward; reproduced from "Shakespeare's Town and Times."



again, in the ceremony of bearing garlands to his grimly epitaphed tomb on that day "of all days i' the year" most closely associated with his name—April 23rd, the day of England's patron Saint George and his rose, and the reputed birthday and deathday as well of her great national poet.

And yet, perhaps, it were to consider too curiously if one should seek to assess the precise proportions in which personal homage or literary enthusiasm animates the majority of Stratford Festival-goers.

and at this point of any such consideration one is brought post-haste back to Stratford's Festival. No praise can be too great for Mr. Benson's strenuous devotion to the Shakespearian drama, yet even he, with his splendid capacity for undertaking what to all others of his craft has seemed a forlorn hope, could never, I take it, have ventured on the production of so many plays long banished from the boards, had he not found his "first-night" occasion and inspiration in the Festival audiences.

But whatever the exact motive power that has brought and brings these visitors to the Shakespeare Festival, not only from London and all parts of the United Kingdom, but even from Germany and America, it suffices that their yearly increasing numbers are giving to this series of performances far more than a local importance. Indeed, it would almost seem that the day is not far distant when the little town in the heart of the Garden of England will range with Bayreuth and Oberammergau in the minds of the cosmopolitan, and draw them to its yearly Festival as potently as either of those other strongholds of a somewhat similar ideal.

That the growth of the Festival has been gradual, and even, until within the last few years, slow,

speaks all the more hopefully for the permanence of its recent development. The first recorded celebration of Shakespeare's memory in his native place, as distinct from the ordinary performance of his more popular plays by strolling players—among whom are known to have been both Peg Woffington and Roger Kemble, the father of the famous Mrs. Siddons—was a performance of "Othello" given by a touring manager of some repute named John Ward in 1748, for the raising of funds



THE "DAVENANT" BUST AND COPY OF THE REPUTED DEATH-MASK OF SHAKESPEARE.

Photograph by Mrs. Catharine Weel Ward; reproduced from "Shakespeare's Town and Times."

For the first argument that rises to the lips is that Shakespeare's plays, if regarded as a literature compiled by another master-mind, can be witnessed elsewhere, but the special acts of commemoration can only be part of some such organised movement as this annual Festival. Yet this is soon found to be fallacious, owing to the infrequency of Shakespearian performances on the English stage, save in the *répertoire* theatre provided by Mr. F. R. Benson's well known company—

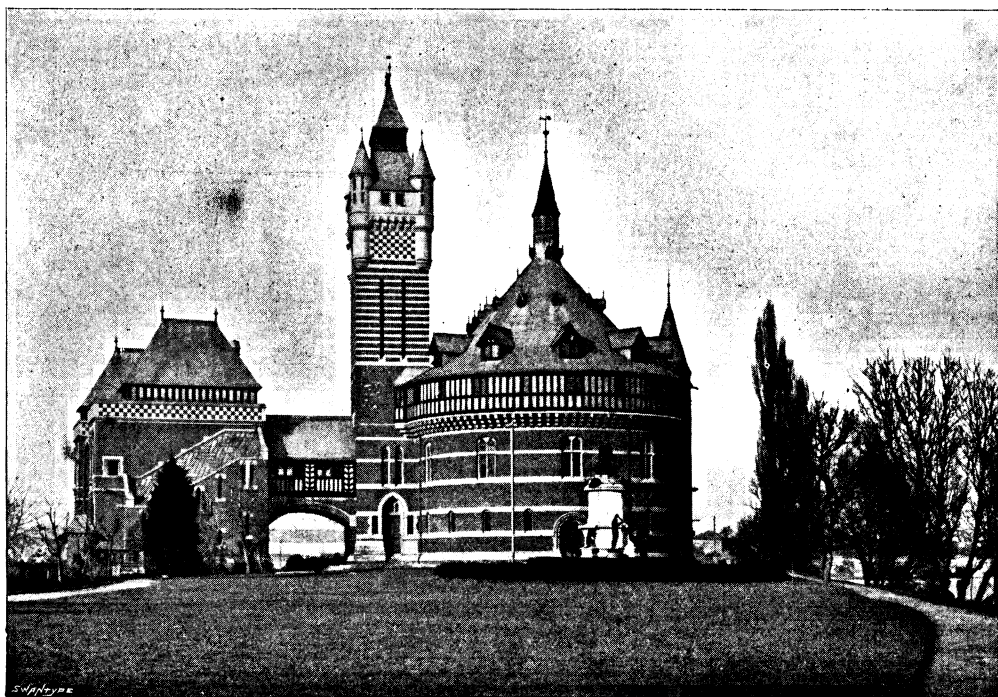
to repair Shakespeare's monument in the famous Church of the Holy Trinity.

The performance realised seventeen pounds—not a bad sum for those days—and the occasion has been handed down to the present time by a curiously direct memento in the form of a pair of buckskin gloves which are believed to have belonged originally to Shakespeare. They were presented, as such, in recognition of the performance, to the actor, John Ward, by Shakespeare Hart. Ward subsequently gave them to David Garrick, from whom they passed to Mrs. Siddons, and through her to Fanny Kemble, who presented

them to Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the well known American authority on Shakespeariana.



THE PICTURE GALLERY OF SHAKESPEARIAN PAINTINGS AND PORTRAITS, MEMORIAL BUILDINGS.



THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AND LIBRARY, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

*Two photographs by Mrs. Catharine Weed Ward; reproduced from "Shakespeare's Town and Times."*



Photo by]

[Chancellor, Dublin.

MR. AND MRS. F. R. BENSON AS HENRY THE FIFTH AND KATHARINE OF FRANCE.

The first Shakespearian Commemoration of any organised importance was a "Jubilee" promoted by Garrick, in 1769. This was in its way a very brilliant affair, but concerned itself less with the actual plays of Shakespeare than afterwards became the custom, banquets, balls, and even horse-racing forming a staple part of its programme.

The opening of a regular theatre in 1827 led to the visiting of Stratford by many well graced players. Hither came the

Keans, father and son, Macready, Dillon, Mrs. Nisbett, and others who made the theatrical history of their day. The more popular of Shakespeare's plays were given from time to time by these and less distinguished actors, but after a time the theatre fell on evil days, and at last, in 1872, was bought by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips and pulled down, amid general approval, in order that the ground which it now cumbered to no sufficient purpose might be restored to its

former state as part of the garden belonging to New Place, the home Shakespeare built for his old age.

In the course of these ordinary professional performances there were held two Festivals—one in 1827 and the other in 1830—which were intended to inaugurate a series to be held once every three years, but the scheme fell through after the second celebration. Thereafter all Commemoration ceremonies fell into abeyance until 1864, when the tercentenary of the poet's birth was celebrated by a series of performances of his plays, in which Buckstone, Compton, Creswick, and Sothorn took part. It was the great success of this Festival,



MR. AND MRS.  
F. R. BENSON AS RICHARD THE  
SECOND AND HIS QUEEN.

*Photographs by Davis, Lancaster.*

which was held in a temporary building erected for the purpose, that inspired local enthusiasts with a wish for a more permanent headquarters for future celebrations. At length, in 1879, thanks in

great measure to the princely generosity of the late Mr. Charles Flower, this desire was fulfilled by the opening of the handsome Memorial Theatre, which with its fine library and picture gallery, devoted to the preservation of literary and pictorial Shakespeariana, and its spacious gardens on the bank of the Avon, has in the years that have passed become a very real and valuable headquarters of Shakespearian study. In this theatre, Shakespeare's Day, April 23rd, and a varying number of preceding or ensuing days, have for the last twenty-two years seen the presentment of a number of the poet's plays, and each year has added to this list

the Benedick of Barry Sullivan. "Hamlet," "As You Like It," and other plays were also included in the programme of this first of the modern Festivals. In the following year



*Photo by]*

*[Kilpatrick, Belfast.*

MR. GEORGE R. WEIR AS BOTTOM THE WEAVER.

*"Methought I was—and methought I had."*

at least one play not previously performed there.

The opening production was "Much Ado About Nothing," in which Lady Martin, the famous Helen Faucit of earlier days, emerged from her retirement and played Beatrice to



*Photo by]*

*[Davis, Lancaster.*

MR. FRANK RODNEY AS BOLINGBROKE, AFTERWARDS HENRY IV.

the Memorial Council again availed themselves of Barry Sullivan's experience for the conduct of the revivals, and then for two years Mr. Edward Compton, whose distinguished father had contributed much to the success of the 1864 Celebration, was entrusted with the artistic control of a programme which included "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Comedy of Errors" as chief novelties. In 1883, Mr. Elliot Galer, an Englishman chiefly associated as actor with the American stage, added "Macbeth," "Henry IV., Part I.," and "King Lear" to the list of the Memorial productions, and in the following two years Miss Alleyne





Photo by]

[Window &amp; Grove, Foker Street, W.

MISS ELLEN TERRY IN QUEEN KATHARINE'S DYING VISION IN "HENRY VIII."

contributed "Cymbeline," "Measure for Measure," and "Love's Labour Lost."

The list of productions already wears an important air, but it must be admitted that they had so far been leavened with sundry modern plays that were in no sense worthy of the occasion. The real fact probably was that the affair still remained for the most part a local one, and local audiences were

not large enough to support several performances of one play. In 1886 the control of the theatrical arrangements was for the first time entrusted by the Memorial Council to Mr. F. R. Benson, who had not long before organised his now famous Shakespearian Repertoire Company. Since then Mr. Benson has been responsible for no fewer than thirteen Festivals, the ap-



Photo by]

[Window &amp; Grove, Baker Street, W.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS QUEEN KATHARINE IN "HENRY VIII."

proaching three weeks' programme which begins on April 14th being his fourteenth of the kind. There have been two intervals in his period of control. In 1889-90 the performances were given by the late Osmond Tearle, a fine actor of heroic parts, who somehow missed, as manager, the larger position he merited as individual player. Mr. Tearle is remembered in connection with the Stratford Festival for his very spirited revivals of "Henry VI., Part I.," "King John," and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." In 1885, again, after four successive annual appearances of the Benson Company, Mr. Ben Greet was invited to give the series of plays for the year, and his special revival of "A Winter's Tale," with

Mr. H. B. Irving, Miss Beatrice Lamb, Miss Dorothea Baird, and Miss Louie Freear in the cast, proved a worthy addition to the Memorial productions.

That the more continuous policy made possible by a single directorate has made for solid development in these celebrations, the results have amply testified. Apart from the fact that Mr. Benson's very considerable following in London and the big provincial centres of his circuit sends many visitors to Stratford every spring, there is the all-important consideration that only the Benson Company can possibly give good performances of twelve different plays of Shakespeare in as many nights — and the audiences, composed of visitors who want to go to the theatre every evening, want to see a variety of plays, not a single "long-

run" production. Mr. Benson alone can see to this, because it is part of his scheme that, instead of being frittered away on drawing-room comedy or musical farce, the whole energies of himself and his company should be concentrated all the year round, whether in London or on tour, on keeping practically the whole Shakespearian *répertoire* alive upon the modern stage.

The infinite variety of Tragedy, Comedy, and History-play that Mr. Benson has thus been able to pack into, first the week, then the fortnight, and now even the three weeks of the Festival's span has done much to give the present-day Festival audiences their cosmopolitan character. Each year, like his predecessors, he has, by the wish of the





OPHELIA.



PORTIA.



BEATRICE.



LADY MACBETH.

MISS ELLEN TERRY IN FOUR OF HER SHAKESPEARIAN RÔLES.

*Photographs by Window & Grove, Baker Street, W.*

Memorial Council, made some one previously neglected play the special revival of the year : but he has mounted it artistically—in some cases even splendidly—and has kept it in the *répertoire* of his itinerary, so that it can take its place with other plays in support of the special feature of the next year's programme. In this manner the Festival playgoers have been able to see the great Roman trilogy, "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra" at consecutive performances one year, and a still more interesting archaeological study in the first attempt ever made on the English stage at a regular

performance in chronological order. Such a moment as Henry the Fifth's prayer before the Battle of Agincourt, wherein the kneeling monarch protests his attempted atonement for the murder of Richard the Second, that secured his father's crown, becomes doubly poignant when the auditors have but two nights previously seen the hapless Richard grace the triumph of proud Bolingbroke, and but one night since have witnessed the alarms and excursions which left that same victorious Bolingbroke so little joy in his advancing years. Moreover, the history-plays that are weak in point of dra-

Horatio (Mr. Harcourt-Williams).

Hamlet (Mr. F. R. Benson).

Ghost (Mr. Fitzgerald).



Photo by]

HAMLET BEFORE HIS FATHER'S GHOST.

[Ellis &amp; Walery, Baker Street, W.

"I'll call thee Hamlet—King, Father, Royal Dane!"

cycle of Shakespeare's plays from English history, "King John," "Richard II.," "Henry IV.," "Henry V.," "Henry VI.," and "Richard III." This cycle filled one of the weeks of last year's Festival, and this year "Henry VIII." is to be added to the list, with the incomparable Ellen Terry as the wronged Queen Katharine, one of the noblest portraits in the great actress's splendid gallery of noble women with whose names she has identified her own for all time.

The interest of these chronicle-plays is enormously enhanced by their consecutive

matic unity, such as "Henry IV." and "Henry VI.," in this way find their real importance, as a series of scenes filling in an important gap in the period of English history, illustrated by the more dramatic chronicle-plays.

In addition to these histories, Roman and English, for the revivifying of which they have shown so apt a spirit, Mr. Benson, his clever wife, and remarkably artistic company have been responsible for revivals, in days before they had been revived at all on the London stage, of such plays as "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "A Midsummer Night's

Laertes (Mr. Frank Rodney).

Ophelia (Mrs. Benson). The Queen (Miss Dillon). King (Mr. A. Whitby).



#### THE MADNESS OF OPHELIA.

*"I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died."*

Horatio (Mr. Harcourt-Williams).

Grave-digger (Mr. Weir).

Hamlet (Mr. F. R. Benson).



#### HAMLET AND THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

*"This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester."*

*Two photographs by Ellis & Watery, Baker Street, W.*

Dream," "The Tempest," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Timon of Athens." Even "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," has found a brief "local habitation" on the boards, but that was in the adaptation of the veteran Mr. John Coleman, who produced the play under Mr. Benson's management two years ago, when half the strength of the Benson Com-



*Photo by]*

*[Lafayette, Dublin.*

MRS. F. R. BENSON AS KATHARINA IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."



*Photo by]*

*[Lafayette, Dublin.*

MRS. BENSON AS JULIET.

pany was engaged in its London campaign at the Lyceum.

And in the midst of this recondite labour of restoring to the stage the poet's long-neglected work, the more frequently acted of his plays have still held their own. Rosalind and her fellows have "fleeted the time carelessly, as they did in the golden age," here upon the confines of the very Forest of Arden of which Shakespeare wrote, while the foresters have borne on a deer from the same Charlecote Park, wherein tradition says the poet went a-deer-stealing; Shylock has been baffled of his bond by the Daniel come to judgment; Sir Toby Belch and his roysterers have fooled Malvolio in the Illyrian Garden, and Beatrice and Benedick have made a match of their two mad wits. And when "the tragic

sock " has been on, Macbeth has murdered sleep, Romeo and Juliet have plighted their tragic troth, and Othello has loved the gentle Desdemona "not wisely but too well." Lastly, the Prince of Denmark has tardily avenged his father's murder, and Ophelia has chanted her "snatches of old songs" not only within the wonted three hours' traffic of the stage, but in the larger sphere of character and motive supplied by the performance of the entire text of the play, with whole speeches and scenes long omitted from accepted "acting versions."

The retrospect of this splendid pomp is starred with memories of many notable individual performances. The "exquisite" Second Richard, subtle and pathetic in his fall, of Mr. Benson himself, but lately "discovered" and acclaimed a really great performance by metropolitan critics, stands first, perhaps, for sheer originality; but in saying so one does not forget the same actor's noble Henry V., his very spiritual Hamlet, his grimly pathetic, though more Browningsque than Shakespearian, Caliban. In eccentric comedy one recalls also his clever Malvolio and his Benedick with equal pleasure, not to mention a number of more familiar rôles.

Then there is Mr. Weir—the very counterfeit presentment of Shakespeare's pragmatist weaver, Nick Bottom—or, again, of the poet's Dogberry, Launcelot Gobbo, Stephano, and Sir Toby Belch. All who have any feeling for Shakespearian humour must doff their caps in gratitude to Mr. Weir. Mr. Frank Rodney's wide range, from virile Macduff through poetical Ferdinand to the quick-witted Clown of "Twelfth Night," is only rivalled in the mind's eye by his own more austere effects in such a rôle as the good Duke Humphrey of "Henry VI."

Then there is the splendid truculence of Mr. Oscar Asche's Jack Cade and Pistol, the rich sonority of his Prince of Morocco, and the tender melancholy of his Banished



[Photo by]

[Ellis & Walery, Baker Street, W.]

MRS. BENSON AS OPHELIA.



Duke. Mr. Lyall Swete's pathetic appeal as Menenius in "Coriolanus," or as the father of a banished son in "Richard II.," disputes, for preference, with his whimsical Sir Andrew Ague-cheek and Trinculo. And his King John of last year will not be forgotten. Mr. Brydone's touching old Adam and his sententious Polonius must be added to a list that is by no means



Photo by]

[Taylor, Bishop Auckland.

MR. F. R. BENSON AS CALIBAN.

exhausted, but which must end with the admirable Jacques contributed by Mr. Hermann Vezin to the Festival of 1900.

Of the poet's women-characters one recalls more especially the merry Beatrice and Rosalind of Mrs. Benson, and the same actress's dainty and lissom Titania, of the very essence of childhood's fairydom—while in work of an entirely opposite *genre* her stormy Shrew and almost painfully realistic Doll Tearsheet confirm an impression of exceptional versatility. And then, having got so far, one remembers the haunting effect of both her mad scene as Ophelia and her sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth."

The gracious Rosalind and Portia of Miss Marion Terry, fine artist in all that she undertakes, the striking Lady Macbeth of Miss Calhoun, and the girlish charm of Miss Lily Brayton's Desdemona, stand out distinctly, and in secondary *rôles* one recalls especially the conscience-stricken Queen

Gertrude of Miss Ada Ferrar, the delightful Celia of Miss Constance Robertson, and the finely humorous Dame Quickly, Nurse, and Curtis of Miss Alice Denvil.

Many of these performances will be repeated at this year's Festival, which is to last from April 14 to May 3, and as happily planned novelty comes Miss Ellen Terry's noble impersonation of the wounded majesty of Katharine of Arragon—perhaps the finest performance of the great actress, in "the grand manner," as distinct from her gentler and more girlish *rôles*. Miss Terry has not been seen in the part for some ten years now, and her reappearance in it will therefore have the interest of novelty—at least, to the rising generation of playgoers. It is hoped that Mr. Benson will also succeed

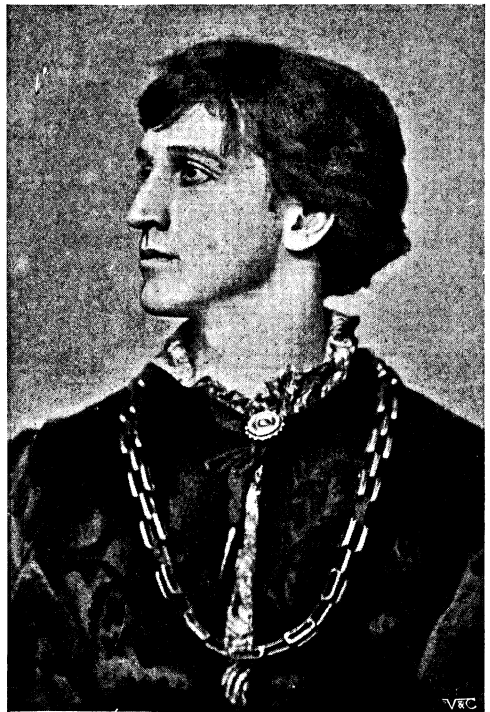


Photo by]

[Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. BENSON AS ROMEO.

in persuading Miss Terry to repeat her splendid Volumnia and possibly her brilliant Portia as well.

Thus much for the gallery of individual portraits in the Memorial Theatre's recent history, and for the "productions," generally, of this lengthy list of plays it must at once be said that Mr. Benson has more than justified the Memorial Council's

faith in his artistic discretion. To affirm as much is not to deny that there has been occasional food for critical debate—small “points of perversity,” perhaps, rather than absolute blemishes. But what art-work is above and beyond all criticism? And where so much is so laudable, so finely illuminating to the poet’s text, and in many cases so truthfully inspired, minor remonstrance is well nigh compelled to hide its diminished head. Take it for all in all, the arduous work has been carried through with a certain compelling power, an admirably informing taste in stagecraft, and a wonderful resource-

should remain, in all the fastness of its Warwickshire riverside, the be-all and the end-all of Shakespearian revival. In London the air hums, at the moment, with talk, practical and unpractical, of a National or Municipal Theatre. To many of the people who are now discussing the idea with animation it is one of complete novelty. Yet more than a century ago Garrick dreamed of a playhouse on the banks of the Avon that should supply not merely a fit setting for the celebration of our national poet’s memory by the appropriate performance of his plays, but also a centre

Katharina (Mrs. Benson).

Petruchio (Mr. Benson).



Photo by]

Grumio (Mr. Weir).

[Ellis &amp; Walery, Baker Street, W.

“THE TAMING OF THE SHREW”: KATHARINA MAKES ACQUAINTANCE WITH HER HUSBAND’S HOUSEHOLD.

fulness of *ensemble* in the acting. These are qualities which took some time to make their due effect in London, where the magnificent but very occasional representation of a single Shakespearian play, for as long as it can possibly attract, has for years past been synonymous with the neglect, for the time being, of all the poet’s other work. But Stratford Festival-goers have now had the satisfaction of hearing their appreciative verdict of the Benson Company’s work heartily endorsed by many of the keenest critical spirits of the day. And the last thing that your serious Festival-goer desires is that the English Bayreuth

of dramatic study and a school for the actor’s art. The latter half of this ideal, though kept ever in mind by the late Mr. Charles Flower and the other promoters of the Memorial scheme, has yet to be realised; but something, at least, of its spirit is being carried into effect while the artistic impulse given to Mr. Benson’s work by these annual Festivals survives in productions of real beauty and value borne onward through the land by the players, to form a quickening intellectual force in the Philistia of our drab Modernity, long after the Festival’s brief traffic has reached its appointed end.



# AMATEUR WATER-DIVINING.

By G. P. MACKENZIE.

IT is curious to notice that, despite the matter-of-fact, common-sense element that practically rules the beginning of this new century, now and again superstition startles us in the most unlooked-for places. Some old myth displays an unexpected vitality; a so-called fable turns out to be unquestionably possessed with an element of truth; until, at last, we find Science fairly driven into shifting her ground, and at best but covering her retreat by stipulating for a change in the terms of expression.



ON THE WATER-TRAIL (OVER DARTMOOR).

Take, for example, the Oriental belief in the Evil Eye. At the present moment, doctors—most sceptical of classes—in Paris—most doubting of cities—are carrying on experiments in public hospitals as to a certain strange natural power or force—animal magnetism, electro-biology, hypnotism, call it what you will.

Again, we find recurrent paragraphs in our daily papers concerning thirsty corporations who officially summon professional water-diviners to their aid, and—*pace* Mr. Labouchere and his scientific tests in *Truth*—with results conclusive and satisfactory beyond question.

Various magazine articles have lately dealt with the ways and manners of professional water-diviners. Perhaps some interest may

be felt in the account of a few slight experiments made, in moments of leisure, by a complete amateur.

A doubt had arisen as to the impeccability of the town water. The burgesses were divided into two hostile camps—almost unto the separating of life-long friends. A London expert had been called down. Personal inspection of the reservoir was part of the programme. A body of some nine or ten representative townsmen had been mustered as escort; and, with a local farmer trudging at its side, the little party was tramping steadily forward over a breezy Devonshire moor.

Water was the one subject in everyone's mind, but, since both sides of the question were represented on the escort, a delicate subject. Divergence to water-divining was obvious and safe, and came in naturally from the fact that the speaker, an elderly member of the party, himself possessed the gift: or, rather—with a touch of ruefulness—had possessed it. As a young man he had been quite an adept; as years crept on—he did not know whether this was a common experience: it had, at any rate, been his own—the power had waned.

Yes, it ought to be a hazel-bough—like a capital Y. A capital Y turned upside down, with its stem nearly straight up, pointing to the sky, and the extremities of the two branches slightly bent outwards and grasped in either hand; the hands held palm upward, and the upright position of the stem maintained by the firmness of the grasp.

“And then you walk straight on, and when you come above underground water, the stem turns right over and points straight down.”

As to the gift itself, he had an idea of his own that it was by no means so rare as was supposed. People had it without being aware of the fact. No one could possibly tell till

he tried. His own impression was that a safe average would be—well, say one in a hundred.

The remark, coupled with the coincidence of a hazel-wood copse, was suggestive. A minute later nearly a dozen experiments were going on together; with, as immediate result, demonstration that a higher average might have been struck. One in every hundred? The present experiment-makers were under a dozen; and out of that dozen two emerged triumphant, both well known townsmen. Two out of twelve; with no one more surprised at the result than the experimentisers themselves.

Let us follow here the experience of one. Interested, but not by any means expectant, he had provided himself with his Y-shaped bough, had turned it upside down, and slightly bending outwards the ends of the two branches, so as to admit of the firm grasp with the two hands held palm upward, had marched composedly forwards.

Suddenly, and without himself experiencing the smallest preliminary sensation, the bough in his hand apparently developed a distinct personality of its own. A slight momentary quiver,



"NO WATER HERE."



"HALLO! WHAT'S THIS?"



"EUREKA!"

and then the upright stem bent over, lowering itself from its erect position with composed precision; bent over steadily—the astonished holder could feel the two ends pressing hard against the sides of his closed hands—and finally brought itself up with the point absolutely reversed, pointing now straight down to the ground. And then, as, astonished and bewildered, the ex-

periment-maker moved a step or two forward, with a quick jerk the stem righted itself sharply.

And at this moment the local farmer found breath to speak—and to speak with authority. For miles round he knew the land; and knew, as a matter of fact, of running water flowing under that very spot.

An eliminating process followed. With boughs on high, the rest of the party advanced over the same track. At the critical moment, one stem—the town mayor's—bent perceptibly; the others stood inflexibly upright.

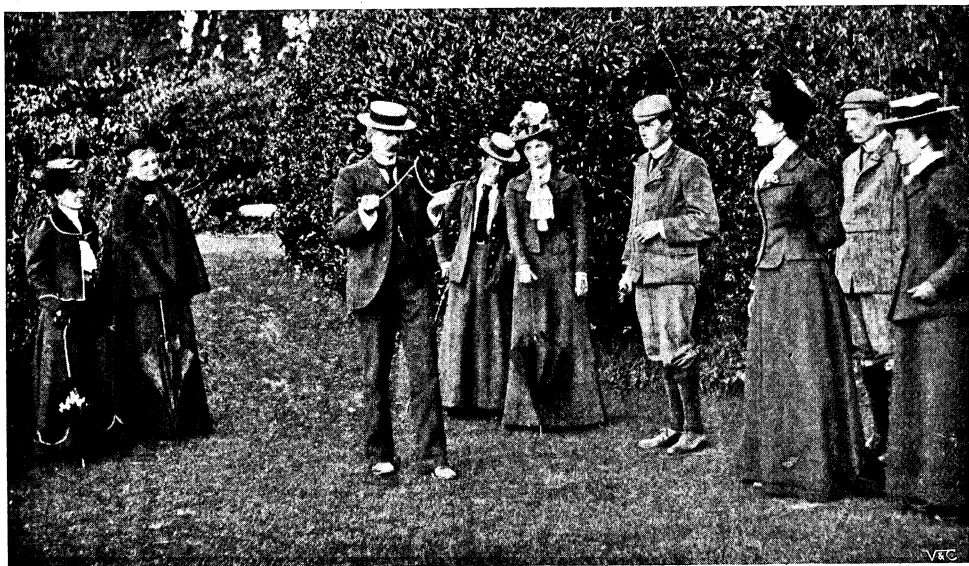
A general demand followed for a repetition of the first experiment. Interested, surprised, puzzled, the experimentiser—let us call him Mr. X.—complied. Once more grasping his bough, and with his trained legal mind keenly

on the alert against chance, imagination, delusion, mistake, he crossed and recrossed the critical point. With each time the same result. Each time at the same spot the bough became instinct with a separate personality and worked its own will.

This effect was so curiously vivid that Mr. X. found himself involuntarily developing an attitude of almost angry antagonism. He would cross the spot once more, and this time he would not *let* the stick go down. A moment later and he was standing the amazed centre of an astounded group; all looking down in bewilderment on bruised marks at the edges of the man's palm, on half rubbed off patches at the sides of the stick's

the light next day of a tap in the wall, revealing the fact that at that very spot water had been laid on for the watering supply of a garden on the other side of the road.

An arranged testing experiment in a friend's garden, with a large party assembled to watch the performance. A challenge to discover at what precise point in a given space a small stream ran underground. The obstinate resolve of the stick to turn down at one special spot, repeated again and again, despite the vexation of the operator, for the first time experiencing the disconcerting effect of laughter and of exclamations as to complete failure; and the sudden recollection of the host that at that very place



THE CONFUSION OF THE SCEPTICS.

bark. It had come to a fight, and the stick had won.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the next few weeks Mr. X. tested his newly discovered power in a variety of experiments. A couple of these may, perhaps, be given as a sample of the whole.

A walk, hazel-fork in hand, late one moonless night down a long road, with houses at intervals on either side: and the stem turning down persistently at each point—accuracy verified by daylight inspection the following morning—where water was laid on across the road for each house in succession.

The dogged determination of the stick to lower itself at one point where there was no house on either side; and the discovery in

was an old underground tank, covered up so long ago that its very existence had been half forgotten, but with the pipe connecting it with the drain from the house roof still unsevered.

During the experiments of these few weeks sundry distinct points of interest were noted. First, that the phenomena observed did take place over water, and only over water. This was determined beyond a doubt; as also the fact that ignorance or knowledge on the part of the operator as to the locality of the water had absolutely nothing to do with the matter. Moreover, that the manner of the process never varied. The instant the operator stood above the water, the stick turned over and pointed down. So long as the operator so stood, the stick continued so



"THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH——"

to point. The instant he stepped out beyond the water, that moment the stick righted itself. Moreover, the process repeated itself exactly, though with more rapidity in the several stages, if the operator walked straight across without a pause. The swift dip down and up again of the stick in such a case had always a very curious effect.

Another point was this—the power varies. It is undoubtedly much stronger some days than others; a fact possibly due to atmospheric changes, possibly to some variation in the operator's own state. One curious little touch seems to point to the latter. Mr. X. repeatedly noticed that immediately after a meal the power was at its minimum—even when not quite non-existent.

This, too, was ob-

served. Apparently a hazel-bough, though undoubtedly a singularly good medium, is not an absolute *sine qua non*. One or two other kinds of trees gave partially successful results. One in particular, a forked bough



THE TEAPOT TESTS.

from the smooth young shoots of a may-tree, answered exceptionally well ; so much so, that for a moment Mr. X. imagined himself on the verge of a discovery—that the special virtue of the hazel lay simply in the fact of its exceptionally smooth, knotless bark. But the theory collapsed wholly before the cruel irresponsiveness of a sycamore.

Another doubtful point was decided by careful experiment. Does the stem turn down when the hazel-bough, held necessarily a little in advance of the operator, is over the water, or when the operator is over the water ?

This is, of course, more than a simple point to solve, precise knowledge of the exact boundaries of underground water at any given spot being not always easy to obtain. But the truly scientific spirit will not shrink from the homeliest of experiments. A big teapot, full of water, was placed on the ground. The operator advanced tentatively, hazel-bough

in outstretched hands well in front. At the moment when the upright stem arrived exactly above the teapot, the operator paused and awaited developments. None followed. A long step forward, and the operator himself stood over the teapot. The stick instantly dipped.

Taken as a whole, the amateur experiments answered as conclusively as the professional. But on one point to this day Mr. X. respectfully admires the professional water-diviner a long way off, and that is for the power by which the latter not only knows that water is there, but tells you at what precise depth beneath the surface it is to be found.\*

One word as to the kind of stick. The more perfect the fork the better. Each branch should be about ten inches long, and the two branches should be of the same thickness—speaking roughly, about half the thickness of a man's little finger.



"TO THE DEATH." FROM THE PICTURE BY DOMINGO Y MARQUES.

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# "ARS LONGA."

BY KATHLEEN M. BARROW.



HAT'S No. 15's laugh!" said the doctor. "I could swear to that laugh, if I heard it to-morrow at the North Pole!"

"And only this morning his death sentence was pronounced," said the Sister of the ward,

with a sigh. "It might have been a general sentence, to judge from its effect upon all of us. Nobody could help loving No. 15."

"Poor fellow!" said the doctor. "Poor fellow!" He was a sympathetic little man, was Dr. Yates, full to the brim of the milk of human kindness, and, like all the rest of them, he was growing very fond of the occupant of the bed next to the fireplace—the last of a long line of white beds with scarlet coverlets. A single word from that direction would bring the nurse flying from the other end of the ward, and No. 14, in the bed next to him, had learnt that it was wiser to make his wants known *after* those of that particular patient had been attended to, and not before.

He had never seen him. The red screens were drawn jealously round the owner of that boyish, musical laugh, that rang out at such frequent intervals, but he never failed to hear the cheery thanks that rewarded every action of the nurse in charge. Had he been given to philosophising, he might have learnt a lesson as he lay there; but he was more given to grumbling than philosophising, and just now his voice was raised loudly and querulously in the intervals of a fit of coughing, as he tossed from side to side of his bed.

The Sister of the ward heard him and shrugged her shoulders with annoyance. The doctor heard him, too.

"And *that*"—said Dr. Yates—as though he were continuing a conversation, raising his voice to stentorian tones, "is No. 14's voice, and a precious disagreeable voice it is! Hang it all, man! how have you got the face to make all that noise, when Dame Nature is doing her best to patch you up at the shortest notice?"

No. 14 had retired under the bedclothes as the doctor approached. Now he thought better of it and flung back the counterpane.

"It ain't of much use to get well, sir," he replied in sullen tones, "if one only gets well—to *starve*!"

The doctor gave a movement of impatience.

"Starve! Stuff and nonsense!" he retorted testily. "No able-bodied fellow need starve nowadays. You've been following a trade that would have killed you in another week. A dastardly trade it is, too, and fit for no one, not even a woman. Pshaw! Starve! That's always your cuckoo cry!"

He was always hard upon this man, and he knew it, and No. 14 knew it, too. He turned round sulkily as the doctor disappeared to the other side of the red screen, and drew the clothes round his ears.

"Hullo, doctor!" said a cheery voice, "what made you give my next-door neighbour beans just now?"

"Idle, discontented fellow!" retorted the doctor, still fuming, though he lowered his voice considerably, and laid his fingers on his patient's pulse. "His beggarly trade was just doing for him, and now he wants to take it up again. Well! I tell him if he does, he may say 'Good-bye' to the hospital for ever, for I'll see that he never enters its doors again."

"What *was* his trade?" asked the other, with the appreciation of detail that so often characterises sick people. The doctor dropped the thin, white wrist and put back his watch.

"He's one of those infernal nuisances who sit at the corners of streets and make a mess of the pavement," he replied absently. "'Street artists,' I believe they call themselves. He was sowing the seeds of consumption as hard as he could go, and I've told him he'll have to give it up. That's what all the rumpus is about."

No. 15 laid his curly, fair head wearily back upon the pillows with a sigh.

"Poor devil!" he said.

"But he'll have health and strength to work at something else," replied the doctor impatiently, "and the gift of life is not one to be despised."

He could have half murdered himself the

moment he had said it. His good-natured face grew purple, and he jumped up hastily and looked about for an excuse for escape.

"Where's nurse?" he asked.

"She'll be here in half a minute," his patient replied, looking at his watch. "My medicine's due then, and I've never known her late yet. She'll come scurrying over from the other end of the ward, like a little

"I don't think you would care for it," she began. "There's a man next to you who does nothing but complain, and tosses about so; besides, Sister said——"

"If Sister says it again, I shall shy a pillow at her," he replied equably. "Take them away, nurse, like the angel you are, or I shall come and help you myself."

He raised himself on his elbow, as if to



"'There's a man a-drawin' pictures at your street-corner.'"

rabbit. Yes, here she is now!" He broke out into an amused laugh. "Two seconds too soon, nurse; you should try to be more punctual."

When the doctor had disappeared, No. 15 turned to the nurse.

"I want my screens taken away, please," he said.

She hesitated and looked at her patient consideringly.

give force to his words, and the nurse flew to the screens and began to fold them one after the other.

He watched her eagerly.

"You won't like it," she said. "The light will hurt your eyes, and you will hear the noise so much more plainly. It's visitors' day, too."

"All the better," replied No. 15 lightly, though a sudden shadow had come into his



eyes. "I should like to see a little life. We are all sick and sad here, nurse; all except you and Sister, and even *your* cheeks are getting pale. I should like to see something rosy and happy—before—before the lights are turned out."

He finished with a mocking little smile.

The nurse did not answer. She cleared away the screens and went back to her work. He looked round him curiously.

In the bed next to him the street artist was lying, staring out gloomily with the clothes drawn closely round him. No. 15 turned to him.

"Hullo!" he said. "So you want to get back to your work, do you?"

His companion drew the clothes still closer about him, and dropped his sullen eyes from the other's face.

"What's that to you?" he growled.

"Oh! it isn't my business, of course," said No. 15 hastily, the colour coming into his face and an abashed look to his eyes. "Only I belong to something the same sort of trade as you, and I thought, being pals in a way—we might——"

He broke off suddenly, for the man was regarding him with a look of such unaffected unfriendliness and suspicion that the words were frozen on his lips.

"*You* a street hartist!" he ejaculated, in tones of bitter scorn. "I'd like to see *you*! It's not toffs like you who soil their 'ands and their clothes sitting on the pavements in the cold. And if I was to see you doin' of it—taking the bread out of the poor man's mouth—I'd fight you for nothink—that I would," and having delivered himself of this hostile declamation, the street artist retired under his bedclothes and was lost to sight.

No. 15 made no answer to all that was visible of his companion—*viz.*, a protuberance in the red counterpane. He sighed and looked at his long, white hands lying idly in front of him, and then sighed again.

The nurse came up to him.

"Wouldn't you like the screens put up again," she demanded anxiously, "and get a little rest? I'm sure the glare and the noise disturb you."

"No, thank you," he replied, smiling at her. "I wish you would make a bonfire of those screens, for good and all. It's visitors' day, and I want to see all there is to be seen."

The visitors were even now beginning to arrive. Shabby women in rusty black bonnets and shawls; eager-looking girls in

their smartest clothes, with faces shiny from a vigorous wash; old men seamed and furrowed, labouring under their respective burdens of age and rheumatism; young men and lads in various stages of hobbled-hoydom, brushed up and oiled for the occasion, crossing the ward with creaking boots, elephantine strides, and a general air of awkwardness; and here and there a spry-looking, respectful manservant. There was one little girl, who came with assured air to No. 14's bed, and clambered nimbly on to it, as if she were quite accustomed to the feat.

At her approach the red counterpane heaved up and then was thrown back, and the street artist's face looked out eagerly and restlessly.

"I've got chilblains, Daddy," she announced with an air of pride, directly she was settled—"on my feet!"

"Chilblains, have you?" he replied. "How did you come by them? Ain't they taking proper care of you, over there?"

"There ain't nobody to take care of me," replied the child, with the eager air of one confident of exciting sympathy and indignation by the recital of her wrongs. "Mrs. Hall stops out all day."

"And isn't there a fire?" he demanded, his grizzled face assuming an anxious air.

"No," she replied, shaking her head, "there ain't no fire!" Then changing her tone to one of grave importance, "Daddy," she said, "there's a man a-drawin' pictures at *your* street-corner. I saw him there to-day."

No. 14 had started up, an angry light in his eyes, but he fell back again with a heavy sigh, his face growing dark and sad.

"Never mind, little 'un," he said heavily, "let him stay. I sha'n't be going back again there now."

"Not going back never again?" said the child, with wondering eyes. Then she pressed up to him coaxingly, "Can't I stay along of you in the 'Orspital, Daddy. I'd be ever so good, and Mrs. Hall says she'll send me to the 'Ouse if you don't come back soon. She can't be bothered with little gels. I don't want to go, Daddy. I *want* to stay here, along of you."

She buried her head in his pillows, turning her quivering little face away from him, and throwing out one skinny little arm to drag the sheet over her head.

The street artist swore a round oath and put his arm round her.

"Never you mind, little 'un," he said tenderly, "Daddy will take care of you I'll

be out of this in a day or two, and then we'll find summat to do, you and I, and nobody won't send you to the House. Ain't you got nothink to show Daddy to-day—no pictures nor nothink?"

The child was busily wiping her eyes with a corner of the sheet. Her face had cleared suddenly and was shining like a miniature sun after the rain. She shook her head complacently.

"I ain't brought no pictures to-day," she said importantly. "You draw, Daddy!"

No. 15 was lying on his side looking on. The little play being enacted was pleasing to his artistic sense. He caught the nurse's eyes watching him anxiously, and gave her a reassuring smile, and then he turned again to the contemplation of the domestic tableau. The street artist had taken a crumpled piece of paper from his locker and was smoothing it out carefully. The child, in her tattered pinafore, with one small, hot hand clasping her father's neck, was pressed as close as it was possible to get, her hair against his cheek, and her head bobbing up and down in her excitement, watching the preparations impatiently. When they were completed, the street artist took his pencil and looked up.

"Well," he said good-humouredly, "what do you want Daddy to draw?"

"Oh!" she cried, wriggling about excitedly and squeezing her father's neck in her damp little clasp, "draw No. 6's bed, and the 'Lord is my Shepherd' up above of it—and No. 6 lying still, with the little boy standing up agin him—and then draw the lady settin' in the chair—and——"

"Whoa, there!" said the street artist, laughing at her eager tone, "I'll start on that, first. I ain't ready for any more yet."

The sound of the pencil scratching the paper followed, and there was silence in that remote part of the ward for some minutes. No. 14's rugged face grew absorbed, and his companion on the bed next him, lying with his eyes fixed upon the pair, watched him curiously. He noted the way in which the street artist held his pencil, the rapid glances he threw at his models, and he saw his sullen self-consciousness vanish, and a light—the light of a spark from the divine fire—kindle in his eyes. And then it was that the stranger amongst the sick and dying of working London—with his white hands and refined voice—felt the tie of brotherhood binding him closer and closer to this strange, uncouth form on the bed next him.

His blue eyes grew wistful, with a great,

unutterable longing, and he turned away on the other side. The nurse, watching him closely with anxious eyes, came up without speaking and drew the screens round him again. He rewarded her with his ever-ready smile.

"Nurse!"—he called her softly, just as she was going away—"I want you to do me a favour—will you?"

"Anything you would like," she answered.

"Well, then, the fellow in the bed next to me is drawing pictures for the little kid who has come to see him. When he has finished, I want you to get hold of one of them, for me to look at—will you?"

"Why, of course," she answered readily. "But why didn't you ask him to let you look at it yourself? He would have been only too glad."

He shook his head. "I can't make friends with him anyhow," he said. "I never tried so hard to conciliate a man in my life. If I ask him for one of the sketches, I shall probably have the bolster hurled at my head; but he won't be able to resist you, nurse, if you ask for it."

"I'm not so sure of *that*," she replied, laughing, but she went, nevertheless.

He waited impatiently.

She came back after about a quarter of an hour, with her finger on her lip.

"Hush!" she said; "the little girl has gone, and he is asleep; but this one had fallen down by the side of the bed, so I brought it. It's very clever, isn't it?"

No. 15 took it from her quietly. "Thank you," he said.

\* \* \* \* \*

The long ward of the hospital was in semi-darkness and semi-silence. The uneasy breathing of the sleepers, the restless moanings and tossings of the sleepless went on the whole time, and every now and then the quick, gentle rustle of the nurse's garments as she moved in and out among them.

Down at the end of the ward nearest to the fireplace, No. 15 was the only one awake, and his eyes were wide and bright, like two great sapphires with a living fire in their depths. Sleep, the tender ministrant, had left him to-night, and there was fever in every uneasy movement he made, and in the crimson spots on either cheek. He turned from side to side, trying to ease himself, and then suddenly sat upright and pushed one of the red screens gently to one side.

The street artist was lying in an ungainly heap, completely hidden under his clothes, as was his wont, all unconscious of the blue



"The sound of the pencil scratching the paper followed."

eyes watching him. One long, white hand went out and touched the rough, coarse one that was hanging over the side of the bed — touched it as if in blessing.

"No. 14," he whispered, "you're an older man than I, and you've got a new lease to

start again—and mine's up. I wish you good luck, old fellow!"

Perhaps the fever-bright gaze of his eyes burnt into No. 14's soul, for he stirred in his sleep and heaved his great body up for a moment.

"What's the use?" he muttered, just as if in answer to his neighbour's remark. "What's the use of *livin'*, if it's only to *starve*?"

No. 15 turned away—back amongst his pillows again—his heart full of bitterness and his soul of agony. It was as though he saw something that he was desiring passionately—something he would have suffered piled up agony—more than falls to the lot of man—to gain, being trampled ruthlessly and carelessly under the feet of another.

He buried his head in his pillow and stifled the sob that was rising from a broken heart.

"Oh, man!" he whispered in his anguish, "if I had one *half* of your chance! If I had only a single little *chance*!"

When the nurse came round later on, before going off duty, she found her patient gazing out with bright eyes in the gloom, sleepless as ever.

"Can't you doze a little?" she said, stopping beside him.

"I've been waiting for you," he answered. "Nurse, are you in a hurry?"

"No," she answered, stooping to adjust his tumbled pillows. "Do you want anything?"

"I want you to do me a favour," he said coaxingly; "I want you to write a letter for me."

She shook her head doubtfully.

"Can't you wait until the morning?" she said. "I wish you could get some sleep—it would do you so much more good."

For the first time since she had tended him, the nurse saw the anger flash into her patient's face.

"Sleep!" he replied impatiently. "Why are you always telling me to sleep? I shall sleep soundly enough in a little while. Why can't you let me *live* while I may?"

Her eyes filled with tears, and in a moment No. 15 was melted to penitence.

"Oh, nurse!" he cried remorsefully, "what an ill-tempered devil I am! I didn't mean to vex you, little woman. Never mind the letter; it will do to-morrow, and I'll try to sleep now."

She sat down beside him with a little sigh.

"If it would ease your mind," she said. "You will never get any sleep if it is worrying you."

"It will," he answered gently. "It's because I've made up my mind to eat humble pie for the first time in my life; and if I wait till the morning, one always feels so confoundedly weak, body and soul, everything is too much bother."

"Is it to your people?" she asked half timidly.

He smiled at her sadly.

"I scarcely know that term now; I haven't had any 'people' since I was a kiddy, except the old mother, and she died six years ago. I am one of the useless individuals, nurse—a struggling artist—but I could have done something for it later on—for my Art, I mean; I've got it in me, and I would have worked—it was worth working for—starving for! I wish I could have had a *little* longer. I wish I hadn't got to throw up the sponge quite so soon. I am twenty-eight to-morrow, and I haven't *touched* Art yet. I haven't seen her face even. We only *begin* at twenty-eight; but I could have done something if I'd lived—and worked."

The words had come in quick gasps, like the gasps of a runner who has given up the race from sheer exhaustion. She had never heard him speak like this. She had never caught a glimpse of the depths under the sweet, smiling outer surface. She had not known that those blue eyes could blaze and burn as they did to-night.

He went on more slowly.

"It is getting money at the beginning that hampers one so. It takes up all the time and injures all one's work. If it wasn't for that, there would be far more artists in the world. The lust of gold finds its way into the picture somehow, and spoils the artist's brushes and soils his soul. Take away the want of it, and you'll find his work growing grander every day. Who is it who says:—

"What you do

For bread will taste of common grain, not grape,  
Although you have a vineyard in Champagne?"

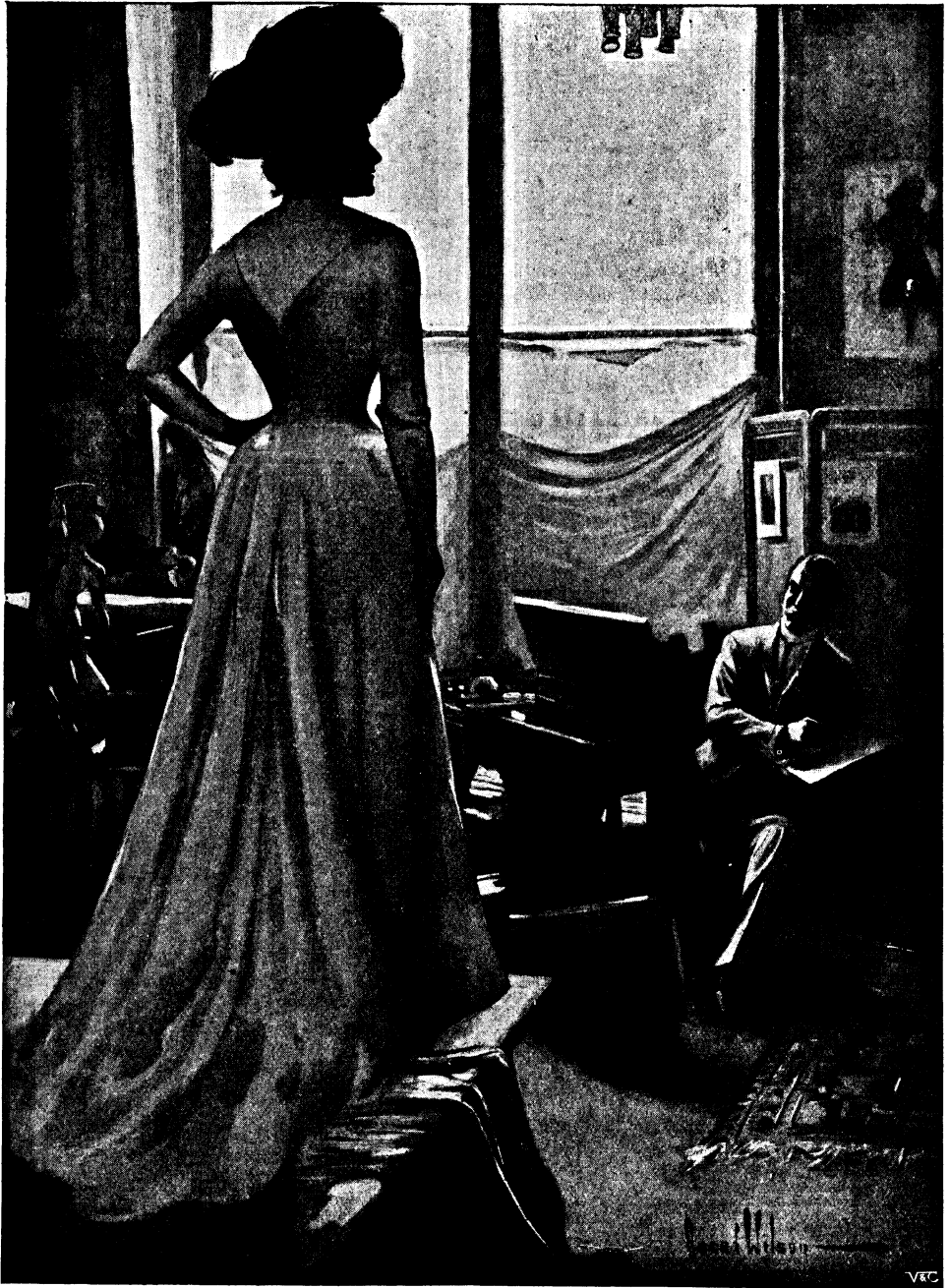
"I was lucky, though. I scarcely knew what that want was. I got a billet after only about a year of struggling. You see, I was quick with my pencil, and a fellow spotted me in my student days, and when I had got on a bit he put me on the staff of his paper, as illustrator. For three years I was at it. Very little to do, and the money coming in all right, and time to spend working, doing the grind of the thing, for the sake of the result. And then it all came to smash! I quarrelled with my employer, and we parted."

"What made you quarrel?"

He looked at her for a moment or two in silence; then he laughed a little bitterly.

"The usual thing," he said—"a woman. I painted her portrait."

She sat silent, watching his face. She was



"The usual thing—a woman. I painted her portrait."

wondering what woman could have resisted him, to make him speak in that bitter tone.

He pushed back the hair from his forehead and looked at her impatiently.

"Haven't you got the paper?" he asked half fretfully. "I want to do it now, before I have time to think. And there's the sketch

in my locker—the one that fellow did to-day. I want you to enclose it. Now come a little nearer, for I can't speak loud, and there is a good deal to write."

The pen travelled over the paper again and again, and the low, whispered words went on for some minutes. Then they

stopped. The nurse raised her brimming eyes from the paper.

"Is that all?" she said softly.

"That's all, thank you," answered No. 15.

"Take it away, nurse, and put it out of my sight, and let it go as soon as ever it can."

Then, as she rose to go, he took her hand in his and raised it to his lips.

"Good night," he said softly. "Thank you for all you have done for me. God bless you for a good little woman!"

Her tears fell thick and hot upon his head, and her lip trembled.

"If there was only something I could do for you," she whispered—"something else you would like?"

"There is one thing," he said tenderly. "One more thing, little friend, that I shall ask you to do. When Elliot comes to see me, you will tell him all that I couldn't write about No. 14. I shan't be here to tell him myself. He will come, I know, for the sake of old times; we were like brothers before she came. And there is £10 in my locker, in a little box. It is all I've got, and I had meant to leave it to the Hospital; but you will understand. I want No. 14 to have it, to fit him out and start him again; and Elliot will do the rest, I know. And now good night, and kiss me. I shall sleep soundly now."

When she had gone, he put out his hand cautiously and moved aside the screen.

"Good night, old pal!" he whispered to the slumbering form beside him. "We've been down to Death's door together, and you are going back. It's all right; you'll take my place, and do as much for Art, or more than I should have done. It hurts like blazes to ask a favour from a man who has wronged you, even on your deathbed, and I wouldn't have done it for myself, even if it gave me a ticket to Paradise. But I'm glad I've done it—for a pal who's down on his luck."

And into the face of No. 15 there crept a shadow of the look that lived in the meek eyes of the Christ when He gazed upon the seething, world-worn multitude at His feet

—a look of yearning pity and unutterable love.

And that night he crossed the dark river and passed to the other side.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a pencil drawing framed in dark oak and hanging in a secluded corner of the men's medical ward in one of the great East End hospitals, at which visitors never fail to come and look before they leave. It represents a young man with a beautiful, serene face on which a smile is still hovering, stretched dead in a hospital bed, his arms thrown out over the coverlet, and a wreath of laurels, fresh and untouched, lying at his feet. There is no signature, nothing to tell who the artist is, but the work is the work of a master's hand, and underneath—cunningly carved on the frame of the picture, runs the legend—

ARS LONGA  
VITA BREVIS.

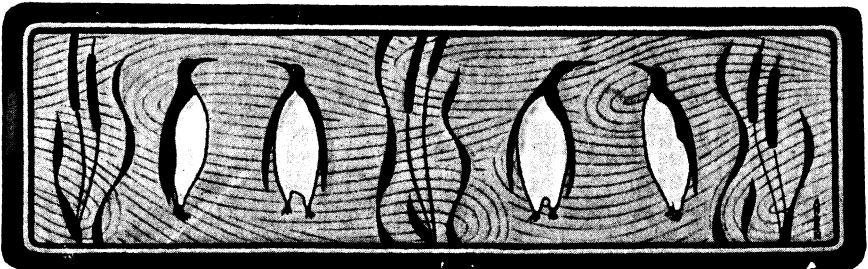
That is all, and the casual observer has often gone away wondering and unsatisfied, to puzzle over the problem for a few minutes, until a crowd of other interests chase it from his memory and blot out the strange, haunting impression it has left upon him.

"Do you see that picture?" one of the visiting surgeons asked a friend one day, as they passed through the ward on a tour of inspection, and stopped for a minute at the further corner. "It's the work of an artist who is climbing hand-over-hand up the ladder of fame, and who one day will stand on the topmost rung, with all his colleagues at his feet. Six years ago he was lying here, cursing his luck and swearing at Nature and his doctor for refusing to allow him to carry on his trade of street artist any longer, and now in all London there is not another man better known and more talked about than he is."

"And what gave him his start?" asked the other.

Dr. Yates glanced up at the picture above him and drew a deep breath.

"A helping hand," he answered simply. "The hand of a dying man."



# THE PRESIDENT OF THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE:

A TALK WITH MR. J. J. BENTLEY.

BY THORPE ARNOLD.

IN what may be called the politics of football, Mr. J. J. Bentley is one of the most prominent figures of to-day. He is president of the Football League, a member of the Council of the Football Association, and one of the Committee for the selection of players for the International matches. He has sometimes been called "The football M.P. for the North," and it may frankly be admitted that on the Council of the Football Association he has generally played the part of the uncompromising champion of the interests of professionalism and the league system. But, for good or evil, professionalism and leagues are now established facts, and all footballers admit that in Mr. Bentley these organisations have an absolutely fair-minded, if militant advocate.

For Mr. Bentley's knowledge of the game and players is unrivalled. Not only was he in his younger days a player of the front rank, but his position as editor of the *Athletic News* for many years, in addition to his official connection with the Football Association and the League, have given him an unequalled opportunity for acquiring a personal and practical knowledge of everything that appertains unto football. Mr. P. F. Warner is popularly supposed to be able to tell you off-hand the individual scores in any cricket match played in the last fifty years, but Mr. Bentley's knowledge of football is even more comprehensive. His acquaintance with dates, statistics, and the names and performances of players, is not

the result of a severe course of study of football annuals, but is the outcome of actual experience. He has seen every important match for the last twenty years, and has been on more or less familiar terms with every player of note during the same period.

Mr. Bentley was paying a visit to London,

to watch the comparative merits of German and English amateurs at Tottenham, when I saw him for the purpose of this interview. "I played my first football match at Turton," he told me, "in 1873, as a boy of thirteen. Turton is a tiny little village outside Bolton, and many people in the South of England have probably never heard of it, but its record for producing great footballers is wonderful. Turton was, in fact, to the football world what Lascelles Hall was to the cricket world. Just as that little Yorkshire village used at one time to provide Yorkshire with



Photo by]

MR. J. J. BENTLEY.

[Crippin & Co.

the best of its cricketers, so Turton was the factory, so to speak, of footballers for Lancashire and a good many other places besides. To mention only a couple of names, Sagar and Leeming, who helped Bury to win the English Cup in 1900, are both natives of Turton. However, in the early 'seventies importing players was unknown, and Turton was able to keep its own men, and a very fine eleven it was able to put into the field. The little village has the further distinction of having introduced the Association game into Lancashire. The first captain of the eleven was J. C. Kay, the well-known old Harrovian and lawn tennis



W. McGregor. J. J. Bentley. J. C. Clegg  
R. C. Gosling. J. Holt. (Referee). G. Kinsey. R. Holmes. J. Goodall.



W. T. Bassett. J. Reynolds. G. H. Cotterill (capt.). L. H. Gay. A. H. Harrison.  
F. Spikesley. E. Chadwick.

ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND, 1893.

Photo by Byrne & Co., Richmond.

player, and for the first two years of its existence football at Turton was played under the Harrow rules, with the ball the shape of a cheese. Under the captaincy, however, of Mr. W. Forrest the Harrow game was dropped and the rules of the London Association were followed. Professionalism was, of course, unheard of in those days, but so keen were the villagers and players alike about the game that the team submitted without a murmur to a course of discipline which would rather shock many amateurs of to-day. At first we were all gilt-edged amateurs and paid every farthing of our travelling expenses out of our own pockets; but by and by the 'cloven hoof of professionalism' made its appearance, and we were allowed the magnificent sum of a shilling a match for expenses. Still, I think we were entitled to call ourselves amateurs, as the railway fare to Nottingham, say, and putting up for the night at some hotel, did not leave us any appreciable change out of a shilling."

Mr. Bentley succeeded Mr. Forrest as captain of Turton, and it might here be

mentioned that the Turton club gave Bolton Wanderers, with whom Mr. Bentley was subsequently connected for so long, their first lesson in Association football. But Turton did more than initiate rising clubs into the mysteries of the game. It defeated most of the big clubs for miles round, and distinguished itself greatly in the competition for the English Cup. Turton only fell from its high estate when the habit of importing players came into vogue. If towns were nowadays compelled to play native born players only, it is possible that the little village outside Bolton, with its three hundred inhabitants, would stand somewhere near the head of the League.

"Not many people," continued Mr. Bentley, "I fancy, connect the British Association with football; yet it is a fact that an organisation of that name once played a very important part in the history of the game. It came about this way. Professionalism was not legalised till 1885; but for many years before that it was an open secret that the players in nearly all the big clubs were receiving payment. The authorities were

well aware of the fact, but took no active steps till in 1884 they disqualified Great Lever and Burnley for competing for the English Cup, on the grounds that most of the players of both these clubs were really professionals. As a matter of fact, veiled professionalism was rampant in every Lancashire club at the time ; but Lancashire made a great show of virtuous indignation and withdrew from the Football Association, and formed a combination of all the leading clubs in the county, under the title of the British Association. The main object was to demand from the Football Association that professionalism should be legalised. Two Lancashire clubs, however—Blackburn and Darwen—refused to join the new organisation. Inasmuch as Darwen not only paid its players, but was actually the first English club to import a Scotsman, one James Love by name, its action was not altogether popular, but it really didn't matter very much, as the British Association only lasted for a single year."

It was the British Association which really brought to a head the question of professionalism. Previous to this, commissions had been appointed by the Football Association, to make inquiries and examine the account books of the suspected clubs. But complete evidence was most difficult to find, and when the books were promptly produced by the secretaries, they accounted for every penny in the most complete manner. Yet it was common knowledge that many, if not all, of the players belonging to these clubs were paid. The popular tale is that the men's wages were placed in their ordinary boots, where they found them when they dressed after the match; but no such pains to ensure secrecy were taken. They were paid quite openly out of the gate money, the net sum remaining after those disbursements being entered in the books kept for inspection as the gross amounts. Others were found situations, or were established in tobacco and hosiery shops. The officials of the Lancashire clubs simply laughed at the commissions.

G. S. Sherrington  
(Vice-President).

J. J. Bentley.

C. J. Hughes.



T. Robertson	Athersmith.	Forman.	W. J. Oakley.	Robinson.	P. A. Timbs ( <i>Linesman</i> ).
( <i>Referee</i> ).	Bloomer.	Williams.	G. O. Smith.	C. Wreford Brown	Needham.
			( <i>Captain</i> ).	Wheldon.	Spikesley.

THE WINNING ENGLISH TEAM (3 GOALS TO 1) IN THE INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL MATCH, 1898.

*Photo by Geo. Bell & Co.*

This state of things, of course, could not continue, and in 1885 a meeting of the Football Association was held in London, to consider the whole question of professionalism. "Roughly speaking," said Mr. Bentley, "all the clubs in the North of England were determined to have professionalism legalised, while the clubs in the South and the Midlands were no less strongly opposed to it. Major Marindin was in the chair, and Mr. C. W. Alcock, the secretary at the Oval—although as an old Harrovian all his football associations were in

epoch in the history of Association football, lasted less than ten minutes."

The Football League was formed in 1888, and its first president was Mr. McGregor, who held that office until 1893, when he was succeeded by Mr. Bentley, who four years previously had been elected a member of the Council of the Football Association. Since to many well-meaning people even nowadays professionalism in football is anathema, Mr. Bentley's views on the subject may be instructive. "Pure amateurism in every sport," he said to me, "I hold to be the

J. J. Bentley D. Weir. J. Hutchinson. J. Trainer. J. Parkinson (1).  
(Secretary). R. Roberts.

J. Parkinson (2). J. Parkinson (3)  
(Umpire).



Photo by]

J. K. Davenport. J. Brogan.

W. Steel.

W. G. Struthers. J. Hewitson.

R. Hough.

[Weatherley Bros.

THE BOLTON WANDERERS, 1886.

With the three Cups they won that year—viz., the Bolton and District Charity Cup, the Derbyshire Charity Cup, and the Lancashire Challenge Cup.

favour of amateurism—recognised that professionalism was inevitable and urged that it should be legalised. In the end, however, one hundred and thirteen voted for professionalism and one hundred and eight against it; but as the requisite two-thirds majority had not been obtained, the law remained as it was. Six months afterwards another meeting of the Football Association was held at Anderton's Hotel, at which the necessary number voted in favour of professionalism, which thus became law. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that this meeting, which undoubtedly was a most important

higher state; but, unfortunately, in football it is impossible. Amateurism can only exist in sports which are followed exclusively by the wealthier classes, such as hunting and shooting, for example, where those who indulge in them pay all their expenses out of their own pocket. But this is impossible in any popular sport like cricket and football, which are the games of rich and poor alike. I have always been an advocate for professionalism in football, because I am convinced that open professionalism is better than bogus amateurism. And in clubs whose members are drawn mainly from the

working classes, only one or other of these alternatives is possible."

We were on the subject of football in the South of England, and I asked Mr. Bentley if he thought the day would ever come when the South could really hold its own against the North in Association football. Of course, I had not forgotten that Tottenham Hotspurs won the Cup last year, but the most enthusiastic Southerner cannot claim that numerically Southern clubs are as strong as those in the North. "I think it quite possible," said Mr. Bentley, "that at some not very distant date a National League will be formed which will embrace the best clubs in the country, in the North as well as in the South, and that territorial distinctions, so to speak, will vanish. What I mean is that, although clubs will be just as anxious to beat each other then as now, there will be no more particular distinction between the North and the South than there is at present between the North and the Midlands. What I should like to see established would be a London club, with its headquarters at the Oval or the Crystal Palace. The club I have in my mind would be composed of amateurs as well as professionals. There is no reason why such a club should not be quite as strong as any club now in existence, and, being in a more central position than Tottenham, it would give an enormous impetus to London football."



Photo by]

THE LATE FRED DEWHURST.

[Beatt's.

Secretary of Preston North End and Member of Corinthians.

v. Scotland, 1887.

v. Wales, 1886-7-8-9.

v. Ireland, 1886-7-8.

Mr. Bentley, being a practical man, is not much given to answering questions on an imaginary subject, but I managed to draw from him an answer as to what he considered the best possible team that England could put in the field, provided that every International player for the last twenty years were still available and had kept his youth. "The best International team I ever saw," said Mr. Bentley, "was that captained by A. P. T. Dunn in 1892, which beat Scotland four

R. Baugh.

W. Malpas.

H. Allen.

W. C. Rose.

G. Kinsey.

G. Swift.



R. Topham.

D. Wykes.

J. H. Butcher.

H. Wood.

A. Griffin.

WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS, WINNERS OF ENGLISH CUP, 1898.

Photo by T. M. Laws.

goals to one. No one before the match was played had any idea that England could avoid defeat, much less achieve such an overwhelming victory; but all the eleven played up to the top of their form, and, I imagine, somewhat astonished our good friends in Scotland. But about your imaginary team. Beginning with the goalkeeper, I should choose either W. R. Moon or Sutcliffe; but if Moon were selected, the two Walters should be chosen as backs, as the strong point of their play was the combination and understanding that existed between the three. Needham, Holt, and George Howarth I consider the best half-backs England ever turned out, and for forwards I do not know that one could improve on Bassett, Bloomer, John Goodall, Cobbold, and Spikesley."

As all followers of football are aware, Mr. Bentley, although he was in his younger days an excellent player, never received his International cap. Yet, in a photograph which most footballers have seen, he appears in the group of International players who represented England against Scotland in 1892. How this came about is best explained by Mr. Bentley himself. "As one of the selection committee," he said, "I travelled with the English team to Glasgow in 1892. In those days, I am afraid, relations between professional and amateur footballers were not quite so amicable as they are at present, and when the inevitable photographer came along with his camera it was found that the team was one man short, the only amateur in the eleven having suddenly absented himself. I don't know whether this was done intentionally or accidentally, but anyhow, the fact remained that the team was one man short, and as it was felt that it would never do for an

International ten to be photographed, it was suggested that I should fill the vacant space. And this is how I came to appear in the English International eleven in 1892."

No account of Mr. Bentley would be complete without some allusion to his connection with Bolton Wanderers. He became secretary of that club in 1885, and it may be said without exaggeration that the prosperity and success of Bolton Wanderers was co-extensive with his tenure of the secretaryship. In 1887 he resigned his post, and within twelve months the club was struggling with defeats and financial difficulties. He then resumed the reins of office, and almost immediately Bolton Wanderers found themselves again prosperous and victorious.

But, apart altogether from his success in the politics of football, Mr. Bentley has made a wide name for himself in the journalistic world. His editorship of the *Athletic News* revolutionised what at one time used to be somewhat contemptuously referred to as "sporting journalism." During his connection with it the circulation of that paper was trebled, and he succeeded in showing that reports of cricket and football matches can, without flippancy or vulgarity, be made most interesting reading.

T. C. Slaney      G. Howarth.      H. Arthur.      S. Ormerod  
(Referee). J. M. Lofthouse.      F. Suter.      J. Almond. (Committee).



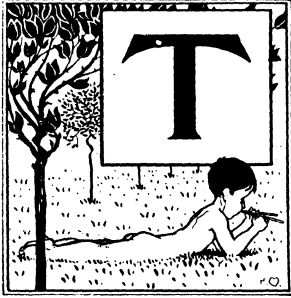
W. G. Struthers. R. H. Howarth. F. Dewhurst. G. Drummond.  
J. K. Davenport. J. Forrest.      W. Steel.

LANCASHIRE TEAM F. NORTH WALES.

Photograph by R. P. Gregson, Blackburn.

# A VELDT LOVE STORY.

By GUY BOOTHBY.\*



THE question to be decided was whether or not the boy was dead. At first glance it appeared to be a matter admitting of little or no doubt. The youngster was lying in the

long grass at the foot of a rugged kopje; one leg was twisted under him, one arm was by his side, the other outstretched as if in supplication for the help that would not come. One thing, however, was quite certain—his dress betokened the direst poverty. On his feet he wore a pair of dilapidated velshoen; a ragged pair of trousers, and a still more dilapidated shirt, completed his attire. Where or when he had lost his hat no one could say; it was plain, however, that it was to the absence of this most necessary article that he owed his present condition. The African sun, particularly upon the veldt, is not to be trifled with, and those who walk bareheaded in its rays must be prepared to pay the penalty of their folly. Seated on their horses, looking down at him, were a girl and boy of about his own age—that is to say, between thirteen and fifteen. Had you been able to look under the kopje, or sun bonnet, of the former, you would have seen that she was pretty, with blue eyes and rippling brown hair. It was essentially an English face, which gave promise of being still more beautiful at a later date. Her companion was a lad of heavy build, with a stolid, almost sullen, cast of countenance. His nationality was Dutch, without a doubt. Everything about him said as much. They were riding towards the girl's home, situated about a mile or so from the kopje, when they chanced upon this melancholy spectacle.

"Is he dead, do you think?" the girl inquired, almost in a whisper, and with a look of horror upon her face.

"I will soon see," said the boy, and, dismounting from his horse, he approached the figure upon the ground. Kneeling beside it, he slipped his hand into the opening of the tattered shirt and felt for the heart.

"Yes, he is dead," he said in Dutch, looking up at the girl as he spoke—"quite dead."

The words had scarcely left his lips, when, as if to give the lie to his assertion, a faint sigh escaped the supposed corpse.

"No, no! you are wrong, Piet!" cried the girl, and as she said it, she, in her turn, slipped from the saddle and approached the boy. "He is not dead, but if we don't do something to help him, he very soon will be. He wants water. Run to the spring at the foot of the kopje and bring some in your hat."

It was characteristic of the boy that, even at such a moment, he felt inclined to demur. He did not like being ordered to fetch and carry in such a peremptory fashion, particularly by a girl. Eventually, however, he thought the better of it and departed on his errand. Meanwhile the other was bending over the helpless lad before her, peering eagerly into his face, as if she hoped to find some encouragement there, or at least some advice as to the manner in which she should proceed.

Presently Piet put in an appearance round the side of the kopje, carrying his soft felt hat filled with water. When he reached her, she took it from him and endeavoured to pour some into the poor lad's mouth. Then, returning the hat to Piet, she dipped her handkerchief into what remained and began to bathe her patient's face. She remembered having seen her mother act in this fashion when old Tant' Meintjes fainted in the Market Square at Kronderburg. At last success crowned her efforts, and the lad opened his eyes and looked at her. Seeing that he was conscious once more, she sent Piet for a further supply of water, bidding him hurry back with it. Then addressing herself once more to her patient, she inquired how he came there and in such a plight. The lad, however, was too weak to reply. He merely shook his head. It was not until more water had been given him

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"The other was bending over the helpless lad before her."

that he found his tongue and informed them that he had been travelling with some Boers who were trekking to the north-east. How he came to be where they found him he did not say, but later on the details of his story came to light. His name was James Laver-ton, and he was an orphan. His father had been a captain of a sailing-ship plying between Liverpool and Bombay, and, as is not unfrequently the case, his wife and child travelled with him. The vessel was wrecked on the South African coast, his father was drowned, and the mother and son and two sailors were all who escaped to tell the tale. She, poor soul, lost her reason, and had not recovered it when she died in Durban two years later. From that moment the boy's life had been a far from happy one. No one cared for him, and no one thought it worth his or her while to help him. At last he obtained a situation on the western side of Natal; but his employer died a few months after his arrival, and in consequence he was thrown upon the world once more. Thereafter he drifted from place to place, a lonely atom, the butt and whipping-boy of all with whom he came in contact. He was willing to work, and he did work to the best of his ability; but, however much he tried, his efforts invariably availed him nothing. In point of fact, he

was saddled with what was in his case a curse—namely, that of gentility; and among the rough people with whom his lot was cast that was sufficient to assure him of their dislike. At last he found himself on the trek with the party of Boers to which I have already alluded. His life with these people was one of continued ill-usage. He was thrashed by everyone, and for the smallest offence, until, unable to bear it any longer, he made up his mind and ran away. Whither he was going, and what he was going to do when he got there, he had not the least idea. His only desire was to get out of the reach of his enemies and never to set eyes on them again. Appropriating what food he could lay hands on, and under the cover of darkness, he stole away and all that night pushed on and on. By the time day dawned he was well out of his enemies' reach and in a part of the country in which he had never been before. By nightfall he had eaten the last of the food he had brought with him, and where he was going to get more he could not say. All through the next day he pushed on, only to fall exhausted at the foot of the kopje where Mamie Tuckett and her companion had found him. What his fate would have been, had they not chanced to pass that way, no man will ever be able to



say. The fact, however, remained that they *had* passed, and now the question was, What were they going to do with him? The girl had apparently already decided the matter. Turning to Piet, she bade him ride on to the homestead and tell them of their discovery. They would have to send out the Cape-cart for the boy, who was too weak to walk or to ride a horse so far. With a look of distinct disapproval upon his face, Piet prepared to do as he was ordered, and, clambering into his saddle, set off at a canter in the direction of the homestead. Even his somewhat dull brain had jumped to the conclusion that the boy they had rescued was of English birth, and, seeing that the girl was of the same nationality, he did not altogether approve of her bestowing so much attention upon this stranger. Moreover, and it was here that the shoe pinched, it was not fit and proper that he, Piet Voest, son of the largest landed proprietor in the district, should be sent on errands like a mere Kaffir, and for an outcast Englishman, too! Still, Mamie had ordered it, and he knew that he must obey. He had been caught up in the whirlwind of Mamie's wrath before now, and for that reason he stood in some little awe of her. As he rode along he took counsel with himself, and thought of the day when he should marry her and inherit, at her parents' death, the wealth they were known to have accumulated. He would add that to his own, and then he, Piet Voest, would be the richest man for a hundred miles around. He would have all the horses and rifles he wanted, and everybody would bow down before him, and—this was the sweetest thought of all—everybody would fear him, as his father's Kaffirs feared him at home. To have folk stand in awe of him was the youth's idea of power, and perhaps, after all, he was not very far wrong.

Reaching the homestead, he told his news, permitting them to draw the inference that the life of the boy they had rescued was of small account. A cart was immediately despatched to bring the sufferer in, and in less than half an hour the lad was comfortably installed in the little room at the end of the verandah. Worthy Mrs. Tuckett—and no kinder woman ever breathed the breath of life—was touched with compassion as she regarded the wail.

"Poor little lad!" she said to herself. "Thank God mine never knew such trouble!"

As she said it she thought of her own son who had been laid to rest on the knoll that could be seen through the window half a mile or so distant. Tears rose in her eyes as

she looked again at the boy and fancied she could discern in him a likeness to her own lost one. Mamie was her loving daughter, but little Phil had been more than life to her, and since his death there had been a void in her heart that nothing could ever fill.

When she left the room, having softly closed the door behind her, she had made up her mind as to her line of action. She discovered her "old man," as she usually termed her husband, crossing the yard on the way to the cart-shed. He stopped on seeing her and inquired how the youngster was progressing.

"He is going on nicely, poor dear!" she replied; "but he has had a terrible time of it." Then dropping her voice a little, she continued, "John, dearie, that boy's face goes to my heart. He reminds me of our own little one lying over there."

There was a wistful look in her husband's face as he turned his head to look towards that small railed square where he had laid his dead son, and in which he hoped to be laid himself some day.

"Poor little chap!" he said; "he's full young to have been through so much; but, please God, we'll put him on his legs again before many days are past."

The two kind souls were as good as their word, and in less than a week the youngster was up and about once more, though traces of what he had been through still remained with him. By that time Mrs. Tuckett was familiar with all there was to know about him. Her fond mother's heart had taken to the boy in a manner that under other circumstances she would have deemed impossible. As for the lad himself, the life he was now leading seemed too good to last. When he rose in the morning, it was with the fear that he might not be there when night fell. He endeavoured to make himself useful with a striving that bordered on the pathetic. He was a willing and a handy lad, and few things came amiss to him. Small wonder, therefore, that John Tuckett—as hard a worker and as good a judge of a boy or man as ever lived—should have come to prize him, and found himself trusting more and more to the youth as the months and then the years went by. It was where Mamie was concerned, however, that his gratitude assumed the most definite proportions. Even Daft Danny, the soft-headed idiot whom old Tuckett had adopted when he was little more than a baby, and who followed Mamie about like a dog, was not more devoted than the

youth she had saved from death. But if the master and mistress and the other members of the farm circle had developed an affection for the waif who had so strangely become a member of their family, it is quite certain that there was one other person who was not so wrapped up in him. That other person was the young Boer, Piet Voest. He watched with alarm the hold the new-comer was obtaining over the family, and little by little came to curse the day they had found him lying unconscious at the foot of the kopje. However, he was too astute to let his ill-will be seen. Accordingly, he simulated a friendship which he was very far from feeling. That it was possible that some day Mamie might come to entertain an affection for this outcast never for a moment crossed his mind, but it struck him as being in the nature of a slight to himself that this youth's opinion should be asked on all matters concerning the management of the farm, particularly when he was present. When he observed the pride with which Mamie referred to the straightness of his rival's ploughing—for, lad though he was, he could run as good a furrow as old Tuckett himself—or to the way in which he rode a colt, shot a spring-buck, or made his bull's-eye three times in succession at a thousand yards, his heart came near to bursting by reason of the load of venom it was being called upon to carry. On the other hand, James entertained no ill-will towards Piet. The latter was a friend of the Tuckett family, and he treated him as such, notwithstanding the black looks and biting speeches with which the young Boer favoured him when the others' backs were turned.

The English lad lost nothing by his forbearance, however. Mamie noticed his generosity, Mrs. Tuckett watched it, and even old John had some idea of it himself.

There is a limit even to forbearance, however; and come the trouble did, and that before very long. Of late, when Piet had visited the farm, he had made use of a short cut from the river to the homestead. It had only one drawback, however; it necessitated his fording the river at a somewhat deep place, and crossing a mealie patch on the other side. Not being particularly careful where or how he rode, he was apt to do a considerable amount of damage to the crop *en route*; and ever on the watch to protect his benefactor's interests, James remonstrated with him, but without success. He thereupon erected a rough fence along that particular part of the river's bank, and

Piet pulled it down. James vowed that if the other continued to behave in this fashion, he should have no option but to throw him into the river; whereupon the Boer gave him sullenly to understand that if he did, he should shoot him on the first opportunity that presented itself.

After the disagreement just referred to, something like a week went by before Piet paid a visit to the homestead. By this time he had grown to be a great lumbering fellow of nineteen, half an inch or so taller than his rival. The latter's strength, however, was proverbial in the district, and, as he had a knack of never knowing when he was beaten, most people were chary of pitting themselves against him.

Now, as ill luck would have it, on the day that Piet paid the visit to which I have already referred, he happened to call at the house of a Dutch friend *en route* to the farm. They discussed James's character over a glass of "Cape Smoke," and drank solemnly to its destruction in another. By the time Piet remounted his horse to resume his ride, he had come to the conclusion that he hated the young Englishman more than anyone else in the world. Deeming it possible that he might get a shot at a spring-buck on the veldt, he had brought his rifle with him, and as he thought of what he called the other's impudence, he patted the stock affectionately. A mile or so further on he reached the place where it became necessary for him to decide whether he should continue on the track, or turn off to the right in order to avail himself of the short cut which James had forbidden him to use. He brought his horse to a standstill and considered the question.

"What right has he to stop me?" he said to himself. "I knew the farm before he did; and if it hadn't been for my seeing him on the day that he lay at the foot of the kopje, the vultures would have picked his bones clean long since."

Then, turning his horse's head, he rode off in the direction of the mealie patch. To his surprise, the river was almost in flood, and he saw that, if he wanted to cross it, it would be necessary for him to swim the horse. To a youth so accustomed to the exigencies of veldt life that was nothing. He put his horse to the water without a second thought. Once on the other side, he climbed the steep bank and approached the fence that James had repaired. At the same moment the latter came into view and hastened towards him.

"Didn't I tell you only the other day that

"I would not let you come this way, Piet?" he began. "What makes you do it when you're told not to?"

"Because I have as much right here as you have, and a good deal more," the other answered. "The river is free to everybody."

"I'm not thinking of the river," said Jim. "It's the mealie patch I'm concerned with. Every time you come this way you cut it up, and give us the trouble of putting it straight again. You'd better get back across the river and follow the track."

Piet swore a Dutch oath to the effect that, even if James were the owner of the land, or the Governor of Cape Colony himself, he would not go round.

"I'm sorry, but in that case I shall have to make you," said James quietly, but determinedly. "I don't want to have a row, but if you are bent upon it—well, the sooner the matter is settled, the better."

At this juncture the "Cape Smoke" whispered to Piet that he was undoubtedly a finer man than his enemy, and that, if the worst came to the worst, he was quite capable of throwing this *verdomde* Englishman into the river. When, ten minutes later, he had received the finest thrashing that the heart of man could desire, he picked up his rifle, which had been put on one side during the encounter, remounted his horse, and was preparing to cross the river. Though he did not know it, he was not at the end of his adventure. He entered the water and started for the other side. Whether he was not so careful in the handling of his horse as usual, or whether the animal, frightened at the swiftness of the stream, became unmanageable, it is impossible to say. The fact remains, however, that when he reached mid-stream he swung round, there was some wild splashing, and then they parted company. Piet could not swim, and had it not been that James was watching him from the bank, he must inevitably have been drowned. Without pausing to consider, the latter ran down the bank and plunged into the stream. A few swift strokes brought him to the place where Piet had disappeared. He dived, missed him, then dived again, and brought him to the surface. Seizing him by his coat-collar, he struck out for the bank, and when he reached it, dragged the unconscious Dutchman to a place of safety. Then he set to work to revive him. It was some time before he succeeded. At last, however, his efforts were rewarded, and his whilom enemy opened his eyes.

"That was rather a near thing," said James, without pausing in his work of chafing the other's hands. "Another minute or so and it would have been all over with you."

Piet said nothing. He knew that he ought to thank his rescuer, but he did not intend to do so.

"What's become of my horse?" he asked at last, in a sulky voice, feeling it incumbent to say something.

"He came safely to shore a hundred yards or so down stream," James replied. "You stay where you are, and I'll catch him."

He did so, and when he returned with the animal in question found that Piet had so far recovered as to be able to get on his feet. Still he uttered no word of thanks. He contented himself with bemoaning the loss of his good rifle, which had slipped from his shoulder and was now lying at the bottom of the stream.

"It's a good thing you are not lying there with it," said James, as he held the horse for the other to mount. "And now what are you going to do? Are you coming up to the homestead or going to your own house?"

"I'm going home," said Piet. Then, looking James squarely in the face, he continued, "I saved your life once; you've saved mine to-day. Now we are quits."

Then, before James could think of reply, he had started his horse and was some fifty yards away.

## II.

FIVE years had passed since that memorable day when James Laverton saved Piet Voest from drowning. Though they had made but little change in that quiet farm on the veldt, in the great world outside unmistakable signs of an approaching storm were to be observed. Mysterious strangers were continually passing to and fro among the Dutch farmers, circulating seditious literature, and reminding their hearers of the ties of blood that existed between themselves and the Transvaal, and also of the victories of '81.

"I don't like the look of things at all," said Tuckett to James one day, as they stood smoking their pipes beside the gate of the small cow paddock near the house. "I'm afraid there's trouble ahead, and that when it comes the folk hereabouts will most surely be implicated in it."

"It looks like it," James replied. "There has been a stranger staying at the Voest's farm for a fortnight or so past. If Piet

doesn't keep his eyes open, he'll find himself at loggerheads with the Authorities."

"And it will serve him right," said the old man. "What right has he, a subject of the Queen, to talk of annexation to the Transvaal, and to be always sneering at the Government and whatever is English? I've no patience with the fellow."

Then they turned and walked back to the house together. They need not have worried themselves so soon, however, for the time was still far off. A large proportion of the Dutch colonists might be uneasy, the two Republics might be making their preparations for the coming struggle, but to all outward appearances the old Colony herself was as quiet and contented as she had ever been. Month after month went by, and still there was no change, until men began to think that their suspicions had been groundless and that war would never come.

It was at this stage of his life that honest old John Tuckett found good reason to thank Heaven for the happy chance that had brought James Laverton to his door. Sad though it may seem, he was at last compelled to admit to himself that he was getting an old man, and, though he took as much interest in his property as before, he found that he was not able to play such an active part as he had once done in the actual working of it.

"However, that does not matter very much," he said to his wife one night, when they talked the matter over. "The place could not be in better hands. James knows as much about it as I do myself, if not more, and, what is better, I can trust him implicitly. There is one thing, however, I should like to see before I go. Can you guess what that is, wife?"

"I think I can," she answered. "You mean about Mamie?"

"And James," he continued. "I have learnt to love that boy like my own son, and, since he cannot be that, I want him to be the next best thing. Do you think it will ever come to that between them? Women's eyes are quicker than men's at seeing such things."

"I don't know what to say," she answered. "I know that she thinks there is no other like him, and that he thinks the same of her. But whether it will ever come to marriage is a big question to answer. I should be a thankful woman if I thought it would."

Had she been able to look into James's heart, she would have discovered what she already knew—namely, that he loved Mamie

with all his heart and soul, and that, so far as he was concerned, there was no other woman in the world. But, on the other hand, while he loved her he was also proud. How could he ask her to be his wife? What was he, when all was said and done? Merely a hireling—a servant who had the good fortune to be liked and trusted by his employer, nothing more. How, therefore, he argued, could he ask the latter for his daughter's hand in marriage? And yet he felt that life without Mamie would not be worth living. More than once he had come perilously close to telling the girl of his own love, but on each occasion he had forced himself, at the last moment, to hold his tongue. Little did he guess that she was aware of it. Her woman's instinct had told her of the fact. She knew that he was reluctant to speak, and she fancied she could give a shrewd guess as to the reason of his silence. She accordingly set her wits to work to find a means of bringing him to the point. She contrived by numberless little artifices to be brought into contact with him throughout the day, made herself more pleasant to him even than she usually was, and brought all her armoury of charms to bear upon him, until the poor fellow scarcely knew what to do for love of her.

One day, just as his agony was growing unbearable, and he felt that he must either speak or go away, never to return, Piet Voest put in an appearance, bringing a Boer from the Orange Free State with him. They came in the morning and prepared to spend the day at the farm. The stranger was a crafty-looking young fellow—a lawyer from Bloemfontein, so Piet was careful to explain. It had struck him that Oom Jan would like to make his acquaintance, so he had brought him over. That there was some other reason behind it James felt certain, but what that something was he was at a loss to understand.

During the day James noticed that Piet paid Mamie more than ordinary attention. The young Dutchman was in an excellent humour with himself and the world in general, and appeared even to have forgotten for the time being his animosity to James. In the afternoon he asked Mamie whether she would take a walk with him round the farm, while his friend had a chat with Oom Jan. Meanwhile the lawyer from Bloemfontein sat on the stoep with the farmer, and, over a pipe and a cup of coffee, broached the real object of his visit. He inquired of the old man whether he had noticed the great

change that had come over his friend within the last few weeks. Tuckett replied that he had not—in fact, that Piet appeared to him very much the same as he had ever been.

“But there is a change,” the other persisted. “He smokes more and appears more thoughtful, has even talked of doing

“Perhaps it is politics,” he said. “Politics take men in all sorts of different ways.”

“No, it is not politics,” the other replied.

Then maybe Piet was not feeling well, and knowing himself to be a sinful man, was desirous of consulting the parson as to his spiritual health, before it was too late to make amends for his misconduct.

The other looked at him sharply. Could it be possible that this apparently innocent old man was making game of him?

No, it was not a question of health. It was simply an overdose of love that was at the bottom of the mischief. Thereupon he proceeded to explain that his friend had desired him to approach the parents of the lady in question on the matter, to discover how much money she would bring to the union, and what arrangements could be made as to the possession of the farm.

Old John sat and smoked, listening with a grave face to what his visitor was saying. When he had finished, he withdrew his pipe from his mouth and looked his man straight in the face.

“I should not like to be discourteous to a guest,” he said, “but I must confess I should like to

know why Piet Voest has not come to me direct, instead of sending a stranger to represent him. Surely he is big enough to ask his own questions; and if he wants to marry my girl—well, let him speak to her first and then, if she is willing, come on to me. That’s the proper way of doing things. From what you say, I should think he was more anxious



“They parted company.”

up the house, which is quite unnecessary, and has asked more than once when the *predikant* (parson) may be expected in the neighbourhood.” All these circumstances, in the lawyer’s opinion, could point only to one thing. Could not Oom Jan guess what that one thing was? The wily old man shook his head.

to get hold of the farm and my money than he is to win the girl. Of course, I may be wrong, but——"

"I assure you that you are quite wrong," the other hastened to remark. "He will make an excellent husband. Look where you will, it will be difficult to find a better."

"It's very possible he might make as good a husband as any in the land," he said. "But, as I have said before, if he wants my girl, he must speak to her himself and then come on to me."

In the meantime Mamie and Piet had accomplished a considerable portion of their walk. By some strange coincidence they finally found themselves on the river bank at the exact spot where Piet, some years before, had received the greatest humiliation of his life. Here he stopped and prepared to speak his mind, not knowing, of course, that they had been followed by Daft Danny, who had a trick of following Mamie about. Meanwhile Piet, not believing in a useless waste of words, had come to the point.

"I've been thinking, Mamie," he said, "that it's time you had a husband. You can't deny the fact that you're getting on, and—well, the long and short of it is, if old Oom Jan and Tant' Tuckett will go down to Capetown to live, I'll let bygones be bygones and marry you myself. But James will have to go."

"That's very generous of you, Piet," Mamie answered, with a curl of the lip that he did not notice. "You always were a generous, thoughtful fellow."

"I believe I always was," Piet replied. "But I'm glad we've settled it. Now we'll go back to the homestead and tell Oom Jan that we are going to have an upsitting."

"I'm afraid not," she answered. "Unless you intend to upsit with somebody else."

"What!" cried the young man, who could scarcely believe his ears. "Do you mean to tell me that we are not going to upsit together?"

"Of course we are not," Mamie answered determinedly. "I never dreamt of such a thing."

A fit of rage took possession of the man. It was all the fiercer because it was so sudden.

"So that's your little game, is it?" he cried. "Well, marry you I will, or I'll know the reason why."

"In that case you shall know the reason at once," she replied. "It is because I don't want you and won't have you. No, you needn't bluster; I'm not afraid of you, Piet, and you know it."

Almost before he knew what he was doing he had seized her roughly by the arm.

"I can see the reason of it all," he cried, shaking her as he spoke. "You're thinking of that cursed Englishman!"

"Free my arm!" she cried, not deigning to notice his last remark. "You don't know it, perhaps, but you're hurting me."

"I'll hurt you still more before I've done with you," he answered. "Before I let you go, I'll make you promise that you'll marry me."

"That I'll never do," she replied. Then, turning to him a face of scorn, she continued, "Piet Voest, you're a coward!"

"Coward or no coward," he retorted, by this time quite beside himself with rage, "you'll have to promise to be my wife, or I'll drown you in that pool and chance the rest."

Whether he would have made his threat good, it is impossible to say; but, at any rate, he began to drag her towards the bank, as if his intention were a serious one. He had not proceeded many feet, however, before Daft Danny, who had been hiding in some bushes about twenty paces from them, rushed down the slope and hurled himself upon him. Piet was so overcome with surprise that he let Mamie go and prepared to defend himself against the other's onslaught. In spite of his feeble intellect, Daft Danny was a big fellow, almost as big as James, and now, mad with rage, he was an opponent worthy even of Piet himself. At that moment there was a shout from the mealie patch, and, to Mamie's unspeakable relief, James came into view.

He managed to part them, but not without considerable difficulty. Daft Danny's blood was up, and after he had been dragged from his enemy by main force, he stood panting to be at him again.

"He hurt Miss Mamie! he hurt Miss Mamie!" he repeated again and again. "I'll kill him for hurting Miss Mamie!"

"What is the meaning of this?" James asked, looking from the girl to the man.

"It means that Piet insulted me," Mamie replied, not wishing to tell the whole story. "Danny took my part, and you know the rest."

"By Heavens! Piet, you deserve a thrashing," said James, advancing towards the other as he spoke. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"What have I to say?" repeated Piet; "I'll tell you what I have to say. I know that it is to you I owe all this, and, come what may, I'll repay the debt with interest."



"He let Mamie go and prepared to defend himself against the other's onslaught."



It won't be very long before I shall be able to ; and when that time does come, you look out."

With that he turned on his heel and walked away, leaving James and Mamie looking at each other, and Daft Danny lying, sobbing like a child, upon the ground.

"The coward !" said James, when the other had disappeared. "I only wish I had come up a few minutes sooner. What did he say to you ?"

Mamie's face, which had hitherto been deathly pale, now turned scarlet. Here was her opportunity, but it required some pluck to take advantage of it.

"He asked me to be his wife," she replied, "and he said that there would be an upsitting to-night. When I told him I would not marry him, he grew angry and threatened me."

James drew a little closer to her. His voice trembled when next he spoke to her.

"Mamie," he said, taking possession of her hand, "I should not have spoken but for this. As it is, I cannot keep silence any longer. Mamie, you know that I love you !"

There was a momentary pause. Then she held out her other hand to him.

"I know it," she answered with strange earnestness, "and I thank God for it !"

"And you will be my wife ?"

"If you will have me," she answered.

"Then let us go back to the house and tell them. It looks as if Piet were right, and there will be an upsitting, after all."

### III.

ANOTHER year had passed away, and those twelve months had wrought more changes in John Tuckett's farm than any others that had preceded them. Old John's health had given way, and he and his wife had departed to Capetown, that he might have the benefit of medical advice. James and Mamie were married, and, in order that their happiness might be the more complete, a baby son had come into existence, who promised, so his mother declared, to be as fine a man as his father. As for Piet Voest, shortly after Mamie's marriage he had left the district. Some said he had gone to Pretoria, others that he had purchased a farm, beyond Lady-smith, in Natal ; no one, however, seemed to be able to speak with any degree of certainty upon that point. The knowledge that he was out of the way added considerably to Mamie's happiness.

Public events, however, were not proceed-

ing in that portion of the Colony with any degree of smoothness. The vague unrest that had been present for so many years was now taking active shape, and there could be no sort of doubt that only a small spark would be required to bring about a conflagration. That a large proportion of the Dutch farmers were deliberately disloyal admitted of no question. It was openly stated that they were arming themselves, and that in the event of war being declared between the two Republics and the Imperial Government, they would side with their blood relations across the border.

Then came the astounding intelligence that an ultimatum had been delivered to the Imperial Government ; this was followed by news of the invasion of Natal, the retreat from Dundee, and the investment of Ladysmith. To the lonely watchers in the north of Cape Colony the successes on the part of the Federal arms seemed like the beginning of the end.

"Ah ! my friend," said a Dutch farmer to James, when they met at the end of the first week in November, "did I not tell you what it would be ? As it was in '81, so will it be now. Kruger is a great man, and will sweep the English into the sea, as he says." Did James remember Majuba ? he went on to ask. If so, why were the English such fools as to court a second disaster ? As they were certain to be beaten, it looked like madness on their part to continue the fighting.

With the disasters of the last few weeks weighing upon his mind, James found it a difficult question to answer. When he assured the old man that the positions would soon be reversed, and that Great Britain would assuredly be victorious in the end, his words were received with a pitying smile.

On the following morning, James was preparing to go out on the farm, when a man rode up to his homestead and asked to see him. When James appeared, he handed him a paper, commanding him in the name of the Presidents of the Federal Governments to present himself next day at the nearest town, mounted and equipped, and with food for three days, for service against the English. The document was signed by the newly appointed Field Cornet of the district, and was similar to those used in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

"You may take it back to the man who gave it to you," said James quietly, as he



"A hand was immediately thrust in."

folded up the paper. "I shall not be there."

He knew that in saying this he was practically signing his own death-warrant, but his duty lay before him and he resolved to do it at any cost.

"You know the penalty, meinheer?" asked the man.

"Let the penalty be what it may, you have heard my decision," James replied. "I am a loyal subject of the Queen, and I will not commit treason. Here is your paper."

Seeing that it was useless to argue further, the messenger wheeled round his horse and returned by the way he had come. As he disappeared from view, James felt his wife's hand slide into his.

"You did right," she said; then she added, with a heartiness she was far from feeling, "I am proud of my husband."

Having thus openly defied the enemy,

James felt sure the consequences of his action would not be long in making themselves felt. Supposing he were to leave the farm, take Mamie and the child with him and travel south? Could he escape? He shook his head. He was too well known to be able to pass through the affected area without being recognised. No, there was nothing for it but to remain and see the matter through. Yet to remain where he was, was to give them the opportunity of capturing and then punishing him in any way they might think fit. In that case what would become of his loved ones? The thought was agony to him.

The evening meal was scarcely finished when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and Daft Danny came running in with the news that the Boers had come and had surrounded the house. James rose from his chair, his face as pale as death. Instinctively he crossed to where Mamie was standing

and placed his arm round her, as if he would hold her against the world.

"James, James! they shall not take you!" she cried, as the sound of heavy footsteps in the passage outside reached her ears.

Before he had time to answer, the door opened and Piet Voest stood before them. With him was the Boer-appointed Landrost of the district—a poor creature, who was known to be deeply in Voest's debt.

"What does this mean?" cried James sternly. "By what right do you enter the house of a loyal subject of Her Majesty the Queen with arms in your hands?"

"We have nothing to do with loyal subjects of the Queen," said the Landrost; "we are here to arrest a burgher who has refused to come forward and fight for his Country when it calls for his service. I demand that you, James Laverton, shall at once join the commando that is now proceeding against the English."

"And if I refuse?"

"In that case your punishment will be upon your own head. You are, of course, aware what that punishment is?"

"I am well aware of it," James replied. "And I also think I perceive the situation. It is you, Piet Voest, I have to thank for this."

"I have had nothing to do with it," Piet replied sullenly.

"If you are prepared to accompany us, nothing more need be said," continued the Landrost, after a moment's pause. "Should you decline, you must not complain if you are punished. I am waiting for your decision."

James looked at Mamie and pressed her hand in his. What was he to do? To go with them and take up arms against his Country, that Country of which he was so proud, would be to brand himself a traitor, not only in his wife's eyes, but before all men. It would show that he was afraid of Piet, and John Tuckett would know him for a coward. Above all, what would his son think of him, when the story should be told him and he should be old enough to understand? No, to join them was impossible. On the other hand, to refuse them was to court certain death.

"Come, come, answer quickly," said the Landrost; "what are you going to do?"

"I refuse," James replied. "Do with me as you like, but fight against my country I will not."

"In that case I have no option but to do

my duty," said the Landrost. "You shall have till daylight to think it over. If you still decline, you must pay the penalty of your folly and be shot at dawn."

Her worst fears being realised, Mamie was nearly beside herself with terror. She clung to her husband, refusing to be separated from him even for a moment. She would have gone on her knees and have implored Piet to show mercy, but James would not hear of it. "No, no, dear," he said, "I will not let you ask anything at his hands. If he kills me, he will be punished for it sooner or later."

A few minutes after this he was led away and shut up in an outhouse, some distance from the main buildings. A sentry having been placed before the door, and everything made secure, he was left to his own thoughts. Heaven knows they were as bitter as those of mortal man could well be. He sat down on the bed in the corner and buried his face in his hands. He was still in this position when the door was unlocked and Piet Voest entered the room.

"I have come to see whether you have changed your mind," he said, with affected cordiality. "What is the use of holding out against us, Laverton? The English troops have been defeated in all directions, and nothing can stop us now. We shall sweep them into the sea, and be in Capetown in a month. Think of your wife and child, if you won't think of yourself, and join us before it is too late."

"Leave me," James answered, rising and pointing to the door as he spoke. "I have already told you that I will have nothing whatsoever to do with you. You know very well that you have planned this, and that you are hoping I shall persist in my refusal. Are you such a coward that you haven't the pluck even to be faithful to your own villainy?"

"Very well," answered Piet, "I will go; but remember I'll give you no further chance, and you die at daybreak. I sha'n't be here to see it, as I am on the way to the Front with my men; but there are those here who will take very good care that the sentence is carried out. Good-bye, James Laverton; and if you want anything to think about, console yourself with the reflection that Mamie's future shall have my most careful attention. Your son shall be brought up a true Afrikaner, not a cursed rooinek like his father."

Then he went out, and the door was closed and locked behind him.

## IV.

POOR James! bitter indeed was his agony that night. He could think only of Mamie and of his child, and of their futures. Would she remain at the farm, or would she go to Capetown to her parents? The thought of her misery more than doubled his own. He wondered whether they would permit him an interview with her before the end. Perhaps, after all, it would be kinder not. It could do no good, and would only increase their mutual pain.

He was still thinking of this when a soft scratching noise at the further end of the hut attracted his attention. It lasted for a few minutes and was followed by the sound of something being moved, very carefully, as if the mover were afraid of attracting attention. Presently a long slab of wood forming part of the wall at the head of the bed began to move from its place. At last it disappeared altogether, leaving an aperture of sufficient size even for a man of James's build to creep through. He went softly up the hut and knelt down beside it. A hand was immediately thrust in and laid upon his arm, as if to warn him not to make a noise. The little finger of this hand was missing, and by this the prisoner knew that the man who had come to his rescue was none other than Daft Danny.

"Come on," the latter whispered; "if you don't make a noise, I can get you away."

James did not wait to be told twice, but crept cautiously through the hole. Once outside he rose to his feet, and, scarcely daring to breathe, followed Danny round the back of the hut, where no sentry had been posted, past the cart-shed towards a clump of blue gums, some fifty yards or so from the house.

"Where is my wife?" he asked.

"Over there," said Danny, pointing to the kopje where James himself had been found by Mamie and Piet on the day that he had first seen the farm. "She had locked herself up in a room, but I got her away with the baby without their seeing her. Then I came for you."

"Thank God!" said James. "I shall never be able to repay you, Danny, for what you have done."

"I didn't want you to be killed," Danny replied simply. "You have always been kind to me."

"But what made you think of that way of getting me out?" James asked, wonder-

ing how the poor, crazed fellow could have hit upon such a plan.

"I have known about that hole for a long time," Danny answered. "When I was a boy, and Oom Jan used to shut me up there, that was how I got out. Piet didn't know that. Daft Danny knows more than Piet."

A few moments later they reached the foot of the kopje, and James was looking about him for his wife. He could not see her.

"I know where they are," said Danny; "you come with me."

He accordingly led him towards a place where there were four large rocks huddled close together. Behind them, as James was well aware, was a small open space, which was so masked that, even by the light of day, it could not be observed from a short distance. He entered it, and a moment later Mamie was in his arms.

"My darling, my darling!" she whispered, clinging to him as if she would never let him go again. "It was all Danny's doing. He got me away and promised to bring you to me later; he has kept his word, and we will never forget it as long as we live. But we must not stay talking here, there is not a moment to lose. We must get away as quickly as we can."

"But where to? That is the question."

"To Kronderburg, if possible," she answered. "I overheard them talking, and one of them said that the last news they had of the British army was that it was within a few miles of that place. If we can only get there, we shall be safe."

"But how are we going to get there?" he asked. "It is nearly a hundred miles, and even if I could walk so far in the time, it would be impossible for you."

"There is no need for us to walk," Mamie replied. "Danny has smuggled the Cape-cart and the horses from the farm. They are behind those rocks, inspanned and ready for the journey. Let us start."

He followed her to where the cart was standing, with Danny at the horses' heads.

"May God bless you, Danny!" he said. "If all goes well, we will be in Kronderburg by this time to-morrow."

He mounted to his place in the cart, and then helped Mamie with the baby to a seat beside him.

"Jump up, Danny!" he cried; but to his astonishment Danny declined to do so.

"No," he said, "I'm going to ride. I've got old Jenny upsaddled, and I'll come on after you."

"Nonsense!" said James; "get up at once. You must not delay."

But Danny resolutely declined. He would follow them on his old mare, to whom he was devoted, and nothing would shake his determination. She was only a short distance away, he declared, and he would lose no time in following. Seeing that it was useless to argue with him, and that every moment added to their peril, James was at last reluctantly compelled to agree to the arrangement.

Danny stood and watched them until they were out of sight, and then turned his face to the homestead once more.

"I hope the dear Lord will take care of them," he said piously; and then added, "Perhaps He won't be hard on me for telling them a lie when He knows why I did it. James didn't know that Piet had commandeered all the horses but those two."

He smiled slyly to himself as he thought of the plan he had formed, and then started on his return journey to the homestead. Though he could not think it out very clearly in his poor, vacant mind, yet he had still sufficient wit left to know that the fugitives' chance of safety depended solely upon the amount of start they received. If Piet left the farm, as he probably would do, without paying a second visit to the out-house, and the new-comers, who were to carry out the execution, had never seen James, there was small chance of their becoming aware of the trick that had been played upon them. In that case James and Mamie would have no pursuit to fear, at any rate, for several hours.

Reaching the block of buildings, he advanced with more care. It was evident that the Boers had not as yet discovered the escape of their prisoner or become aware that Mamie was no longer in the house. As stealthily as a cat he approached the rear of the hut in which James had been confined, and then, dropping on to his hands and knees, crawled through the aperture he had previously made, closing it carefully and noiselessly behind him. Danny threw himself down on the bed, and was soon as sound asleep as if nothing out of the common had occurred that evening.

A little before dawn he was awakened by the turning of the key in the lock. A moment later two men entered the room. Both were strangers to him.

"Get up, meinheer," said one of them. "Time's up, and we must be on our way again."

Danny gazed at them as if he scarcely understood their meaning. It took him some little time to collect his wits and to realise the situation. Then the remembrance of all that had happened on the previous evening came back to him.

"Don't worry me, I want to go to sleep again," he said to the man who addressed him.

The other gazed at him in astonishment. Surely the man knew that he was about to die? Was he shamming ignorance of his fate in order to play upon their feelings? If so, he would find that he was mistaken in his audience.

"Get up," he said; "orders have been left with us to carry out your execution. If there's anything you'd like to say before you go, you'd better be quick about it. There isn't much time to spare. You can't see your wife, because she's bolted; but if there's anything else you want in reason, I'll do my best to oblige you, rooinek and traitor though you are."

Still Danny did not answer. The possibility that he might be shot in James's stead had not occurred to him; he had imagined that when they came to the hut in the morning they would discover that he was not the man they wanted, and let him go. He wondered how he had better act? If he revealed his identity, they would in all probability set off in pursuit of the others, and James would be captured and Mamie's heart broken, and the baby, that he loved almost as devotedly as he did Mamie herself, would be rendered fatherless. It was only a vague notion of these things that filled his brain, yet he was clear-headed enough to see that he was in a perilous position, and that he must either declare that he was not Laverton, as they supposed, or take the consequences. By the time he and his captor, who had been joined by three or four other men, reached the front of the house, he had made up his mind. James had always been a good friend to him, and Mamie he had loved all his life long. He didn't know that he was particularly afraid of dying, either.

The men about eyed him curiously. They were all strangers to him, but they had heard a good deal of late concerning the rooinek farmer who had flatly refused to fight against his countrymen. Now that they saw him in the flesh they were disappointed in him. He had not the appearance of being a clever man, and if he were the strong man and crack shot, as had been declared, his looks belied him.

"Have you anything to say?" asked the man who had awakened him, when they came to a halt.

But Daft Danny only regarded the speaker with a vacant stare.

"I'm not James Laverton," he said. "I'm only Daft Danny."

"What!" shouted the leader. "Not James Laverton? Then where is he?"

"Gone," replied Danny, with a chuckle he could not suppress. "He's escaped."

At that moment the sound of horse's hoofs behind the house reached their ears, and a minute later Piet Voest stood before them. He had returned expecting to find that the execution had been carried out and that his enemy was dead. He looked at the prisoner and an exclamation of surprise escaped him.

"What are you going to do to that man?" he cried. "Where's Laverton?"

"Escaped," said the individual he addressed. "We found this fellow in the hut."

"If that's true, then it's you who got him away!" shouted Piet, when he had mastered his astonishment, and as he spoke he strode up to Danny, revolver in hand. "By Heaven! you shall pay for it with your life!"

Turning to his men Piet ordered them to prepare their rifles.

"I'll teach you to interfere in my affairs!" he cried, his face white with rage. "And when I catch Laverton, I'll show him that it's easier to count the locusts on the veldt yonder than to escape me."

He had moved aside and was about to give the order to fire, when a cry went up from those behind, "Look, look! the rooineks are coming!"

Piet looked, and there, sure enough, barely half a mile across the veldt, were a number of khaki-coloured figures, mounted infantry without a doubt, riding swiftly towards the house.

Taking advantage of the confusion that followed, Danny seized his opportunity, took to his heels, and bolted round the corner of the house. But he was scarcely quick enough. Only a few yards stood between him and safety, when Piet raised his revolver and

fired. With a cry Danny fell forward, rolled over, and then lay as still as a dead rabbit.

"Now come into the house!" shouted Piet, and led the way.

\* \* \* \* \*

Half an hour later, when the white flag was flying from the verandah, James Laverton and the officer in command went forward to the house. Only three of the enemy remained alive. Piet lay stretched out on the floor of Mamie's little sitting-room, shot through the head, with his second in command beside him. James glanced at his old foe and then hastened on to the other rooms, crying, "Danny! Danny!" as he went. But Danny was not in the house.

"Can he be locked up in the shed where they put me?" he asked himself, and ran outside to see. Turning the corner of the house, he came upon a body stretched upon the ground. It was Danny, and it looked as if he were dead. With a wildly beating heart, James knelt down and examined him. No, thank God! he still breathed, but his shirt was stained with blood. Picking him up, James carried him back to the house.

When the wound was discovered and dressed, Danny opened his eyes. His surprise at finding James, whom he believed to be upwards of a hundred miles away, was almost too much for him. He began to think he had had all his trouble in vain. But James soon undeceived him. He told him how, when they had been travelling a few hours, they had the good fortune to fall in with a patrol of the British forces, and how, when he had seen Mamie and the child in safety, he had obtained a horse and induced the officer in command to accompany him to the farm in search of Danny.

"Oh! Danny, Danny!" he said in conclusion, taking the other's rough hand in his, "what a debt of gratitude I owe you! But for you I should not— But there, I dare not think of it. I can only say, God bless you, Danny! a thousand times God bless you!"

And he meant it.





TRUE TO TRADITION.

MOTHER (to daughter home from party): Did you remember what I told you when they offered you cake a third time?

DOLLIE: Yes. They brought it again and again; but I only said, like Daddie does, "Take the confounded stuff away!"

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

### THE TERRAPIN.

By Katherine Mann.

"Was he drowned, Uncle Remus?"

"Who? Ole man Tarrypin? Is you drownid when yo' ma tucks you in de bed?"

"Well, no," replied the little boy dubiously.

"Ole man Tarrypin wuz at home, I tell you, honey. Kerblinkty-blink."

The company clapped their hands at the close of the recitation.

"But what is a terrapin?" asked the hostess, who always spoke as if she had a cold in her head. "I thiek byself it is a kide of bowl."

"A bowl!" exclaimed the man at her side; "but, my dear Mrs. Dudgeon, a bowl, to begin with, hasn't a tail——"

"Excuse be, Bister Bacfarlade, but a bowl certaidly has a tail. Why, we caught wud id our garded yesterday."

"Oh! of course—beg pardon. I was thinking of china bowls."

"Ah! yes, I shouldt woder if they were differd id Chida."

"I hardly think it could be a mole," remarked the only young lady of the party, "because it didn't drown when Brer Fox let it sink in the water."

"No, it only went 'Kerblinkty-blink,'" piped the voice of a little girl.

"Barjory, don't idterrupt. What is your opidiod of the terrapid, Biss Sibbods?"

The lady addressed was a small, nervous-looking spinster. "I imagine it must be of the rat species."

Here all the ladies screamed.

"A rat! Why, I dever thought of that!"

"Not unlikely," added an evidently uninterested man of forty.

The next suggestion was made by a youth.

"I think a t-t-t-terrapin is a k-k-kind of ot-ot-ot-otter."

"Indeed, I shouldn't be surprised if Mr. Tupper's conclusion is correct," spoke again the uninterested man.

An old gentleman of learned appearance, with long, white hair, apparently thought it was his duty to say something.

"These Americans," he began, "give such peculiar names to common objects, that perhaps, after all, a terrapin may merely be a badger, a weasel, a wild duck, a frog, or even a cat."

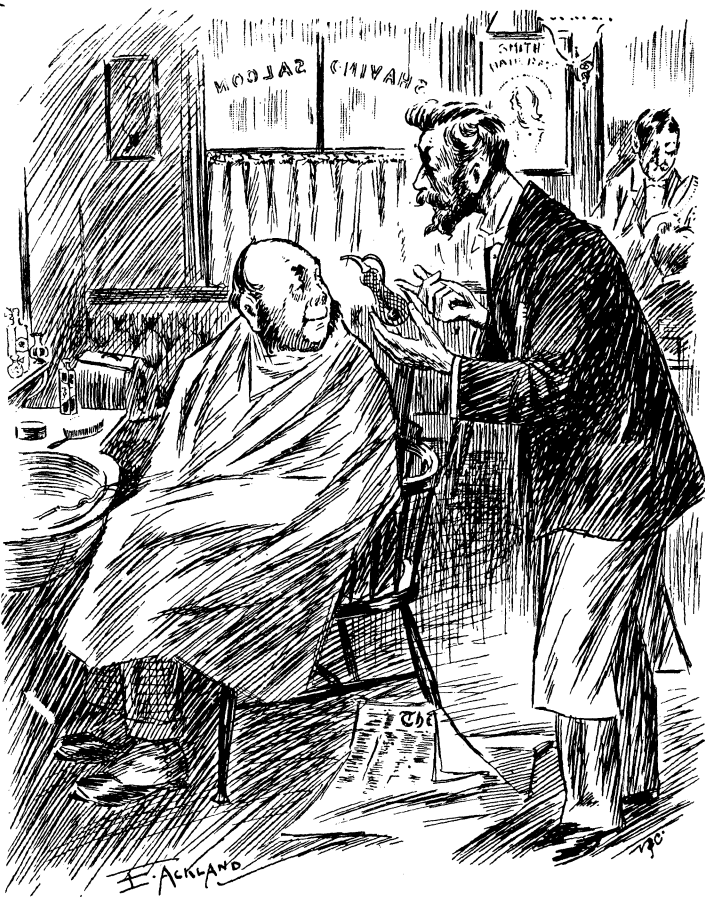
"Yes, a cat can swim; but kittens can't, because we tried——"

Here the small girl was silenced by a look from her mother.

After having delivered his category of possibilities, the old gentleman nodded familiarly to an austere personage of the opposite sex.

"Go on, my dear, what do you make of it?"





A POINT OF PREFERENCE.

CITY BARBER (to Scotch countryman): Little bay rum, sir?

SCOTCHMAN: Weel, I'm na so fond o' rum, but I wadna refuse a drap o' whisky.

"I am not playing," was the curt reply. "I hate games."

At this threatening juncture the uninterested man darted a sympathetic look at the last speaker, but on beholding her withdrew it again immediately. The hostess lost not a moment in deftly diverting the general attention.

"Now, Bisses Weakyl, it's really your turn!"

Thereupon all eyes were fixed on the unfortunate Mrs. Weakyl, who whimpered in an aggrieved tone—

"I really can't think of any other animals; all those I had in my mind have already been mentioned—unless—unless it could be a buffalo."

"Oh, dear, no! surely not!" exclaimed several voices.

"A sheep?" said someone from a back seat.

This opened up a new train of idea, for immediately there ensued shouts of "Dog," "Wolf," "Lamb," "Cow."

The attention of the company was at last captured by a Frenchman, who had been distractedly fumbling in his pockets for some time, and who had now risen to his feet.

"Madame," he ejaculated, "I haf seen a terrapeen." On the instant there was silence. "*Mais oui*, I haf seen a terrapeen yesterday." Most of the guests had also risen to their feet. "Yees—in my *dictionnaire*." There was a collapse upon the chairs.

"Vat a peety I leaf it behind to-night! I *cherche* for ze vorrd *terre*—*la terre*—and I find ground, earrt, vorrld—and—and—zere vas four vorrds—ground, earrt, vorrld, and—globe—yees, globe. *Bon*, I see terrapeen on zee same page—but I haf no of it attention paid. Zat ees zee vay, Madame, een zis vorrld. Vee not learrn a zing ven vee haf zee chance, and ven zee chance ees—ees *partie*, vee desire take herr. *Et puis alors, voilà*, zis terrapeen resemble moch zee vorrd *terre*, zen I zink zee terrapeen ees an animal vat goes on zee ground, earrt, vorrld, globe. Zat is vat I zink a terrapeen ees."

Sitting down, he mopped his brow. The others followed his example.

"Capital explanation," said the uninterested man, as he crossed to the hostess and murmured that he must slip off to catch his train.

Soon afterwards the party broke up, and everybody went home vowing to hunt dictionaries, natural histories,

and, if necessary, British Museums, in order to solve the difficulty.

When they had all gone, the small boy who had given the recitation approached his mother and said: "I know what a terrapin is, mamma."

"You know!" cried the irate parent. "Then why didn't you say so, you young simpleton?"

"Well, when Marjory spoke, you told her to—"

"Not another word! Go off to bed this instant!"



HE: Will you marry me? I have a bachelor uncle who is worth a million.

SHE: No; but you might introduce me to your uncle.



MOTHER (admonishing Freddie before the party): Now tell me, what is a greedy boy?

FREDDIE: A boy who wants everything I want.



A LITTLE KIPLING IS A DANGEROUS THING.

NEWSPAPER URCHIN: Paiper, sir? Early speshal! All the winners!  
(*The homeward-bound footballer takes no notice.*)

URCHIN: Yah! "Muddied oaf!" Like as not yer cawn't even read!

### VALUES.

By Charles Force.

HARDLY anything, and certainly nobody, is known even by its or his approximate value. They are not, indeed, known by any fixed value at all, for the estimated value of most persons and things varies enormously amongst different people and at different times.

Taking numbers as our basis, and 1,000 as the maximum value, we find that our estimate value of A, whom we meet every day, wavers continually between 100 and 600 degrees, and while B's opinion of the same person keeps pretty steadily in the five hundreds, C's varies between 20 and 200.

Then our estimate of our friend and rival, D, is exceedingly capricious, varying, of course, in direct proportion to his apparent estimate of us, but also in inverse proportion to *her* apparent

estimate of him. *She* is naturally inestimable, but our opinion of the conscientious chaperon, which normally registers something like two in the shade, progresses during a *tête-à-tête* with her charge quite rapidly in the five or six hundreds; but this progress is, alas! invariably interrupted by an untimely and neck-breaking fall to zero!

Other people's estimates of ourselves are equally different and barometric in their character, and the only invariable and reliable one with which we are acquainted is our own estimate of ourselves, which is represented in the system we have adopted by the figures 999'9—a fatal flaw of modesty alone depriving us of the honours of the complete 1,000.

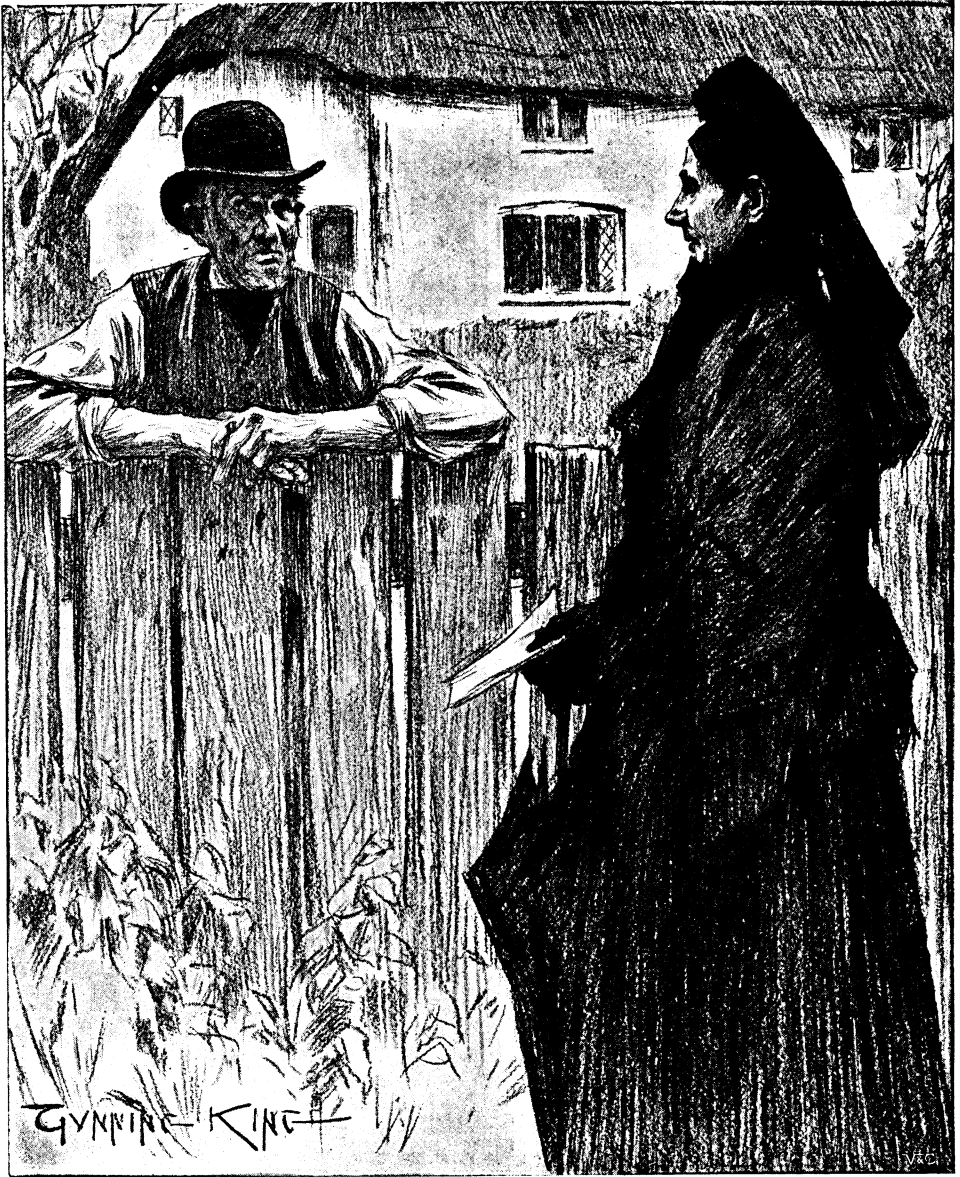
### THE MAN AT VENTNOR.

An instructive case was that of the man at Ventnor. He was bathing in the sea. He swam out too far, was seized with cramp, and promptly went to the bottom. It was a long way to the bottom just there, and the other man who dived off from the pierhead had a considerable journey both by air and water. Then, when he had at last seized hold of the half-drowned bather, it became necessary to tow him all the way to the shore. Both men were pretty nearly dead on their arrival; but they recovered, and the bather gave the gallant rescuer one shilling for saving his life.

The gallant rescuer did not think this enough, the crowd did not think it enough; and, so shallow is human judgment, that nobody to this day has thought it enough.

The incident has since become muddled up with our tales of honest cabmen, who, having found and returned hundreds of pounds to their rightful owners, have been rewarded with a shilling or two for their trouble—it is, indeed, quoted as an instance of the contemptible meanness of human nature.

We do not agree with this view of the case—we fail to see that the rescuer had any just ground for complaint. The rescue was an act of pure speculation on his part, for he was unable to ascertain beforehand what value the drowning man set upon his life; when he heard it, he was not unnaturally surprised, but he had no right to be indignant. He had gone in for an unfortunate speculation; he had literally *plunged* heavily and lost, that was all. We have no sympathy for the rescuer in his unreasonable tantrums, we wish him better luck next time; we hope that if he again risks his life he will find that he has done



## BAD TO BEAT.

TRACT DISTRIBUTOR: So you're a Freethinker, and never go to church?

RUSTIC: No, not me; I wouldn't go, not even if they *did* preach the truth!

so for somebody with a better opinion of himself than the half-drowned man of Ventnor, but we can have no sympathy for him in his absurd grumble over an unfortunate speculation.

On the other hand, our bather cannot be justly accused of want of generosity. Evidently he did not value his life at a higher sum than one shilling, and could not be expected to give more than he himself believed it to be worth. Indeed, in protesting that he should have paid more than one

shilling, we are adopting a flattering attitude of which he was apparently unworthy. Our own opinion is that he gave too much.

And thus we see them everywhere—these wide gaps between different people's estimates of any one person. Here we have a man with an abnormally modest estimate of himself, a crowd with a much higher opinion of him, and one person, the rescuer, whose estimate was doubtless at a very high premium.

## A RELATIVE SOLUTION.

Now all this, with the single exception previously mentioned, is inconveniently vague, and possibly we could get somewhat nearer the exact value of any person or thing by striking an average from the estimate values.

F's estimate value of his baby is 746. Our estimate of it is just minus 746—an average struck from these two estimates is 0. Now, this figure, without prejudice, doubtless represents the real value of the child, and thus, for the first time, the public are able to see an infant in the pure, unprejudiced light of mathematics.\*

Whether the plan would be as successful in other cases is more than doubtful, as the subject in this case presented peculiar facilities, but in

\* We may mention that the parents have been so impressed with the force of this argument that they have since called the child "Zero," which is a pretty name and appropriate.

default of one by which a man may be marked with his approximately exact value, like a bank-note or a piece of money, we seriously recommend this relative system to the attention of the authorities. How convenient, in the case of employers engaging labour, to know, not indeed in a word, but in a number, the reputed character of each applicant, and how delightful for the individual to be introduced everywhere, not as "Mr. So-and-so, who has done this or that," but, for example, as "Mr. So-and-so, a No. 896 man, Class L, Series 4"!



MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT: You would like to see Parliament when it is sitting? I'll get you an order for the gallery with pleasure.

MRS. NEWLYRICH: The gallery, indeed! Of course I don't want to see it if I can't go in the stalls or dress circle.



## A QUESTION OF TERMS.

FARMER: Is that there picture for sale, mister?

EMINENT ANIMAL PAINTER (jestingly): Why? Are you anxious to buy it?

FARMER: Well, yer see, I've got a picture of some pigs at 'ome better'n that, and I give sixpence for un; but seeing as them's my pigs you're drawing, I'll give yer twopence extr'y.





AMAPOLA.

FROM THE PICTURE BY P. SAENZ.

*From the Gallery of Modern Art, Madrid. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Myers and Rogers, 59, High Holborn, sole English agents for the Madrid publishers, Romo and Füssel.*

# IN THE FOG.

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.\*

## No. III.—THE SOLICITOR'S STORY.



SIR ANDREW rose, with disapproval written in every lineament.

"I thought your story would bear upon the murder," he said. "Had I imagined it would

have nothing whatsoever to do with it, I would not have remained." He pushed back his chair and bowed stiffly. "I wish you 'Good-night,'" he said.

There was a chorus of remonstrance, and under cover of this and the Baronet's answering protests a servant for the second time slipped a piece of paper into the hand of the gentleman with the pearl stud. He read the lines written upon it and tore it into tiny fragments.

The youngest member, who had remained an interested but silent listener to the tale of the Queen's Messenger, raised his hand commandingly.

"Sir Andrew," he cried, "in justice to Lord Arthur Chetney I must ask you to be seated. He has been accused in our hearing of a most serious crime, and I insist that you remain until you have heard me clear his character."

"You?" cried the Baronet.

"Yes," answered the young man briskly. "I would have spoken sooner," he explained, "but that I thought this gentleman"—he inclined his head toward the Queen's Messenger—"was about to contribute some facts of which I was ignorant. He, however, has told us nothing, and so I will take up the tale at the point where Lieutenant Sears laid it down, and give you those details of which Lieutenant Sears is ignorant. It seems strange to you that I should be able to add the sequel to this story. But the coincidence,

when explained, is obvious enough. I am the junior member of the law firm of Chudleigh and Chudleigh. We have been solicitors for the Chetneys for the last two hundred years. Nothing, no matter how unimportant, which concerns Lord Edam and his two sons is unknown to us, and naturally we are acquainted with every detail of the terrible catastrophe of last night."

The Baronet, bewildered but eager, sank back into his chair.

"Will you be long, sir?" he demanded.

"I shall endeavour to be brief," said the young solicitor; "and," he added, in a tone which gave his words almost the weight of a threat, "I promise to be interesting."

"There is no need to promise that," said Sir Andrew, "I find it much too interesting as it is." He glanced ruefully at the clock and turned his eyes quickly from it.

"Tell the driver of that hansom," he called to the servant, "that I take him by the hour."

"For the last three days," began young Mr. Chudleigh, "as you have probably read in the daily papers, the Marquis of Edam has been at the point of death, and his physicians have never left his house. Every hour he seemed to grow weaker; but although his bodily strength is apparently leaving him for ever, his mind has remained clear and active. Late yesterday evening word was received at our office that he wished my father to come at once to Chetney House and to bring with him certain papers. What these papers were is not essential; I mention them only to explain how it was that last night I happened to be at Lord Edam's bedside. I accompanied my father to Chetney House, but at the time we reached there Lord Edam was sleeping, and his physicians refused to have him awakened. My father urged that he should be allowed to receive Lord Edam's instructions concerning the documents, but the physicians would not disturb him, and we all gathered in the library to wait until he should awake of his own accord. It was about one o'clock in the morning, while we were still there, that

\* Copyright, 1901, by Richard Harding Davis, in the United States of America.



Inspector Lyle and the officers from Scotland Yard came to arrest Lord Arthur on the charge of murdering his brother. You can imagine our dismay and distress. Like everyone else, I had learned from the afternoon papers that Lord Chetney was not dead, but that he had returned to England. And on arriving at Chetney House I had been told that Lord Arthur had gone to the Bath Hotel to look for his brother and to inform him that if he wished to see their father alive he must come to him at once. Although it was now past one o'clock, Arthur had not returned. None of us knew where Madame Zichy had lived, so we could not go to recover Lord Chetney's body. We spent a most miserable night, hastening to the window whenever a cab came into the square, in the hope that it was Arthur returning, and endeavouring to explain away the facts that pointed to him as the murderer. I am a friend of Arthur's, I was with him at Harrow and at Oxford, and I refused to believe for an instant that he was capable of such a crime; but as a lawyer I could not but see that the circumstantial evidence was strongly against him.

"Toward early morning Lord Edam awoke, and in so much better a state of health that he refused to make the changes in the papers which he had intended, declaring that he was no nearer death than ourselves. Under other circumstances this happy change in him would have relieved us greatly, but none of us could think of anything save the death of his elder son and of the charge which hung over Arthur.

"As long as Inspector Lyle remained in the house my father decided that I, as one of the legal advisers of the family, should also remain there. But there was little for either of us to do. Arthur did not return, and nothing occurred until late this morning, when Lyle received word that the Russian servant had been arrested. He at once drove to Scotland Yard to question him. He came back to us in an hour and informed me that the servant had refused to tell anything of what had happened the night before, or of himself, or of the Princess Zichy. He would not even give them the address of her house.

" 'He is in abject terror,' Lyle said. 'I assured him that he was not suspected of the crime, but he would tell me nothing.'

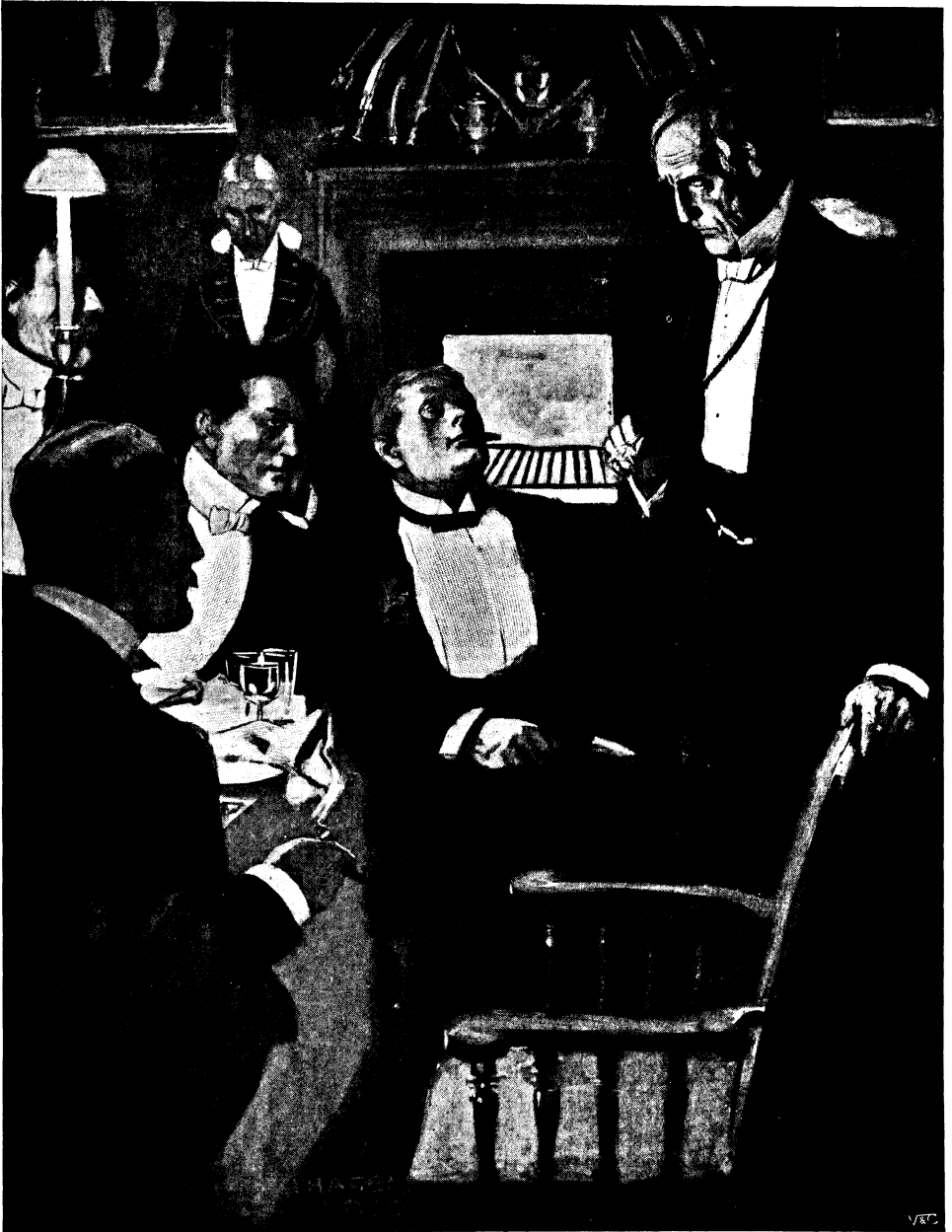
"There were no other developments until two o'clock this afternoon, when word was brought to us that Arthur had been found, and that he was lying in the Accident Ward of St. George's Hospital. Lyle and I drove

there together, and found him propped up in bed with his head bound in a bandage. He had been brought to the hospital the night before by the driver of a hansom that had run over him in the fog. The cab-horse had kicked him on the head and he had been carried in unconscious. There was nothing on him to tell who he was, and it was not until he came to his senses this afternoon that the hospital authorities had been able to send word to his people. Lyle at once informed him that he was under arrest, and with what he was charged, and though the Inspector warned him to say nothing which might be used against him, I, as his solicitor, instructed him to speak freely and to tell us all he knew of the occurrences of last night. It was evident to anyone that the fact of his brother's death was of much greater concern to him than that he was accused of his murder.

" 'That——' Arthur said contemptuously, 'that is nonsense! It is monstrous and cruel. We parted better friends than we have been for years. I will tell you all that happened—not to clear myself, but to help you to find out the truth.' His story is as follows: Yesterday afternoon, owing to his constant attendance on his father, he did not look at the evening papers, and it was not until after dinner, when the butler brought him one and told him of its contents, that he learned that his brother was alive and at the Bath Hotel. He drove there at once, but was told that about eight o'clock his brother had gone out, but without giving any clue to his destination. As Chetney had not at once come to see his father, Arthur decided that he was still angry with him, and his mind, turning naturally to the cause of their quarrel, determined him to look for Chetney at the home of the Princess Zichy.

"Her house had been pointed out to him, and, though he had never visited it, he had passed it many times and knew its exact location. He accordingly drove in that direction, as far as the fog would permit the hansom to go, and walked the rest of the way, reaching the house about nine o'clock. He rang, and was admitted by the Russian servant. The man took his card into the drawing-room, and at once his brother ran out and welcomed him. He was followed by the Princess Zichy, who also received Arthur most cordially.

" 'You brothers will have much to talk about,' she said. 'I am going to the dining-room. When you have finished, let me know.'



"Sir Andrew rose, with disapproval written in every lineament. . . . He pushed back his chair and bowed stiffly. 'I wish you "Good-night."' "

"As soon as she had left them, Arthur told his brother that their father was not expected to outlive the night, and that he must come to him at once.

" 'This is not the time to remember your quarrel,' Arthur said to him ; 'you have come back from the dead only in time to make your peace with him before he dies.'

"Arthur says that Chetney was greatly moved at what he told him.

" 'You entirely misunderstand me, Arthur,' he returned. 'I did not know the governor was ill, or I would have gone to him the instant I arrived. My only reason for not doing so was because I thought he was still angry with me. I shall return with you

immediately, as soon as I have said good-bye to the Princess. It is a final good-bye. After to-night I shall never see her again.'

"Do you mean that?' Arthur cried.

"Yes,' Chetney answered. 'When I returned to London, I had no intention of seeking her again, and I am here only through a mistake.' He then told Arthur that he had separated from the Princess even before he went to Central Africa, and that, moreover, while at Cairo on his way south he had learned certain facts concerning her life there during the previous season which made it impossible for him ever to wish to see her again. Their separation was final and complete.

"She deceived me cruelly,' he said; 'I cannot tell you how cruelly. During the two years when I was trying to obtain the governor's consent to our marriage she was in love with a Russian diplomat. During all that time he was secretly visiting her here in London, and her trip to Cairo was only an excuse to meet him there.'

"Yet you are here with her to-night,' Arthur protested, 'only a few hours after your return!'

"That is easily explained,' Chetney answered. 'I had just finished dinner to-night at the hotel when I received a note from her from this address. In it she said she had just learned of my arrival and begged me to come to her at once. She wrote that she was in great and present trouble, dying of an incurable illness, and without friends or money. She begged me, for the sake of old times, to come to her assistance. During the last two years in the jungle all my former feeling for Zichy has utterly passed away from me, but no one could have dismissed the appeal she made in that letter. So I drove here and found her, as you have seen her, quite as beautiful as ever she was, in very good health, and, from the look of the house, in no need of money.

"I asked her what she meant by writing me that she was dying in a garret, and she laughed and said she had done so because she was afraid unless I thought she needed help I would not try to see her. That was where we were when you arrived. And now,' Chetney added, 'I will say good-bye to her, and you had better return home. No, you can trust me. I shall follow you at once. She has no influence over me now, but I believe, in spite of the way she has used me, that she is still fond of me after her queer fashion, and when she learns that this good-bye is final there may be a scene.

And it is not fair to her that you should be here. So go home at once and tell the governor that I am following you in ten minutes.'

"That,' said Arthur, 'is the way we parted. I never left him on more friendly terms. I was happy to see him alive again, I was happy to think he had returned in time to make up his quarrel with my father, and I was happy that at last he was clear of that woman. I was never better pleased with him in my life.' He turned to Inspector Lyle, who was sitting at the foot of the bed taking notes of all he told us.

"Why, in the name of common-sense,' he cried, 'should I have chosen that moment of all others to send my brother back to the grave again?' For a moment the Inspector did not answer him. I do not know if any of you gentlemen are acquainted with Inspector Lyle, but if you are not, I should tell you that he is a very remarkable man. Our firm often applies to him for aid, and he has never failed us yet; my father has the greatest possible respect for him. Where he has the advantage over the ordinary police official is in the fact that he possesses imagination. He imagines himself to be the criminal, imagines how he would act under the same circumstances, and he imagines to such purpose that he generally finds the man he wants. I have often told Lyle that if he had not been a detective, he would have made a great success as a poet or a playwright.

"When Arthur turned on him, Lyle hesitated for a moment and then told him exactly what was the case against him.

"Ever since your brother was reported as having died in Africa,' he said, 'your Lordship has been collecting money on *post obits*. Lord Chetney's arrival last night turned them into waste paper. You were suddenly in debt for thousands of pounds—for much more than you could ever possibly pay. No one knew that you and your brother had met at Madame Zichy's. But you knew that your father was not expected to outlive the night, and that if your brother were dead also, you would be saved from complete ruin, and that you would become the Marquis of Edam.'

"Oh! that is how you have worked it out, is it?' Arthur cried. 'And for me to become Lord Edam, was it necessary that the woman should die, too?'

"They will say,' Lyle answered, 'that she was a witness to the murder—that she would have told.'

"Then why did I not kill the servant as well?" Arthur said.

"He was asleep, and saw nothing."

"And you believe *that*?" Arthur demanded.

"It is not a question of what I believe," Lyle said gravely. "It is a question for your peers."

"The man is insolent!" Arthur cried. "The thing is monstrous! Horrible!"

"Before we could stop him, he sprang out

of his cot and began pulling on his clothes. When the nurses tried to hold him down, he fought with them.

"Do you think you can keep me here," he shouted, "when they are plotting to hang me? I am going with you to that house!" he cried to Lyle. "When you find those bodies, I shall be beside you. It is my right. He is my brother. He has been murdered, and I can tell you who murdered him. That woman murdered him. She



"The Princess Zichy, who also received Arthur most cordially."

first ruined his life, and now she has killed him. For the last five years she has been plotting to make herself his wife, and last night, when he told her he had discovered the truth about the Russian, and that she would never see him again, she flew into a passion and stabbed him, and then, in terror of the gallows, killed herself. She murdered him, I tell you, and I promise you that we shall find the knife she used near her—perhaps still in her hand. What will you say to that ?

“Lyle turned his head away and stared down at the floor. ‘I might say,’ he answered, ‘that you placed it there.’”

“Arthur gave a cry of anger and sprang at him, and then pitched forward into his arms. The blood was running from the cut under the bandage and he had fainted. Lyle carried him back to the bed again, and we left him with the police and the doctors and drove at once to the address he had given us. We found the house not three minutes’ walk from St. George’s Hospital. It stands in Trevor Terrace, that little row of houses set back from Knightsbridge with one end in Hill Street.

“As we left the hospital, Lyle had said to me, ‘You must not blame me for treating him as I did. All is fair in this work, and if by angering that boy I could have made him commit himself, I was right in trying to do so ; though, I assure you, no one would be better pleased than myself if I could prove his theory to be correct. But we cannot tell. Everything depends upon what we see for ourselves within the next few minutes.’”

“When we reached the house, Lyle broke open the fastenings of one of the windows on the ground floor, and, hidden by the trees in the garden, we scrambled in. We found ourselves in the reception-room, which was the first room on the right of the hall. The gas was still burning behind the coloured glass and red silk shades, and when the daylight streamed in after us, it gave the hall a hideously dissipated look, like the foyer of a theatre at a *matinée*, or the entrance to an all-day gambling hell. The house was oppressively silent, and because we knew why it was so silent we spoke in whispers. When Lyle turned the handle of the drawing-room door, I felt as though someone had put his hand upon my throat. But I followed close at his shoulder and saw, in the subdued light of many-tinted lamps, the body of Chetney at the foot of the divan, just as Lieutenant Sears has described it. In the drawing-room

we found upon the floor the body of the Princess Zichy, her arms thrown out, and the blood from her heart frozen in a tiny line across her bare shoulder. But neither of us, although we searched the floor on our hands and knees, could find the weapon which had killed her.

“‘For Arthur’s sake,’ I said, ‘I would give a thousand pounds if we had found the knife in her hand, as he said we would.’”

“‘That we have not found it there,’ Lyle answered, ‘is to my mind the strongest proof that he is telling the truth—that he left the house before the murder took place. He is not a fool, and had he stabbed his brother and this woman he would have seen that by placing the knife near her he could help to make it appear as if she had killed Chetney and then committed suicide. Besides, Lord Arthur insisted that the evidence in his behalf would be our finding the knife here. He would not have urged that if he knew we would *not* find it, if he knew he himself had carried it away. This is no suicide. A suicide does not rise and hide the weapon with which he kills himself, and then lie down again. No, this has been a double murder, and we must look outside the house for the murderer.’”

“While he was speaking, Lyle and I had been searching every corner, studying the details of each room. I was so afraid that, without telling me, he would make some deductions prejudicial to Arthur, that I never left his side. I was determined to see everything that he saw, and, if possible, to prevent his interpreting it in the wrong way. He finally finished his examination, and we sat down together in the drawing-room, and he took out his notebook and read aloud all Mr. Sears had told him of the murder, and what we had just learned from Arthur. We compared the two accounts, word for word, and weighed statement with statement. But I could not determine from anything Lyle said which of the two versions he had decided to believe.

“‘We are trying to build a house of blocks,’ he exclaimed, ‘with half of the blocks missing. We have been considering two theories,’ he went on: ‘one that Lord Arthur is responsible for both murders, and the other that the dead woman in there is responsible for one of them, and has committed suicide ; but until the Russian servant is ready to talk, I shall refuse to believe in the guilt of either.’”

“‘What can you prove by him ?’ I asked. ‘He was drunk and asleep. He saw nothing.’”



“The thing is monstrous! Horrible!”

"Lyle hesitated and then, as though he had made up his mind to be quite frank with me, spoke freely.

"I do not know that he was either drunk or asleep," he answered. 'Lieutenant Sears describes him as a stupid boor. I am not satisfied that he is not a clever actor. What was his position in this house? What was his real duty here? Suppose it was not to guard this woman, but to watch her. Let us imagine that it was not the woman he served, but a master, and see where that leads us. For this house has a master, a mysterious, absentee landlord, who lives in St. Petersburg, the unknown Russian who came between Chetney and Zichy, and because of whom Chetney left her. He is the man who bought this house for Madame Zichy, who sent these rugs and curtains from Petersburg to furnish it for her after his own tastes, and, I believe, it was he also who placed the Russian servant here, ostensibly to serve the Princess, but in reality to spy upon her. At Scotland Yard we do not know who this gentleman is; the Russian police confess to equal ignorance concerning him. When Lord Chetney went to Africa, Madame Zichy lived in St. Petersburg; but there her receptions and dinners were so crowded with members of the nobility and of the army and diplomats, that among so many visitors the police could not learn which was the one for whom she most greatly cared.'

"Lyle pointed at the modern French paintings and the heavy silk rugs which hung upon the walls.

"The unknown is a man of taste and of some fortune,' he said, 'not the sort of man to send a stupid peasant to guard the woman he loves. So I am not content to believe with Mr. Sears, that the man is a boor. I believe him instead to be a very clever ruffian. I believe him to be the protector of his master's honour, or, let us say, of his master's property, whether that property be silver plate or the woman his master loves. Last night, after Lord Arthur had gone away, the servant was left alone in this house with Lord Chetney and Madame Zichy. From where he sat in the hall he could hear Lord Chetney bidding her farewell; for, if my idea of him is correct, he understands English quite as well as you or I. Let us imagine that he heard her entreating Chetney not to leave her, reminding him of his former wish to marry her, and let us suppose that he hears Chetney denounce her, and tell her that at Cairo he has

learned of this Russian admirer—the servant's master. He hears the woman declare that she has had no admirer but himself, that this unknown Russian was, and is, nothing to her, that there is no man she loves but him, and that she cannot live, knowing that he is alive, without his love. Suppose Chetney believed her, suppose his former infatuation for her returned, and that in a moment of weakness he forgave her and took her in his arms. That is the moment the Russian master has feared. It is to guard against it that he has placed his watch-dog over the Princess; and how do we know but that, when the moment came, the watch-dog served his master, as he saw his duty, and killed them both? What do you think?' Lyle demanded. 'Would not that explain both murders?'

"I was only too willing to hear any theory which pointed to anyone else as the criminal than Arthur, but Lyle's explanation was too utterly fantastic. I told him that he certainly showed imagination, but that he could not hang a man only for what he imagined he had done.

"No,' Lyle answered, 'but I can frighten him by telling him what I think he has done, and now when I again question the Russian servant I will make it quite clear to him that I believe he is the murderer. I think that will open his mouth. A man will at least talk to defend himself. Come,' he said, 'we must return at once to Scotland Yard and see him. There is nothing more to do here.'

"He arose, and I followed him into the hall, and in another minute we should have been on our way to Scotland Yard. But just as he opened the street-door a postman halted at the gate of the garden and began fumbling with the latch.

"Lyle stopped, with an exclamation of chagrin.

"How stupid of me!' he exclaimed. He turned quickly and pointed to a narrow slit cut in the brass plate of the front door. 'The house has a private letter-box,' he said, 'and I had not thought to look in it! If we had gone out as we came in, by the window, I should never have seen it. The moment I entered the house I should have thought of securing the letters which came this morning. I have been grossly careless.' He stepped back into the hall and pulled at the lid of the letter-box, which hung on the inside of the door, but it was tightly locked. At the same moment the postman came up the steps holding a letter. Without



a word Lyle took it from his hand and began to examine it. It was addressed to the Princess Zichy, and on the back of the envelope was the name of a West End dressmaker.

"'That is of no use to me,' Lyle said. He took out his card and showed it to the postman. 'I am Inspector Lyle, from Scotland Yard,' he said. 'The people in this house are under arrest. Everything it contains is now in my keeping. Did you deliver any other letters here this morning?'"

"The man looked frightened, but answered promptly that he was now upon his third round. He had made one postal delivery at seven that morning and another at eleven.

"How many letters did you leave here?" Lyle asked.

"About six altogether," the man answered. "Did you put them through the door into the letter-box?"

"The postman said, 'Yes, I always slip them into the box, and ring and go away. The servants collect them from the inside.'"

"Have you noticed if any of the letters you leave here bear a Russian postage-stamp?" Lyle asked.

"The man answered, 'Oh, yes, sir, a great many.'"

"From the same person, would you say?"

"The writing seems to be the same," the man answered. "They come regularly about once a week—one of those I delivered this morning had a Russian postmark."

"That will do," said Lyle, eagerly. "Thank you, thank you very much."

"He ran back into the hall and, pulling out his penknife, began to pick at the lock of the letter-box.

"I have been supremely careless," he said in great excitement. "Twice before when people I wanted had flown from a house I have been able to follow them by putting a guard over their mail-box. These letters, which arrive regularly every week from Russia in the same handwriting—they can come but from one person. At least we shall now know the name of the master of this house. Undoubtedly it is one of his letters that the man placed here this morning. We may make a most important discovery."

"As he was talking he was picking at the lock with his knife, but he was so impatient to reach the letters that he pressed too heavily on the blade and it broke in his hand. I took a step backward and drove my heel into the lock and burst it open. The lid flew back, and we pressed forward,

and each ran his hand down into the letter-box. For a moment we were both too startled to move. The box was empty!"

"I do not know how long we stood staring stupidly at each other, but it was Lyle who was the first to recover. He seized me by the arm and pointed excitedly into the empty box.

"Do you appreciate what that means?" he cried. "It means that someone has been here ahead of us. Someone has entered this house not three hours before we came, since eleven o'clock this morning."

"It was the Russian servant!" I exclaimed.

"The Russian servant has been under arrest at Scotland Yard," Lyle cried. "He could not have taken the letters. Lord Arthur has been in his cot at the hospital. That is his *alibi*. There is someone else—someone we do not suspect—and that someone is the murderer. He came back here either to obtain those letters because he knew they would convict him, or to remove something he had left here at the time of the murder, something incriminating—the weapon, perhaps, or some personal article: a cigarette-case, a handkerchief with his name upon it, or a pair of gloves. Whatever it was, it must have been damning evidence against him to have made him take so desperate a chance."

"How do we know," I whispered, "that he is not hidden here now?"

"No, I'll swear he is not!" Lyle answered. "I may have bungled in some things, but I have searched this house thoroughly. Nevertheless," he added, "we must go over it again, from the cellar to the roof. We have the real clue now, and we must forget the others and work only it." As he spoke he began again to search the drawing-room, turning over even the books on the tables and the music on the piano.

"Whoever the man is," he said over his shoulder, "we know that he has a key to the front door and a key to the letter-box. That shows us he is either an inmate of the house or that he comes here when he wishes. The Russian says that he was the only servant in the house. Certainly we have found no evidence to show that any other servant slept here. There could be but one other person who would possess a key to the house and the letter-box—and he lives in St. Petersburg. At the time of the murder he was two thousand miles away." Lyle interrupted himself suddenly with a sharp cry and turned upon me with his eyes flashing. "But was

he?' he cried. 'Was he? How do we know that last night he was not in London, in this very house when Zichy and Chetney met here?'

"He stood staring at me without seeing me, muttering and arguing with himself.

"Don't speak to me!" he cried, as I ventured to interrupt him. "I can see it now. It is all plain to me. It was not the servant, but his master, the Russian himself, and it was he who came back for the letters. He came back for them because he knew they would convict him. We must find them. We must have those letters. If we find the one with the Russian postmark, we shall have found the murderer." He spoke like a madman, and as he spoke he ran around the room with one hand held out in front of him as you have seen a mind-reader at a theatre seeking for something hidden in the stalls. He pulled the old letters from the writing-desk and ran them over as swiftly as a gambler deals out cards; he dropped on his knees before the fireplace and dragged out the dead coals with his bare fingers, and then with a low, worried cry, like a hound on a scent, he ran back to the waste-paper basket and, lifting the papers from it, shook them out upon the floor. Instantly he gave a shout of triumph and, separating a number of torn pieces from the others, held them up before me.

"Look!" he cried. "Do you see? Here are five letters, torn across in two places. The Russian did not stop to read them, for, as you see, he has left them still sealed. I have been wrong. He did not return for the letters. He could not have known their value. He must have returned for some other reason, and, as he was leaving, saw the letter-box, and taking out the letters, held them together—so—and tore them twice across, and then, as the fire had gone out, tossed them into this basket. Look!" he cried, 'here in the upper corner of this piece is a Russian stamp. This is his own letter—unopened!'

"We examined the Russian stamp and found it had been cancelled in St. Petersburg four days ago. The back of the envelope bore the postmark of the branch station in Upper Sloane Street and was dated this morning. The envelope was of official blue paper, and we had no difficulty in finding the two other parts to it. We drew the torn pieces of the letter from them and joined them together side by side. There were but two lines of writing, and this was the message: 'I leave Petersburg on the night

train, and I shall see you at Trevor Terrace after dinner Monday evening.'

"That was last night!" Lyle cried. "He arrived twelve hours ahead of his letter—but it came in time—it came in time to hang him!"

The Baronet struck the table with his hand.

"The name!" he demanded. "How was it signed? What was the man's name?"

The young solicitor rose to his feet and, leaning forward, stretched out his arm. "There was no name," he cried. "The letter was signed with only two initials. But engraved at the top of the sheet was the man's address. That address was 'THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, ST. PETERSBURG, BUREAU OF THE NAVAL ATTACHÉ,' and the initials," he shouted, his voice rising into an exultant and bitter cry, "were those of the gentleman who sits opposite, who told us that he was the first to find the murdered bodies, the Naval Attaché to Russia, Lieutenant Ripley Sears!"

A strained and awful hush followed the solicitor's words, which seemed to vibrate in the air like a twanging bowstring which had just hurled its bolt. Sir Andrew, pale and staring, drew away with an exclamation of repulsion. His eyes were fastened upon the Naval Attaché with fascinated horror. But the American emitted a sigh of great content and sank comfortably into the arms of his chair. He clapped his hands softly together.

"Capital!" he murmured. "I give you my word I never guessed what you were driving at. You fooled me, I'll be hanged if you didn't—you certainly fooled me!"

The man with the pearl stud leaned forward with a nervous gesture. "Hush! be careful!" he whispered. But at that instant, for the third time, a servant hastening through the room handed him a piece of paper, which he scanned eagerly. The message on the paper read, "The light over the Commons is out. The House has risen."

The man with the black pearl gave a mighty shout and tossed the paper from him on the table.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "The House is up! We've won!" He caught up his glass and slapped the Naval Attaché joyously upon the shoulder. He nodded joyously at him, at the Solicitor, and at the Queen's Messenger. "Gentlemen, to you!" he cried; "my thanks and my congratulations!" He drank deep from the glass and breathed forth a long sigh of satisfaction and relief.



“‘Look!’ he cried. ‘Do you see?’”

"But I say!" protested the Queen's Messenger, shaking his finger violently at the Solicitor, "that story won't do. You didn't play fair—and—and you talked so fast. I couldn't make out what it was all about. I'll bet you that evidence wouldn't hold in a court of law—you couldn't hang a cat on such evidence. Your story is condemned tommy-rot. Now, my story might have happened, my story bore the mark——"

In the joy of creation the story-tellers had forgotten their audience, until a sudden exclamation from Sir Andrew caused them to turn guiltily toward him. His face was knit with lines of anger, doubt, and amazement.

"What does this mean?" he cried. "Is this a jest, or are you mad? If you know this man is a murderer, why is he at large? Is this a game you have been playing? Explain yourselves at once. What does it mean?"

The American, with first a glance at the others, rose and bowed courteously.

"I am not a murderer, Sir Andrew, believe me," he said; "you need not be alarmed. As a matter of fact, at this moment I am much more afraid of you than you could possibly be of me. I beg you please to be indulgent. I assure you we meant no disrespect. We have been matching stories, that is all, pretending that we are people we are not, endeavouring to entertain you with better detective tales than, for instance, the last one you read, 'The Great Rand Robbery.'"

The Baronet brushed his hand nervously across his forehead.

"Do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that none of this has happened? That Lord Chetney is not dead, that his solicitor did not find a letter of yours written from your post in Petersburg, and that just now, when he charged you with murder, he was in jest?"

"I am really very sorry," said the American, "but you see, sir, he could not have found a letter written by me in St. Petersburg, because I have never been in Petersburg. Until this week I have never been outside of my own country. I am not a naval officer. I am a writer of short stories. And to-night, when this gentleman told me that you were fond of detective stories, I thought it would be amusing to tell you one of mine—one I had just mapped out this afternoon."

"But Lord Chetney is a real person," interrupted the Baronet, "and he did go to Africa two years ago, and he was supposed to have died there, and his brother, Lord

Arthur, has been the heir. And yesterday Chetney did return. I read it in the papers."

"So did I," assented the American soothingly. "And it struck me as being a very good plot for a story. I mean his unexpected return from the dead, and the probable disappointment of the younger brother. So I decided that the younger brother had better murder the elder one. The Princess Zichy I invented out of a clear sky. The fog I did not have to invent. Since last night I know all that there is to know about a London fog. I was lost in one for three hours."

The Baronet turned grimly upon the Queen's Messenger.

"But this gentleman," he protested, "he is not a writer of short stories; he is a member of the Foreign Office. I have seen him in Whitehall often, and, according to him, the Princess Zichy is not an invention. He says she is very well known—that she tried to rob him."

The servant of the Foreign Office looked unhappily at the Cabinet Minister and puffed nervously at his cigar.

"It's true, Sir Andrew, that I am a Queen's Messenger," he said appealingly, "and a Russian woman once did try to rob a Queen's Messenger in a railway carriage—only it did not happen to me, but to a pal of mine. The only Russian princess I ever knew called herself Zabrisky. You may have seen her. She used to do a dive from the roof of the Aquarium."

Sir Andrew, with a snort of indignation, fronted the young Solicitor.

"And I suppose yours was a cock-and-bull story, too?" he said. "Of course, it must have been, since Lord Chetney is not dead. But don't tell me," he protested, "that you are not Chudleigh's son, either."

"I'm sorry," said the youngest member, smiling in some embarrassment, "but my name is not Chudleigh. I assure you, though, that I know the family very well and that I am on very good terms with them."

"You should be!" exclaimed the Baronet; "and, judging from the liberties you take with the Chetneys, you had better be on very good terms with them, too."

The young man leaned back and glanced toward the servants at the far end of the room.

"It has been so long since I have been in the Club," he said, "that I doubt if even the waiters remember me. Perhaps Joseph

may," he added. "Joseph!" he called, and at the word a servant stepped briskly forward.

The young man pointed to the stuffed head of a great lion which was suspended above the fireplace.

"Joseph," he said, "I want you to tell these gentlemen who shot that lion. Who presented it to the Grill?"

Joseph, unused to acting as master of ceremonies to members of the Club, shifted nervously from one foot to the other.

"Why, you—you did," he stammered.

"Of course I did!" exclaimed the young man. "I mean, what is the name of the man who shot it. Tell the gentlemen who I am. They wouldn't believe me."

"Who you are, my lord?" said Joseph. "You are Lord Edam's son, the Earl of Chetney."

"You must admit," said Lord Chetney, when the noise had died away, "that I couldn't remain dead while my little brother was accused of murder. I had to do something. Family pride demanded it. Now, Arthur, as the younger brother, can't afford to be squeamish, but personally I should hate to have a brother of mine hanged for murder."

"You certainly showed no scruples against hanging me," said the American, "but in the face of your evidence I admit my guilt, and I sentence myself to pay the full penalty of the law as we are made to pay it in my own country. The order of this Court is," he announced, "that Joseph shall bring me a wine-card, and that I sign it for five bottles of the Club's best champagne."

"Oh, no!" protested the man with the pearl stud, "it is not for *you* to sign it. In my opinion, it is Sir Andrew who should pay the costs. It is time you knew," he said, turning to that gentleman, "that unconsciously you have been the victim of what I may call a patriotic conspiracy. These stories have had a more serious purpose than

merely to amuse. They have been told with the worthy object of detaining you from the House of Commons. I must explain to you that all through this evening I have had a servant waiting in Trafalgar Square with instructions to bring me word as soon as the light over the House of Commons had ceased to burn. The light is now out, and the object for which we plotted is attained."

The Baronet glanced keenly at the man with the black pearl and then quickly at his watch. The smile disappeared from his lips, and his face was set in stern and forbidding lines.

"And may I know," he asked icily, "what was the object of your plot?"

"A most worthy one," the other retorted. "Our object was to keep you from advocating the expenditure of many millions of the people's money upon more battleships. In a word, we have been working together to prevent you from passing the Navy Increase Bill."

Sir Andrew's face bloomed with brilliant colour. His body shook with suppressed emotion.

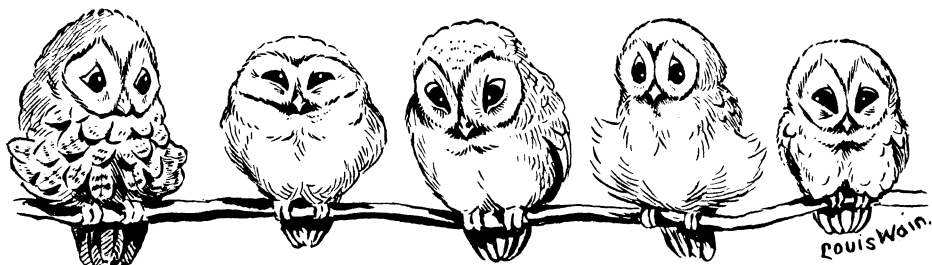
"My dear sir!" he cried, "you should spend more time at the House and less at your Club. The Navy Bill was brought up on its third reading at eight o'clock this evening. I spoke for three hours in its favour. My only reason for wishing to return again to the House to-night was to sup on the terrace with my old friend, Admiral Simons; for my work at the House was completed five hours ago, when the Navy Increase Bill was passed by an overwhelming majority."

The Baronet rose and bowed. "I have to thank you, sir," he said, "for a most interesting evening."

The American shoved the wine-card which Joseph had given him toward the gentleman with the black pearl.

"You sign it," he said.

THE END.



# THE KING OF SPAIN ATTAINS HIS MAJORITY.

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

WHILE Great Britain and her Colonies are busy putting the finishing touches to Coronation preparations, Alfonso XIII. of Spain steps with comparatively little ceremony into the complete possession of his high estate. Born on the 17th May, 1886, posthumous son of Alfonso XII., the young King attains his constitutional majority on his sixteenth birthday, and succeeds to supreme authority. We in England are curiously ignorant of the nature and growth of the many forces that affect the Spanish throne, of the great struggles that are still being waged, of the possibilities that hang upon their issue. To the few of us who, knowing something of Spain and Spaniards, have a deep affection for country and people, there is a great and abiding interest in Spanish progress, and a very sincere sympathy with the young ruler called upon to battle with difficulties that might well tax the most experienced statesman. Granting that to outward seeming King Alfonso XIII. is secure upon his throne, ruler of a contented people, it must be acknowledged that people who have studied the question see quite another picture. They see a lad whose youth prohibits experience; delicate, or at least not robust in health; crammed with a various learning, and supported by a faithful few; called upon to direct personally the affairs of a country whose inhabitants vary according to district, who are giving allegiance to the most diverse political creeds, who have suffered from oppression in the past, and are bound to remain in suffering for some time to come, because the wounds of civil and foreign wars are not yet healed.

The Spanish throne to which Alfonso XIII. succeeds with undivided authority on the 17th May is supported by the union of the Liberals and Conservatives of Spain against the lessening forces of Carlism and the growing forces of Republicanism and Socialism. Round the throne one sees the Queen Mother, brave, devoted, loyal to her religion and to the country of her adoption; the Duke of Tetuan, tired of politics, but unfailing in his duty towards his King;



Photo by A. Gerber.]

[Las Palmas.

HIS MAJESTY KING ALFONSO XIII.

Praxedes Mateo Sagasta, the "Grand Old Man" of Spanish politics, the one great statesman left to the country. They will pull many of the strings of government, will give office and patronage and preferment to all who can support the *status quo*, and must keep sleepless eye upon the grandiloquent Don Carlos and his more dangerous son, upon the people of the Basque provinces, who hate the Alfonsists and all their works, upon Barcelona, the prosperous capital of the Catalans, whose constant cry is for separation, upon the Army, held in the powerful grasp of General Valeriano Weyler, Marquis of Tenerife, most powerful of all Spain's modern Ministers of War. Spain has suffered so much and so long, that no statesman, however progressive, dares draw hastily into line with modern emancipation. Elections are still a

mockery, jobbery is still rampant, abuses surround the Spaniard on all sides, and yet it would require no common courage to suggest that the present condition, with all

Jews, the bigotry of Spanish kings, and the horrors of the Inquisition, speak wisely of avenging Destiny, of Providence, and of retribution.

They are too ready to overlook the more meritorious part that Spain has played in the world's history; they are unmindful of her discovery of America, of her civilising missions in southern America, of the example she gave to Europe when, defenceless and almost alone, she turned upon the great Napoleon and began the work that the Duke of Wellington consummated at Waterloo. Spain has her long roll of heroes, patriots, statesmen, martyrs to just causes; if her past history holds much that is to be regretted, she has yet paid the full price of her mistakes.

Charles III. was too progressive; he sought to emancipate people who, two generations later, cried in the streets, "Hurrah for chains! Down with liberty!" His son, the weak, amiable Charles IV., suffered Napoleon to overrun Spain, and when the usurper put his brother, Josef Buonaparte, on the throne at Madrid, Charles IV. and his son, "Ferdinand the Desired," worst and basest of all the Spanish Bourbons, went into exile. When Ferdinand VII. was brought back in triumph, he made his subjects suffer more than they had suffered previously. Napoleon's generals had chastised them with whips; "Ferdinand the Desired" chastised them with scorpions. In his reign the revocation of the Succession Law, passed secretly in Charles IV.'s time, was published, and it gave rise, on the birth of his daughter Isabella, to the movement known as Carlism. The folly of rulers, the distractions of Carlism, the

rise and brief triumph of Republicanism, the Cuban and American wars, have proved a heavy burden of trouble to the country, and it says something for the people that they have shown a very great power of recuperation. Spain to-day is in a period of convalescence; her great danger is a relapse.



*Photo by Valentin,*

*[Madrid,*

HER MAJESTY MARIA CRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

its abuses, is not better than what its collapse would bring about.

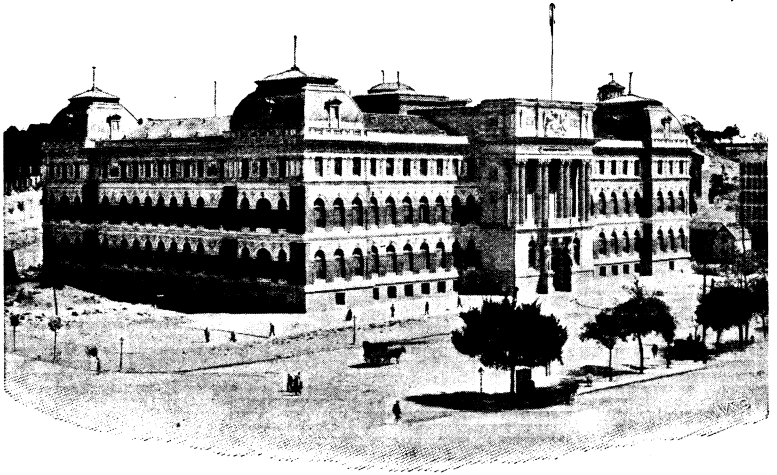
Since Charles III. came from Naples to the throne of Spain, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, the country has known nothing but trouble. Moralists, ever ready to recall the expulsion of the Moors and the



Such relapse may take the form of a Carlist rising or a Republican outbreak; and while, from the stand-points of Legitimists and Progressives, such disturbances would be reasonable enough, they would be in the last degree dangerous to the over-taxed, over-wrought country.

If the ruling power plays at constitutional government, pretending to be Liberal and Conservative in turn, while keeping all the irreconcilable elements excluded from representation, if it keeps up prohibitive taxes and farms the oppressive *octroi* tax, that weighs so heavily upon all poor Spaniards, there is at least this great excuse—the *status quo* must be maintained. A successful Carlist rising would result in a free fight between the priest-ridden Carlists and the freethinking Republicans; similarly, successful Republicanism would bring the Carlists as well as the Alfonsists in arms. Then again, Señor Sagasta has to keep certain prominent Legitimists in peace by refraining from too liberal or anti-clerical legislation, and if no steps of any sort were taken to keep Catholic Clericalism within

bounds, Republicanism and Socialism would spread over a still wider area. To hold the scales with some approach to justice, while doing nothing to offend the Army, which is the one active power of the State, is a task that may well baffle any statesman. Happily for Spain, Señor Sagasta's political experience extends over very many years and embraces several forms of government. He has outlived personal ambition and devotes his great talents to the State. Only once of late years has he had a serious difference with the Queen Regent, and that was when the Infanta Mercedes was affianced to the Count of Caserta, younger brother of the Duke of Calabria, and son of the Carlist Count of Caserta. Señor Sagasta, doubtless cognisant of



THE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR, MADRID.



THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID, FROM THE CAMPO MORO.

the risks that must come if King Alfonso XIII. dies childless, and the Infanta has a son, opposed the marriage, and on the fall of the Conservative Cabinet refused to form a Liberal substitute. That is why we saw the Azcarraga Cabinet that preceded



*Photo by Fernandez.]*

[*Madrid.*

SEÑOR SAGASTA.  
*Prime Minister.*

Sagasta's. Had persuasion been effective, the Caserta marriage would not have taken place, but the Queen Regent refused to sacrifice her daughter's happiness to any political considerations, and General Weyler supported her action

throughout, making a very short work of the outbreak that was organised for political purposes by certain low-lying Madrileños. Don Carlos has well nigh passed beyond the sphere of active politics; he fulminates ineffectively from his beautiful palace in Venice. Don Jaime, who has served with some distinction in the Russian Army, is, at the time of writing, just convalescent after an exhausting attack of fever. On this account it may be that the threatened Carlist outbreak, arranged to synchronise with King Alfonso's succession, will be indefinitely postponed. Carlists have been full of threats for many years now, but in the hands of Don Carlos the movement has degenerated—to the great benefit of Spain, for it is foolish, and the people it aims to elevate are ill-suited to power. Republicanism, on the other hand, has grown far and wide through Catalonia; the prosperity of its merchants, while making them averse from decisive action, has made them more than ever sensitive to the taxation claims of the central Government. Under the present system of representation, Republicans are excluded as far as is possible from the Cortes, and taxation without due representation is having the inevitable result. Politicians believe and hope that Spain's general prosperity, follow-

ing the civil war and the deadly drain of youth and money that resulted from the Cuban troubles, will act automatically upon the discontent—that people will grow to accept the limitations of the governing system until such time as anomalies may be safely modified. Peace-loving opponents of the Government say that so long as there are loaves and fishes for Liberals and Conservatives to share in turn, reform will be postponed indefinitely; how far they are justified it is not easy to say. A very intimate knowledge of Spanish affairs would be required to justify the expression of a decided opinion.

A consideration of the political relations between Great Britain and Spain must ever be full of interest while the integrity of Morocco is maintained and we continue to possess Gibraltar, "a post temporarily in the occupation of Great Britain," as Spanish State documents describe it. Alliances are in the air; "splendid isolation" is as dead as the Corn Laws. Consequently, we are justified in looking round Europe and considering the groupings and arrangements of forces that may come with the next few years, particularly in countries possessing a great Mediterranean interest. With Portugal this country has established very friendly relations during the past few years, while our developments with Spain were checked by the Spanish-American war and one of our most prominent statesmen's public reference to "dying nations." In Spain, among people of education and attainments, I have found a considerable uneasiness occasioned by the friendly relations between Great Britain and Portugal, and a feeling that the latter country would be encouraged to manifest her ill-will to Spain. This feeling has undoubtedly been developed by a certain section of the Portuguese public, though it appears to have little enough foundation in fact. The Alfonsist ministers of Spain, Liberal or Conservative, are very well disposed towards Great Britain. Carlists and Republicans are not. The reasons are simple enough. The present Spanish Government desires the preservation of the Mediterranean balance of power, and if Spain cannot possess Morocco, she desires that unique corner of Africa to maintain its independence, and not to fall into the hands of France or any other first-class Power, whose fortifications along the Mediterranean shore would be a standing menace to Spain.

Great Britain's interests in Morocco are identical with those of Spain. The aim of

our politicians has been to help Morocco to help herself rather than to precipitate the partition that other Powers desire. Some substantial progress has been made lately in the direction of this accomplishment, and certain definite reforms are in progress. It is an open secret that Spain, bereft of her colonies, centres all her hopes of conquest upon Morocco, and, recognising that the time has not yet arrived for military adventure, is delighted to see Morocco left in peace. Here, then, is the chief ground for friendliness between the Alfonsist Government and Great Britain. The Republicans, on the other hand, look to France. Catalonia has cried



SEÑOR GONZALEZ.

SAGASTA'S CABINET: THE MARQUIS VILLANEUVA  
*Minister of Agriculture and Public Works.*

aloud for a union with her northern neighbours, and would welcome it at any price as a relief from the heavy impositions of the Spanish Government. Neither Republicans nor Socialists have sympathy with Spanish dreams of Empire, and French designs in northern Africa would leave them unmoved. Consequently a Republican Government in Spain would be a serious menace to this country. Less capable but equally hostile, a Carlist Government would be at the beck and call of Rome and would welcome any action dictated by the Church that was prejudicial to British interests. Short of establishing the Holy Inquisition once again, Don Carlos would stop at nothing to reaffirm the temporal power of the Pope. He has said as much in a manifesto. The situation, thus reduced to its simplest form, leads the unprejudiced observer to believe that on the maintenance of the Alfonsist Government depend the development and maintenance of the Anglo-Spanish *entente*, although it is undeniable that the Republicans and their relations

labour under many and serious disadvantages that call for sympathy from liberal people. Alfonso XIII. has a rare chance of improving Anglo-Spanish relations, and it is not unlikely that he will take it. He has a very complete knowledge of the English language and is well disposed towards this country.

We shall be asked in these days, what manner of man or boy is Alfonso XIII., who is called upon to do so much? And in reply many contradictory statements will be made by people who are not properly qualified to express any opinion. Every sovereign's character is guarded jealously, and though we read of the fierce light that beats upon the throne, it may be suggested that the light is so fierce that it dazzles the eyes; we look and see a blaze, nothing more. Yet from people in the King's immediate circle it is possible to obtain replies to questions that may be asked and answered without impropriety. I have been assured on excellent authority that King Alfonso is a hard-working, highly talented lad, with great linguistic accomplishments and a very considerable acquaintance with military matters. For one so young his military knowledge and his interest in the Army are quite surprising. He has the delicate expression and

slender frame that are common to so many princes of the House of Hapsburg, but I have been assured that he is not nearly so delicate as he appears to be, and that down to the present he has manifested none of the symptoms of the trouble that carried his gallant father from throne to grave in his twenty-eighth year.

A very careful training, a knowledge of the difficulties surrounding the throne, and the assistance of the best and most enlightened minds in the country are the points in his

favour. Against these one has to set the statement that the young King is inclined to believe in his divine rights and to take the reins of government rather too eagerly. He is charged with the possession of enthusiasm, a dangerous gift for a lad called upon to

exercise authority over one of the Latin peoples, possessors of the most sanguine temperaments and the most florid eloquence, the quickest passions, and the slowest critical faculty. There is no big part for him to play—at least, there is no big part in the



*Photo by Fernandez.]*

[*Madrid.*

DUKE OF ALMODOVAR DEL RIO.

*Minister for Foreign Affairs.*

ordinarily accepted sense of the term. To lighten taxation, consolidate trade interests, coerce Carlism, reconcile the Catalans, organise the Navy, control the Army, these are the tasks that lie before him, and, greater than all of them, the maintenance of peace. Recalling the years when Spain was sending her blood and treasure to Cuba to wage a war whose full extent America has since had occasion to realise, one sees signs of a growing prosperity that bids fair to heal many a grievance automatically. The trade in big towns has gone ahead, developments are proceeding apace in the country, and Spain is finding herself possessed of many resources hitherto unsuspected. This is particularly the case in regard to minerals, whose presence in paying quantities is rapidly transforming certain districts hitherto undeveloped. Many of these districts are worked by British enterprise, and need nothing more than capital for their profitable development. So soon as there is full security for commercial enterprise there will be no lack of money. It will be noticed that many of the best city improvements, such as electric lighting, tramways, etc., are organised by foreigners in Spain, and if the profits go to alien shareholders, the benefits at least are enjoyed by the natives and are calculated to



*Photo by Fernandez.]*

[*Madrid.*

SAGASTA'S CABINET: SEÑOR MORET.

*Minister of the Interior.*

stimulate a healthy discontent in cities where no progress is visible at present. Foreign initiative was absolutely necessary. I re-



*Photo by Fernandez,]*

*[Madrid.*

GENERAL WEYLER, MARQUIS OF  
TENERIFFE.

*Minister of War.*

m e m b e r  
meeting a  
young Ger-  
man engin-  
eer in Seville  
some seven  
years ago.  
He told me  
h e w a s  
organising  
electric  
trams for  
the city.  
Natives as-  
sured me  
that they  
preferred  
their tum-  
bled, dirty  
cars, drawn  
b y t h e  
b r o k e n -  
d o w n h o r s e s  
whose ap-

pearance in the bull-ring was only a few months away. "We want no electric cars,"

they said. A few months ago in Seville I had to look very carefully to find a horse-tram anywhere. Decent electric cars served every point of the city and were abundantly patronised. The good folk of Seville now laugh at the cities where electric traction is still unpractised; they have quite forgotten their own earlier sentiments and do not even care to be reminded of them.

In these directions, then, we must look for Spanish progress under King Alfonso XIII. Commercial and industrial progress are the desiderata, internal tranquillity, and a more complete recovery from civil and external war. A reformed currency and a reduced taxation are other important points that cry aloud for consideration. Will Alfonso XIII. be content to labour for these achievements? Will he be content to rely for his fame and reputation upon work that scarcely echoes outside the place of its accomplishment? He who can answer this question can speak with authority of the future of Spain. Devotion, concentration, self-repression will spell prosperity; ambition, impatience, recklessness will give renewed life to Carlism, fresh strength to Republicanism, and an extended period to general unrest. So much is certain, and the rest is on the knees of the gods.



THE WAR OFFICE, MADRID.

# MARCONI'S ACHIEVEMENT:

## TELEGRAPHING ACROSS THE OCEAN WITHOUT WIRES.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.\*

[Immediately upon the announcement of Mr. Marconi's success in signalling across the Atlantic Ocean, Mr. Baker went to St. John's, Newfoundland, where he visited the inventor and the scene of his experiments, afterwards accompanying him to Nova Scotia, and obtaining from him a complete and accurate account of his extraordinary achievements. In July, 1899, the WINDSOR MAGAZINE published an account of his successful signalling across the English Channel. The present paper is the authoritative story, obtained from the inventor himself, and carefully revised by him, of his crowning triumph. —THE EDITOR.]

IT is not at all surprising that Mr. Marconi kept his own counsel regarding his plans in coming to Newfoundland. So much hung on his success; and his project, in its bare outlines, was of a nature to balk human credulity. Think for a moment of sitting here on the edge of North America and listening to communications sent *through space* across nearly 2,000 miles of ocean from the edge of Europe! A cable, marvellous as it is, maintains a tangible and material connection between speaker and hearer: one can grasp its meaning. But here is nothing but space, a pole with a pendent wire on one side of a broad, curving ocean, an uncertain kite struggling in the air on the other—and thought passing between. And the apparatus for sending and receiving these trans-oceanic messages costs not a hundredth part of the expense of a cable. It is true that Marconi had already convinced the world of his ability to transmit messages for short distances without wires; yet his earlier successes seemed in no wise to prepare the public for his greater achievement. Earlier in the year he had communicated about 250 miles between stations on the British coast, but who imagined that he would suddenly attempt nearly eight times that distance? Even famous scientists and inventors refused at first to believe that signals had been actually transmitted from England to America. The project was too daring for public announcement. No one knew better what its success might mean to the world than the inventor—the entire reconstruction of the present methods of trans-oceanic communication, the possible rejection as waste of thousands of pounds' worth of the costly and cumbersome cable apparatus now in use, new possibilities opened in commerce and politics,

war made more difficult, nations brought into closer and more sympathetic relationships—in short, the very shrinkage of the earth. Supposing the inventor had heralded his plans—and failed!

Very quietly, therefore, on December 6, 1901, Mr. Marconi landed at St. John's, with his two assistants, Mr. Kemp and Mr. Paget. It was understood that he would attempt communication with the trans-Atlantic steamships as they passed back and forth 300 miles away. He set up his instruments in a low room of the old barracks on Signal Hill, which stands sentinel at the harbour mouth half a mile from the city of St. John's. So simple and easily arranged is the apparatus, that in three days' time the inventor was prepared to begin his experiments. On Wednesday, the 10th, as a preliminary test of the wind velocity, he sent up one of his kites, a huge hexagonal affair of bamboo and silk nine feet high, built on the Baden-Powell model: the wind promptly snapped the wire and blew the kite out to sea. He then filled a 14-ft. hydrogen balloon, and sent it upward through a thick fog-bank. Hardly had it reached the limit of its tetherings, however, when the aerial wire on which he had depended for receiving his messages fell to the earth, the balloon broke away, and was never seen again. On Thursday, the 12th, a day destined to be important in the annals of invention, Marconi tried another kite, and though the weather was so blustery that it required the combined strength of the inventor and his assistants to manage the tetherings, they succeeded in holding the kite at an elevation of about 400 feet. Marconi was now prepared for the crucial test. Before leaving England he had given detailed instructions to his assistants for the transmission of a certain signal, the Morse telegraphic S, represented by three dots ( . . ), at a fixed time each day, begin-

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ning as soon as they received word that everything at St. John's was in readiness. This signal was to be clicked out on the transmitting instruments near Poldhu, Cornwall, the south-western tip of England, and radiated from a number of aerial wires pendent from masts 210 feet high. If the inventor could receive on his kite-wire in Newfoundland some of the electrical waves thus produced, he knew that he held the solution of the problem of trans-oceanic wireless telegraphy. He had cabled his assistants to begin sending the signals at three o'clock in the afternoon, English time, continuing until six o'clock; that is, from about 11.30 to 2.30 o'clock in St. John's.

At noon on Thursday (December 12, 1901) Marconi sat waiting, a telephone receiver at his ear, in a room of the old barracks on Signal Hill. To him it must have been a moment of painful stress and expectation. Arranged on the table before him, all its parts within easy reach of his hand, was the delicate receiving instrument, the supreme product of years of the inventor's life, now to be submitted to a decisive test. A wire ran out through the window, thence to a pole, thence upward to a kite which could be seen swaying high overhead. It was a bluff, raw day; at the base of a cliff 300 feet below thundered a cold sea; oceanward through the mist rose dimly the rude outlines of Cape Spear, the easternmost reach of the North American continent. Beyond that rolled the unbroken ocean, nearly 2,000 miles to the coast of the British Isles. Across the harbour the City of St. John's lay on its hillside wrapped in fog: no one had taken enough interest in the experiments to come up here through the snow to Signal Hill. Even the ubiquitous reporter was absent. In Cabot Tower, near at hand, the old signalman stood looking out to sea, watching for ships, and little dreaming of the mysterious messages coming that way from England. Standing on that bleak hill and gazing out over the waste of water to the eastward, one finds it difficult indeed to realise that this wonder could have become a reality. The faith of the inventor in his creation, in the kite-wire, and in the instruments which had grown under his hand was unshaken.

"I believed from the first," he told me, "that I should be successful in getting signals across the Atlantic."

Only two persons were present that Thursday noon in the room where the instruments were set up—Mr. Marconi and Mr. Kemp.

Everything had been done that could be done. The receiving apparatus was of unusual sensitiveness, so that it would catch even the faintest evidence of the signals. A telephone receiver, which is no part of the ordinary instrument, had been supplied, so that the slightest clicking of the dots might be conveyed to the inventor's ear. For nearly half an hour not a sound broke the silence of the room. Then quite suddenly Mr. Kemp heard the sharp click of the tapper as it struck against the coherer; this, of course, was not the signal, yet it was an indication that something was coming. The inventor's face showed no evidence of excitement. Presently he said—

"See if you can hear anything, Mr. Kemp."

Mr. Kemp took the receiver, and a moment later, faintly and yet distinctly and unmistakably, came the three little clicks—the dots of the letter S, tapped out an instant before in England. At ten minutes past one, more signals came, and both Mr. Marconi and Mr. Kemp assured themselves again and again that there could be no mistake. During this time the kite gyrated so wildly in the air that the receiving wire was not maintained at the same height, as it should have been; but again, at twenty minutes after two, other repetitions of the signal were received.

Thus the problem was solved. One of the great wonders of science had been wrought. But the inventor went down the hill towards the city, now bright with lights, feeling depressed and disheartened—the rebound from the stress of the preceding days. On the following afternoon, Friday, he succeeded in getting other repetitions of the signal from England, but on Saturday, though he made an effort, he was unable to raise a kite. The signals were, of course, sent continuously, but the inventor was unable to obtain continuous results, owing, as he explains, to the fluctuations of the height of the kite as it was blown about by the wind, and to the extreme delicacy of his instruments, which required constant adjustment during the experiments.

Even now that he had been successful, the inventor hesitated to make his achievement public, lest it seem too extraordinary for belief. Finally, after withholding the great news for two days, certainly an evidence of self-restraint, he gave out a statement to the press, and on Sunday morning the world knew and doubted; on Monday it knew more and believed. Many,



like Mr. Edison, awaited the inventor's signed announcement before they would credit the news. Sir Cavendish Boyle, the Governor of Newfoundland, reported at once to King Edward; and the cable company which has exclusive rights in Newfoundland, alarmed at an achievement which threatened the very existence of its business, demanded that he desist from further experiments within its territory, truly an evidence of the belief of practical men in the future commercial importance of the invention. It is not a little significant of the increased willingness of the world, born of expanding

since then, Edison, Bell, Röntgen, and many other famous inventors and scientists have taught the world to be chary of its disbelief. Outside of this general disposition to friendliness, however, Marconi on his own part had well earned the credit of the careful and conservative scientist; his previous successes made it the more easy to credit his new achievement. For, as an Englishman (Mr. Flood Page), in defending Mr. Marconi's announcement, has pointed out, the inventor has never made any statement in public until he has been absolutely certain of the fact; he has never had to withdraw any statement



MR. MARCONI AND HIS ASSISTANTS: MR. KEMP ON THE LEFT, MR. PAGET ON THE RIGHT.

*They are sitting on a balloon basket, with one of the Baden-Powell kites in the background.*

knowledge, to accept a new scientific wonder, that Mr. Marconi's announcement should have been so eagerly and so generally believed, and that the popular imagination should have been so fired with its possibilities. One cannot but recall the struggle against doubt, prejudice, and disbelief in which the promoters of the first trans-Atlantic cable were forced to engage. Even after the first cable was laid (in 1858) and messages had actually been transmitted, there were many who denied that it had ever been successfully operated, and would hardly be convinced even by the affidavits of those concerned in the work. But in the years

that he has made as to his progress in the past. And these facts unquestionably carried great weight in convincing Mr. Edison, Mr. Graham Bell, and others of equal note of the literal truth of his report. It was astonishing how overwhelmingly credit came from every quarter of the world, from high and low alike, from inventors, scientists, statesmen, royalty. Before Marconi left St. John's he was already in receipt of a large mail—the inevitable letters of those who would offer congratulation, give advice, or ask favours. He received offers to lecture, to write articles, to visit this, that, and the other place—and all within a week after the

news of his success. The people of the "ancient colony" of Newfoundland, famed for their hospitality, crowned him with every honour in their power. I accompanied Mr. Marconi across the island on his way to Nova Scotia, and it seemed as if every fisher and farmer in that wild country had heard of him, for when the train stopped they came crowding to look in at the window. From the comments I heard, they wondered most at the inventor's youthful appearance. Though he is only twenty-seven years old, his experience as an inventor covers many years, for he began experimenting in wireless telegraphy before he was twenty. At twenty-one he came to London from his Italian home, and convinced the British Post Office Department that he had an important idea; at twenty-three he was famous the world over.

The inventor is somewhat above medium height, and though of a highly strung temperament, he is deliberate in his movements. Unlike the inventor of tradition, he dresses with scrupulous neatness, and, in spite of being a prodigious worker, he finds time to enjoy a limited amount of club and social life. The portrait published with this article, taken at St. John's a few days after the experiments, gives a very good idea of the inventor's face, though it cannot convey the peculiar lustre of his eyes when he is interested or excited—and perhaps it makes him look older than he really is. One of the first and strongest impressions that the man conveys is that of intense nervous activity and mental absorption; he has a way of pouncing upon a knotty question, as if he could not wait to solve it. He talks little, is straightforward and unassuming, submitting good-naturedly, although with evident unwillingness, to being lionised. In his public addresses he has been clear and sensible; he has written little for publication; nor has he engaged in scientific disputes, and even when violently attacked he has let his work prove his point. And he has accepted his success with calmness, almost unconcern; he certainly expected it. The only elation I saw him express was over the attack of the cable monopoly in Newfoundland, which he regarded as the greatest tribute that could have been paid his achievement. During all his life, opposition has been his keenest spur to greater effort.

Though he was born and educated in Italy, his mother was of Irish birth, and he speaks English as perfectly as he does Italian. Indeed, his blue eyes, light hair,

and fair complexion give him decidedly the appearance of an Englishman, so that a stranger meeting him for the first time would never suspect his Italian parentage. His parents are still living, spending part of their time on their estate in Italy and part of the time in London. One of the first messages conveying the news of his success at St. John's went to them. He embarked in experimental research because he loved it, and no amount of honour or money tempts him from the pursuit of the great things in electricity which he sees before him. Besides being an inventor, he is also a shrewd business man, with a clear appreciation of the value of his inventions and of their possibilities when generally introduced. What is more, he knows how to go about the task of introducing them.

No sooner had Marconi announced his success than critics began to raise objections. Might not the signals which he received have been sent from some passing ship fitted with wireless-telegraphy apparatus? Or, might they not have been the result of electrical disturbances in the atmosphere? Or, granting his ability to communicate across seas, how could he preserve the secrecy of his messages? If they were transmitted into space, why was it not possible for anyone with a receiving instrument to take them? And was not his system of transmission too slow to make it useful, or was it not rendered uncertain by storms? And so on indefinitely. An acquaintance with some of the principles which Marconi considers fundamental, and on which his work has been based, will help to clear away these objections and give some conception of the real meaning and importance of the work at St. John's and of the plans for the future development of the inventor's system.

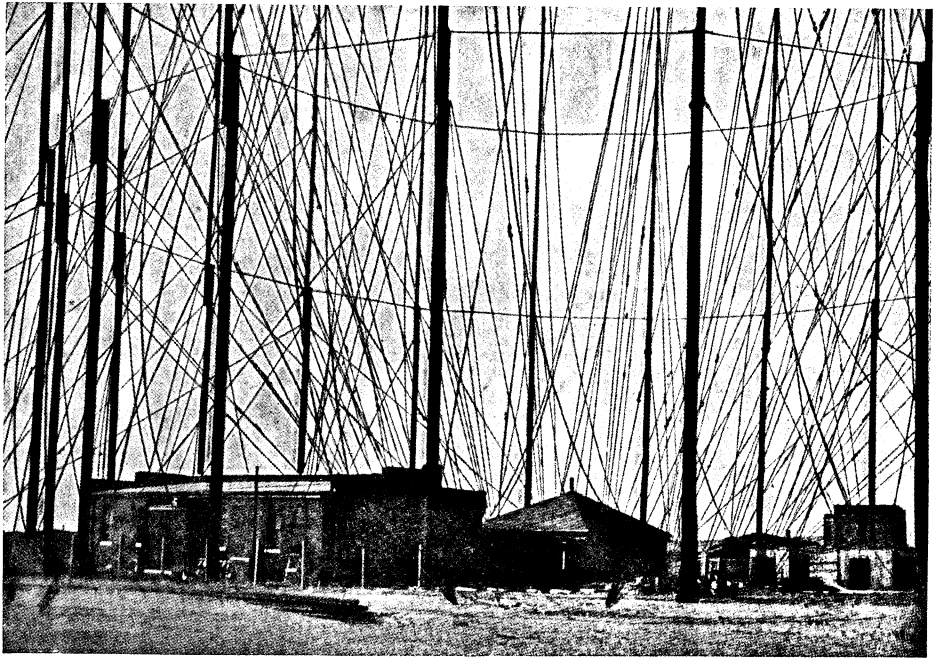
In the first place, Mr. Marconi makes no claim to being the first to experiment along the lines which led to wireless telegraphy, or the first to signal for short distances without wires. He is prompt with his acknowledgment to other workers in his field, and to his assistants. Professor S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of telegraphy; Dr. Oliver Lodge and Sir William Preece of England; Edison, Tesla, and Professors Trowbridge and Dolbear of America, and others had experimented along these lines, but it remained for Marconi to perfect a system and put it into practical working order. He took the coherer of Branley and Calzecchi, the oscillator of Righi, he used the discoveries of Henry and Hertz but his creation, like that

of the poet who gathers the words of men in a perfect lyric, was none the less brilliant and original.

In its bare outlines, Marconi's system of telegraphy consists in setting in motion, by means of his transmitter, certain electric waves which, passing through the ether, are received on a distant wire suspended from a kite or mast, and registered on his receiving apparatus. The ether is a mysterious, unseen, colourless, odourless, inconceivably rarefied something which is supposed to fill all space. It has been compared to a jelly in which the stars and planets are set like cherries. About

see light, feel heat, and have electrical phenomena, but no sounds would ever come to our ears. Air is sluggish beside ether, and sound waves are very slow compared with ether waves. During a storm the ether brings the flash of the lightning before the air brings the sound of thunder, as everyone knows.

Electricity is, indeed, only another name for certain vibrations in the ether. We say that electricity "flows" in a wire, but nothing really passes except an etheric wave, for the atoms composing the wire, as well as the air and the earth, and even the hardest



MARCONI WIRELESS-TELEGRAPHY STATION ON CAPE COD, NOW PARTLY STORM-WRECKED.

all we know of it is that it has waves—that the jelly may be made to vibrate in various ways. Etheric vibrations of certain kinds give light; other kinds give heat; others electricity. Experiments have shown that if the ether vibrates at the inconceivable swiftness of 400 billions of waves a second we see the colour red, if twice as fast we see violet, if more slowly—perhaps 230 millions to the second, and less—we have the Hertz waves used by Marconi in his wireless-telegraphy experiments. Ether waves should not be confounded with air waves. Sound is a result of the vibration of the air; if we had ether and no air, we should still

substances, are all afloat in ether. Vibrations, therefore, started at one end of the wire travel to the other. Throw a stone into a quiet pond. Instantly waves are formed which spread out in every direction: the water does not move, except up and down, yet the wave passes onward indefinitely. Electric waves cannot be seen, but electricians have learned how to incite them, to a certain extent how to control them, and have devised cunning instruments which register their presence.

Electrical waves have long been harnessed by the use of wires for sending communications; in other words, we have had wire

telegraphy. But the ether exists outside of the wire as well as within ; therefore, having the ether everywhere, it must be possible to produce waves in it which will pass anywhere, as well through mountains as over seas, and if these waves can be controlled, they will evidently convey messages as easily and as certainly as the ether within wires. So argued Mr. Marconi. The difficulty lay in making an instrument which would produce a peculiar kind of wave, and in receiving and registering this wave in a second apparatus located at a distance from the first. It was, therefore, a practical mechanical problem which Marconi had to meet. Beginning with crude metal boxes set up on poles on the grounds of his father's estate in Italy, he finally devised an apparatus from which a current generated by a battery and passing in brilliant sparks between two brass balls was radiated from a wire suspended on a tall pole. By shutting off and turning on this peculiar current by means of a device similar to the familiar telegrapher's key, the waves could be so divided as to represent dashes and dots, and spell out letters in the Morse alphabet. This was the transmitter. It was, indeed, simple enough to start these waves travelling through space, to jar the etheric jelly, so to speak ; but it was far more difficult to devise an apparatus to receive and register them. For this purpose Marconi adopted a device invented by an Italian, Calzecchi, and improved by a Frenchman, M. Branley, called the coherer, the very crux of the system, without which there could be no wireless telegraphy. This coherer, which he greatly improved, is merely a little tube of glass as big around as a lead pencil, and perhaps two inches long. It is plugged at each end with silver, the plugs nearly meeting within the tube. The narrow space between them is filled with finely powdered fragments of nickel and silver, which possess the strange property of being alternately very good and very bad conductors of electrical waves. The waves which come from the transmitter, perhaps 2,000 miles away, are received on a suspended kite-wire, exactly similar to the wire used in the transmitter, but they are so weak that they could not of themselves operate an ordinary telegraph instrument. They do, however, possess strength enough to draw the little particles of silver and nickel in the coherer together in a continuous metal path. In other words, they make these particles "cohere," and the moment they cohere, they become a good conductor for electricity, and

a current from a battery near at hand operates the Morse instrument and causes it to print a dot or a dash ; then a little tapper, actuated by the same current, strikes against the coherer, the particles of metal are jarred apart or "decohered," becoming instantly a poor conductor, and thus stopping the strong current from the home battery. Another wave comes through space, down the suspended kite-wire into the coherer, there drawing the particles again together, and another dot or dash is printed. All these processes are continued rapidly, until a complete message is ticked out on the tape. Thus Mr. Kemp knew when he heard the tapper strike the coherer that a signal was coming, though he could not hear the click of the receiver itself. And this is in bare outline Mr. Marconi's invention—this is the combination of devices which has made wireless telegraphy possible, the invention on which he has taken out 132 patents in every civilised country in the world. Of course, his instruments contain much of intricate detail, of marvellously ingenious adaptation to the needs of the work, but these are interesting chiefly to expert technicians.

In his actual trans-oceanic experiments of last December, Mr. Marconi's transmitting station in England was fitted with twenty masts 210 feet high, each with its suspended wire, though not all of them were used. A current of electricity sufficient to operate some 300 incandescent lamps was used, the resulting spark being so brilliant that one could not have looked at it with the unshaded eye. The wave which was thus generated had a length of about a fifth of a mile, and the rate of vibration was about 800,000 to the second. Following the analogy of the stone cast in the pond with the ripples circling onward, these waves spread from the suspended wires in England in every direction, not only westward toward the cliff where Marconi was flying his kite, but eastward, northward, and southward, so that if some of Mr. Marconi's assistants had been flying kites, say, on the shore of Africa, or South America, or in St. Petersburg, they might possibly, with a corresponding receiver, have heard the identical signals at the same instant. In his earlier experiments Marconi believed that great distances could not be obtained without very high masts and long, suspended wires, the greater the distance the taller the mast, on the theory that the waves were hindered by the curvature of the earth ; but his later theory, substantiated by his Newfoundland experiments, is that the



GUGLIELMO MARCONI.

*From the photograph taken especially for this article by James Vey, St. John's, Newfoundland. This was only a few days after the first wireless message had been received from across the ocean.*

waves somehow follow around the earth, conforming to its curve, and the next station he establishes in America will not be set high on a cliff, as at St. John's, but down close to the water on level land. His Newfoundland experiments have also con-

vinced him that one of the secrets of successful long-distance transmission is the use of a more powerful current in his transmitter, and this he will test in his next trials between the continents.

And now we come to the most important

part of Mr. Marconi's work, the part least known even to science, and the field of almost illimitable future development. This is the system of "tuning," as the inventor calls it, the construction of a certain receiver so that it will respond only to the message sent by a certain transmitter. When Marconi's discoveries were first announced in 1896, there existed no method of tuning, though the inventor had its necessity clearly

house work. Ships are to be provided with reflecting instruments which in dense fog or storms can be used exactly as a searchlight is now employed on a dark night to discover the location of the lighthouses or lightships. For instance, the lighthouse, say, on some rocky point on the New England coast would continually radiate a warning from its suspended wire. These waves pass as readily through fog and darkness and storm as in

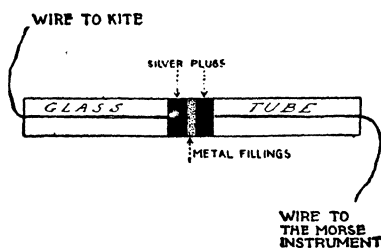
t h a n k s a m w e l l

FACSIMILE OF MESSAGE RECEIVED FROM AN INCOMING STEAMER BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AT THE STATION ON NANTUCKET—A DESPATCH TO THE "NEW YORK HERALD."

in mind. Accordingly the public inquired, "How are you going to keep your messages secret? Supposing a warship wishes to communicate with another of the fleet, what is to prevent the enemy from reading your message? How are private business despatches to be secured against publicity?" Here, indeed, was a problem. Without secrecy no system of wireless telegraphy could ever reach great commercial importance, or compete with the present cable communication. The inventor first tried using a parabolic copper reflector, by means of which he could radiate the electric waves exactly as light—which, it will be borne in mind, is only another kind of etheric wave—is reflected by a mirror. This reflector could be faced in any desired direction, and only a receiver located in that direction would respond to the message. But there were

daylight. A ship out at sea, hidden in fog, has lost its bearings; the sound of the warning horn, if warning there is, seems to come first from one direction, then from another, as sounds do in a fog, luring the ship to destruction. If now the mariner is provided with a wireless reflector, this instrument can be slowly turned until it receives the lighthouse warning, the captain thus learning his exact location; if in distress, he can even communicate with the lighthouse. Think also what an advantage such an equipment would be to vessels entering a dangerous harbour in thick weather. This is one of the developments of the near future.

The reflector system being impracticable for long-distance work, Mr. Marconi experimented with tuning. He so constructed a receiver that it responds only to a certain transmitter. That is, if the transmitter is radiating 800,000 vibrations a second, the corresponding receiver will take only 800,000 vibrations. In exactly the same way a familiar tuning-fork will respond only to another tuning-fork having exactly the same "tune," or number of vibrations per second. And Mr. Marconi has now succeeded in bringing this tuning system to some degree of perfection, though very much work yet remains to be done. For instance, in one of his English experiments, at Poole, in England, he had two receivers connected with the same wire, and tuned to different transmitters located at St. Catherine's Point. Two messages were sent, one in English and one in French. Both were received at the same time on the same wire at Poole, but one receiver rolled off its message in English, the other in French, without the least interference. And so when critics suggested that the inventor may have been deceived at St. John's by messages transmitted from ocean liners, he was able to respond promptly—



COHERER; ACTUAL SIZE.

grave objections to the reflector; an enemy might still creep in between the sending and receiving stations, and, moreover, it was found that the curvature of the earth interfered with the transmission of reflected messages, thereby limiting their usefulness to short distances.

In passing, however, it may be interesting to note one extraordinary use for this reflecting system which the inventor now has in mind. This is in connection with light-



"Impossible. My instrument was tuned to receive only from my station in Cornwall."

Indeed, the only wireless-telegraph apparatus that could possibly have been within hundreds of miles of Newfoundland would be one of the Marconi-fitted steamers, and the "call" of a steamer is not the letter "S," but "V."

The importance of the new system of tuning can hardly be overestimated. By it all the ships of a fleet can be provided with instruments tuned alike, so that they may communicate freely with one another, and have no fear that the enemy will read the messages. The spy of the future must be an electrical expert who can slip in somehow and steal the secret of the enemy's tunes. Great telegraph companies will each have its

messages may be sent or received on the same suspended wire. Supposing, for instance, the operator was sending a hurried press despatch to a newspaper. He has two transmitters, tuned differently, connected with his wire. He cuts the despatch in two, sends the first half on one transmitter, and the second on the other, thereby reducing by half the time of transmission.

A sort of impression prevails that wireless telegraphy is still largely in the uncertain experimental stage; but, as a matter of fact, it has long since passed from the laboratory to a wide commercial use. Its development since Mr. Marconi's first paper was read, in 1896, and especially since the first message was sent from England to France across the Channel, in March, 1899, has been



PREPARING TO FLY THE KITE WHICH SUPPORTS THE RECEIVING WIRE. MARCONI ON THE EXTREME LEFT.

own tuned instruments, to receive only its own messages, and there may be special tunes for each of the important governments of the world. Or perhaps (for the system can be operated very cheaply) the time will even come when the great banking and business houses, or even families and friends, will each have its own wireless system, with its own secret tune. Having variations of millions of different vibrations, there will be no lack of tunes. For instance, the British Navy may be tuned to receive only messages of 700,000 vibrations to the second, the German Navy 1,500,000, the United States Government, 1,000,000, and so on indefinitely.

Tuning also makes multiplex wireless telegraphy a possibility; that is, many

astonishingly rapid. Most of the ships of the great navies of Europe and all the important ocean liners are now fitted with the "wireless" instruments. The system has been recently adopted by Lloyd's, of England, the greatest of shipping exchanges. It is being used on many lightships, and the *New York Herald* receives daily reports from vessels at sea, communicated from a ship station off Nantucket. Were there space to be spared, many incidents might be told showing in what curious and wonderful ways the use of the "wireless" instruments has saved life and property, to say nothing of facilitating business. Though it is not generally known, messages are now received in England at the rate of sixpence a word for transmission to vessels that have



already sailed from port. The inventor informed me that his company was now actually doing a profitable business on a commercial basis, though all profits are expended as fast as earned in new experiments.

Mr. Marconi, indeed, since his experiments in Newfoundland have been successful, assured me that the time when messages would be regularly flashing between Europe and America was much nearer than most people realised.

"It will be a matter of months rather than of years," he said.

And, indeed, the simplicity and ease of installation of his apparatus would certainly argue a speedy accomplishment of that end. He informed me that he would be able to build and equip stations on both sides of the Atlantic for less than £30,000, the subsequent charge for maintenance being very small. A cable across the Atlantic costs between £600,000 and £800,000, and it is a constant source of expenditure for repairs. The inventor will be able to transmit with single instruments about twenty words a minute, and at a cost ridiculously small compared with the present cable tolls. He said in a speech delivered at a dinner given him by the Governor at St. John's that messages which now go by cable at a shilling a word might, if everything turns out well, be sent profitably at a halfpenny a word or less, which is even much cheaper than the very cheapest present rates in America for messages by land wires. It is estimated that about £80,000,000 is invested in cable systems in various parts of the world. If Marconi succeeds as he hopes to succeed, much of the vast network of wires at the bottom of the world's oceans, represented by this investment, will lose its usefulness. It is now the inventor's purpose to push the

work of installation between the continents as rapidly as possible, and no one need be surprised if the year 1902 sees his system in practical commercial operation. Along with this trans-Atlantic work he intends to extend his system of transmission between ships at sea and the ports on land, with a view to enabling the shore stations to maintain constant communication with vessels all the way across the Atlantic. If he succeeds in doing this, there will at last be no escape for the weary from the daily news of the world, so long one of the advantages of an ocean voyage. For every morning each ship, though in mid-ocean, will get its bulletin of news, the ship's printing-press will strike it off, and it will be served hot with the coffee. Yet think what such a system will mean to ships in distress, and how often it will relieve the anxiety of friends awaiting the delayed voyager.

Mr. Marconi's faith in his invention is boundless. He told me that one of the projects which he hoped soon to attempt was to communicate between England and New Zealand. If the electric waves follow the curvature of the earth, as the Newfoundland experiments indicate, he sees no reason why he should not send signals 6,000 or 10,000 miles as easily as 2,000.

Then there is the whole question of the use of wireless telegraphy on land, a subject hardly studied, though messages have already been sent upward of sixty miles overland. The new system will certainly prove an important adjunct on land in war-time, for it will enable generals to signal, as they have done in South Africa, over comparatively long distances in fog and storm, and over stretches where it might be impossible for the telegraph corps to string wires, or for couriers to pass, on account of the presence of the enemy.

# A CASE IN POINT.

By SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES.



HELLO ! there's old  
‘Case-in-point’ ! ”  
“Who? What?  
Where d’y ou  
mean?”

“That old boy  
there in the Peers’  
Gallery, nearly over  
the clock, fixing his  
glasses on his noble  
nose; surely you

remember him when he sat in this place?  
He used to be Mr. Jeremiah McHaggart, the  
champion bore of his day and generation.”

“No; he was before my day.”

The two who were talking were seated in  
the Press Gallery of the House of Commons  
on an afternoon when the place was crowded.  
Some really distinguished men had thought  
it advisable to be in for once at prayer-time,  
so as to make sure of a seat. Not was that  
the only nor the most reliable sign of the  
importance of the occasion, for the Press  
Gallery was also crowded, and both Raby  
and Savery, while exchanging their com-  
ments on the scene, were packed closely  
together on the back seat. Savery was  
somewhat upset by this.

“I can’t write a single note here,” he  
said; “can’t even move my wrist.”

“All the better,” said Raby; “so long as  
you’ve room to yawn, it’s all right. If you  
keep on looking at them and steadily ignor-  
ing all they say, you can’t help getting local  
colour.”

“That’s how you became what folks call  
an impressionist, I suppose,” replied poor  
Savery, making futile efforts to get a pencil  
out of his pocket; “but what about old  
McHaggart?”

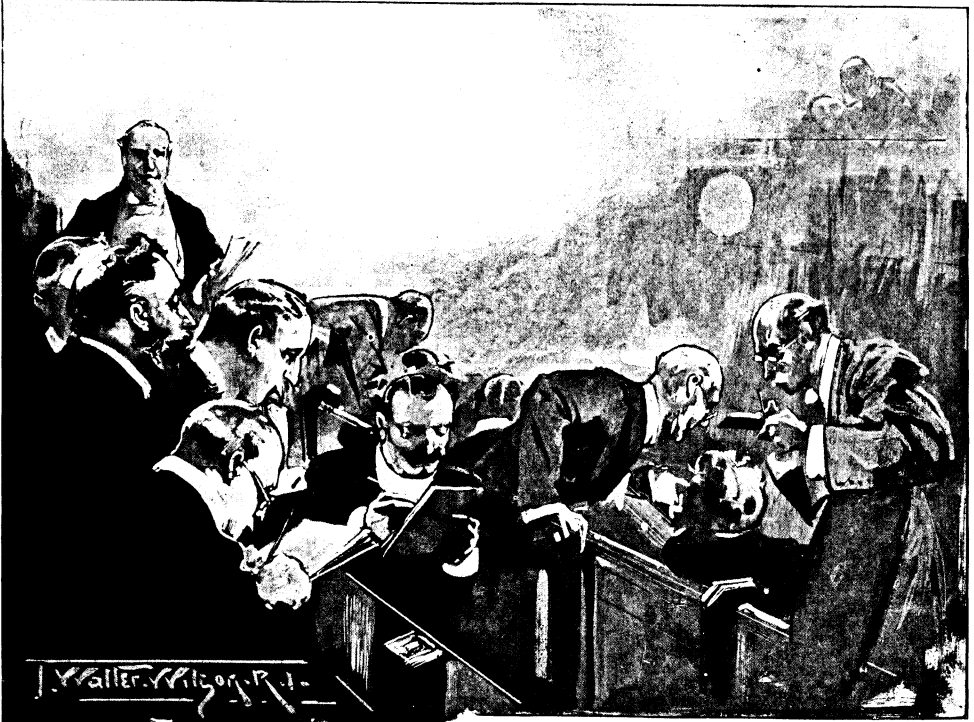
And, of course, directly Savery had con-  
fessed that his personal acquaintance with the  
House began later than Raby’s, Raby showed  
a certain pity, tinged with something like  
contempt, for his less experienced colleague.  
For even Parliamentary journalists are  
human, and among them, just as in village  
communities, the oldest inhabitant is re-  
garded as sacrosanct, and merit is always  
associated with seniority.

So Raby enjoyed himself greatly in relat-

ing to his friend the deeds of Jeremiah  
McHaggart, M.P., in the great days of old,  
before the honourable member had been  
created first Baron Boreham. The tale was  
worth telling, for the McHaggart incidents  
were memorable, and of course those inci-  
dents lost nothing when related by the in-  
genious Raby, who, as an impressionist,  
declined to be hampered by what Dr. John-  
son called “authenticity of narration,” and  
who, of course, enjoyed the chance of making  
it appear that the present was very jog-trot  
and humdrum compared with those days  
when Savery was still reporting farmers’  
dinners in the country.

Mr. McHaggart had, before his elevation,  
represented for fifteen years the Snoozey  
Division. He was a man of considerable  
wealth, of appalling respectability, and of  
kindly disposition. But—and the “but”  
has as great a significance in this case as in  
the description of Naaman the Syrian—but  
he was a bore. He looked like a states-  
man, having a strong, impressive face and  
a head of silvery hair. He dressed like a  
Cabinet Minister, his necktie was arranged  
in a manner worthy of the best traditions  
of the Treasury Bench, his voice was an in-  
fallible cure for insomnia, and there was  
something almost fascinating in his trick of  
removing his glasses from his nose, wagging  
them at his opponents, and popping them on  
again, when addressing the House.

And he addressed it on every possible  
occasion. His questions, always followed up  
by as many supplementary inquiries as the  
Speaker would allow, were quite a feature at  
the beginning of every sitting, and when the  
Leaders had wound up some great debate,  
and the crowded House was wildly eager to  
divide, the member for the Snoozey Division  
always proposed, amid roars of interruption,  
to add “a few words,” as he inadequately  
called them. On points of order and  
questions of precedent and procedure he was  
immense, and it was in this connection that  
he had obtained the nickname which that  
trifler Raby had used—“Old Case-in-point.”  
For Mr. McHaggart was almost invariably en-  
trenched between heaps of Hansard volumes,  
with the contents of which he was fatally



"Hullo! there's old 'Case-in-point'!"

familiar. No debate, important or trivial, was complete unless he intervened at some stage, and often at several, tapping an open volume, and remarking with a conciliatory smile, "If the hon. gentleman will allow me, I think I can give him a case in point." The shouts of derisive encouragement, of "Order!" "Oh, oh!" the laughter, cheers, jeers, and cries of "Speak up!" had no terrors for him. He would stalk solemnly from the Chamber, after bowing to the Speaker in a manner worthy of an ambassador at a congress of nations, and would in a few minutes return with more volumes under his arm, and on his return he invariably received an uproarious welcome. In the Session or in the Recess, in the House or at home, he was for ever thumbing these volumes, for he had a set extending over many years in his own library, and after much serious thought he had come to the conclusion that it was not wrong to study them on Sunday.

Before arriving at that decision, however, he had consulted his lively friend, Mr. Grigley, Q.C., who sat near him in the House. Mr. Grigley listened very sympathetically to the statement of the case submitted.

"Your object in making these researches is, I gather," observed the unregenerate lawyer, "to enable you to afford assistance or guidance to members when they are in the dark, so to speak?"

"That's it, that's it," replied good Mr. McHaggart eagerly, "though they seldom see fit to act on my advice."

"That doesn't matter at all," continued Grigley. "The intention is everything."

"I see," said the member for Snoozey, taking off his glasses and polishing them on his handkerchief.

"In these circumstances," added the Q.C., "your study of Hansard is of the nature not so much of an act of necessity as of an errand of mercy—like visiting the sick and that sort of thing, you know."

"You really think so?" asked Mr. McHaggart, with a radiant smile.

"Certainly," replied his friend. "And there's Scriptural authority, for it, too. You want to assist a Minister or a member out of a mess, and I know there's a passage saying that it is lawful to help a donkey out of a hole on the Sabbath day. Case in point, don't you see, my dear old boy?"

Mr. McHaggart shrank a little from the playful use of his own pet formula, and also

from the more playful tap on the chest which accompanied it, but he took the advice and tackled Hansard with greater energy than ever.

The lively lawyer had given bad advice, however, for this continual devotion to this strange form of study began to tell on poor McHaggart's health, and necessarily on his temper. He took to reading the dreary tomes in bed, and even when he slept his mind was troubled by long-forgotten debates and by ancient rulings from the Chair. He grew morose and showed a disposition to snap at those who mocked when he intervened in debate. New members had come to the House who were impatient and unmannerly, and the result was a succession of scenes in which, above a confused din, the Speaker called in vain for order, and Mr. McHaggart roared out one of his eternal cases in point. Lively accounts of "McHaggart on his native heath" appeared in the newspapers; a wag published some verses, in which the word "Snoozey" was made to rhyme with another word suggesting intemperance—the hint being grossly unfair—and the artists had a great time of it portraying the honourable member as shaking his fist, taking off his coat, wielding a claymore. One artist, in a picture which he little thought at the time would prove to be prophetic, and which was entitled, "What it will come to," represented the member for the Snoozey Division as if he had hurled a volume of Hansard (sketched as if it were twice the size of a family Bible) across the floor, and had knocked some jeering member almost inside out.

Now, it happened that the Leader of the House was a man who hated scenes, and whose motto was, "Anything for a quiet life." The Leader of the Opposition was also an easy-going Laodicean, and the two right honourable gentlemen, like the augurs of old, used to chuckle together at many things behind the scenes. Many and many a secret talk they had as to what was to be done with the member for Snoozey, and at last they agreed that some discreet unofficial member should sound Mr. McHaggart's chief supporters, to find out whether they would give him a hint that his behaviour might lose him his seat. This discreet member was not quite discreet enough, however. He found out that that which offended the House thrilled Snoozey. Mr. McHaggart's constituents journeyed to town on purpose to see their member "perform," and their reports in the two clubs and the

smoke-room of the chief hotel roused such enthusiasm that it was arranged that the honourable member should not be opposed.

Moreover, the weekly paper—the *Snoozey Champion*—relied on these scenes for its most readable matter, and its editor, somehow or other, heard of these intrigues. He rose to the occasion and wrote an impassioned article beginning, "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary." So said the well known poet, John Milton. We need Milton in Snoozey to-day, for the Palladium of our liberties is being secretly sapped by unscrupulous intriguers." The editor went on to glance at the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. He paid a tribute to Simon de Montfort and John Hampden, and wound up by saying that if the men of Snoozey were prepared to put up with the insolent interference of party hacks from town and of Cockney whippersnappers, they might as well all go and live in Siberia, with chains round their necks.

The article was quoted in the London evening papers, and questions were put about it in the House, and so unsatisfactory were the replies that the Leader of the Opposition had hard work to prevent the adjournment being moved. Mr. McHaggart himself preserved a dignified attitude, and, acting on the advice of the friendly Grigley, was content with making a grim announcement that he would call attention to the matter on the Estimates, when he hoped to be able to quote more than one case in point. As might have been expected, this unsuccessful attempt to curb, if not to muzzle, Mr. McHaggart spurred him on to wilder efforts than ever. He regarded Hansard as a book from which persecutors as unscrupulous as the Inquisitors of Spain would tear him. He asked questions and quoted precedents, not only for their own sake, but also as a vindication of a right, and thus scenes became more and more frequent.

The two opposing Leaders in the House made it a rule to drink tea together in the afternoon, whenever what they called the "exigencies of the situation" permitted, and their talk on such occasions would often have surprised their devoted followers in the House, and would have astounded their supporters in the country. One afternoon, when the member for Snoozey had tried to show that a supplementary question he wished to ask, but which had been considered unduly argumentative by the Speaker, was "on

all fours" with one which passed muster when Lord Palmerston led the House, and had caused a prolonged disturbance, the Leader of the House met his rival and groaned as he sat down.

"It gets worse and worse," he said. "What are we to do with your worthy friend and his everlasting cases in point?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "unless a poleaxe could be used, and that, I'm afraid, would be out of order."

"They'd call it a breach of privilege, or something of that sort," responded the Leader of the House. "He talked about what was allowed under Lord Palmerston! I wish he had Pam to deal with."

"Yes," said the other. "Pam did not worry himself, or let others worry him, about a case in point."

"I wonder," went on the Leader musingly, "if the erudite McHaggart knows that if the House is of opinion that a member's mind is incurably unsound, it can declare his seat vacant and order a new writ?"

"Can it?" questioned the rival Leader eagerly. "Then let's try it! Really, such a provision looks like a special providence. I'd move it, just to show it was not a party question."

"I'm afraid it won't do," was the gloomy response. "You see, there are four medical men sitting behind me, and you have three in your lot. Party question or no party question, those doctors would go at each others' throats."

"But if we made the seven into a committee," pleaded the Leader of the Opposition, "and told them to thrash the matter out upstairs, surely they——"

"They'd thrash each other out, that would be all," was the uncompromising reply.

So the two right honourable gentlemen, who never talked politics, chatted about music, Alpine climbing, the shortcomings of the Kitchen Committee, and a score of other topics, when suddenly the Leader of the House exclaimed, with unusual animation—

"By the way, there is one way of settling the McHaggart question, and yet I'm afraid it would not do."

"What is it?" inquired his friend.

"Well, you see," continued the Leader of the House, with a certain amount of confusion, and avoiding his rival's eye, "there's the Birthday List coming along, and—and—well, you understand all about it, you've done it yourself. Why should we not make old McHaggart a peer? We shall have to make one or two, and they're not much better."

"The very thing!" exclaimed the Opposition Leader. "Send him up there, and for once I shall be able to say, 'Thank Heaven we have a House of Lords!' and to mean it. And then you'd get all sorts of eulogies for magnanimity and so forth."

"I wonder what that editor of the *Snoozey* what's-its-name would say, if he heard you?" said the Leader of the House, laughing.

"What would lots of people say, if they heard us on all sorts of occasions?" retorted the other.

And then, as a division bell rang, they separated, entered the House from opposite ends, and marched sternly into different lobbies, under the watchful eyes of the Strangers' Gallery.

Mr. McHaggart was not only startled, but also bewildered when, shortly after the above consultation had taken place, he received an intimation that the Prime Minister was anxious to recommend him to the "fountain of honour" for a peerage. The worthy member was for once unable to remember a case in point, and, being left without the guidance of precedent, he felt the necessity of friendly advice. Naturally enough he turned in his perplexity to Mr. Grigley. Now, it happened that that learned gentleman was not altogether surprised, though he affected the utmost astonishment, for he had received a hint from his Leader that such an offer might be made, and had been urged to persuade the member for Snoozey to accept it. Like most aspiring lawyers, Mr. Grigley saw the advisability of putting the Front Bench under an obligation to him, and so he told Mr. McHaggart that there was no doubt whatever the offer should be accepted at once.

"It may be that you are correct in saying there is no case in point," he observed. "You are far stronger on precedents than I am, and I don't know much about this sort of thing. I have always understood that most men who get peerages beg and pray for them. I'm told the womenkind sometimes go down on their knees to the Prime Minister and weep, and so on. So for a man to have one flung at his head, when he never expected it, is out of the usual line, I grant. But then, the circumstances are unusual."

"In what way?" asked poor bewildered McHaggart. "Well," replied the astute lawyer, "I believe this is the situation more or less. They are going to make one or two peers from their own side—poor creatures; indeed, duffers—and they have



"He seized his hat, knocking down the heap of Hansards."

fixed upon you from among us, not only because you have every requisite qualification to be an honour and an ornament to the other place"—here the member for Snoozey blushed a little and spread out his hands in a deprecatory manner—"but also because they will get a sort of reputation for magnanimity, and so soften the attack."

Mr. McHaggart promised to think the matter over, and Grigley reported the fact to his Leader, adding, "You know what becomes of the man who deliberates in cases of this sort."

"He's landed," was all that the right hon. gentleman observed.

And so it turned out, for when the Birthday List came out, the one item in it which attracted general attention was the elevation of Mr. Jeremiah McHaggart to a barony, his new title being Baron Boreham. In the more important papers there was but little criticism, for the Government organs did not care to attack their own friends, and the Opposition papers were equally averse from criticising a step which conferred an honour on one of their own men. It is true that the more irresponsible evening papers dealt with the matter playfully, congratulating the House of Lords on its latest recruit, and calling attention to the fitness of things illustrated in the choice of "Boreham" as a title. The *Snoozey Champion* alone denounced the transaction with fury. "How are the mighty fallen!" exclaimed the exasperated editor. "We would rather have penned an obituary notice of Jeremiah McHaggart than have lived to see the day when he is to be entombed in that living grave among 'those gilded flies that, basking in the sunshine of a Court, fatten on corruption,' as Shelley nobly observes."

The new peer felt this onslaught so keenly that he communicated his farewell address to his late constituents through the columns of the rival paper at Snoozey, thus inducing his old friend the *Champion* to proclaim that "Jeremiah is joined unto his idols, and we will let him alone." As a set-off against this little unpleasantness, Lord Boreham had scores of letters of congratulation, some from the leaders of his party, and some from tradesmen, who made it appear that while most of their time was occupied in serving Reigning Monarchs and Royal Highnesses, they were willing to allow peers to become customers also. Half a dozen rival experts in genealogy and heraldry approached the noble lord, the least adventurous offering to

trace his family back to William the Conqueror. One of the others, greatly daring, carried the investigation to Noah and the Ark, and such is the impetus which any trade or profession gains from competition, that at last he received an offer to see the thing right through to Adam. Grigley was immensely interested in all this, and vowed that if ever he became a peer, he would not be satisfied with any ancestry which did not begin with a primordial protoplasm.

Before three months were over the new peer began to suspect that he had made a mistake, for the somnolent surroundings of the House of Lords did not suit him. He had been accustomed in the Commons to the fierce delights of having a couple of hundred honest gentlemen roaring, "Oh, oh!" and "Order, order!" at him when he rose, and another two hundred shouting "Hear, hear!" until the glass ceiling of the Chamber shivered. In the Lords the attendance seldom exceeded a dozen, and no noble lord ever interrupted or encouraged him. They did not listen; they did not even look at him. Matters reached a climax one afternoon when he had prepared himself with quite half a dozen precedents or cases in point in connection with some question which he had noticed was down on the paper. The question was asked, and the Prime Minister, who happened to be a peer, replied in a sentence or two, and then Lord Boreham rose, with an open volume of Hansard in his hand. He quoted his precedents one after the other, leading off with something like his old vigour, but becoming more and more subdued in tone, overwhelmed by the deadly stillness of the Chamber. At length he sat down. For a moment no one moved, and then the Prime Minister, rising from his seat scarcely two inches, and raising his hat towards the Lord Chancellor, muttered something, the only word that could be heard being "adjourn." The Lord Chancellor rose and muttered something else, ending with the observation, "The Contents have it"—and then the little group of noble lords picked up their hats and walked away!

Lord Boreham's usually pale face flushed. He seized his hat, knocking down the heap of Hansards, and, letting them lie on the floor, he strode quickly to the Lobby of the House of Commons. "I can breathe there, at any rate," he muttered. There were groups of men chatting and laughing, the noise of cheering and counter-cheering came

through the swinging doors; all was animation, bustle, life.

"Hallo!" exclaimed an old friend; "then you've come down from your new Paradise to look at us common mortals again?"

"This is Paradise," replied the peer, in a gloomy tone, "Paradise lost for me."

"What!" exclaimed the commoner, "there are men here who would give their ears to get where you are."

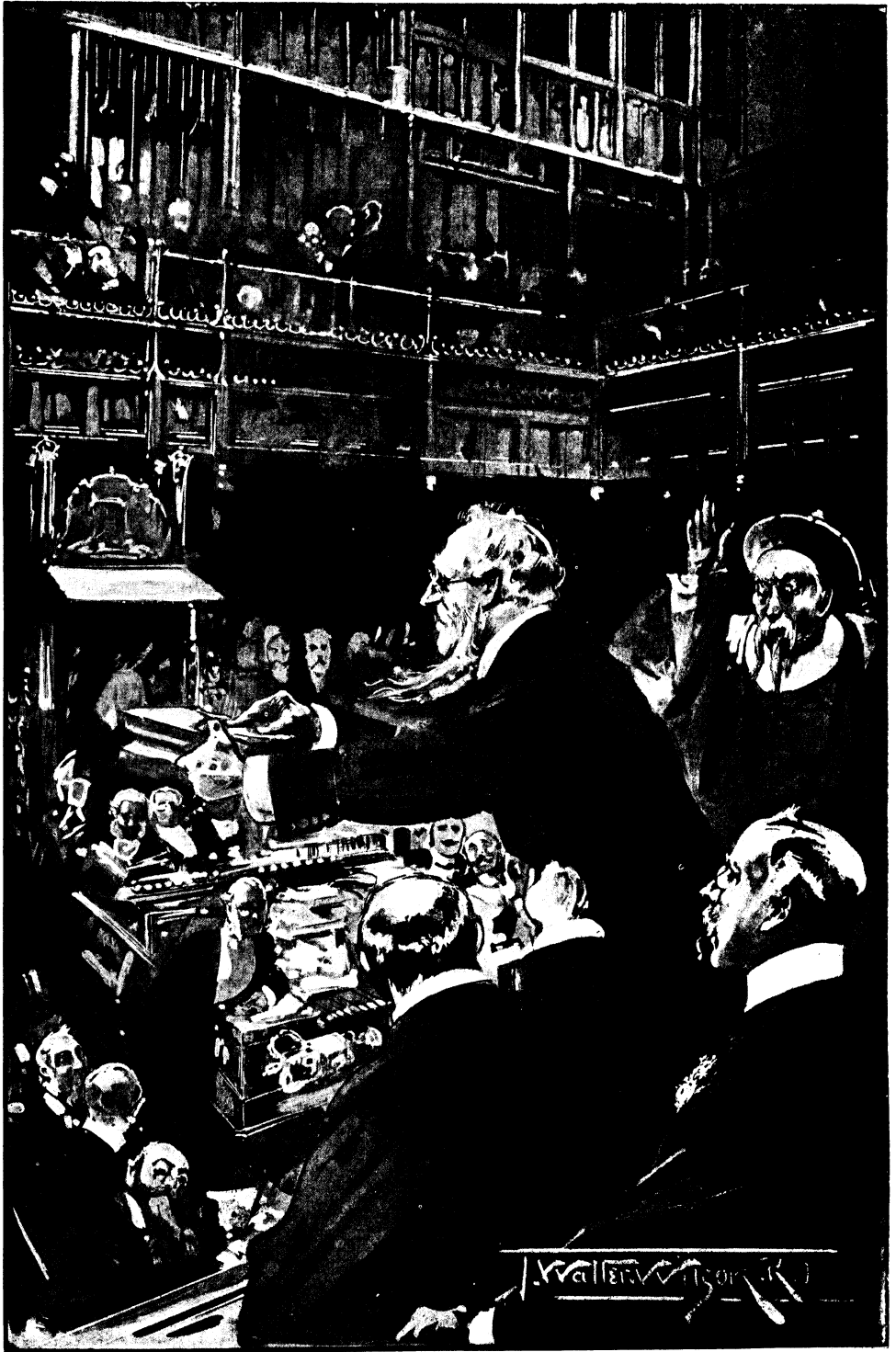
"Their ears must be long," observed the unfortunate Boreham, "I believe someone once said that speaking in the House of Lords is like addressing a row of corpses by candlelight. I used to think that was a ghastly exaggeration. I now think it an inadequate simile. Nay, this very afternoon there was a case in point."

He was just about to relate his depressing experience when a roar of "Division!" rang through the place, and away he had to go with mere strangers.

Many sessions of Parliament had elapsed before Lord Boreham again looked in at Westminster. He sauntered round the world, gathering material for his great work "Precedents in Parliament"; he compared notes with kindred spirits in Continental and Colonial Assemblies, and under strange skies and across distant seas he added continually to his stock of cases in point. But at length he found himself home in England again, and the last proofs of his *magnum opus* had been corrected and returned to the printer. The old passion seized him, and as all the newspapers had been predicting a brilliant debate in the Commons, Lord Boreham had come down early to the Peers' Gallery, and had secured the seat over the clock on the day when the ingenious Raby had pointed him out to the less experienced Savery. The noble lord looked down on the scene with melancholy emotion. Through his glasses he examined with particular care the bench which he once adorned, and he noted with a sigh that Mr. Grigley, Q.C., was talking as merrily to some new comer as he had chatted in other days to "my dear McHaggart."

The Peers' Gallery was soon crowded, and more than one great ambassador was in the seats reserved for Diplomatic personages. Next to Lord Boreham sat a quaint Oriental plenipotentiary in loose silk robes, a little old man, gazing down at the members through huge round spectacles. There were the buzz and stir and animation so inseparable from a "big night" in the Commons—all of which can be so easily imagined by one who has witnessed a sensational debate, but which





“One minute! Give me just one minute!”

cannot be described to one who has not. Lord Boreham was soon interested, next fascinated, and at last almost hypnotised, for, as it happened, the debate resolved itself into a furious contest as to whether the principle of a Bill before the House were based on precedent or involved a new departure.

The noble lord uttered suppressed groans ; he grew more and more restless : he leaned forward and glared down at the combatants, inwardly cursing the day when he left the Chamber which now and then provided a "crowded hour of glorious life," for the other which presented no such opportunities. At length, when the Home Secretary—a well-meaning man, as most Home Secretaries are—declared that the Bill under discussion involved not only a new departure, but also a mad leap in the dark, Lord Boreham could control himself no longer. He rose suddenly, and remarking to the peer sitting by him, "I shall be back in two minutes," he pushed his way from the gallery and hurried to the Library of the House of Lords. In one minute he had clawed down a volume of Hansard, in another he had turned up a certain reference, and then, with his finger inserted to keep the place, he marched back to his seat over the clock.

The Home Secretary was still speaking, and, as is the way with Front Bench right honourable gentlemen, he was still repeating again and again his certainty that this ill-begotten Bill involved a leap in the dark, a plunge into the unknown, where they would grope in vain for even a glimmering ray of precedent, when Lord Boreham could stand it no longer. Leaping to his feet, and leaning his long, lank body half over the front of the gallery, he exclaimed in a clear, excited tone, "One minute ! Give me just one minute, and I can furnish a case in point !"

For one second there was an almost appalling silence ; every man in the place turned to look at the interrupter, who still leaned forward, with his open volume, which he held in his left hand and tapped nervously with the forefinger of his right hand. Then arose a deafening and confused din—shouts of "Order !" "Oh, oh !" laughter, mocking cheers, and cries of "Withdraw !" The

Serjeant-at-Arms put his hand on his sword, the attendants in the gallery rose, but hesitated, not caring to lay hands on a peer, and especially a peer who was entrenched in the very centre of a gallery crowded in all parts. Meantime, Lord Boreham was still wildly appealing for one minute. The Chinese visitor, who had not understood one word of the debate, imagining that this was a legitimate comic interlude, laughed wildly, and this maddened the excited peer, who, turning suddenly on him with the volume upraised, asked savagely, "What are you laughing at, you old ape?" His Excellency Ding-Dong-Do did not understand the words, but the gesture was so eloquent that he hurried from the gallery as fast as his silk petticoats would allow. Meantime the hubbub below increased, the Serjeant-at-Arms had come upstairs, the attendants were closing in, and the desperate peer saw that he had no chance of explaining his point. With a wild shout, "Read it yourselves, then !" he flung the heavy tome down into the crowded House. There was a second or so of silence as it fell, and then it smote the noble curve of a genial, grey-haired baronet's waistcoat ! The honourable baronet was leaning back, with his eyes shut, in ecstasies of laughter, when the thud surprised him. Even in that supreme moment, as his jolly red face turned almost green, he remembered parliamentary conventionalities sufficiently to murmur nothing more forcible than "Order, order !" as he curled up in his seat.

Lord Boreham was led quietly away to the Moses Room, where he was seen by a medical man, and, having been certified to be suffering from brain fever, was taken home by Mr. Grigley and the doctor. And next day the papers which announced his departure for a rest and change of scene on the South Coast contained the most vivid descriptions of the scene in the House. Nearly every writer spoke of the noble lord as "revisiting the scenes of his former triumphs," and three papers had interviews with the corpulent baronet, who agreed most feelingly with the general verdict that never before in the history of Parliament had there been so impressive a case in point.

# SOME HISTORIC CITY GATES AND BARRIERS.

BY GEORGE A. WADE.

**A**S this article is only intended to deal with celebrated bars and gates which, while still existing in the Kingdom in their original situation, are no longer in use as barriers, and which have survived the ravages of time and the modern spirit of improvement, there can be no doubt as to which English city should have the honour of leading off in regard to its historic bars and gates.

York not only has most of its old bars still existing as they did four centuries ago, but it can boast that they are also in a state of most excellent preservation. There are six of these bars in York, four of which are large and add much to the dignity of the old city, while the remaining couple are smaller



*Photo by]*

*[P. Prith & Co., Reigate.*

MONK BAR, YORK.

and of less importance. Decidedly the finest and most interesting of all York's gateways is Micklegate Bar. This originally formed the southern entrance to the city in the stormy days of old, and the part it played in history was a prominent one. The street which it crosses is called by the name of "The Bar," and the road southward from it was in ancient times the direct way to London.

The Bar itself consists of a circular arch surmounted by a lofty tower, square in shape, whose angles have each an embattled turret, while on the top of each turret is a stone figure. The date of the erection of the Bar is unknown; this in itself is evidence of its extreme antiquity. The arch is usually regarded, however, as being of Norman origin. Upon shields in front of the Bar are represented the arms of England and France, dating back to a time when our rule extended beyond the Channel. Up to the year 1826 there was a barbican to this famous gate, and even until more recent times Micklegate Bar boasted a portcullis. In the opinion of many people Micklegate Bar is spoilt by the fact of its having two arches on one side and only one on the other. The two shown on the left side of the photograph were thus erected for the purposes of traffic. Each side of the Bar has steps, which lead up to the celebrated walls of



*Photo by]*

*[P. Prith & Co., Reigate.*

MICKLEGATE BAR, YORK.

the city, and on these walls there is a wide promenade which now almost encircles the town.

As to what Micklegate Bar has seen in history, who can say? This was the favourite place for exposing the heads of traitors during the civil wars of old. Towton, Boroughbridge, Wakefield Green could all tell their tales of such heads despatched to York. Probably the most famous head to be fastened there at any time was that of the Duke of York, which, in 1460, swung from the Bar, covered with a paper crown, a memento of Lancastrian mockery. But the Red Rose paid dearly for the joke; for it was by this very gate that Edward IV. entered York after Towton, and so soon as he saw his father's head suspended there he ordered it to be taken down, and had the Earls of Devon and Wiltshire, and three other noblemen, all of whom were his prisoners, executed without trial, and the five heads were placed upon the Bar to show how Edward exacted vengeance on his enemies and insulters.

Almost as imposing in itself as Micklegate Bar, and among the finest surviving gateways of any ancient town, is Monk Bar. This is also one of the loftiest bars now existing. Formerly the Bar went under another name; but when General Monk marched through York at the Restoration and passed under this very Bar, he had such a great reception that its name was altered in compliment to him. The arms of England and France adorn this Bar also, but the battlements are exceptionally decorated by the addition of figures in the act of hurling stones at the advancing enemy. Fortunately the portcullis is still existing here and can be seen; the barbican disappeared somewhere about 1815.

The interior of the Bar, above the arch spanning the roadway, contains two rooms of two storeys. These rooms used to be the prisons to which the freemen of the city were sent when they offended the ruling

powers. The side arches for foot passengers are not really parts of the Bar itself, but are cut from under the actual walls of York.

Walmgate Bar cannot boast of the perfection of Monk Bar so far as its architecture goes; nevertheless it stood the brunt of many historic attacks during the days of long ago. Dating back at least to the period of the first Edward, Walmgate Bar could tell of what it underwent during the troublous reign of his son, and of the barbican which Edward III. built to strengthen it. And it is also fortunate in still retaining that barbican,

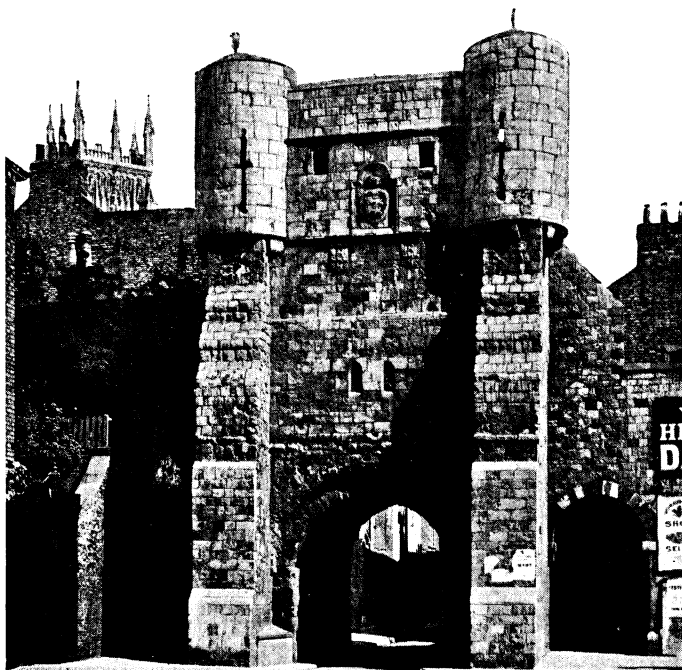


Photo by

[F. Frith & Co., Reigate.]

BOOTHAM BAR, YORK.

in addition to the old door, the ancient wickets, and the portcullis. Walmgate Bar was the centre of the attacks of the Roundheads when they besieged York during the Civil Wars, and it suffered much from their cannon.

Perhaps the York bar which is least interesting is Bootham Bar, the entrance to York from the north side of the city, just as Micklegate Bar is from the south. Yet it is very old, the arch being Norman. The barbican disappeared in 1832, though the portcullis yet remains.

So much has been said of these fine bars that space permits only the mention of Fishergate Bar and the Victoria Bar, the latter as modern as 1838. Fishergate Bar, with its renowned Postern Gate, is well worth seeing and is remarkable owing to the fact that, from the days of Henry VII., it was walled up until 1827, and was only then opened to give access to the market for cattle!

Probably the finest existing specimen of an old bar in our English towns, after those of York, is the famous one in the High Street at Southampton. There were in ancient days no less than seven gates in the walls of the great southern seaport, but of these only two now remain, and the Bar Gate, as it is called, is the more notable.

The Bar Gate was the old North Gate of Southampton, and that it was of Norman erection is clearly seen from a view of the interior of the archway itself. This Bar possesses one particular feature, that makes it almost unique amongst English bars, in that its architecture on the north side is quite different from that on the south. On the north side there are two towers, semicircular in build, and between them is a shapely projection which represents three sides of a fine octagonal figure. This addition to the original building is supposed to have been

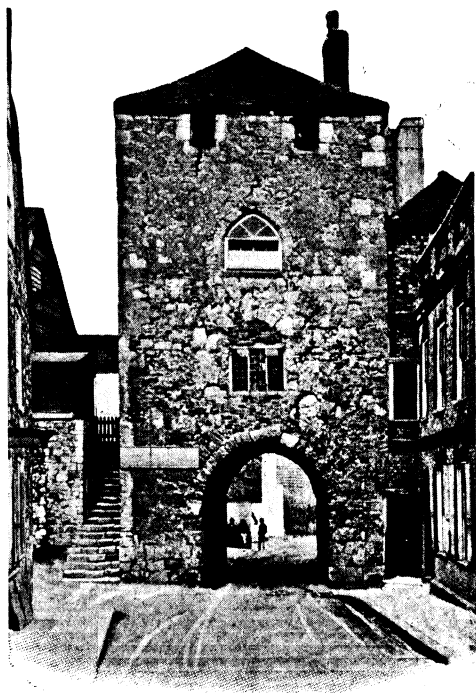


Photo by]

[Poulton &amp; Sons.

WEST GATE, SOUTHAMPTON.



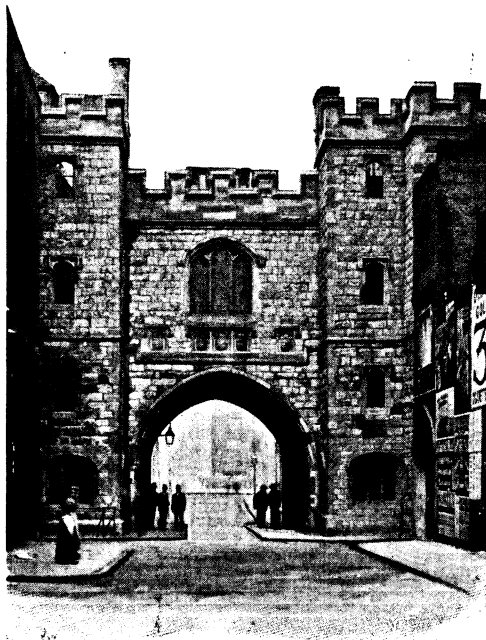
Photo by]

[Poulton &amp; Sons.

OLD BAR, HIGH STREET, SOUTHAMPTON.

made about the reign of the second Richard. The present lions, which stand like sentinels on each side, have done duty there for some century and a half, though before their time there were lions of wood which had stood for over two and a half centuries, at least. The postern gates on each side are comparatively modern, being cut out of the two flanking towers for the convenience of pedestrians.

On the southern side of the Bar Gate several striking features attract one's attention. There is an imposing statue in the centre of the front, which repre-



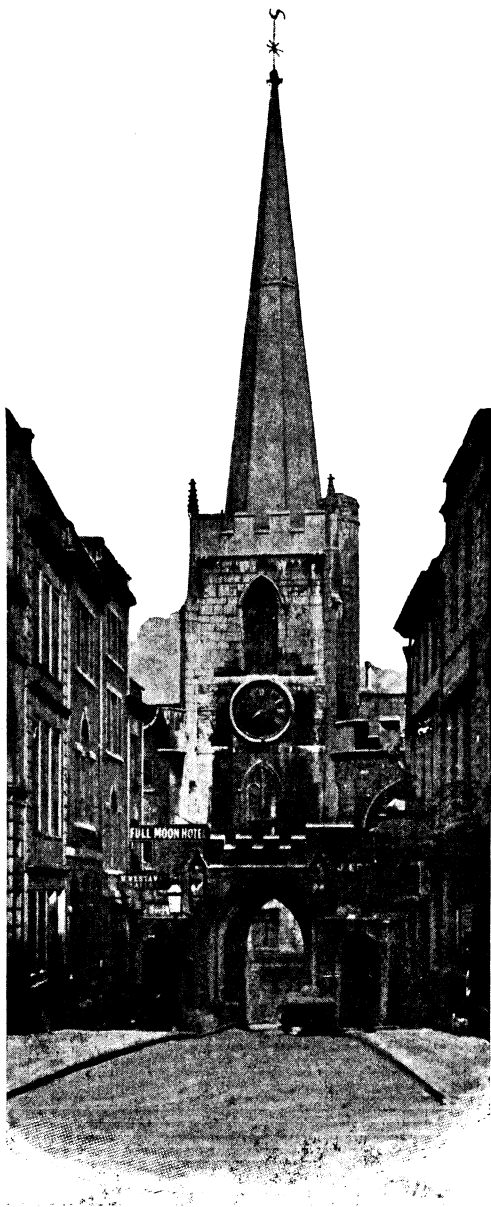
ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.

sents King George III., and was placed there in 1809 ; a fine old bell dated 1605 ; and a sundial which has been over the statue since 1705. An arched doorway stands on the right side of the Bar, which admits to a stone stair leading to the interior of the Gate itself. This room over the Gate in the High Street is the Guildhall of Southampton. Its length is about 52 feet, whilst its breadth is 40 feet. There are four windows of stained glass on its southern aspect, and several narrow windows on its north side, whilst a large skylight also aids in the lighting of the room.

In this Guildhall the Quarter Sessions are still held, and here the judges used to sit in olden days, under a large painting of King Solomon giving judgment. There are also rooms for the grand jury and for the magistrates ; and in these rooms are kept many relics of the old town, amongst them being two paintings which used to adorn the outside of the Bar Gate itself, showing the adventures of Sir Bevis and Ascapart, from the legend of the Middle Ages which was connected with the traditional rise of Southampton. There is a statue of Queen Anne in the Guildhall, which used to occupy the place now given up to that of George III. on the south side of the exterior.

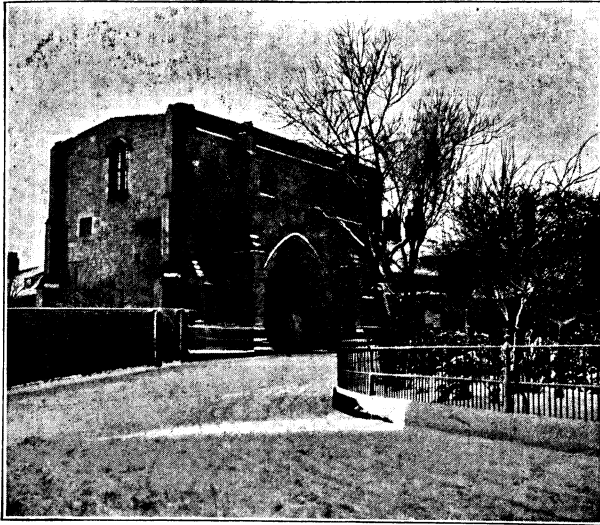
The other bars still remaining in Southampton are less interesting than the Bar

Gate. The West Gate consists of a tower in three stages, about thirty feet broad, and pierced by a roadway of ten feet width. This West Gate was in bygone days defended by a heavy doorway and two portcullises, and there are yet to be seen the nine holes between the portcullis grooves in the vaulting of the roof which were used for harassing the enemy from above. The West Gate is interesting to the student of English history, since it was through this very Bar that, in



GATE IN THE CITY WALL, BRISTOL.

1346, the troops marched on their way to the immortal field of Crecy; and in 1415 another English army marched through this Bar, bound for the great field of Agincourt.



*Photo by]*

*[J. W. Shores, Bridlington Quay.*

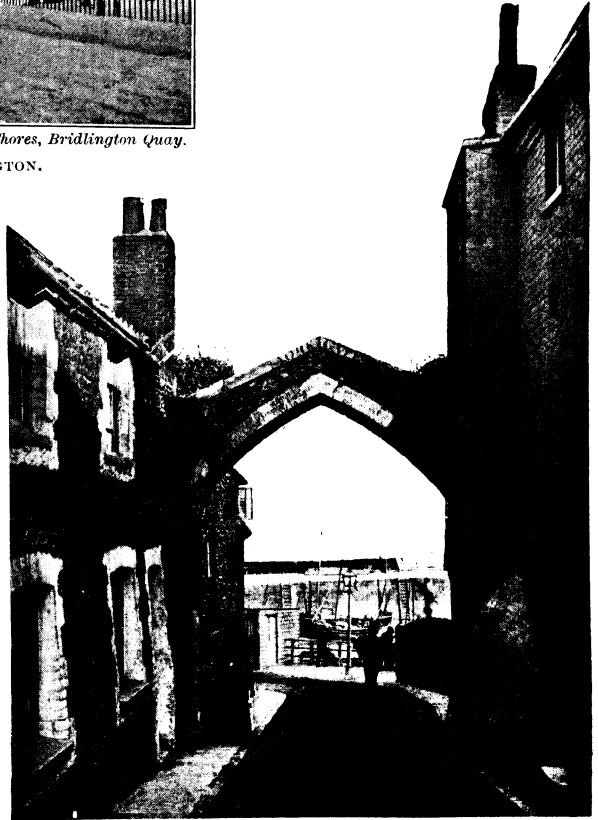
THE BAYLE GATE, BRIDLINGTON.

The South Gate, Southampton's last surviving bar, has little to arrest attention. It is at an angle in the walls, and consists of an obtuse-shaped arch cut through a tower which has done duty there since about the year 1200. Probably the bar and tower were designed to defend the sluices.

Bridlington is another coast town possessing a gate of singular interest, known as the Bayle Gate. It is on record that at the close of the fourteenth century, while William de Newbold was Prior, "in consequence of the maritime attacks of the pyrates who infested the North Sea, the property of the prior and convent became so insecure that Richard II. granted them license to enclose and fortify the priory with walls and gates." Four of the latter were then erected, and of these the Bayle Gate, the principal entrance to the monastery, still retains the features which distinguished it five hundred years ago. Yet another seaboard town with a great bar or gate is Broadstairs, and in this case the enemy to be excluded was the pirate from over the sea.

Old Bristol can show two gates which

always attract attention. These are the Norman Gate, at the entrance to College Green, and the gate through the city walls, which stands exactly under St. John's Church. This latter is not the only place in the Kingdom where a church is actually built on the city walls and over the city gate, for Winchester boasts a similar instance at St. Swithin's Church. It is just as wide as the walls themselves. Formerly there were no side-arches for pedestrian traffic; the two here shown are additions belonging to last century. The statues of the city's deities, Brennus and Belinus, still stand on each side of the arch. Though the gate may not have the historical renown of some of those



*Photo by]*

*[F. Prith & Co., Reigate.*

THE YORK GATE, BROADSTAIRS.

mentioned in this article, it can, at any rate, claim to be as striking in its aspect as any of them. The other Bristol gateway, the Norman Gate, was not used for defence in olden

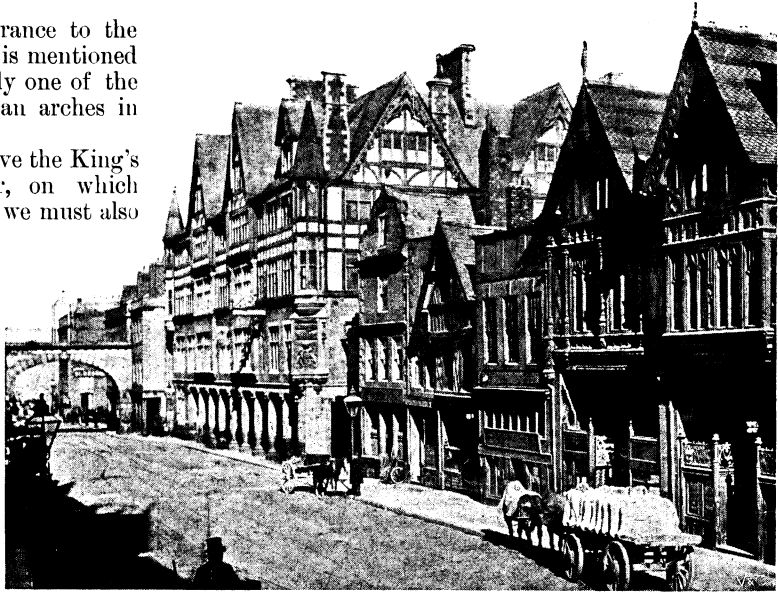


days, but as the entrance to the Cathedral Close. It is mentioned here as being probably one of the finest existing Norman arches in this country.

We mentioned above the King's Gate, at Winchester, on which stands a church, and we must also say a word or two about West Gate, the other and more famous of Winchester's old gates. It is of the reign of Edward I. and is in excellent preservation. There is a large room above it, which used to be let, till 1753, for smoking!

The only surviving bar at Portsmouth is of special literary interest, having been introduced by Sir Walter Besant (himself a native of that town) into his novel, "By Celia's Arbour." This arch formed the main entrance to the town until the fortifications were demolished. It is close to the Grammar School, and now, instead of serving as the chief way into Portsmouth town, it is the gate to the recreation-ground.

Chester still retains its four principal



*Photo by]*

*[F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

EASTGATE STREET, CHESTER.

gates, which are called the North Gate, the South Gate, the East Gate, and the West Gate, for obvious reasons. Of these, the East and the North Gates are the most interesting. So far as their general appearance goes, the Gates of Chester admit of no comparison with Monk Bar at York or the Bar Gate at Southampton. But their charm and interest lie in their associations. Here at the East Gate ended one of the most



*Photo by]*

*[Valentine & Sons, Dundee.*

THE WEST GATE, CANTERBURY.



Photo by]

THE WEST GATE, AND LORD LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK. [W. Harvey Barton, Bristol.

famous streets of any age—Watling Street, the old Roman road which ran from London to Chester. Its successor is still there in the Eastgate Street of to-day. This road, which Roman soldiers planned and made, has been in existence for nearly twenty centuries, and is to-day the chief street of Chester. Beside Eastgate Street, the Strand and Cheapside are quite modern.

The present North Gate is not the original

structure, the old archway having been replaced in 1808. The former erection was a poor affair, though it was not without much interest that the present Gate lacks. The space above it, below it, and around it formed the old prison of the city. Here was the place of execution for the condemned people of the county, and here was the torture-chamber, too, with its "Little Ease" and "Dead Man's Room."

We have little space left, but no article on this subject would be complete which made no mention of Lincoln's four celebrated bars or gates. Without being singled out for special historical renown, like some of the others already dealt with, the fine Stone Bow, or South City Gate, in Lincoln, has seen some stirring times when that city was the centre of life and bustle in East England; when "Hugh of Lincoln" was a living reality; and when each King deemed it essential as soon as possible after his coronation to make a pilgrimage to the East Anglian capital. Even to-day this noble Gate, with the many chambers above it and its side-arches, is an important feature in the city's life and work. In addition to this there is the Potter Gate. This stands by the



Photo by]

[W. Harvey Barton, Bristol.

EAST GATE, WARWICK.

Cathedral, projecting out from the old walls of the city and blocking half the roadway, which has had to be widened for the traffic since the good old times when Potter Gate embraced the whole width of it.

East Gate, in Lincoln, is also part of the ancient walls, which it pierces, with two side-arches for pedestrians. These smaller gates are much older than the majority of side-gates of our famous English bars. It will be seen at a glance that East Gate was not intended to act as a defender of the Fen capital, but was from the earliest days simply an outlet for the traffic of the town.



*Photo by*

POTTER GATE, LINCOLN.

[F. Frith & Co., Reigate.]

Let us not forget Canterbury's famous West Gate, the only surviving one of the six great ancient gates of the archiepiscopal city. It dates back to about 1390, and has a most massive appearance, standing between two

lofty towers, one of which is actually erected in the river on the east side. A passage over the gate goes to what used to be a debtors' prison, but is now the police-station of Canterbury. Warwick also contains interesting East and West Gates; while the Monnow Gate at Monmouth cannot fail to attract attention as a fine and picturesque specimen of mediæval work.

Had the most famous of English city gateways, Temple Bar, remained on its original site until to-day, it would, of course, have had to hold the place of honour in such an article as this. But as it was removed some years ago, and ultimately purchased by Sir H. Meux and re-erected at the entrance to his grounds at Cheshunt, the claims of London must rest on what is yet one of the most interesting and well known of all English gates, though it was never a bar or gate intended



*Photo by*

[F. Frith & Co., Reigate.]

THE STONE BOW, OR SOUTH CITY GATE, LINCOLN.

to defend the City—*viz.*, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell.

The present Gate was erected after the insurrection of Wat Tyler, at the end of the fourteenth century, for that gentleman's levies took the trouble of burning down the old Gate, which had stood for two centuries before their time. It had been built when St. John's Priory was erected there by the Knights Hospitallers, after the crusade of the first Richard.

The Gate is built of brick and freestone; its walls are quite three feet thick, and its towers were formerly much higher than they now are. These towers are in four storeys, and over the Gateway itself will be noticed a room which is the most famous of all rooms over bars in this country.

For in this upper room Cave set up his press in 1731, and from it issued the first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Here came Richard Savage in search of work at the hand of Cave, and here he subsequently spent much time in writing; here laboured for the *Magazine* a greater than either Cave or Savage—one Samuel Johnson, whose fame was later to become immortal. Here the great David Garrick made his *début* in London. Into this room came a jovial wan-

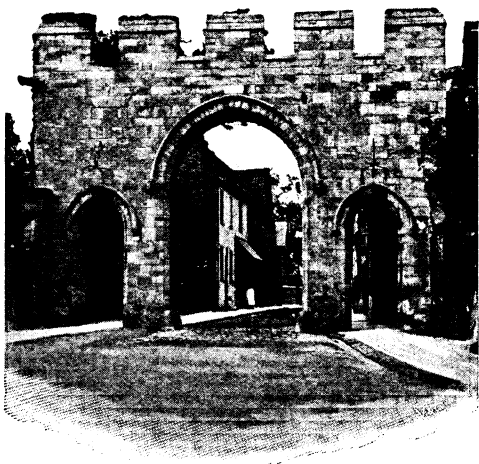


Photo by]

EAST GATE, LINCOLN.

[Prith & Sons.

dering Irishman, named Oliver Goldsmith, in search of Johnson, and here the two friends often passed many hours in converse. Here flourished later the Urban Club, a literary coterie of considerable reputation in its day. But many years before these men of letters had given a special interest to the place, there had been royal business trans-

sacted in this very chamber; it was here that Richard III. came to tell the Council how cruelly and bitterly his foes lied about his treatment of Lady Anne Neville, his wife. Close by the Gate lodged the Princess Mary, when her brother Edward VI. was on the throne; and here he often visited her. Elizabeth had the Court revels rehearsed in the Gateway chamber before they were performed at her palaces, and the brave old Gate bore no small part in the Sackverell riots of after days. The room at the base of the west tower was in 1813 a house for the watch; then it was made into a dispensary for the hospital; then it became a coalshed; and later it blossomed out into a bookshop. To-day it is the headquarters of that noble institution, the St. John Ambulance Association.

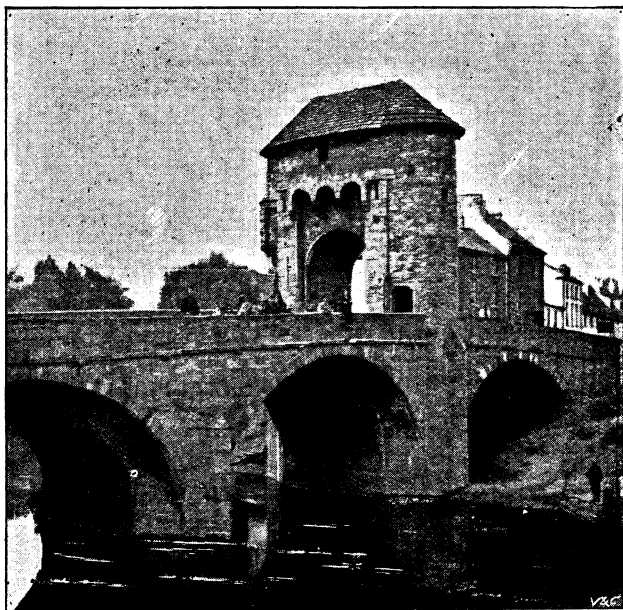


Photo by]

[R. T. Williams, Monmouth.

THE MONNOW GATE, MONMOUTH.

Dating from 1270.

# WITH THE BOERS.

By HORACE BLEACKLEY,

*Author of "Tales of the Stumps."*

WHEN Tim Twister returned home from South Africa in 1896, after a most successful tour with the English team, it was but right and proper that his brother professionals should prepare a suitable entertainment in his honour. So upon an April evening, a few days after the *Norman* had landed him safely in Southampton Docks, Tim found himself the honoured guest at a sumptuous tea-party in the "Cricketers' Arms." All his friends were present, and the ex-groundsman, old David Tofts, was in the chair.

"Here's to you, Tim, my lad!" cried the chairman, rising at the psychological moment when the tea cups had given place to beer and whisky glasses. "May you always be where you was at the Cape—at top of the averages! That's your proper spot, lad."

Tim acknowledged the toast, and the acclamations with which it was hailed, in the exemplary cricket speech of twenty-two words, and then, to the relief of everyone, general gossip commenced.

"Yes, it's been a grand trip," remarked Tim in the midst of his reminiscences. "And it's not half a bad country, though it'll always be a black man's, I reckon."

"What were the wickets like?" inquired Daddy Longlegs.

"Cocoanut matting, every man Jack of 'em," replied the guest of the evening.

"Then o'course it's a black man's country," cried old Davie Tofts contemptuously. "To lug about matting ain't a groundsman's job—it's a nigger's."

"Yes, we came across some rum grounds," said Tim reflectively. "At Grahamstown, I remember, there was one that favoured a brickfield, with a bicycle track round it, like the rim of a saucepan."

"Bad for the out-fielders, weren't it?" observed Stick-keeper Bails.

"Not for those Africanders," replied Tim. "They skipped round the crest of the slope like monkeys. They'd hands like 'em, too. It'd have done you good, Davie, to have seen two chaps as can tap, like me and the Honourable Slashinger, stonewalling out

time to save being licked. They've no cause to be ashamed of their fielding, have those African boys."

"Nor of their batting, nor bowling neither," broke in Davie, who was a far-sighted critic. "You'll see they'll turn out as good a team as the Australians in a few years—if them Boers'll only let 'em."

"I s'pose, Tim, you saw Boers enough to last you your time?" demanded Umpire Toman.

"Boers! Why, I saw old Kroojer himself!" answered Tim—"spoke to him, close as I am to you."

"Crikey!" said Umpire Toman, "that's a rum do, that is."

"It was all through young Louis Du Toit," Tim continued. "He's second cousin once removed to Oom Paul, and he's a rare favourite with the old man. The old chap likes his distantest relations best, so they say. I suppose he sees least of 'em. Well, young Du Toit's as keen as mustard on cricket, but he's an awful boulder. When a young Boer finishes off at Cambridge, and has got money, Hades is the place for him. No mortal man on earth can stand him. He cottoned on to the amateurs first, and when they gave him the cold shoulder, he took a violent fancy to me.

"Would you like to see Oom Paul?" he asked me one day, when I was lunching with him at Heath's Hotel, Johannesburg.

"I'm not exactly keen on the old beggar," I answered with emphasis.

"But he laughed and said, 'Come on,' and in a few minutes we were in the Pretoria train.

"The old boy was sitting on the stoep when we got to his house, smoking a pipe like a lobster's claw, and drinking coffee—aye, and spitting all over the place, too. I never saw such a mug in my life—he's as ugly as Halifax!"

"You don't mean to say you spoke to old Kroojer?" cried Davie incredulously.

"Spoke to him!" Tim replied. "Young Du Toit just marched up with me close to the old man, and we sat down. Then young

Louis says, 'Uncle Paul, this is an English cricketer—the best bat they've brought out here.'

"Oom Paul looked at me hard, and then he spat, and then he grunted.

"Does not the Scripture say,' he growls in Dutch to young Du Toit, 'that the bat is that which you shall have in abomination?'

"Not a bit like it,' says Louis, patting him gently on his top-hat. 'He's a cricketer—a batter—goes to the wickets, and tries not to be bowled.'

"I may not be bold wherewith I think to be bold,' grunts the old 'un, catching at a

"And, would you believe it?—when young Louis had explained to him what I meant, the old man quite lost his hair.

"Ah, rooineks and uitlanders!' he growls. 'Like the prophet Jeremiah, I have seen your abominations in the field.'

"You'll excuse me,' I says, riled at Du Toit's laughing. 'We're as smart a lot in the field as any of your Africanders.'

"But I don't believe Du Toit translated right, for the old blitherer turned to me most solemn, and told me to catch at the truth, as the Shunammite woman caught at Elisha the prophet; and I answered, exaggerating p'r'aps, that I'd never dropped a catch in my life. After that, talk got a bit slack, and Uncle Paul would do nothing but glower and spit. So I, thinking to take a lesson

from what they call the new diplomacy, just gives a polite bow and asks him, 'How's Mrs. Kroojer?' I hope this sounds better in a telegram than it did when Du Toit translated it, for the old chap turned as green as a frog and mumbled something like 'Verdompt' and 'Footsack' to his second cousin once removed, and in a jiffy we were in the street.

"The old boy is a bit ruffled,' said Du Toit. 'He's just heard that Rhodes is mustering troops at Vryburg. He's not always like that.'

"I hope not,' I replied, 'for the sake of his wife and family.'

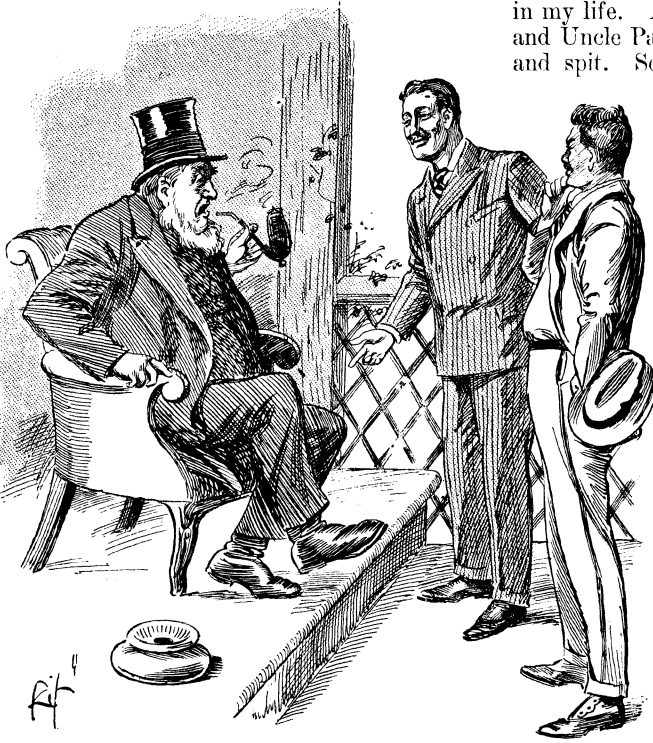
"Didn't you feel itching to punch the old villain?" muttered Bails, who was an ardent Jingo.

"I felt most inclined to punch that bounder, young Du Toit," replied Tim. "How-

ever, it was all for the best, for I was able to perform a constitutional service in South Africa, such as falls to the lot of very few cricketers."

"You don't mean to say as how you got old Kroojer to stand up to your bowling?" said Bails breathlessly.

"I think you'd have heard of it if he had," replied Tim significantly. "No, it was like this. Du Toit always called for Heidsieck, which tastes like sawdust and green gooseberries to me—so he never failed to get three parts of it for himself, and he



"Uncle Paul, this is an English cricketer."

word as if he were deaf, and young Louis translated.

"Of course not,' says I, trying the polite. 'You've only got to play straight—stonewall a bit when you first go in.'

"I went by the field of the slothful,' says Kroojer, when Du Toit had told him. 'And lo, the stone-wall thereof was broken down.'

"This made me riled, for it was nonsense.

"That ain't apposite a bit,' said I. 'To be slack in the field isn't the way to get rid of a stonewaller like little Billy Quaife. 'Tain't logical!'

used to get pretty communicative at the finish. That was how I was one of the first to know about Dr. Jim's raid."

"Crikey!" said Umpire Toman.

"Well, just before our great match *v.* the All South African Eleven, at the Wanderers' Cricket Ground, things were getting very unsettled in Johannesburg. They'd been importing guns and ammunition hidden in boilers and pianos for months, and they were just ready to rise against old Kroojer. Now, young Du Toit was chosen for the South African Team—he could bat and bowl a bit, but not much. The night before the match he was standing me supper at the Club, and seemed surprisingly low-spirited. When we were well into our third bottle he began to talk.

"It's hard lines, Tim, my boy," says he, 'to be chosen for an international game, and then p'raps not be able to play at the finish.'

"What's to prevent you?" says I.

"I may have to lead my commando Vryburg way almost any minute," he growls, very surly.

"I knew he'd been pitchforked by the Old 'Un into the position of Field Cornet of the Rand, or something of that sort; so I put two and two together.

"Well, the match began next morning, and Du Toit played right enough. We won the toss, batted all day, and notched over three hundred. South Africa went in the following morning, and actually got within half a dozen of us. Fellows like Poore and young Routledge are as good as our best, and we only got rid of the lot just on call of time. On the third day I could see that Du Toit was as fidgety as a flea, for of course I watched him close.

"It's sure to be a draw," says he to me, sort of anxious.

"Don't be too sure of that," I answers.

"I hope so," he grunts. 'I've got to be off at two o'clock.'

"Then the truth came upon me like a flash of lightning. He'd got to lead his dirty Doppers against true-born Englishmen. I felt like lunging him in the waistcoat with a cricket-bat myself. My sister-in-law's brother was in the Bechuana police, and so's



"Dropped him over the rails."

young Trundle, as used to bowl for Rutland, and I felt they were my own flesh and blood. But I kept my head and I dissembled. I daren't tell the amateurs, for those chaps never take a thing seriously, but I called a meeting of the pros in the dressing-room. There were five of us, and I made them a patriotic speech."

"Good old Tim!" roared Bails enthusiastically, thumping his pewter mug on the table.

"Order, young fellow!" called Chairman Davie sternly.

"We soon hit on our plan of campaign," Tim continued impressively, after a pause. "Well, will you believe me that by two o'clock that afternoon, when we adjourned for lunch, we were all out for exactly one hundred and seventy runs? There were five blobs on our side, and they were all pros. I was one of 'em! You never saw a chap so flummuxed in your life as that young Du Toit. He was like a house divided against itself. He reminded me of a picture



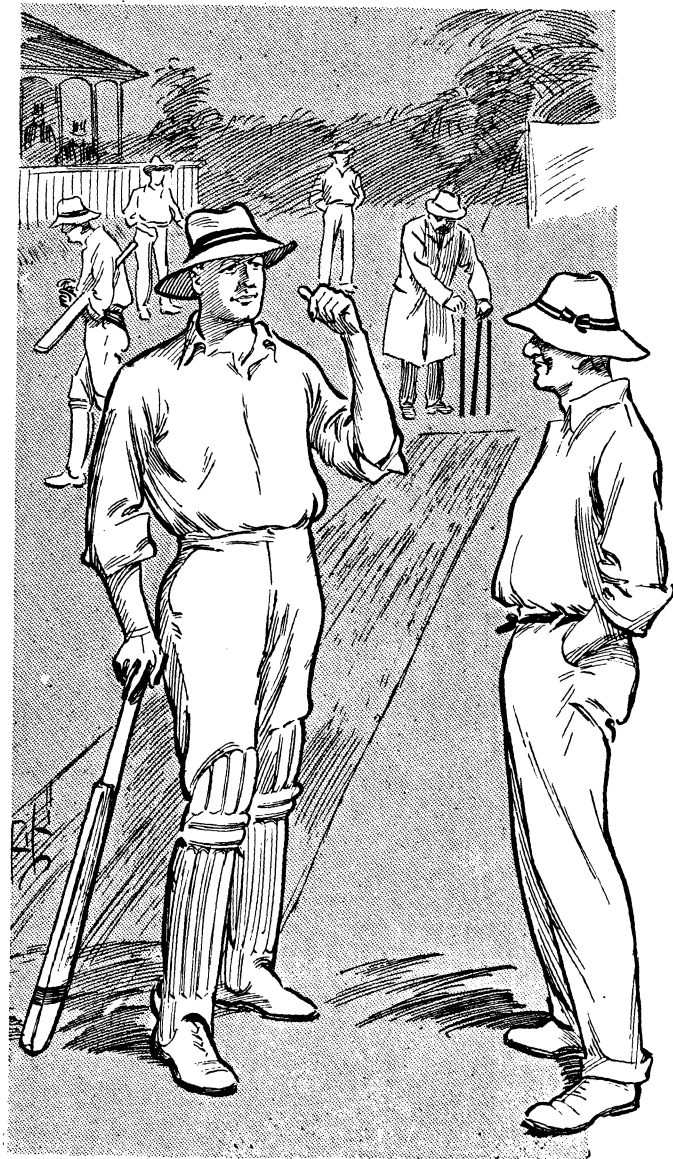
I once saw—"Twixt Love and Duty." Here was he, ordered off on commando, and leaving the best chance that ever was of licking an All England Eleven. And no African side had ever done it before. I could see the emotions a-wrestling together within his breast."

"Bravo, Tim, that's better poetry nor Craig's!" bellowed Bails.

"Well, to make a long story short," Tim proceeded, "that there Du Toit didn't budge. He stayed on to lunch, and what's more, he

went in first to bat with young Routledge afterwards. I was bowling at one end, and Jim Rounders was at the other, and you may bet your boots we took precious good care that the young Field Cornet should stay where he was. He was as shaky as Warner in 'Drink' to start with, and spooned up the sweetest young lady to little Tommy Dods at cover-point, which Tommy let slide through his fingers on the floor *viâ* his top trouser button. In about an hour we'd got rid of Routledge and Major Poore, and fifty

runswerehoisted, but the Field Cornet was still there, and that grand fellow Sinclair was stonewalling at the other end. They tried Tommy instead of me, but Tommy never sent one down to Du Toit that a schoolboy couldn't have played, though of course he didn't bowl toffee to the other chaps. Then it was that the fun began. It was well after four o'clock, and I began to notice a lot of funny-looking coves in seedy toppers fussing about in the pavilion enclosure. I could see they were Boers, and I made a guess that they'd come after their Field Cornet. They first tried sending notes by small boys out into the ground, but I always got 'em, and seeing 'em addressed to Louis Du Toit, I put them in my pocket. After a bit, as I was strolling to the pavilion gate to forward long-leg, one very fat old Boer in greasy frock-coat and fuzzy topper—they pronounce D as T in Randt; so I suppose, because they wear these hats, that's why they call 'em Doppers—one very fat old Boer actually had the cheek to stroll on to the field. The over was just starting, so, turning round, I gently lifted him under the arms and dropped him over the rails. After that no more of the Doppers or Toppers tried that game, but the lot of 'em began to howl in chorus and waved frantically to attract young Du Toit's notice. But he was so keen on his innings that he



"By Jove! I'd no idea he'd trouble you like this."

either didn't or wouldn't hear 'em, and the crowd—there were about 5,000 of 'em, and all Britishers—didn't seem to relish the interruption; so the Boers shut up. And just as five o'clock was striking, and our skipper had told me to go on again, I saw a party of Dutch policemen coming down the pavilion steps. So I saw delay were no use, for Du Toit would have to go, so I skittled the beggar's stumps first ball.

"'By Jove! I'd no idea he'd trouble you like this,' says old Sinclaire to me. 'We put him in first, 'cause he asked us, as he had to leave early.'

"'He'll never stop so long again,' says I.

"After that we bowled up, and just won on the post."

"And what about the Jameson Raid?" demanded Bails anxiously.

"Why, Du Toit's troopers had been fuming at the station, waiting for their Field Cornet for over three hours," replied Tim. "All the Boer calculations were upset, all their tactics had to be altered, and Dr. Jim almost got through. And if he had done,

you bet your stumping-gloves we'd have had the Union Jack hoisted at Pretoria. If Cecil Rhodes had had two or three chaps like me at Johannesburg, there'd have been no doubt about it. They'd have torn up about twenty yards of railway, and then the Boers would never have got their field guns to the front in time."

"I don't believe a word of it," thundered Bails, with a sudden impulse. "Everyone knows that Johannesburg was in a state of siege days before Dr. Jim crossed the frontier. How d'you think you could have had your cricket match? I remember reading it was postponed!"

"Bails," retorted Tim sarcastically, "if you knew as much about the country as I do, you'd never believe any newspaper news that comes from South Africa."

"Chair, gentlemen!" cried Davie, rising and adjusting his glasses. "The next item on the programme is a song from Daddy Longlegs. Let me see—what is it?" he proceeded, looking closely at his slip of paper. "Oh, yes! Daddy's going to sing, 'I'm a bit of a liar myself.'"



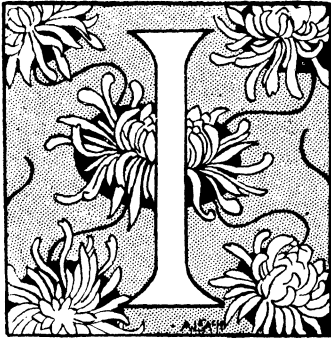
"FIRM FRIENDS." FROM THE PICTURE BY J. JILLOI.

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# OUR NATIONAL PERIL.

By ERNEST E. WILLIAMS,\*

Author of "*The Imperial Heritage*," "*Made in Germany*," "*Marching Backward*," and "*The Foreigner in the Farmyard*."



IN my former article I endeavoured to lay bare the nakedness of the land. I showed how deterioration, decadence, practically death, had

descended upon the queen of our industries. Then I went on to show how, among the various and serious evils which have followed in the train of this national disaster, the loss of capital invested in the industry was not the least serious. Within about a quarter of a century agricultural landlords' capital had been diminished by about £1,000,000,000, while the loss in farmers' capital was not much less than £150,000,000. Were no other evil results but this loss of capital involved in the destruction of rural industry, the matter would demand the most earnest attention; but other grave evils wait upon a country whose villages are derelict.

## THE DEPLETED VILLAGES.

It is no light matter this denudation of the countryside. Even supposing that the men who leave the villages get as remunerative employment elsewhere, it is a loss to the country when they go abroad. New countries are glad enough to have them, and like them in preference to any other class of immigrants—an excellent reason why we should look askance at losing them. Yet they continue to be drained away.

Five thousand seven hundred and one agricultural labourers, gardeners, carters, etc., emigrated from the United Kingdom in

1900. They were accompanied by 3,508 farmers and graziers, by 60 millers, maltsters, etc. And in respect to the other classes of emigrants—the blacksmiths, the carpencers, the general labourers, the sawyers, the shopkeepers, and the rest—fewer of these would have needed to leave their native country had it not been for the depression in agriculture, which diminished their chances of earning a living at home.

And while we are thus draining away the best elements in our population, we are receiving from Continental countries their worst elements. Europe has made England the dumping-ground of her surplus population, in the same way as she has made it the dumping-ground of her surplus production. And if "cheap and nasty" may be applied to some of Europe's surplus production, it may certainly be applied to much the greater part of Europe's surplus population which she shoots upon our shores. 62,505 of these alien immigrants (against 50,884 in 1899, and 40,785 in 1898) arrived in England in 1900. In the Immigration Returns they are classed as aliens who are not stated to be *en route* to America and other places out of the United Kingdom. Exactly. They were mostly aliens whom America and other countries would not admit. Those other countries prefer the flower of our villages, which we send to them. We let the best go, and fill up with a class of foreigners who, at the best, only serve to make our city slums more slummy.

And when our agricultural workers migrate from their villages, not abroad, but to the towns and mining districts of this country, can the change be commended? Take first the case of those who become colliers. Regarded in an economic view the depletion of our mineral reserves is not as good an industry as the growing of grain. When the coal is taken out of the ground there is no more to follow, and the country's

\* NOTE.—*The WINDSOR* does not necessarily identify itself with all the deductions contained in Mr. Williams' careful article, but publishes it as a striking contribution towards the study of a subject which all thoughtful people admit to be one of vital importance.—EDITOR.

capital is lessened. But the fields may be tilled over and over again, and, if they are properly manured, there is no exhaustion. On the contrary, the greater the income derived from agriculture, the greater the principal left behind. A country, therefore, which exchanges agriculture for mining does but impoverish itself.

Regarded from the point of view of the men themselves, the change is not to be commended either. They get better wages down a coal-mine; but at what a price! Compare the life of the reaper or the teamster, bathed in the sunlight, inhaling fresh breezes, following a healthful and natural occupation, surrounded by Nature's best sights and sounds and scents, with the lot of the collier, crouching in the gallery of a coal-pit, grubbing in grime and darkness, exposed to awful danger. And the same sort of comparison, in its measure, holds good between rural and urban labour. Compare the agricultural labourer and the factory hand; the dairy-maid and the pallid girl in poisonous white-lead works or match factory; the farmer jogging along the countryside to market, with the clerk mewed up in a city office, crouching on a stool over endless rows of figures. It is necessary that we should have our mines and our factories and our city offices, but it is an evil thing that men should be forced from the healthful life of the country into them.

It is more than doubtful if men and women are the happier for the change. One hears of the dulness of country life, but the dulness is largely the product of the very agricultural depression which has been denuding the villages, and it is largely a false assumption based upon an unreal comparison of the quiet village life with the noise of gas-lit pavements. I doubt if a man is more cheerful in a gin-palace than in a village inn; if his wife is happier in a one-roomed slum lodging than in a country cottage; if the children are happier playing in the reeking back streets of large towns than in the lanes and fields of the villages.

Certainly they are not better. One needs to be a man of considerable culture and education, to enjoy many advantages which are denied to the poorer classes, in order to withstand the evil moral and spiritual influences of town life. There are plenty of evils in villages: I am not idealising the spiritual or moral attainments of the average rural population; but they are at least, speaking generally, spared that dreary, deep-rooted scepticism which eats like a dry rot

into the lives of, I fear, the majority of modern dwellers in big towns. The man whose horizon is bounded by brick walls, who does not steep himself in the star-lit nights of the country, who is unaccustomed to the sound of rushing water and of the fresh wind swaying great trees, is deaf and blind to sights and sounds to which it is very essential that his eyes and ears should be opened. It is not alone in the economic view that the depletion of the villages must be deprecated.

#### THE NATIONAL LOSS.

What affects the individual affects the nation of which he is a part. But just as the foregoing considerations may be said to apply more particularly to the individual, so there is another set of considerations which may be described as more exclusively national.

The depopulation of the villages acts in diminution of the population in two ways. There is, first, the fact that it is by no means necessary to a plentiful urban population to have an uninhabited countryside. If the farms and villages were thriving, there would be more work, and not less, for the manufacturing and commercial classes. I do not know that anyone has said it outright, but by a method of implication, at all events, it has been customary to speak of our industrial prosperity as the consequence of our agricultural decadence; as if the latter were the necessary price to pay for the former. Yet a moment's consideration will suffice to show how utterly preposterous is this notion. The diminution of the rural population means, to a large extent, if not *pro tanto*, or more than *pro tanto*, the diminution of the entire population.

Secondly, the transfer of the population from rural to crowded urban districts means a diminution in the reproductive vigour of the race. It is a fact attested to by statisticians that a third generation of pure Londoners is unknown. The amenities of London life—good drainage, access to hospitals, and the rest—may keep the average Londoner fairly healthy, in a way, but he lacks the vigorous health which ensues in the reproduction of his species. Partly the artificial life, partly the lack of ozone in the air, are, I understand, the causes. What we have to regard, however, is the fact; and it is a serious fact for any nation. For, however hardly a large family may press upon the individual parent, the merest tyro in



the South African war that our town-bred soldiers have been unequal to the exposure and the incidental hardships of rough campaigning on the veldt, and that thereby the efficiency of our Army in dealing with the hardy Boer farmers has been seriously impaired. In the Navy, too, the dearth of men is causing no little anxiety. It is from the villages rather than from the towns that sailors are recruited, and the villages are becoming empty at the same time that the need for a larger Navy is increasing.

But there is one other factor of a political kind which may be mentioned here—the importance of a large rural population in order to furnish the country with that measure of real conservatism which is so essential to the stability of a nation. By conservatism I do not mean an attachment to any particular party in politics; I mean rather instinctive conservatism, the habit of mind which makes for stability; and that habit of mind will always be found in the largest measure amongst the agricultural

classes. It is well to have progress, but progress without the element of conservatism is too apt to become a mere restless and reckless pursuit of change for the sake of change. And it is this habit of mind—which, unchecked, tends towards disaster—that flourishes chiefly in big towns. It is needful to keep the balance. This is seen more particularly to-day in France, whose very salvation lies in the great solid weight of its peasantry, counteracting the incipient revolutionism of Paris and the big manufacturing towns. Similarly the looming evils in Spain centre in the big towns, such as Barcelona. Germany is even now appreciating the necessity of, and taking steps to insure against, the depletion of its villages. The political stability of England, and therewith its commercial greatness, are becoming endangered by the draining away of the solid political basis which the villages furnish to the Constitution.

economics knows that the larger the population, the larger the aggregate wealth of the country. Every man born into the world, unless he be a vagrant, a criminal, or an invalid, makes more wealth than he consumes; else it would not be a profitable operation for anyone to employ him. Therefore, in an economic view, the diminution of the population is a serious matter for the State. So it is also, obviously, in a political view: a nation, other things being equal, is great in proportion to its numbers.

There is, further, the question of national defence. Since our recruiting sergeants have had to draw more and more largely upon the towns there has been a continuous diminution in the Army's physical standard; and the puny appearance of many of our soldiers has now become a common theme for melancholy jocularity. I believe it has been proved over and over again during

classes. It is well to have progress, but progress without the element of conservatism is too apt to become a mere restless and reckless pursuit of change for the sake of change. And it is this habit of mind—which, unchecked, tends towards disaster—that flourishes chiefly in big towns. It is needful to keep the balance. This is seen more particularly to-day in France, whose very salvation lies in the great solid weight of its peasantry, counteracting the incipient revolutionism of Paris and the big manufacturing towns. Similarly the looming evils in Spain centre in the big towns, such as Barcelona. Germany is even now appreciating the necessity of, and taking steps to insure against, the depletion of its villages. The political stability of England, and therewith its commercial greatness, are becoming endangered by the draining away of the solid political basis which the villages furnish to the Constitution.

## OUR FOOD IN WAR TIME.

There is another great danger to which the nation is exposing itself by a lack of native food supply. We do not produce much more than a fifth of our consumption of breadstuffs. We need, roughly, 30,000,000 quarters a year. Our production in 1901 is estimated at about 6,500,000 quarters, and in 1901 the yield per acre was 1 per cent. above the average of the decade. Nor is the whole of these 6,500,000 quarters available for consumption, as 2 or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  bushels per acre from the crop each year are needed for seed. Further, we do not keep in the country large stocks of imported wheat. Under the modern practice less wheat is stored in the country than formerly, and the tendency to shorten the stocks is steadily proceeding. In point of fact, we practically, in this matter, live from hand to mouth. Millers sell flour ahead to the bakers, when they have not, perhaps, bought more than half the wheat wherewith to make it. Many of our largest mills have not even two or three days' supply. Millers used to buy wheat; they now buy options in wheat. The wheat remains stored in foreign granaries. Sometimes the entire stock of wheat in the country, both foreign and home grown, is less than 2,000,000 quarters—not equal, that is to say, to more than three weeks' supply. For the six months following March each year, the quantity of wheat in the country seldom exceeds six weeks' supply, not infrequently is lower, and tends to become still lower. Even just after harvest there is barely fourteen weeks' supply in the country.

Now think what that would mean in time of war. I mean a war waged against us by one or more great naval Powers. "Oh! but the Navy," perhaps you say. But does it not strike you that perhaps our Fleet would have something better to do than convoy grain ships across the Atlantic during war time? that its operations might be seriously hampered by having to perform this big service? Easily, then, the country might run short of food; for it is not only wheat, but all sorts of foodstuffs, for which we are largely dependent upon imports. That is to say, famine would stare the country in the face. Even if the Navy devoted itself to the convoy of food-carrying ships, famine prices would at once result. Corn merchants estimate that the commencement of a naval war against this country would mean the immediate rise of wheat to anything between one hundred shillings and two hundred shillings a quarter. What would be the effect

of that to-day upon the working classes? With trade disorganised, and wages therefore lower or non-existent, it would mean grievous suffering, bread riots, revolution—unless the country sought peace at once upon any terms the enemy would give it.

But would there be any grain to convoy? By a few smart and secret financial operations agents of the enemy could corner the world's wheat supply; and as this would be the most effectual method of bringing England quickly to her knees, it is more than probable that such a course would be followed. Suppose that the enemy declared war in the spring-time, when there was not more than a month's or six weeks' supply in the country: how long, under these circumstances, could England stand out, even though she succeeded in holding down her famine-stricken population? She could not stand out until the harvest-time. Even if war came upon the eve of the harvest, she would still have only about two months' supply, and so would have to beat the enemy off the sea within a few weeks, in order that then she might get access to the wheat of the Colonies—unless the enemy had forestalled her there. The position is most formidably serious; the danger, when it is examined, is really frightful.

Yet, if we were producing, as we might produce, the greater part of our own breadstuffs, we should be secured against this awful peril.

And as to the Navy. If it really is the fact that our gigantic Navy, growing more costly every year, does exist largely for the purpose of conveying imported grain to our shores, rather than for fighting operations, is it not a mad waste of money to spend so many millions every year upon a fleet which would be superfluous if we had not abandoned our arable lands?

## THE LOSS OF THE MANUFACTURERS' MARKETS.

I touched briefly upon this matter in my last article, when speaking of the loss of capital and income which agricultural depression necessarily inflicted upon every department of trade, every occupation in the country, in varying degree. But a word further upon the matter is desirable in this place. We have so often been told, by apologists for the present state of things, that England's trade is an export trade, and that above all things it is necessary that she should have cheap food, from wherever it may come, in order that her manufacturers may (through

the payment of lower wages) be enabled to sell cheaply in foreign markets. As a description of the general course of our trade, this statement may be accepted. But whether the economic situation it reveals is desirable or not, is another matter. The more closely it is examined, the less desirable does it appear.

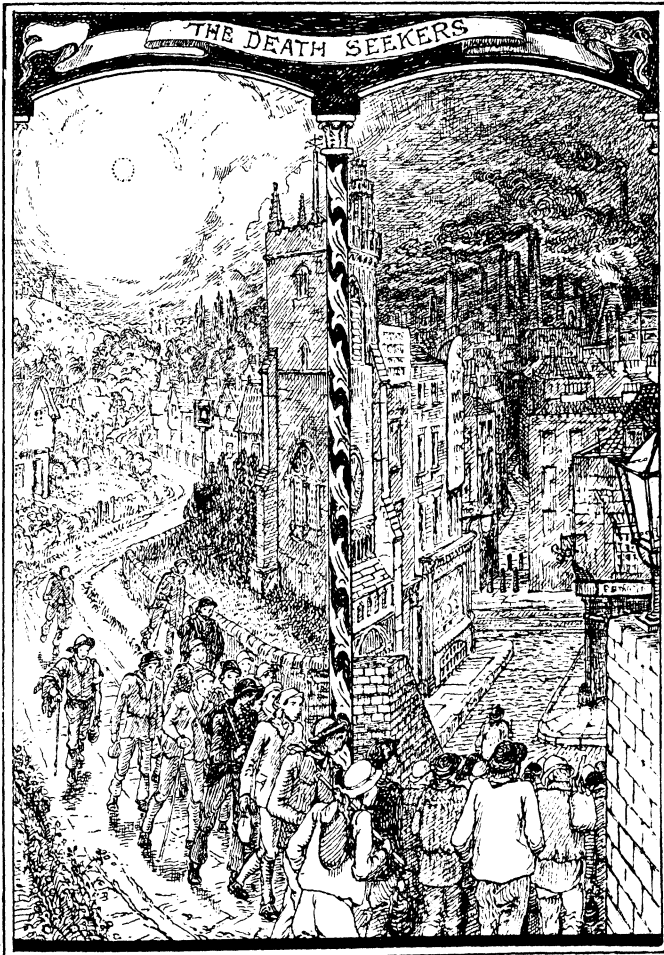
In the first place, our manufacturers, faced by the growingly keen and formidable competition of other nations, have to fight harder and ever harder for the retention of their foreign markets. And it is quite clear that in the future they will inevitably be edged out of those markets, for other nations are building up their own manufacturing capacity, while for what import trade remains, the competition of America and of Germany is too formidable to allow the English manufacturer to retain more than a small remnant. All this means that our manufacturers, in

concentrating their attention upon the export markets, are working in a field which is shrinking, and is bound to shrink, both in profitableness and in extent.

But always, in the very nature of the case, an export market must, saving certain abnormal exceptions, be less profitable than the home market. The cost of transport has been wonderfully cheapened of late, but it is still an item; so are the commissions of the various middlemen through whose hands manufactures destined for distant markets have to pass. And when, in addition, there are heavy import duties to pay, some part of which at least must fall upon the exporting manufacturer, and a keen price-cutting competition with other exporting nations also to face, in addition to the relative uncertainty of foreign markets, as compared with home markets, it will be seen without further argument that our manufacturers would be

much better off had they a good home market at their doors instead of this precarious and comparatively unprofitable foreign market.

But a good home market at their doors would help them to gain and retain foreign markets. It is because America and Germany have a better home market than that which is afforded to English manufacturers that these rivals of ours are able to sell more cheaply abroad than we can. They so arrange their affairs as to secure a profit upon the home market. The cost of producing over and above that quantity with the same plant, the general charges having been already paid, is much less. If English manufacturers, therefore, had a larger and better secured home market, they would be better equipped for, and able to sell more cheaply in foreign markets. Now the depletion and the impoverishment of the countryside seriously diminish the market for English manufacturers. Every fresh acre put under cultivation, each added dairy and restarted





mill, would mean so much more population in the rural districts, so much more purchasing power, so much more improvement in the home market open to English manufacturers. The questionable advantage of ultra-cheap foodstuffs as an aid to the payment of low wages is far more than equalised by the real disadvantage to the English manufacturer of a falling and faded market for his goods in the villages and country towns.

Again, therefore, let it be impressed upon the reader that the abandonment of our farming industries issues not alone—though that, in truth, is serious enough—in the loss of national wealth through the diminished production of the fruits of the soil; it issues also in a loss of potential wealth of all kinds. Our factories would have more work, and more profitable work, with an increase in the purchasing power of the agricultural population; and they would even have better foreign markets, since they would be more powerfully equipped to contest those markets.

#### UTILISATION OF SEWAGE.

A discussion of the loss of potential wealth through the depression in agriculture, and of the contrast between town and country life, naturally calls to mind the question of the replenishment of the soil's productive power by its manuring with the excreta and refuse from the towns. Where natural manures, as contrasted with chemical manures, are used, this process of rejuvenating the soil is already in existence. But there is a widespread belief that very much more could be done, that the sewage of great towns might be utilised upon an extensive scale. At present it is wasted, and worse than wasted, for it tends to propagate disease, and the only problem which is tackled in practice is how to get rid of it. In the opinion of some experts this waste is waste in the proper sense of the word. Sir Edwin Chadwick, for example, has said that for 2*d.* a ton he could distribute London sewage over the country for the farmers' use. I am aware that, on the other hand, so eminent an authority as the late Sir John Lawes has taken an adverse view after examining the matter at length and carrying out experiments. His opinion was that sewage is so diluted that it is hopeless to think of doing anything with it. With all due respect, however, to Sir John Lawes, it should not be assumed that his opinion is the last word upon the matter. The experiments which he conducted were carried out a great many

years ago, and it may easily be that now, or in the future, practical scientists may devise means of getting over the difficulty which oppressed Sir John Lawes. The matter is even now under the consideration of a Royal Commission, and it is well worth the attention which is being bestowed upon it, for the absorption into the soil of excremental and decaying vegetable and animal matter is Nature's own remedy for the exhaustion of the soil consequent upon crop-bearing. And if adequate means of transfer from the drains to the cultivated lands could be found, the land would be enriched and the farming industry would benefit by what would practically amount to an infusion of free capital into the farmers' business, and the public health would be better secured besides.

#### THE QUALITY OF THE FOOD.

Here is another consideration which should not be passed over. Opinions differ as to the relative qualities of imported and home-grown foodstuffs; and though I would not go so far as to contend that imported food is not generally wholesome and palatable, it will not be maintained, save, perhaps, by importing merchants, that the food we get from abroad is quite as rich in character, quite as grateful to the palate, as the home-grown article. I will except grains from this category. The best American and Canadian wheat is doubtless fully equal to our own; though I doubt if as much can be said of that which comes, say, from Russia. But the best home-made butter and cheese and home-cured hams are certainly superior to anything we get from abroad. So it is with meat. The chilled beef and the frozen mutton which come to us from the ends of the earth are good enough, at the price; but who, apart from questions of price, would not prefer a Welsh saddle of mutton or a joint of Scotch beef to anything from the United States or New Zealand? And it isn't always the good stuff from the United States and New Zealand which you get: there is the inferior mutton from the River Plate, the inferior beef from Australia, which, often unannounced, take the place of the better sorts at our tables. So it is with fruits. California and Canada send us respectable apples, but their flavour is not as that of the old English varieties, which are becoming rarer and rarer upon our sideboards.

There is a more serious point of view from which to regard this question of the relative

quality of English and foreign food. Many of the Continental butter factories are not above suspicion. A few years ago the Board of Customs instructed its analysts to test imported butters. Out of 890 samples examined, 106 were declared to be adulterated. When I referred to this matter in my book, "The Foreigner in the Farmyard," I was taken to task by the official organ of the Danish butter trade, which protested that Denmark, at all events, was pure, and that the Dutch Chamber of Commerce had protested against the results of the English analyses in regard to Dutch butter. Undoubtedly the Danish Government does exercise admirable care over the products of Danish factories, but with respect to Holland I do not see why the protest of a Dutch Chamber of Commerce should override the tale told by scientific analyses in England; though, it may be added, Germany came out of the analyses as a worse offender than Holland. Nor was France exempt. A Frenchman himself, M. Guillemin, chairman of the commission in charge of a French Margarine Bill, declared in the House of Deputies that Normandy and Brittany butter was sent over to England containing 15 to 35 per cent. of margarine. Nor would the passage of a law against adulteration appear to have been quite effectual. Professor Long told the Food Products Adulteration Committee that in a French factory which he visited he found margarine being blended with butter for the English market, the product being exported as "guaranteed pure butter," and this notwithstanding that the owner had been repeatedly fined by his unappreciative compatriots.

There is also the preservative question. It is hardly open to doubt that the boracic acid which preserves food by killing the microbes has a like deadly effect upon the organisms which inhabit the human stomach and are necessary to the due performance of digestion—in a word, that the use of boracic acid and similar food-preservatives breeds dyspepsia. Now, English dairymen are not proof against the temptation to use these deleterious preservatives, though steps are being taken to check the habit; but obviously those foods which come from a great distance, often half-way round the world, are still more likely to be doctored with chemicals than are home-grown products.

#### THE CASE OF IRELAND.

I wonder when people will begin to realise that what more than anything else is the

matter with Ireland is the ruin of her great staple industry, agriculture. It is generally recognised that, apart from fomented treason and race hatred, the Irish question is an agrarian one; but the full content is not given to the word "agrarian." People wander off into mere questions of landlordism. Landlordism in Ireland is no more to blame than it is in England or any other country. On the contrary, the Irish farmer is placed in a far better position relatively to his landlord than is the English or the Scottish farmer. It is the agricultural industry itself which ought to be considered. A few do consider it. Mr. Plunkett and his co-workers in the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society have appreciated the trouble, and have seen that Irish renovation depends upon the renovation of Ireland's staple industry, and are working valiantly to that end by the establishment of co-operative dairies and agricultural banks. Politicians of the type of Mr. Dillon know it also, though they will not confess it; but they virtually confess it when they stand aloof from invitations to join the work of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, and shrink with terror from anything that would make agriculture more prosperous in the country, because they know that the prosperity of agriculture would mean the end of the treason and political agitation upon which they batten. But when will the mass of Irish people and of English people see the thing also?

In the past England treated Ireland badly. Cruel and oppressive and foolish laws were made, hampering, even prohibiting, the formation of manufacturing industries in Ireland. These laws, however, having done their work of evil, have since been repealed. But greater than the evils they have wrought has been the blow which England struck at Ireland's chief industry. And that has not yet been put right; and so Ireland still suffers, and will go on suffering, and the country remains impoverished, and her children continue to emigrate, to cherish in a foreign country their rancour against England. Inoffensive Irish landlords have been treated badly; coercive laws, the necessity of which in a civilised country is a shame to that country, have been passed; the time and the energy of the Imperial Parliament have been wasted year after year, to the neglect of other business, while Irish questions have been debated; men have been murdered; the Empire has been weakened, and is still exposed to danger—

all on account of the Irish trouble, which is very largely the result of the decadence of Ireland's rural industries, and might very largely be cured by a return of agricultural prosperity. If only as a solution of the eternal, harassing Irish question, it would be well worth while to take almost any steps, to submit to almost any sacrifices, in order to bring prosperity to Irish agriculture.

But a notion of Governmental insensibility to the need of encouraging Irish industry may be gathered from the following reply made in 1884 by Mr. Childers, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to Lord John Manners, who had asked whether the Government would be prepared to allow the agriculturists of the United Kingdom to grow tobacco. Mr. Childers said:—

“At that time—1779–1830—when tobacco was allowed to be grown in Ireland, the Free Trade rules, which are the basis of our legislation, were not so well understood, and the tobacco grown in Ireland was not subject to duty. Of course, now, if the permission were restored, the tobacco would have to pay an Excise duty, and a countervailing Customs duty. . . . I therefore, after the fullest consideration, have come to the conclusion that *it would not be possible to allow the growth of tobacco in this country.*”

Of such are our legislators made.

#### THE DEADLY CRY OF CHEAPNESS.

And it is all for the sake of cheapness. This tremendous loss, these most serious and threatening evils of various kinds, are all deliberately incurred by this nation upon the one plea of Cheapness. It is the most monumental, the deadliest folly that ever entered into the mind of man.

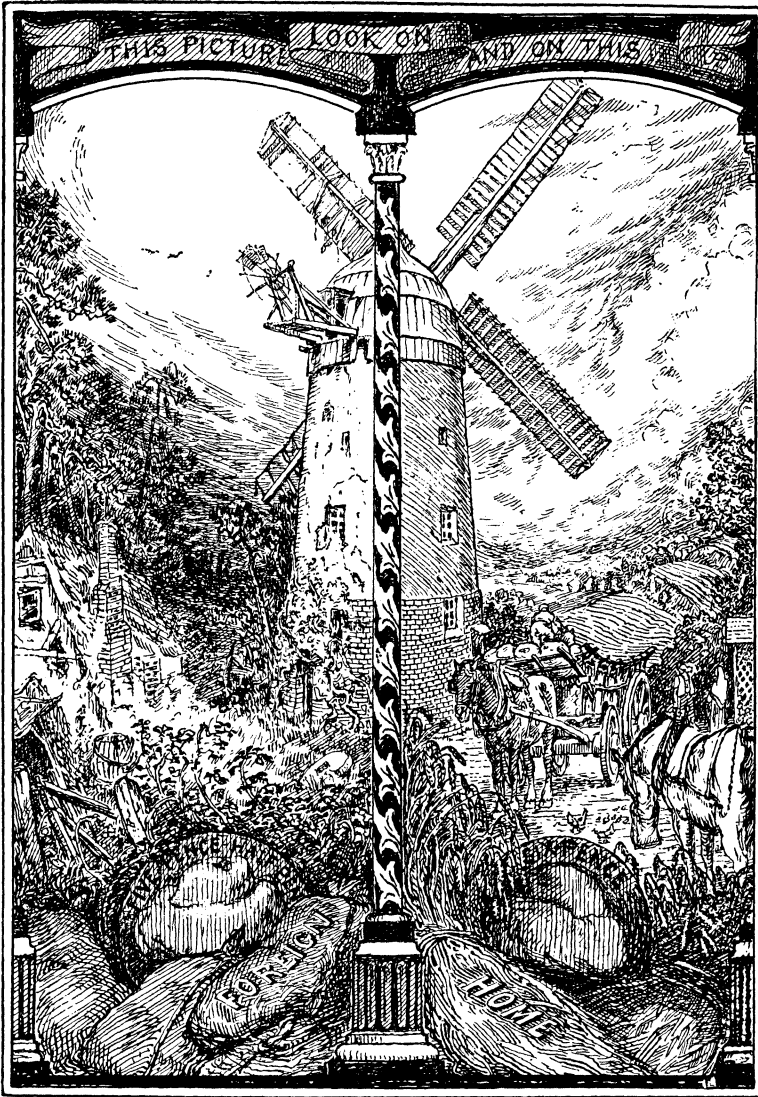
Dr. Johnson, with that characteristic rough common-sense of his which brushed aside the sophisms overlaying any subject with which he was dealing, once wrote: “It is to no purpose to tell me that eggs are a penny a dozen in the Highlands; that is not because eggs are many, but because pence are few.” This is a passage from the great doctor's works which might well form the subject of serious meditation to-day. An impartial meditation upon it, in the light of the facts that we have already been considering, will play havoc with this short-sighted Cheapness theory.

The actual case may be put more strongly than in Dr. Johnson's words. When a country's production is properly cared for and guarded, a rise in the price of commodi-

ties is not only compensated by a rise in wages and profits, but is more than compensated. According to evidence given before the Royal Commission on the Depression in Trade, the cost of living in the United States was 10 per cent. more than the cost of living in this country; but wages were 80 per cent. more. And the position in America has not worsened since then. The marvellously increased production of all kinds of wealth there has made the cost of living cheaper than it was in 1886, though wages have not gone down; on the contrary, I believe they have gone substantially upwards. Anyone who has lived in the United States, as I have done, knows that the American workman is far better off than the English workman. And yet we are bidden not to follow America's example in the safeguarding of native industries, because by so doing we run the risk of paying a little more for certain commodities! Let us have done with this huckstering folly before we are utterly ruined. Let us remember that production must precede consumption, and that if we look after production, consumption will take care of itself. What on earth advantage is it to a working man to have bread cheapened by a halfpenny a loaf, which means the yearly saving of less than half-a-crown per head, when the result is that working men's wages are lowered by much more than half-a-crown a week? Is it not cruel mockery to tell the working man he can buy his loaf for fivepence-halfpenny instead of sixpence, when, in consequence of lack of employment, he hasn't the fivepence-halfpenny in his pocket?

The mad theory does not bear argument. And yet it will perhaps be as well to point out that not only is the adoption of the theory an act of national suicide, but the alleged fact upon which it is based is largely false. In the first place, owing to the great increase in the world's production of all kinds of wealth, and the development of the credit system offsetting the depreciation of gold, commodities generally are cheaper than they used to be—that is to say, they are more easily within the reach of the poor man. Any necessity, therefore, which may have existed in past years to study cheapness as a subject of crying moment is disappearing. The greater power which the working classes of all nations have now of demanding a bigger share of the fruits of industry makes this desirability of studying cheapness yet more remote.

And then there is the fact, ignored by the



Cheapness theorists, that the protection of industry does not, in the long run, make for dearness. It helps to ensure a reasonable profit and reasonable wages to those engaged in industry; but it also develops industry within the protected area, and thereby develops competition, and so forces down prices to a reasonable level. It is not in the interests of permanent cheapness of food to let the excellent food-producing lands of this country go to rack and ruin, and so to give the foreigner a monopoly of the supply. Do you know that in 1836, the year of highest protective duties in this country, bread was selling at fivepence-halfpenny a loaf? With

all your importations you cannot get it much below that to-day. And why was bread sold at fivepence-halfpenny a loaf in 1836? Because the nation's agriculture had been protected and developed to such a degree that the country was self-sufficing, and when the harvest was bountiful the wheat could be sold as cheaply as it can be sold to-day under the influence of decayed home agriculture and unrestricted foreign competition. In lean years more had to be paid, but the protective duties were arranged upon a sliding scale, which, by admitting foreign wheat upon lower terms in proportion to the increase in the price, mitigated the danger of very dear bread. Nor would it have been either just or wise, our fathers saw, to make the agricultural classes, who sustained the great

national industry, bear all the brunt of bad seasons. It was right and proper that the effect should be distributed over the whole country, so that the agricultural producers should not be impoverished and their industry brought to ruin. That was the old wise principle; the adoption of the contrary principle has brought about the melancholy and disastrous and menacing results which now confront us.

#### WHY WHEAT IS AT PRESENT UNPROFITABLE.

It may be well to say a word or two with regard to the economic necessity for the

abandonment of our wheat acres. Why, it may be asked, cannot the English farmer under present conditions make wheat-growing pay?

The best answer to this question will be to transcribe the substance of Mr. W. J. Harris's evidence upon the subject before the Royal Commission on Agricultural Depression. This witness made estimates of the comparative costs of production of English and foreign wheat farms. His conclusion was that the foreigner (in a gold currency country) had a net advantage of 40s. an acre over the Englishman. And he calculated thus: The ease with which the foreigner's soil is worked, including lack of preparation and the saving in ploughing and harvesting, is equal to an advantage of 40s. an acre over the Englishman; the absence of weeding = 2s.; certain harvest weather and continuous instead of rotatory crops = 20s.; the English farmer's use of manures and growth of intermediate crops for fertilising, which probably do not pay expenses and rent as well = 20s.; the English farmer's rent and tithe = 15s.; his rates and taxes = 5s.; advantage to the foreigner = 102s. per acre. Upon the other side are the disadvantages which the foreigner suffers. Freight and insurance = 15s. per acre; short yield of foreign land compared with English = 50s. per acre. Thus the Englishman has an advantage over the foreigner of 65s. per acre, and the foreigner an advantage over the Englishman of 102s. per acre—net gain to the foreigner, 37s. per acre; or, if we add 3s. saved by American and Colonial farmers in the cost of seed, 40s. per acre. These calculations are, of course, conjectural, though it is worth stating that other experts have calculated the Englishman's position as being less favourable than appears in Mr. Harris's estimates. And, of course, in respect to competition from silver and paper currency countries, the foreigner's position is yet more favourable. I may add, too, that since Mr. Harris made his estimate freights have tended downward, and that agricultural machinery abroad, owing to the growth of the American and German industries, is also getting cheaper. Further, English wheat lands are much better than foreign wheat lands. You will notice that Mr. Harris puts the English farmer's advantage in this respect at 50s. an acre. Of course, that is in part accounted for by the contraction of English wheat lands, the less prolific being abandoned, while some of the more prolific remain. But even when twice the amount of wheat was grown in England that is grown to-day, the

yield of our wheat lands was well in excess of the average yields in foreign countries; indeed, upon well-manured lands it was as high as the present average. With our soil so well adapted to wheat cultivation, therefore, apologists of the present condition of the industry have no justification for using the argument that England is not naturally suited to wheat cultivation. Wheat is certainly not an exotic in this country. It is not Nature which is against the English farmer; it is the English Legislature.

#### PILLS FOR AN EARTHQUAKE.

The scene was in a rural district of the United States. Two farmers were conversing about modern improvements. From their dialogue I extract the following passage:—

UNCLE JOHN: "Why, yes; they have agricultural schools where they teach scientific farmin'."

UNCLE HIRAM: "I s'pose some day they'll have schools where they'll teach scientific bunco-steerin'."

In Uncle Hiram's caustic rejoinder there is a parable for application upon this side of the Atlantic. I don't wish to talk disparagingly of any sort of education. Agricultural colleges and the like are excellent institutions, and peripatetic Government dairy experts going about instructing farmers and dairymaids in more scientific methods of following their calling (as is now done in Canada) are quite excellent in their way. But, on the other hand, there is a good deal in Uncle Hiram's comment. The English farmer does not want to be taught how to produce a good crop of wheat or barley. If he sows less perfect sorts than formerly, it is because they yield more prolifically; whereas for the better but rather less prolific sorts which he used to sow he can no longer command an adequately increased price, now that the miller has learned to blend English with foreign wheat. It is not the professor steeped to the eyes in agricultural chemistry, but the man who has been reared on the soil, and knows it and its products as an artist knows a picture, to whom one would go for the best judgment upon meadow grass or the quality of a head of stock. We can do very well indeed with a larger infusion of agricultural chemistry and scientific methods (though they are mainly applicable to the minor rural industries, rather than to the major ones); but do not let us abuse the English farmer as a man who fails

because he doesn't know his business. Neither let us think that agricultural education or any other palliative will renovate our derelict countryside. In their place all these various reforms of which we hear are good enough as palliatives during the present distressful period, and as useful accompaniments of agricultural industry when, if ever, it shall be renovated. But if we regard them as more than this; if we regard them as in themselves adequate remedies for the awful disease that has struck down our agriculture, then we are like the people who propose pills to cure an earthquake. I am an enthusiastic advocate of co-operative dairy farming, of co-operation for the purchase of seeds and manures and for the sale of produce. I believe in agricultural banks upon the Raiffeisen system for the encouragement of small peasant farmers. Our villages would flourish better if more attention were given to the poultry run and the orchard, particularly with regard to the better and ex-

tended manufacture of cider. Railway rates are in a very unsatisfactory condition, and agriculture calls loudly for more reform than the railway companies have hitherto deemed it worth their while to grant. The incidence of rating and taxation might be changed so as to fall less hardly upon the agricultural classes. Imported produce should be marked. But though you might execute all these reforms, agriculture would not be lifted clear of the Slough of Despond into which it has been plunged. There is only one full, real remedy.

#### WHAT MUST BE DONE.

This nation must return upon its steps. It must go back to the system under which, and by which, England was elevated to her commanding rank among the nations. It is of no use to tell me that Englishmen will never consent again to have a duty put upon corn. The time is coming when Englishmen will remember Burke's words that "in every country the first creditor is the plough. This original, indefeasible claim supersedes every other demand." To act upon these words, to admit the necessity of a duty upon corn, may mean a breaking with old prejudices and old traditions. But the break has got to be made; and there is hope that it will be made, and made before very long, in the fact that, conservative and slow-moving as are the ideas of the English people, Englishmen have already broken with the Cobdenite philosophy at every other point. The Cobdenite school would have nothing to do with Empire; the people to-day values its Empire as its most treasured possession, as the guarantee of continued existence. The Cobdenite school would have nothing to do with legislation for the protection of the worker against tyranny and of the consumer against adulteration; modern Englishmen have insisted upon such protection. Why should they not go just one step further, and break completely with Cobdenism, and insist upon protection for the great industry itself? For it is the fundamental industry of the



country; the industry without which the nation itself is endangered; without which the industrial and commercial society and the body politic which are reared upon it will in time crumble away, or, maybe, will topple over before the first serious assault.

Those who glibly repeat the phrase that the country will never consent to import duties being re-enacted upon corn utter a parrot cry. Each man will tell you that the country will never consent, etc., though he himself quite sees the necessity. Some day the country will wake up to find that a vast majority of the individuals composing the nation are entertaining simultaneously the same idea as to the necessity. The parrot phrase about corn had an analogue until last year in a similar cry about the country never standing an import duty upon sugar. As we know, the country took the duty without a murmur. Nay, professional Free Traders like Sir Robert Giffen have recently put forth suggestions for a shilling a quarter import duty upon grain itself, and there has been no outcry. The country accepted the sugar duties because it knew they were necessary in the interests of the revenue. It will accept also import duties which are necessary in the interests of the greatest of national industries and of the nation's own safety, as readily as it accepted a burden for

the purpose of paying for an ill-managed war.

There is one more matter upon which I must touch. It is commonly said that we could not, and we would, grow all our own food. The statement is not true. Except in lean seasons, we might, with an effort, produce the whole of our own consumption. Eight million arable acres would probably suffice for our wheat consumption; and eight million acres of good wheat land could be found in the United Kingdom. Similarly, a much greater head of stock could be kept in this country, if we adopted the Scandinavian system of stall-feeding. But it is not necessary that we should produce the whole of our supply; it would be enough that in normal years we should produce, say three-fourths of it, and for the other fourth let us go to our Colonies, who are already trying hard to get into our markets, and for whose products, in larger measure than obtains at present, we could still find room, after renovating our own agriculture. To secure that these importations should be from the Colonies it would only be necessary to give Colonial produce a preferential tariff, such as Canada accords to-day to our manufactures; and in return we should be granted a preference in their markets against the competition of foreign manufacturers.





# THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.\*

SECOND SERIES.

No. VI.—TREATY MAKERS.

"NO, sir; I'm very sorry, sir," said the butler, "but the master is particularly engaged just now, and won't be free till dinner-time. Would you like to go up to your room, sir?"

"Mrs. Thompson in?"

"No, sir. Out driving. She left word she would not be back till late. I don't think you could have said what train you were coming down by, sir."

Mr. Gahan remembered that a carriage had been sent to meet him at the station, but did not comment on this openly or facially. The industry of politics had taught him to carry an impassive face. "But I fancy," he observed inwardly to himself, "that they'd have been a trifle more keen to receive me if they'd known that I'd come down with the offer of a baronetcy in my pocket. Pity one's got to make use of parvenus like these. I must say, though, except for that absurd stuffed trout over the fireplace, the place shows good taste."

The butler continued his respectful apologies. "I'm sorry, sir, but the young gentlemen are out, too. Shall I bring you a cup of tea into the hall here, or would you prefer anything else, sir?"

"Thanks, no," said Gahan. "I'll go out and smoke in the park till dinner-time. I saw a man rabbiting there as I drove through. I'll watch him and enjoy the air. Your Yorkshire air is too good to be missed."

"Certainly, sir; I'll bring you cigars."

Mr. Gahan, like other people before him, found Buton Hall and its gardens, with the carp-ponds and the park, with their backing of heather-covered hills, very pleasing to the eye, and, being a man of good family himself, he naturally resented that the owner should be a mere mushroom of yesterday. He had not seen T. Thompson or heard about him beyond the bare facts of his power and wealth, and he naturally pictured

him in raw colours—a creature ignorant of everything except the devices of money-making, extravagantly boastful of his success, offensively keen, and a murderer of the Queen's English.

"It does seem a shame," said Mr. Gahan to himself, as he eyed caressingly the autumn dressing of the Buton oaks and beeches, "it does seem an abominable shame that a man should get a magnificent old place like this merely by working for it! Why couldn't he build himself a shiny stone palace outside Bradford, and leave Buton to be held by somebody who could appreciate it? I give him credit, though, for keeping good cigars. It's a pity to smoke such tobacco as this in the open air. But perhaps his butler buys them for him. Good servant that butler. He's been in a gentleman's house before he came here. Hullo, more deer! Those are Japanese, this time, and that's the seventh variety I've seen already. I wonder how many species the fellow has put down here? He's got a regular zoological collection. Queer taste for a wool merchant, or cloth-maker, or whatever he is, a man who rose yesterday, and who has probably never been ten miles away from his counting-house."

With musings after this pattern, Mr. Gahan made his way appreciatively across the park, stepped over a line of wire rabbit-fencing, and presently came upon a man engaged beside a burrow. Three ferrets kicked in their bags by his side, nets covered all the neighbouring holes, and the man himself was occupied in driving back a couple of pale yellow ferrets which seemed to prefer the open air to their professional duties down below.

"The rabbits don't seem to be at home," said Gahan.

"'Appen," said the rabbitier. "But t'spot fair crawled w'im this morn."

"Perhaps they're in the next hole. They may have been driven out of this by a weasel or something."

"I've tried six and found nowt. Seems

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to me there's been some beggar round here poaching."

"I suppose Mr. Thompson doesn't care much about game preservation?"

The rabbitier wiped the clay from his fingers on to the grass and looked up with a stolid face. "'Oo might you be, please?"

"I'm staying up at the Hall."

"Then, sir, you must have been there a very short time, and know our governor very little or not at all, or you wouldn't ask a fond question like that. Him keen on game preserving!" The rabbitier chuckled. "There's only one thing he's keener on, but that's not for me to talk about; indeed, I'm not supposed to know it."

"Is he a good shot?"

"Middlin'," said the rabbitier judicially. "But for knowing where birds is, either on the moor or in covert, and for being able to get at them, there isn't his equal. I tell you, mister, that when our governor took to making hisself a millionaire, there was the best gamekeeper in England just thrown away. I've often said it was a pity."

Gahan was genuinely pleased with the information. It went some way towards reconciling him to the present ownership of Buton. He was a keen sportsman himself. "I'm glad to hear you're down on poachers here."

"Oh! we're all that. There's a five-pound note for us keepers for every chap that's copped here taking the game, and there's ten pound if we can nobbut leet on t'worst of them."

"The ringleader, d'ye mean? The organiser?"

"No. This here chap works by hissen, and gathers more game when he's i' t'mood than all t'rest of them put together. They say he's got a mongrel lurcher bitch that's a fair monkey for cleverness, though I've never seed orther o' them mysen. But I've a notion who t'chap is, and I s'ouldn't wonder but what I fobbed yon ten pound one o' these neets."

Gahan had been peering down at the grass. "I rather fancy you might have a try for it now."

"What's that, sir?"

"Take away those nets and give the ferrets free play. There, look. A scent's been laid down here, and that one's following it like a hound. There, the other's joined in. I thought as much. Somebody's run a drag over here. You can follow it by eye if you stoop."

"Aye," said the rabbitier, "that sounds a

bit o' all right, mister. But what's the use of a drag here? Hares or pheasants you can lure away with valerian or assyfettedler; but these is rabbiths here, an' I never heard of a way to whistle them from thro' their 'oils i' t'dayleet."

"Nor I," said Gahan; "but we're neither of us poachers or inventors, you see."

The rabbitier seemed struck with a sudden idea. "No, we're not. But t'chap I have i' mind's both. Sitha how ferret's following t'scent. I bet yon never thought of being copped that way. It's a rare owd-fashioned trick hunting him down wi' a ferret, by goy! isn't it, mister? Sitha, t'ferret's dodging about like a firework to each rabbith-'oil i' turn. Yon chap's pulled drag over every one of them, an' t'rabbiths has all come out an' followed it."

"Look at this piece of bare soil, it's just smothered with their tracks. And look on ahead here through the grass. There's a regular lane. Here, pick up the ferret. There's no mistaking the way now." Mr. Gahan split and twisted a good stout cudgel from a hazel. "Come along, now, quickly and quietly, and perhaps I can help you catch your man in the act."

The rabbitier murmured something indistinctly about catching a very evil gentleman asleep, but followed briskly on at Gahan's heels, and the pair of them crashed into a cover amongst brackens that were brown and gold with their autumn tints, and under shrubs and trees that were gorgeous with yellow foliage.

They were not good trackers, and more than once had again to bring the ferret to their aid. Moreover, they made sufficient noise in their passage to advertise all the wild things of the woods about each and all of their movements. But they worked on slowly and persistently, and in the end came to the further side of the cover, and there in the open saw a sight which made Gahan whistle, and the rabbitier swear out of sheer amazement.

A length of the wire rabbit-fencing had been pulled away from its former position, and the stakes re-set in a curve back on to itself so as to form a pound. At one point on the outside a small pit had been dug, and covered by the lid of a barrel ingeniously poised. The line of the drag led to this lid, which was liberally smeared with the lure. The rabbits would scamper on to it, and promptly the lid would capsize and drop them into the pit below, thereupon returning to its former appearance of security. And

the pit communicated down a short passage with the interior of the pound.

As a plain testimonial to the efficiency of the plan, the floor of the pound was literally carpeted with mumbling, kicking, scuffling, furry rabbits.

"We've missed catching the man," said Gahan. "He must have heard us coming through the cover, and taken fright and bolted. But, at any rate, we've stopped him

"You seem to know pretty well who the man is?"

The rabbitier grunted with contempt. "Of course I do, mister. It's the governor, who else?"

"What, Mr. Thompson?"

"Naturally. He's the finest poacher i' Yorkshire. Everybody knows that as knows owt round here. But," added the rabbitier, with a wink, "e doesn't think as we know.

Still, I must say we never catch him, though we're always on the try, and he'd fork out right handsome to a man who did it."

"Surprising sort of a millionaire, this," thought Gahan to himself, as he walked slowly back to the Hall across the park. "Seems a bit different from my first measure of him. There's more in the man than mere wool and dollars. Well, he'll make all the better baronet. What a grand old house it is, and what splendid timber! I wonder if our parvenu has had the foresight to equip himself with aitches as well as a fine estate. I really must have another walk through these grounds before I go in to be bored."

It was late when Mr. Gahan got in, and he went up straight to dress, and then reported himself in the drawing-room. A good deal to his surprise, he found a house-party there of quite twenty people.

A sturdy, clean-shaven man, with a powerful jaw and a strong blue eye, singled him out and came across. — "I'm awfully sorry there was no one in

to meet you when you came. I'm T. Thompson, by the way. My wife will be down in a minute."

"Don't apologise. I've been gloating over the beauties of your park, and amusing myself with one of your keepers. I gather you take a special interest in rabbits?"

The blue eyes twinkled. "Yes, entertaining creatures, rabbits. Curiously simple to lead them about when you know how. But



"The pair of them crashed into a cover."

from walking off with the rabbits, and he's had all his trouble for nothing."

The rabbitier was on his knees snuffling the barrel lid. "I wish I could annylise what this 'ere drag's made of. But I cannot. It's not valerian and its not assyfettleder. It's some blame' chemical of his own, and he'll keep t'secret of it and just make my life a punishment if I cannot contrive to cop him i' t'act."

you've got to learn to move quietly in cover before you can do much in that line."

Gahan laughed.

"I arranged the big shoot for the day after to-morrow," said Tom hospitably, "but I'll see you go out to-morrow, if you care to face an extra day."

"Doesn't a bit know who I am," commented Gahan to himself.

"I'm sorry, but none of the shooting people are here yet. They'll be all foreigners at dinner to-night. Do you talk French?"

"No," said Gahan, with a laugh; "I'm afraid I only talk politics," and mentioned his name.

His host laughed also. "I'm afraid you will think we are an awfully muddled crew down here. I didn't know a bit you were coming down, and that's the truth. But we're business people to this extent, that my partner, Mrs. Thompson, manages the political department altogether, and I don't interfere. Here she is, by the way. Let me take you across. My dear, Mr. Gahan, whom you've asked to come down to see you, and who doesn't talk French. Gahan, will you take Mrs. Thompson into dinner?"

"Bless my soul!" thought Gahan, "she doesn't know who I am, neither. They seem to do their entertaining here on a scale that's wide and, to say the least of it, cosmopolitan. I must have been corresponding with a secretary. We'd better know how we stand. It's no use beating about the bush any more."

So, whilst he was taking his hostess across the wide hall to the dining-room, he bluntly announced his errand into her ear.

"A baronetcy for Tom? How delightful of you—or them—or whoever it is! He won't take it, of course. He always said from the first he was going to have a peerage, and as he said so, he'll have it. But it's quite delicious to hear it offered."

"Then I am superfluous?"

"Not a bit. Not at all. It is immensely kind of you to come down and see us. We don't want the peerage yet, not for at least half a dozen more years, or I'd ask you to help. I'm sure Tom would be delighted if you did."

This pretty, joyous woman was outside Gahan's calculations. He did not know what to make of her, except that she was a lady, though for that matter T. Thompson himself appeared to the eye and the ear as the ordinary civilised Christian gentleman, and not the raw, self-assertive, patois-speaking parvenu which he had pictured. De-

cidedly this household puzzled him. He talked on to get more knowledge of its ways.

"You seem to have your processes pretty well in hand, if you can talk so certainly about results."

"My excellent husband," said Mary Thompson cheerfully, "always is certain of a result before he begins to move. There is no magic about it. He only sleeps about four hours a day, and he's thinking things out and arranging them for the rest of the twenty-four. Only he does it in railway carriages, and on the moor, and in places like those, and people miss the mental agony, and that's why they always associate him with luck and conjuring tricks."

"I only know him," Gahan confessed, "from his contributions to party funds, and it is because of those that I am down here."

"With the baronetcy in one hand and a polite request for more in the other?"

"You've got it in a phrase. By the way, do none of these good people here understand English?"

"*Pas un mot.* That comfortable dame in the high frock and the diamond breastplate next my husband thinks she understands a little, but in effect she doesn't. It's a pity for her, because the odds are she'll be the next *Madame la Présidente*. So we can gossip as dangerously as we please. By the way, did you think all those cheques were towards purchasing that baronetcy?"

Gahan laughed. "My dear lady, you put it so bluntly that I begin to think they couldn't have been for that purpose. Not that there's anything to be ashamed of in such a course. People who want these little social additions do it every day."

"I suppose Tom and I are more ambitious, then. We are going to get our—what we want, without direct purchase."

"Then," suggested Gahan rather shyly, "the cheques to the party funds were sent out of sheer admiration for the party's work?"

"Not one very little bit at all. They were either bribes or blackmail, whichever way you choose to look at it. Each has been conditional on something being done. Tom and I have our likes and dislikes, and we always see to it that we get the likes. For instance, he's travelled a good deal and, as a consequence, he has remarkably small sympathy with those stay-at-home people who always think England in the wrong, and some other country (which they don't understand in the least) should be truckled to. We've paid a good many thousand pounds to save ourselves being nauseated by the sight

of English honour dragged in the mud by Englishmen. There was Egypt, for instance——"

"Sh!" said Gahan, glancing up the table, "please. There are many people that don't speak English for publication who can follow a conversation—especially if it isn't intended for them. Your future Mrs. President was looking down this way just then with a distinct eye of intelligence. We all understand, of course, that there are many wheels in political machinery, but it is not always advisable to describe them too publicly."

Mary Thompson showed amusement. "I don't think you and I can teach much in this way to these good folks round the table here. They're all French political

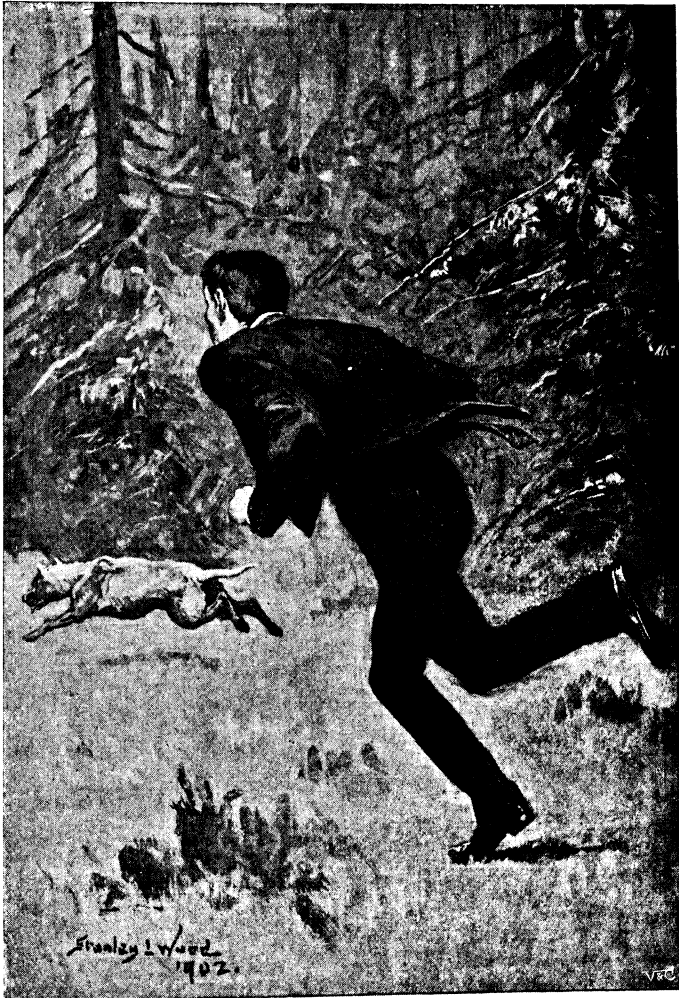
people. They're over here on a visit, nominally to enjoy themselves at Buton, and to shoot 'ze English grouse-bird.' You should have been up on the moor to see them. Every butt there was half full of empty cartridge-cases, and they managed to haggle down just eight brace amongst them. I had a talk to the keeper this morning, and he cried. They say he didn't cry yesterday. Tom had told him to arrange for a good day, and Mr. Keeper imagined they'd gather about two hundred and fifty brace. Tom said it was quite lucky he and the beaters talked such very broad Yorkshire that no one could understand them. But really our dear visitors are here to see how trade is run in Bradford, and especially by Thompson and Asquith."

"That's your husband's firm."

"Yes. They've got a lot of places in Bradford, and employ about 5,000 hands, and, not counting the German mills, they've got another 5,000 hands in their Continental works, which are mostly in France. Now French tariffs and French legislation don't suit England's views, and Tom is English first, last, and all the way. As a consequence, things in France have got to be altered, or Tom will give them over there a very bad time indeed commercially. Of course, there are no threats. He'll be beautifully tactful and polite to them, but they'll believe he'll be as good as his word. He's had to give exhibitions of truthfulness in France, just as he once had to here in England, and people got hurt because they were sceptical."

"How do you mean? Strikes and things?"

"Yes, closing down mills and destroying machinery. He set up a machine-shop in Roubaix once, and they hampered him. He gave them fair warning to drop it, and as they wouldn't, he broke up all the tools, took away the business, and incidentally smashed



"He followed Clara at a very sharp trot."

all the other textile machinery makers in France by underselling them. So you see they came to believe that when he said a thing was going to be, they could be certain it would be done. It's a great matter to be known as a man of your word."

"Well," said Gahan, with a good deal of surprise, "this is all news to me. We knew in London that your husband was a strong man, but I'm beginning to see that his talents have a far wider scope than we'd any idea of. It's the Government," he added drily, "that usually makes the treaties for this country."

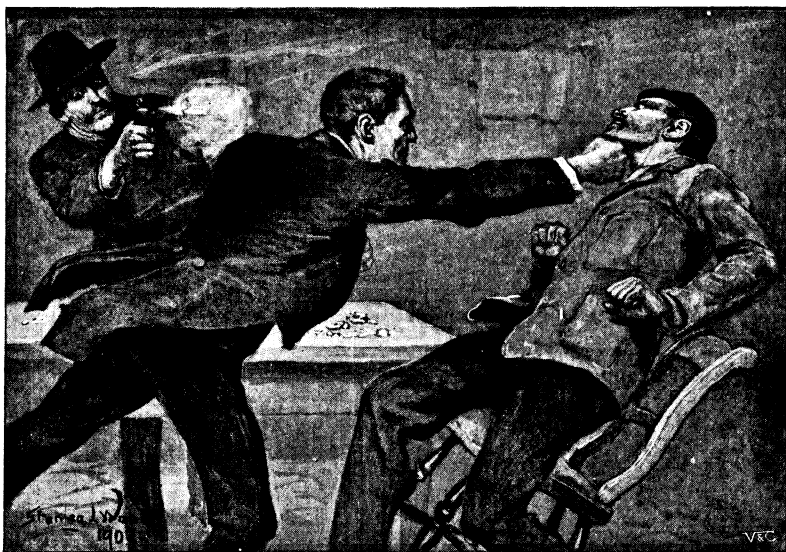
"Don't you see that makes it all the more piquant for a mere private person to take up that branch of international politics?"

"If Mr. Thompson gets France to adopt Free Trade, I shall call him a miracle-maker. What's more, I can guarantee that the Prime Minister would see that he had his peerage in the next list."

"Oh! Tom's not Utopian. He's always eminently practical, and he never cries for the moon. France would never do anything so suicidal and ridiculous as that. England stands alone as the only nation that fosters foreign competition, and none of the others will ever be insane enough to try and push her off that pedestal, at any rate. No, it's the tariff on raw materials he's going to get lowered, so as to reduce finished prices in France and increase the French demand. At the same time, he wants the tolls taken off the profits one makes over there, so that (don't you see?) Englishmen, who have the skill and the capital, can make money in France by manufacturing there, and bring it home to England to spend."

Gahan looked quizzically up at an oak beam in the ceiling.

"What are you thinking of now? Oh! I see. It strikes you that my generous husband is working with half an eye on general



"Caught the man nearest him a terrific pelt on the angle of the jaw."

British interests, and a good eye and a half on his own?"

"Well, it has rather that appearance."

"Perhaps in a way you're right. But, believe me, he isn't working for mere money alone now. And when you begin to think of it, the reason's perfectly plain. We're past that stage. We couldn't spend a third of our invested income if we tried—and the income is being added to automatically every week. Still, you know, once a man's built up a big business, and made success with it, he carries it on for its own sake, and not entirely——" She broke off and laughed. Gahan noticed that she had a very fascinating laugh and was, in fact, a remarkably beautiful woman. "What a nice light topic all this is for a dinner conversation! But it's your own fault for starting it. Politics are my weak place. It's an instance of heredity; my people have all dabbled ineffectively in politics for ten generations. You see the advantage of starting without the handicap of ancestors. That's where my husband scored. He was able to form his own tastes as he liked, without any hindrances whatever. Oh, dear! What's wrong now?"

A lady's maid had come into the room, voluble and French, and the staid butler was confronting her with disapproval. The maid with waving hands dodged past him and made for the comfortable, bejewelled lady who had been pointed out as the future *Madame la Présidente*.

It appeared that Madame had been robbed,

outraged! Whilst Madame dined, thieves had broken into Madame's bedchamber, and taken not only Madame's emerald necklace, but also the enamel bracelet and the turquoise set, and, in fact, all Madame's relays of jewellery!—the maid explained in a shrill, tearful *crescendo*.

Madame did not change colour. The previous ministrations of the maid prevented that. But she showed unmistakable signs of an outbreak of hysteria. She had been struck in her tenderest spot. "I am ruined!" she panted. "All my lovely toys! La, la! I shall have nothing now to wear. I shall be a picture of derision. And this is England! What barbarians!"

"Now, isn't that tiresome?" murmured Mrs. Thompson to Gahan at the other end of the table. "Why couldn't they have helped themselves at my jewel-case if they wanted anything? Thieves seem to be people with no consideration for anything beyond loot.

Now, this is just the sort of thing that breaks off half-made treaties. That woman has got more influence one way and another than all the rest of the party here put together. She's really, I believe, the most powerful person in the French Republic this minute, and certainly the vainest woman in Europe. I always think her jewellery is in abominable taste, even for Paris, but she's ridiculously proud of it, and she'll be furious enough to run France into a war with us if it's lost. Oh! there's Tom off to look. Then we may as well contain our souls in patience, because he knows the importance of it, and if anybody can get it back, he's the man."

"It's an awkward incident," said Gahan. "Even Mr. Thompson," he added, with dry malice, "can't plan out everything beforehand as it ought to go."

Mary Thompson laughed happily. "Tom always allows plenty of margin. It will cost him a little more time and trouble, maybe, but you'll see it won't interfere with the result."

In the meanwhile Tom had gone up to Madame's bedroom and made a rapid survey. The door had been locked from the inside, but the raiders had overlooked the door to the dressing-room which matched the rest of the fitments, and it was through this that first the maid and afterwards Tom made entrance.

The unauthorised caller must have found his work ridiculously easy. He had found the position of a light gardener's ladder and the hour of dinner beforehand, and then, making use of both of these, had simply walked up to the window, opened it, and stepped inside. The jewel-case lay invitingly on the dressing-table, guarded only by the usual flimsy lock. The invader had wrenched it open with a pair of scissors. He had pocketed the jewels, obligingly left the cases behind him, scrawled a large "Thanks!" in rouge on the looking-glass, and taken his departure.

Tom noted these points for himself, unlocked the bedroom door, opened it, and whistled. There came silently and speedily



"I'm not going to kill you."



from up some distant staircase a large mongrel she-dog, who wriggled to Tom a quick, respectful salute.

"Come in here, Clara. Just put your nose to the carpet there, dogums. That's where Mr. Burglar will have stood. Now smell this jewel-case, if you can, and if it's not too much sodden with scent. He's handled that not a quarter of an hour ago. Now just take a sniff at this rouge-pot—yes, quite right, especially in the finger-marks. No, you're not to eat it. Now have another try at the floor here, in front of the dressing-table. Good old girl! Now you've got it, right across to the window, and down the ladder. No, you're not to jump. Clara, come back, Clara!"

Clara had evidently grasped the whole affair. She stood with her fore-paws on the window-sill and showed a distinct inclination to follow up the chase there and then. Tom quite appreciated her hurry. He was never fond of unnecessary delays himself.

He cuddled Clara under his arm, where she dangled passively, stepped out on to the ladder, and eight seconds later was examining footmarks in the soft mould of a flower-bed. Clara, with her nose to the ground, was taking up the scent in great gasps, and was showing distinct impatience to be off.

"All right, old girl," said Tom; "this is where you beat me. Don't run away from me, and remember I'm rather full of dinner."

Clara started off mutely along the trail, down garden-paths, across lawns, through gates, over a sunk fence, and so out into the park. It was quite dark and rather foggy, and there was not enough dew down to show footmarks with any plainness. "Go on, my dogums," said Tom appreciatively. "This is just the night where you score. I wish I'd your nose."

Clara had a generous idea of pace. She knew Tom's powers and speed from long association with them, and as the keenness of hunting entered into her, she was inclined to press them to the uttermost. Tom, bare-headed, in dress clothes, and in thin dress shoes, was not exactly in a kit adapted for a brisk cross-country run; but he was a man always hard in wind and muscle, a man always in training; and just now he had rather a vicious interest in overtaking his chase. This thief had come between him and his business, and that was not an interference Tom easily forgave. And further, this thief had robbed one of his guests, and Tom's warm sense of hospitality was furious at the outrage. If the thief had been better

advised, and merely annexed Mrs. Thompson's jewel-box, it is probable that Tom would have finished his talk with his guests before he worried his head about it.

But, as it was, he followed Clara at a very sharp trot across the park, and the fighting animal within him was very strongly roused. He had always carried the reputation of being a hard man with those who got in the way of any of his ambitions.

Clara swung in her course when she came to the road which led to the village, and doubled back at an angle of about forty-five degrees to her original line. Tom waited till they came to a bit of soft ground, halted a moment, and peered down through the gloom for tracks, so as to check Clara's knowledge.

He found them readily enough. "All right, old girl," said he, "two pairs of boots," and Clara lifted one side of her nose and showed a few well kept teeth, which was her very passable imitation of a laugh. Then on they went again, rapidly and in silence, out on to the rough ground below the moor.

"A pound to a brick," Tom betted to himself, "they're dividing up the plunder in the lunch-hut. Well, there are two of them, by their footmarks, and I suppose Clara and I should be able to handle the brace without much trouble."

He was right in his guess of the place. Clara led to the little stone house in a bee-line, and when they grew near enough, they could see through the fog streaks of light from under the door and from the chinks in the window shutter.

For a heavy man Tom always trod lightly, as has before been reported in these memoirs, and just then he advanced even more quietly than usual. He was absolutely unarmed, of course, and though he did not shy at the scrimmage in the least on this account, he was no fool not to make the most of his chances and get all the advantage of a surprise.

Consequently, when he put his shoulder to the door and sent it flying open into the hut, that was the first hint the men inside had of anyone being in the neighbourhood. At the same time that was the first notion Tom had got that he had not two desperate men to fight against, but three. There were two active burglars, as Tom had rightly diagnosed from the footprints. That the promoter of the scheme, who was also the receiver of the stolen goods, should be in the hut where the others had come to meet him, was quite outside Tom's calculations.



"They set out across the park."

However, once there, he had neither opportunity nor inclination to back out, and what followed came quickly. His only chance of salvation lay in quick hitting ; and, as there was no time for chivalry, he caught the man nearest him a terrific pelt on the angle of the jaw as he was in the act of rising from the table.

Simultaneously the man opposite pulled a revolver and blazed two shots within a yard of Tom's face, missing him completely. But when man Number One toppled sideways from his stool, Top picked up the heavy oaken table and beat it upon the face and shoulders of this marksman till he toppled on the floor, and was then just in time to save the life of Number Three, whom Clara had dragged to

the ground and was doing her best to finish off. This last man had made neither sound nor complaint during the whole proceeding. The silent Clara, on her entrance, had clamped him by the throat with her powerful jaws, springing there without yelp or whimper, and wrenching at him till he tumbled to the floor. He was pretty badly torn before Tom felt himself sufficiently free to call Clara off.

In the meanwhile man Number One was pulling himself together from the floor, with the purpose of showing further fight, but by now Tom had possessed himself of the fallen revolver, and cheerfully promised to put a bullet through his shoulder if he gave further trouble.

"I'm not going to kill you," said Mr. Thompson, "so you needn't worry about that. But I'm too busy just now to waste more time in fighting you, and so, if you show ugly, I shall just disable you by a shot through the shoulder. In the meanwhile I must pick up this jewellery which is all spilt, so, Clara—st—watch him !"

"G—r—r—r—!" said Clara.

"Now, then. Attention ! Heels together, hands behind your head, and just don't you move. You've seen Clara worry one man to-night, and she's quite ready to tackle another if I tip her a wink. Lucky thing the lamp's on the wall and wasn't upset in all this argument we've had. I shall want a light to pick up all these ornaments you've borrowed from one of my guests."

Tom had taken a mental inventory from the empty cases of what jewellery had been stolen, and it took him some time to collect all the pieces from the floor and from the persons of the thieves ; but at last he got it all safely into his trousers-pockets and gave the word to march.

The man who had been bowled over by the table was unconscious, and so him Tom

packed on the shoulders of the more burly thief whom he had knocked down at the beginning of the skirmish, and with Clara's victim tenderly handling his throat, they set out again across the park.

Most men would have paraded such a capture, but Tom was never theatrical. He rounded up his three thieves in a warm saddle-room, under the charge of some of his own men, and gave instructions that they should be mended, fed, warmed, and handed over in due time to the police. Then he went to his own dressing-room, washed, and put on fresh clothes, and presently, smart and spruce as ever, went downstairs to the dining-room and rejoined his guests, who had got as far as dessert.

"Well, monsieur, have the thieves got away?"

"Oh, no. They're toasting their toes in the saddle-room."

"But you have not gained back my pretty toys?"

"Oh, yes, they're all there, and none the worse. Your maid's putting them back in their cases."

"But — you are clean? You have not been fighting for them?"

"I'm clean because I've just been up to change my clothes, and that's what's kept me so long. As for fighting, does the method matter, so long as the result is there?"

"It does not. You are charming. You have regained for me my delicious jewels, and I love you for it. Now I shall make the dear Madame your wife jealous. I must embrace you." Which she did with effusion.

"Excitable people, the French," said Gahan at the other end of the table. "Do you mind this sort of thing, Mrs. Thompson?"

"Not to help a pious end. Besides, a good many other people have thought Tom was kissable, and I don't see why they shouldn't. I like a husband who is appreciated."

"You seem pretty well pleased with yourself," said Gahan to Tom at the end of that evening.

"Quite nicely, thanks."

"I've been talking to Mrs. Thompson a good deal."

"So I noticed."

"And she told me—in confidence, of course—of this French treaty that you were trying to work. Have you been successful?"

"Oh, yes. Madame la Going-to-be-Présidente promised it to me in return for her trumpery jewels. It's a queer world."

"It is. Your wife says you won't accept a baronetcy which I came down here empowered to offer you. I suppose you're the only man in England who would refuse such a thing."

"Then I suppose the name of T. Thompson must become a synonym for greediness."

"You mean you are going to stick out for a peerage? It's a leetle early for that yet."

"Oh! I'm in no hurry. I don't want it before I'm forty. But I shall want it then, so the Government had better keep my record under its attention."

"I'll see that they do it," said Gahan, and that this promise was kept the recent appearance of the name and titles of Baron Buton in the official record clearly attests.

But when that time came, Tom flatly refused to accept all the congratulations. "I only did the plain part and the showy part," he explained—"just made money and built up a big business and all that. Mary is the person who has really earned the title for us. But if you're congratulating me on my cleverness in bagging such a young woman for my partner, I'm quite with you there."

Then he laughed and pointed to a stuffed trout which stood above the fireplace in the hall. "That is the key to the whole business. I stole that fish from my wife's people, and she had to marry me to get it back. So, you see, I just look upon it as the palladium of the house. When you look at our coat of arms (if I can work the Heralds as I wish), you'll see on it a 'stuffed trout, natant, glazed.'"



THE PADDLE STEAMSHIP "BRITANNIA": THE FIRST ATLANTIC ROYAL MAIL STEAMER.

1,154 tons, 740 horse-power. Built in 1840.

## THE EVOLUTION OF THE ATLANTIC GREYHOUND.

BY ERNEST C. PULBROOK.

THE Ocean Greyhounds at all times exercise a considerable fascination over the landsman, but never probably have they loomed more important in the public eye than during the past few months, when the world's attention has been riveted by the amazing "deal" in trans-Atlantic boats that has recently been effected by some American financiers.

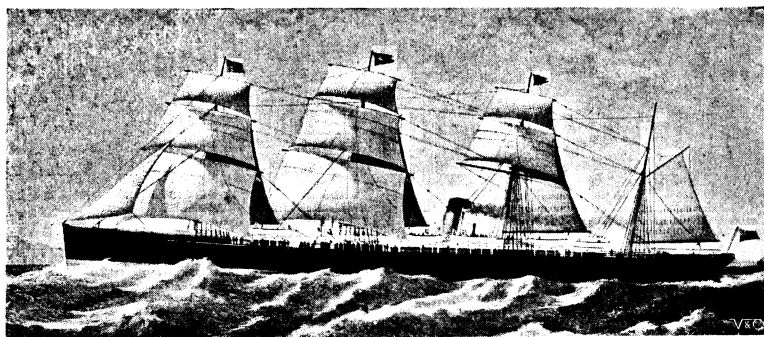
The evolution of these vessels is one of the most striking exemplifications of the tremendous march of progress in modern times.

Perhaps one of the chief characteristics of this beginning of the twentieth century is the way in which speed in any shape or form is almost worshipped. We do everything with feverish haste, and it is this, the doctors tell us, which produces that nerve-trouble from which most of us suffer at some time or another.

Now that Americans are interesting themselves so much in British industrial enterprises, they choose the fastest vessel for their voyages, so that they may keep a controlling hand on both branches of their businesses without loss of time. Undoubtedly the greatest advance in shipbuilding within recent years has been the phenomenal increase of the speed of all ships. If anyone had prophesied a few years ago that in this year of grace nineteen hundred and two, ships capable of steaming 35 knots or more an hour would be

launched, he would most probably have been laughed at for his trouble. When the torpedo boat destroyer class was started with the launching of the *Havock* and *Hornet*, Messrs. Yarrow and Thornycroft stated in the pages of a monthly magazine that it was improbable that their speed of 27 knots an hour would be improved upon—at least, not for some years. But this prediction of experts was soon falsified, as a few months later Messrs. Yarrow built the *Sokol* for the Russian Government, which had a speed of 30 knots an hour. Ignoring the question of the speed of warships of every kind (although it must not be forgotten that it was the great mercantile passenger lines which first showed the Admiralty how fast a ship could steam), let us glance back a few years and trace this gradual growth of speed, which was primarily brought about by the desire of travellers to cross to America in the shortest possible space of time, and the consequent rivalry of different trans-Atlantic steamship companies to possess the fastest vessels, in order to secure the most traffic.

The old, slow-going paddle-boats had been long in use for carrying mails and passengers to the Mediterranean before any steamer made a voyage across the Atlantic. The first steamer for which this distinction has been claimed is the *Rising Sun*, which was built by Lord Cochrane, and is said to have



THE OLD "OCEANIC": WHITE STAR LINE.  
Single screw steamer; 3,807 tons, 3,500 horse-power. Built 1871.

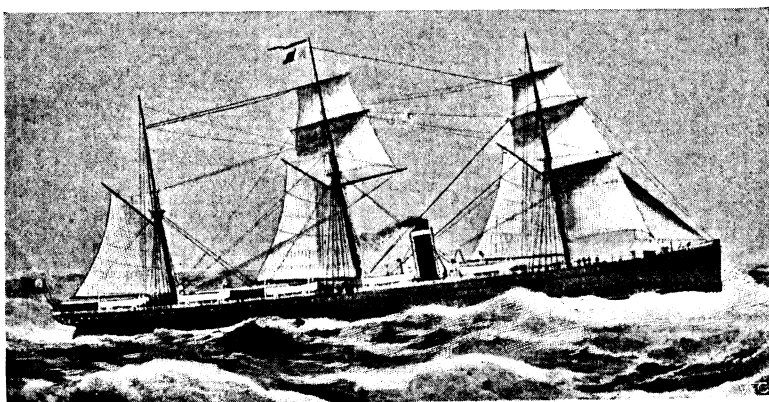
made her trip in 1818, but the vessel authoritatively credited with this achievement is the New York clipper *Savannah*. She was a sailing packet, built for the service between that port and Havre, but while on the stocks she attracted the attention of Captain Rogers, who had a good deal to do with the small steamers which had been in use on inland waters for some time. On the captain's advice, a firm of Savannah shipowners bought her, had engines put into her, and named her after their own port. She first sailed from New York to Savannah, and left that port for Europe, where she arrived in July, 1819. When off the coast of Ireland she was sighted by an admiral of the Channel Fleet, who took her to be a ship on fire, and was much astonished when one of his swiftest vessels failed to overhaul her, although she appeared to be drifting under bare poles at the time. It is said that, according to entries in her log, the *Savannah* made the run in twenty-nine days eleven hours, but only used her paddles for eighty hours during the whole of that time. Other accounts state variously that the voyage took thirty-five days and twenty-five days, so that it is difficult to arrive at the truth. The paddles were so constructed that they could be unshipped when not in use—in fact, the engines were afterwards taken out, and she used her sails alone.

The next steam-

Atlantic was the *Royal William*, launched at Quebec in April, 1833, at which ceremony the Governor - General of Canada and other important officials were present. She was of 1,370 tons register, 176 feet long, and had accommodation for sixty passengers. She arrived at Gravesend in Sep-

tember of the same year, and was afterwards sold to the Spanish Government. She can thus probably claim to be the first steam warship.

By this time England began to wake up to the possibilities of the new force, and in 1836 two companies were formed for building large steamships for the Atlantic traffic, one being in London and the other in Bristol. The London boat was named the *British Queen*. Her dimensions were: length, 275 feet; beam, 37½ feet; 2,400 tons burthen; horse-power, 700; while her paddle-wheels were 30 feet in diameter, and she could carry three hundred passengers. Brunel designed the Bristol-built *Great Western*, whose dimensions were very similar to those of the *British Queen*. Unfortunately for the latter vessel, the contractors for the engines failed to supply them in time, so the company chartered the *Sirius* instead, although she was a much smaller vessel. The *Sirius* left Queenstown on April 4, 1838, arriving in New York after a stormy



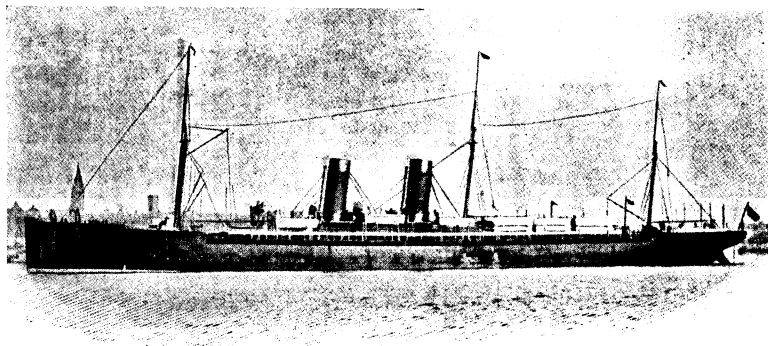
R.M.S. "SARMATIAN": ALLAN LINE.  
Selected to convey H.R.H. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne and suite to Canada, November, 1878.

voyage in the incredibly short time of about eighteen days. The *Great Western* left Bristol on April 8, and arrived on April 23.

These results of private enterprise attracted the tardy attention of the Government, who issued a circular in 1838, inviting tenders for the carriage

of mails by steamships. This fell into the hands of Samuel Cunard, a Quaker, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who at once saw there was money in it. Coming to England, he made the acquaintance of the late Sir G. Burns and Mr. David MacIver, and managed to make them see the feasibility of the scheme. Accordingly, the far-famed Cunard Company was formed, with a capital of £200,000, and having secured the mail contract, the first four steamers—the *Britannia*, *Acadia*, *Caledonia*, and *Columbia*—were built; they were all wooden paddle-wheel steamers, constructed on the Clyde. The dimensions of the first-named (though all four were practically sister ships) were: length, 207 feet; beam, 34 feet 4 inches; depth, 24 feet 4 inches; tonnage, 1,154; cargo capacity, 225 tons, with accommodation for one hundred and fifteen passengers. Though the *Britannia* was the first record-breaker, she could only boast the very moderate speed of  $8\frac{1}{2}$  knots an hour, burning thirty-eight tons of coal per diem to keep this up. It is worth while remembering that the *Scotia* was the last Cunard liner to be fitted with paddles; when she was afterwards sold out of the service, she was converted into a screw steamer, and was employed in laying submarine cables. Even nowadays she may often be seen in the Thames, when not engaged in telegraph work.

So popular did the Cunard steamers become that soon more had to be built to keep pace with the traffic, and it was not long before America tried to obtain some of this lucrative trade. Accordingly the *Washington* was built, but in a race across the ocean with the *Britannia* she was beaten by two days. This only made the Americans the more determined, however, and in 1849 the Collins Line of American steamers started running. Being in receipt of a subsidy from the Government



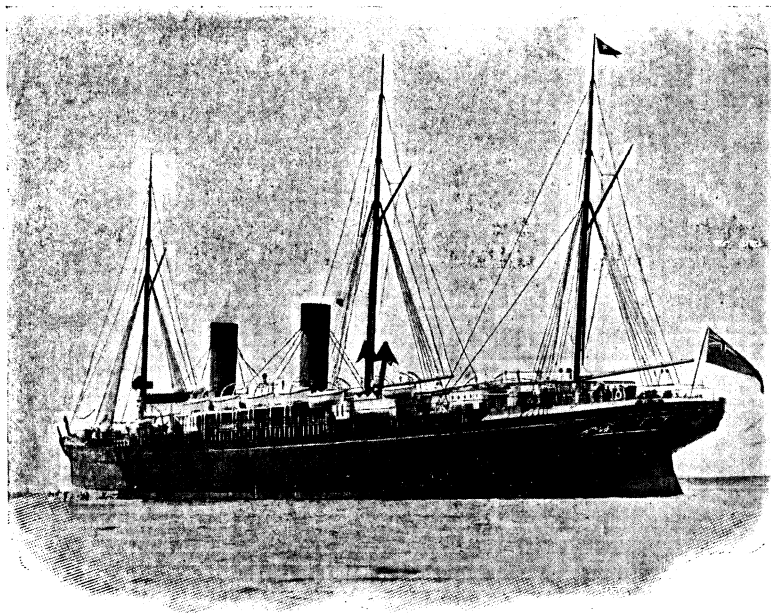
R.M.S. "UMBRIA": CUNARD LINE.

8,127 tons.

of the United States, the Line managed to beat the Cunard Company, although the latter company's steamers were still pronounced the most comfortable. The best-known Collins ships were the *Arctic*, *Baltic*, *Pacific*, and *Adriatic*; in the heyday of their success there came the wreck of the *Arctic*, followed by a series of other disasters, and while the Line was recovering from their effects two new Cunarders were launched. The new vessels completely outclassed the American ships, which finally ceased running in 1858.

In the meantime other lines had come into existence, and, as speed gradually increased, wood was slowly giving place to iron in the construction of the hulls of steamships, while screws were being used instead of paddles. The first company to build all its ships of iron was the old Inman Line; its ships now sail under the American flag, and the company is known as the American Line. The Inman Line was also the first company to carry steerage passengers by its better vessels. The steamers belonging to this line were all christened after a city, and one of its earliest ships, the *City of Brussels*, accomplished the phenomenally fast run for those days of 7 days 22 hours 3 minutes for the distance between New York and Queens-town.

Another famous old line is the Allan, which was started in 1852, and whose steamers sailed to Quebec. During the Crimean war these liners were used as transports by the Government, and in 1873-4, at the time of the first Ashanti expedition, the *Sarmatian* was chartered to convey troops to Cape Coast, which she did in the most speedy and satisfactory manner. When the Duke of Argyll (the Marquis of Lorne) sailed to Canada as Governor-General, he chose the *Sarmatian* to sail by, and the whole



H.M. MERCANTILE ARMED CRUISER, "TEUTONIC": WHITE STAR LINE.  
10,000 tons, 18,000 horse-power. Built 1889.

saloon accommodation was placed at the disposal of his party. Messrs. Allan's steamship, the *Buenos Ayrean*, was also the first Atlantic liner constructed of steel, and this company introduced another innovation in shipbuilding when it adopted a flush covered-in deck in place of the old open one.

In 1869, when Mr. Ismay founded the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, which was formed out of the old Australian "White Star" mail clipper line, the race for the Ocean Record began in earnest; and it is from that time that we may date the beginning of that increase in the speed of steamships which has been such a feature of the last two decades. The first vessel was the old *Oceanic*, which created a sensation when she entered the Mersey for the first time in 1871. She was built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, who have constructed all the White Star liners, and made them famous for symmetry of outline on both sides of the Atlantic. She was 420 feet long, and of 3,807 tons; she soon showed her speed by reducing the passage from an average of nearly ten days to one of about eight and a half.

When the Inman Line found that travellers preferred the much greater comfort and better speed of the White Star boats, it determined to improve its service; accordingly, in 1874, the *City of Berlin* was

launched, which was larger in every way than the first *Oceanic*, and reduced the passage to 7 days 14 hours.

But the youthful blood of the White Star people was not going to give in without a struggle, and the Belfast firm was again commissioned to do its best. So the *Germanic* and *Britannic* were launched, with the result that, in 1877, the latter lowered their rival's record by three hours. It is interesting to note that these two vessels steamed still faster as they grew older; when

thoroughly overhauled and re-engined a few years ago, they were found to be as sound as ever, and though now over twenty years old, they still carry the mails and make the passage under seven days. The *Germanic* is to be withdrawn from the Atlantic service, to be employed in carrying mails in the Pacific between Vancouver and Australia.

While the Inman and White Star lines had been engaging in friendly rivalry, another competitor was preparing to enter the lists, and 1879 saw the *Arizona*—the "Greyhound of the Atlantic," for it was to this vessel that the term was first applied—belonging to the Guion Line, reduce the time by eight hours. This line was the first to use compound engines for propelling its steamers; but these were only of the two-cylinder type, and not the triple-expansion engines at present exclusively used, though the most modern of these latter type have four cylinders instead of three. Within the past few months the *Arizona* has been used as a transport in troop service between the United States and the Philippines.

The Cunard Company had been resting on its laurels for some time, till at length, finding so many formidable rivals, it was determined to restore its supremacy once again, so the *Servia* was built in 1881. This vessel was considerably longer than any other steamer sailing from the Mersey.



People were still talking of the *Servia* and were looking forward to her doing some great performance, when the Inman Line challenged her with a new *City of Rome* (the first vessel of this name was returned to the builders by the Company as being unsatisfactory), which reached a speed of twenty-one statute miles an hour on her trial trip; she was even larger than the Cunarder, and beat the latter's record by nearly three hours.

Hardly had the new liner settled down comfortably to work ere the Guion *Alaska* appeared and obtained the proud distinction of being the first vessel to bring America within seven days of Europe. Her fastest trip took 6 days 18 hours 37 minutes, against the *City of Rome's* 6 days 21 hours 4 minutes. Until a few weeks ago the *Alaska* served as a workmen's hotel in Messrs. Vickers, Maxim's yard at Barrow-in-Furness.

During these years of the early 'eighties the battle for the Blue Ribbon grew tremendously exciting, for one week one of the competing companies would manage to secure the record by a few hours, only to lose it the next by a few minutes. Thus the *Alaska* soon had to cede pride of place to the

*America*, of still another line—the National. Though somewhat smaller than her rivals, the *America* made the passage in 6 days 14 hours 18 minutes. However, the Cunard Company was having several new ships built, and the *Oregon*—transferred from the Guion flag—reduced the time by another 3 hours 27 minutes. Then in 1884 appeared the famous sisters, *Etruria* and *Umbria*. Though slightly smaller than the *City of Rome*, their engines were of the triple-expansion type, indicating 14,500 horse-power, with a boiler pressure of 110 pounds to the square inch. Steaming at between eighteen and nineteen knots an hour, the *Etruria* easily broke the record by eight hours, the time being 6 days 1 hour 50 minutes.

We are now coming to modern history, for these fine vessels maintained their position till the appearance of the two Inman liners, *City of Paris* and *City of New York*. These were built by Messrs. Thompson, and were guaranteed for a speed of at least twenty knots per hour. Though still larger than the Cunarders, the lines of these steamers are more beautiful than those of the older boats, while their construction



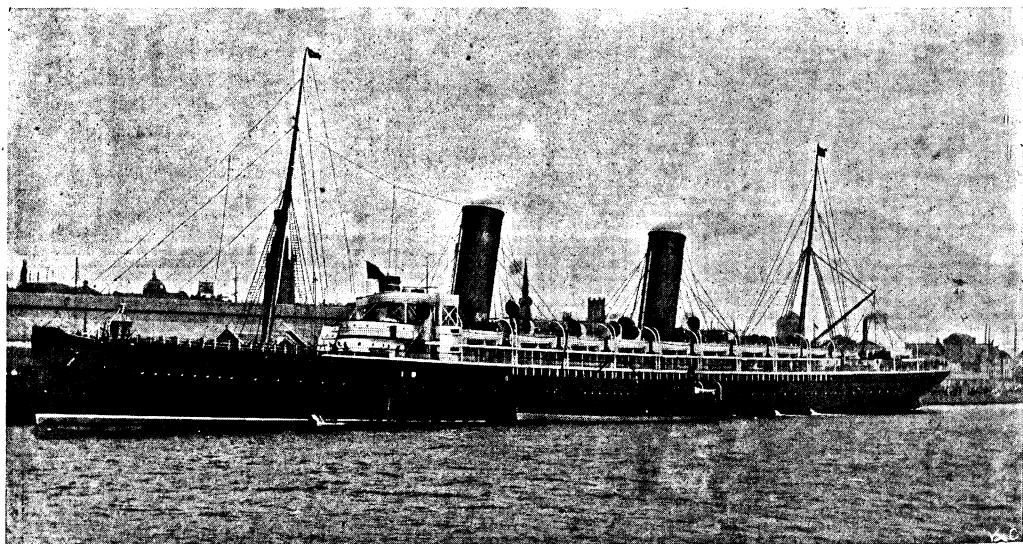
SALOON OF THE "TEUTONIC."

marked still another improvement in ship-building, they being the first Atlantic liners to be fitted with twin screws.

Almost identical in speed with the *City of Paris* are the two White Star sisters, *Teutonic* and *Majestic*, which held the record in 1891-2, a fact all the more remarkable as they are said to have been practically designed by their builders, Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, so long ago as the early 'eighties. In one or two neck-and-neck races across the Atlantic with the *Paris* and *New York*—for the designation "City of" was dropped when the Inman Company became an American concern and sailed under American colours (the *Paris* is now known as the *Philadelphia*)—a few years ago, the British steamers again proved themselves

cruiser, with some of her guns mounted, may be seen on page 770. Again, in June, 1897, the owners withdrew her from the regular service, mounted her guns, put her Naval Reserve crew on board, and sent her to the Diamond Jubilee Review; she carried sixteen guns—eight four-inch quick-firers and eight smaller machine guns.

Up to the time that the Inman Line changed hands, in 1893, and was transferred to the American flag—at the same time altering the port of sailing from Liverpool to Southampton—no foreign company had seriously threatened British supremacy since the days of the Collins Line. The Hamburg-American Company's two fine steamers, *Fuerst Bismarck* and *Columbia*, it is true, held the record between Southampton and



THE CUNARD LINE: "CAMPANIA."

slightly superior in speed. Until the *Campania* and *Lucania* appeared, the *Teutonic* possessed the best day's running of any ship, it amounting to 483 knots, but since then the same ship has made 517 knots in the twenty-four hours. These vessels were specially built to Admiralty requirements, so that they can be used as armed cruisers, are of 18,000 horse-power, the machinery is placed below water-line, each can carry 1,000 cavalry with their horses, or 2,000 infantry, and can steam 10,730 miles in twenty-two days without re-coaling. The *Teutonic* was the centre of attraction at the great naval review held in the Solent in honour of the German Emperor in 1889, just before she started sailing regularly. An illustration of her as an armed

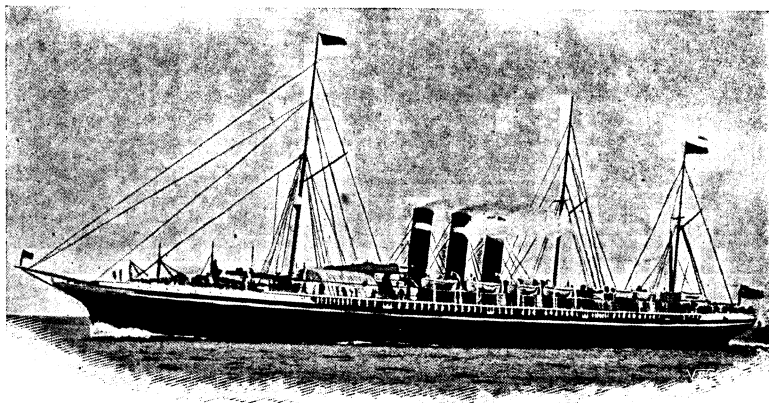
New York, but both these vessels were constructed in Britain, and when the *Paris* and *New York* sailed from the same port they left the German ships hopelessly behind.

But the American Line soon ordered new ships, and Messrs. William Cramp and Sons, of Philadelphia, constructed the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*. The first plates of the *St. Paul* were laid in October, 1893, and she was launched eighteen months later. Her record passage from Southampton to New York took 6 days 31 minutes, showing an average speed of 21.08 knots an hour, while her sister ship, the *St. Louis*, has taken a slightly longer time.

These two steamers, and the *Paris* and *New York*, were used as armed cruisers during

the Spanish-American war, the names of the two latter being temporarily changed to *Yale* and *Harvard*.

Just as people began to think that finality had at length been reached came the announcement that the White Star Line had again commissioned Messrs. Harland and Wolff to construct a new passenger steamer for the American traffic. As her designers intended her to be an epoch-making ship, it was decided to give her a famous name, so the new leviathan perpetuates the designation of the first White Star liner—the *Oceanic*. But while all sorts of sensational rumours were afloat concerning the probable speed of the new vessel, and before she was even launched, another vessel had appeared, which proved herself even more speedy than the famous *Lucania*, and a ship not easy to beat. All this time German shipbuilders had been making gigantic strides, and one day newspaper readers were surprised to learn that the North German Lloyd Company, previously famous all the world over for the comfort of its ships, was going in for mammoth liners built with an eye to speed. First of all came the Australian liner of 10,000 tons, which was the largest passenger-ship that had ever sailed to the Antipodes, and then, a few weeks later, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* entered Southampton Water in September,



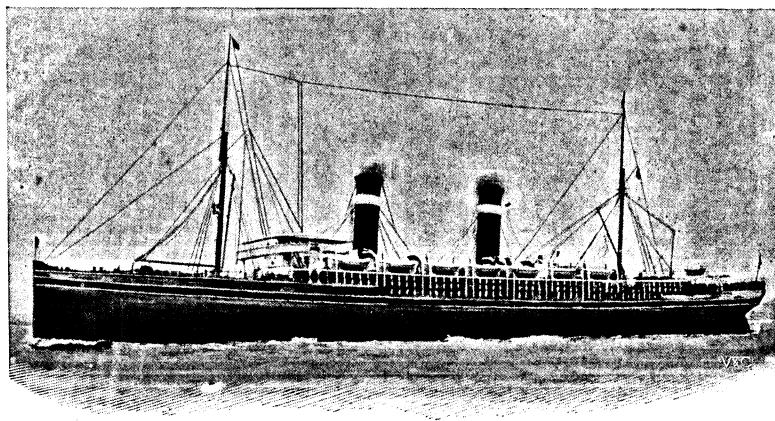
"NEW YORK": AMERICAN LINE.

1897, on her maiden voyage to New York. Her highest run for one day is 584 knots. She was built by the Vulcan Company at Stettin, and despite her large size she is as beautiful in appearance as she is fast in speed. Her length is 649 feet, her breadth 66 feet, her registered tonnage is 14,350, and her indicated horse-power 28,000.

To the North German Lloyd Company also belongs the credit of having first used triple-expansion engines on the big liners. But the firm of Wilson, of Hull, had placed a steamer of 3,709 tons on the Atlantic trade in 1884, the *Martello*, which was fitted with triple-expansion engines, so that this vessel was the real pioneer.

During the months that the German flyer was thus piling up records, Britons were anxiously waiting for the first voyage of the *Oceanic*, concerning the details of which so much secrecy had been maintained that all sorts of rumours were afloat. When her dimensions were first published, at the time

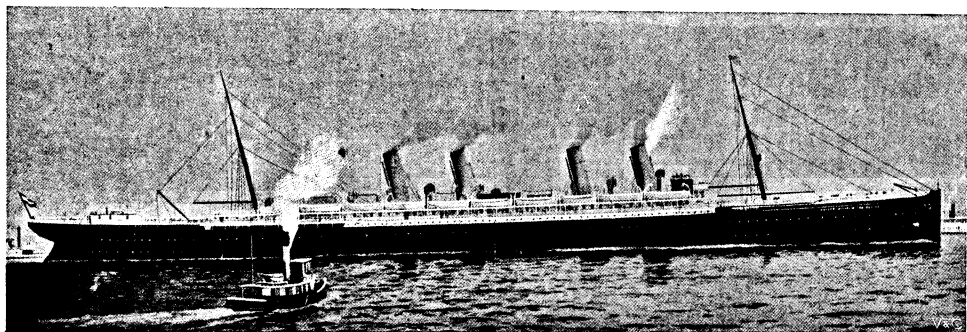
of her launch, on January 14, 1899, everyone was sure that the latest addition would break the record as easily as her namesake had done thirty years before. In vain did her owners state that she was built for the reliable speed of twenty knots an hour, and that there was no intention of making her a record-breaker. When



"ST. LOUIS": AMERICAN LINE.

the *Oceanic* appeared in the Mersey for the first time, on August 27 of the same year, she created as great a sensation as her namesake had done; so perfect were her lines that one failed to notice her huge size till some

cent White Star mail boat sails to and from America in just under six days. Now and again, just to show what she is made of, she indulges in a spurt; she has crossed to New York in 5 days 19 hours 40 minutes, her best



"KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE": NORTH GERMAN LLOYD COMPANY.  
14,350 tons, 28,000 horse-power. Built 1897.

other vessel passed her at close quarters. Then came her first voyage to New York, a day or two later. People eagerly scanned the newspapers in the hope that the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* would find that she could no longer call herself Queen of the Ocean. But alas! Messrs. Ismay's announcements with regard to speed were quite correct: the captain of the new liner had received orders not to push his vessel unduly, so she took over six days on her

day's run being 508 knots. Her best homeward passage took 5 days 20 hours 55 minutes. Her sister, the *Celtic*, is even bigger, but she is no flyer, merely a thoroughly reliable, comfortable vessel, which is also easily the largest liner afloat.

Another ship which has set the world talking in still more recent days is the Hamburg-American *Deutschland*, which is absolutely the fastest liner in the world, as everyone knows, for writers have said all

that there is to say about her. To bring this account of the evolution of the Atlantic greyhound up to date, it is necessary to mention her performances. In order to give some idea of the huge increase of horse-power necessary to give a slightly higher rate of speed, it may be said that the *Deutschland* is only about a knot faster than the *Kaiser Wilhelm der*

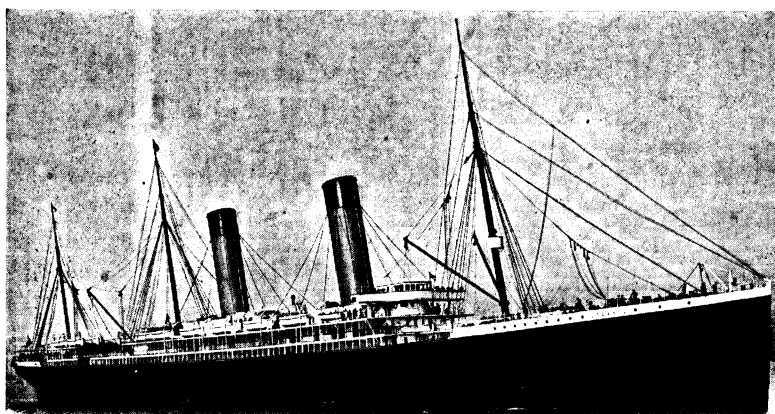


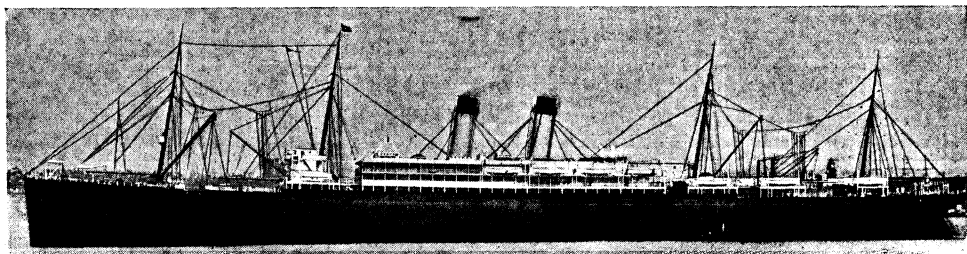
Photo by]

"OCEANIC": WHITE STAR LINE.

[Bedford Lemere, Strand.

maiden voyage. However, since then she has done much better; and many people have still a lurking idea that she could do great things if put to it. Week in, week out, in storm and in sunshine, the magnifi-

*Grosse*, yet to obtain that advantage her engines have to work up to 5,000 more horse-power. The engines of the latter vessel work up to 28,000 horse-power, and those of the newer ship 33,000; but on her fastest



Copyright photo,]

WHITE STAR LINE: "CELTIC."

[White Star Steamship Co.

trip she averaged only 1·57 knots an hour more than the average of the North German Lloyd liner for all her voyages during 1900. It is rather interesting to note the difference in speed between the two German ships and the Cunarders, which are seven years older. Of the two latter, the *Lucania* has crossed the Atlantic in the shortest time, but the yearly average of the *Campania* (for all trips, westwards and eastwards) works out at 20·95 knots an hour, and that of the *Lucania* at 20·90 knots, while for five years it is only a fraction lower. During her first twelve months the average speed of the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* for all her trips was 21·94 knots, an increase of one knot in seven years. The fastest voyage of the *Deutschland* is only 2·56 knots faster than the British ships, and 1·57 faster than her German rival. Her best day's run up to the present has been 601 knots.

These comparisons are worth going into, as it will be found that during the past ten years the greatest speed has only increased

by about a knot and a half. The average speed of the *Lucania* on her fastest trip is 22·01 knots per hour, her longest run in twenty-four hours 562 knots; the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse's* figures are 23 and 584 knots; the *Deutschland's* 23½ and 601; while the latest aspirant (*Kronprinz Wilhelm*) for record honours has up to the time of writing achieved 23·21 and 565. When we take the duration of the average trip per fleet, Britain is easily first; a recent calculation showed that the average passage of the Cunard Line from America lasted 6 days 8 hours 7 minutes, while the Hamburg-American vessels could only do it in 6 days 14 hours 8 minutes, because the British ships are all moderately fast, and the German fleet has only one vessel far ahead of all the rest. The *Lucania* has done twelve outward voyages at an average of 6 days 29 minutes against the *Deutschland's* 6 days 1 hour 28 minutes for seven trips, although the Hamburg-American flyer did better on the return passages.

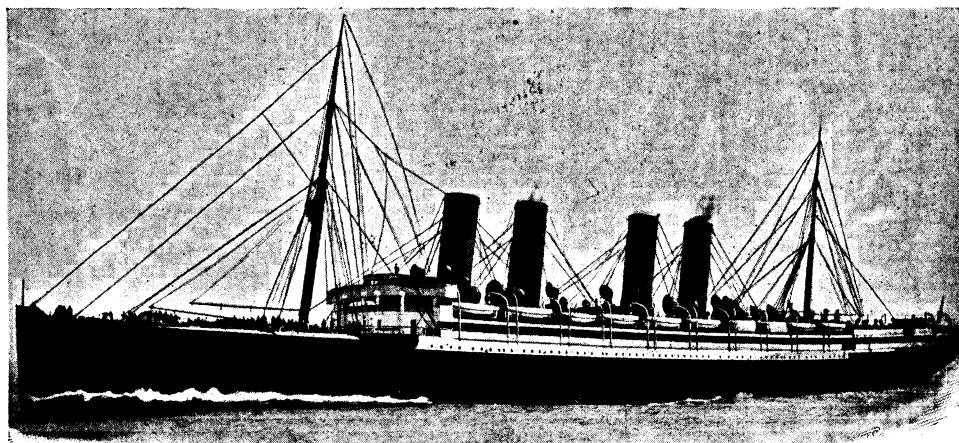


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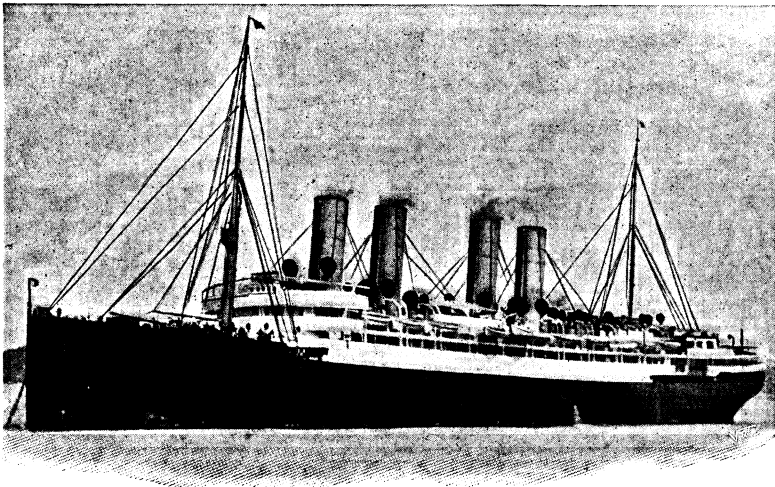
"KRONPRINZ WILHELM": NORTH GERMAN LLOYD COMPANY.

[West &amp; Son, Southsea.

Within the last few months the North German Lloyd Company has brought out the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*; she is smaller than either the *Oceanic*, *Celtic*, or *Deutschland*, but her indicated horse-power is much greater than is that of the two first named, and is 2,000 more than that of her German rival. The dimensions of the *Deutschland* and *Kronprinz Wilhelm* are worth comparing; those of the former are: Length, 684 feet; breadth, 67 feet; depth, 44 feet; indicated horse-power, 33,000; registered tonnage, 16,200; displacement, 23,200. The newer vessel is 663 feet in length, 66 feet in breadth, 43 feet in depth; her gross tonnage is 14,800, and her indicated horse-power 35,000. These figures show that she was built for speed. If she does not beat her rival, the North German Lloyd Company has the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, which will shortly appear. She will be a veritable monster, rivalling the two White Star liners in size (her tonnage is to be 20,000), and simply dwarfing them

in horse-power, which is to be 38,000 or 40,000!

At the beginning of last century the Americans appear to have crossed the Atlantic by steam first and in the shortest time; at the beginning of this the Germans hold pride of place for speed. We beat the Americans; why should we not beat the Germans, in spite of the enthusiasm of the Kaiser and the subsidies by which a paternal Government fosters maritime enterprise? Happily an attempt will shortly be made to do so. The Cunard Company is going to have built—if the work of construction has not already begun—a liner which will even be able to tackle the coming *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, while there are rumours that a new trans-Atlantic service is to be inaugurated with turbine vessels able to steam at 25 knots. The American Line is also anxious to enter the lists, so that the German ships are unlikely to have matters all their own way for very much longer. Apparently we are still as far off finality in the matter of speed as ever.



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"DEUTSCHLAND": HAMBURG-AMERICAN COMPANY.



# PROFESSOR AHLBORNE, COLLECTOR.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.\*



"I CANNOT at present give you my card," said the Professor, laughing, and shifting his towel a little more comfortably on his left hip; "but we have so many tastes in common that perhaps later you will——"

"With pleasure," I interrupted. "What you have told me of your collection—or, rather, what you have not told me—interests me greatly. Don't you think that, as a rule, the guesses and gropings of life are pleasanter than its blunt facts? My curiosity is piqued more

than if you promised me impossibilities."

"And yet," answered he, "if the blunt facts were not to be guessed in the end, nor found for the groping, how exasperating it would be! Think of 'The Lady and the Tiger,' of the mystery that tickles and tantalises through three hundred pages, only to be left unexplained at the end."

"Ah! the mystery!" I cried, "there you have it. It is the mystery of this collection of yours that——"

But he interrupted me in his turn.

"That is not the spirit of the connoisseur. To the savant the mystery should be nothing, the hard fact everything. As for this trifling collection of mine, I said nothing but that it was unique, and contained objects which had no counterpart in London, Paris, Vienna, or Berlin. But we can talk of that later, for here is the shampooer. Do you go first, my dear sir: I do not think I am yet quite done to a turn."

It is not my custom to talk much in the bath. Conversation in a high temperature bores me, and, besides, it is exhausting. Reserve and meditation are, therefore, my rule, but something about the Professor's eyes attracted me. Indeed, there is nothing else at such a time, and in such a place, that could attract. Not even an Antinous, with a complexion varying from boiled salmon to beetroot, his hair awry, and the perspiration beading his shining countenance, could exercise fascinations. But even in the breathless depths of the hot-room there was an alert brightness about his eyes that enticed me from my customary sluggishness, and we presently fell into gossip.

At first it was naturally upon topics in which there could be no two opinions—the vileness of the weather, the virtues of the Government, the slackness of the age, and so on; but at last we discovered we had a passion in common and so drifted into closer talk. As I was something of a "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," a virtuoso, an archaist rather than an antiquary—in fact, what the vulgar call a collector of curios—my laughter and scorn had lately been stirred by a fraud which hoodwinked the curator of a provincial museum. There is no need to gall the man's sores, and, after all, ignorance is to be pitied as well as censured, so I go no nearer the mark. But when I say he had mistaken a later Umbrian for an early Etruscan water-bottle, the world of *Notes and Queries* will understand the hint! On this I fastened, and it may be that the heat of my language matched the range of the thermometer. It was then that the interest of my new acquaintance was specially aroused.

"What!" said he, catching at a phrase

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of mine, and a very good phrase it was, "you say that such expert knowledge is an exact science?"

"An exact science," I repeated, settling myself comfortably on the warm marble. As I say, it was a good phrase, and a good phrase is always soothing to the man who utters it. "To the true empiric—of course, I use the word in its old sense—who speaks out of his personal observation, there is no such thing as an error. Note, the observation must be wide; note, too, it must be keen. No superficial superficialities of observation, as it were, but depth and breadth and length and height. To a man so versed"—and I flung the corner of my spare towel, carelessly, but with a quiet dignity, over my left shoulder—"to such a man mistake is quite impossible."

It was then that I learned we were brother collectors.

"An exact science! Ah! you go beyond me, you go beyond me; and yet I have managed to scrape together a few things in my time which are not utterly contemptible."

"So?" I cried, with just a little of that creepy sensation which comes of the unexpected, and is so like a dash of cold water, "antiquities?"

"Are antiquities your hobby?"

"Hobby?" I echoed; "scarcely hobby. I collect."

Evidently the rebuke went home, for there was an added deference in his tone as he answered—

"I might, indeed, have recognised the master; but, you see, I am just, as it were, feeling my way."

"While I," replied I, as coldly as the circumstances permitted, "have arrived. Arrived," I repeated, for that, too, seemed to me a good phrase. "Hobby? My dear sir, hobbydom is long past with me. And yet," I went on encouragingly, "you have, perhaps, a nice enough little lot of things. It is so, occasionally, with amateurs."

After my reproach he had turned to watch the play of his toes in a puddle on the floor in a deprecatory way which, while it flattered, somewhat annoyed me. I like a man to look me in the face when I talk to him—he understands better what is said; and when I speak, I speak to be understood. Perhaps he felt that himself, for as I ended he flashed up a look, and I noticed for, perhaps, the third time how clear his glance was and how alert. There was something bird-like about it, I told myself.

"Yes," he answered, keeping his eyes on

mine and speaking slowly, "I *have* picked up a few peculiar things, interesting things, too. Indeed, I may say my collection is in some respects unique, and contains specimens for which there is no counterpart anywhere so far as I know."

"Oh! come!" I cried. "South Kensington!"

"South Kensington? No, nor anywhere else in London, nor Paris, nor in Europe. Even America cannot match them."

"Armour? Coins? Jewels? Pottery? Glasswork?"

"H'm; my taste is catholic, and these are all well enough. But armour? Armour is cumbersome, and is it really rare? The more modern it is, the more elaborate. As for pottery, I grant the interest and the antiquity—that water-bottle, for instance. But I am a traveller, and pottery is perishable. Small compass suits me best. Good goods and little parcels, you know."

At this point we were interrupted, and seeing that he was disinclined to speak of his treasures—as he supposed them to be—in the presence of the unsympathetic vulgar, I let the subject drop, nor did we renew it until just before I passed into the hands of the renewer of youth, and then only in the few sentences already told. But at the door of the baths we again met, and having exchanged cards walked together a block or two.

"Come and see what I have," said he cordially. "My way lies to the left, and so I must say 'Good-bye.' My collection is small—understand that. I make no pretence to diffuseness; but without affectation I may say it is select, and I am sure it will please you. Shall we say to-morrow at three o'clock? Good! Oh! I assure you it gratifies me that a man like yourself, a connoisseur, expert and critical, should see my few trifles. And—yes, I will even add this, if only to ensure me the pleasure of a visit—few as they are, they are all well worth the seeing."

With that we shook hands. He went northwards leisurely, erect and well groomed, while I strolled on westward, marvelling greatly, for it is only justice to myself to say that I knew every collection of repute both in Europe and Europe beyond seas—in art, America is only Europe over again—and yet here I was at fault.

His card told me nothing. "Professor Ahlborne" in small Old English, printed, not engraved, and "18, Martelli Street" written with pencil in the left-hand lower corner. That he should have no fixed address was



"'I cannot at present give you my card,' said the Professor."

natural, seeing that he had described himself as a bird of passage, but Martelli Street was beyond me, in spite of a fair knowledge of London's highways. To satisfy my curiosity I turned into the first post-office, and, looking up a directory, found it to be an apparently obscure street lying to the north-west, and so had my curiosity still further whetted. With such a collection as he so broadly hinted at, how came he to be quartered in so shabby a neighbourhood? Was he a fraud, or only self-deceived, pluming his poor geese as white-breasted swans? In either case the proof promised some amusement, and if his diamonds of Golconda were Paris paste, as I was persuaded was the truth, he need look for no mercy from me. A touch of patronage in his tone had ruffled me; it was a thing I was more accustomed to give than to receive, and to set

him right in his wrongness would be a holy satisfaction. Of course, collectors, as a class, are the most tolerant of men, but at times they *do* feel that way.

Martelli Street fully realised my over-night's forecast. It was more than plebeian, it was vulgar; and as I looked along its dismal lines of dingy lodging-houses, where every ancient brown-brick front was as solemnly melancholy as its neighbour, and where the decaying respectability of the pure residential was in a death-grip with the encroachment of enterprising shop-fronts, I more and more marvelled how such a collection as Ahlborne's could find even a temporary resting-place amid such sordid surroundings.

Number eighteen was as gloomy and depressing as numbers seventeen or nineteen; and from the dog-eared card of "Lodgings to Let" propped against the upper sash of

the dirty window, and the fly-blown bust that libelled Sir Walter Scott from the fan-light over the door, to the tottering chimneys and broken eave-gutters, it was as little suggestive of the refined in art as an inky schoolboy is of the Master of Balliol. In both cases the possibilities were of the most rudimentary kind, nor did the slattern who opened the door promise any better as a curator of the rare and beautiful.

"Professor Ahlborne?" said I, with a subtle mixture of doubt and interrogation in my voice.

The domestic genius which is known as "general" is—in London, at least—either abnormally sharp or imperviously dull. This specimen was the latter. Possibly the garb of West End was a rare thing in Martelli Street, for she dropped her arms limply to her sides and stared, open-mouthed, and I was about to translate the inquiry oblique into the inquiry direct, when Ahlborne himself replied.

"Ah! this is good of you, Mr. Carshall!" (I am Carshall. No doubt you have heard of me, the man who wrote that pamphlet on "Neolites and National Education," which is to be found in every public library in the Kingdom; I sent it myself, so it must be there if you ask for it.) "Come right in—come right in! No need for you to trouble,

Mary; I will show the gentleman upstairs myself."

The interior of number eighteen matched its exterior admirably. The expected was all there, and aggravatingly evident. Whoever knows half-submerged London knows number eighteen Martelli Street. There was the worn waxcloth on the narrow floor, the gaunt stretch of marble-papery wall on the right, broken only by a gapped line of



"Cleopatra valued it at fifty thousand sesterces."

hat-pegs, the similar gaunt stretch on the left, pierced by two doors bearing the sign-manual of many generations of lodgers. At the back, a dingy flight of stairs upward and a dingy passage backward. A flaring oleograph of Leonardo's "Last Supper" hung between the two doors, the only piece of colour in all the melancholy dejection, and a brazen offence that flaunted its crime shamelessly. If Ahlborne could stand *that*, then, whatever might be his knowledge of antiquities, his artistic perceptions must be blunt indeed.

At the stair-foot he met me.

"This is good of you!" he repeated, shaking hands with such a firm clasp that my doubts as to his good faith disappeared as if by magic. There are few things pleasanter in common social life than a rightly used hand-clasp, and few things rarer. If Ahlborne could grip a hand like that, then he was at least sincere. "Good of you indeed! But I do not think you will regret your visit. What! You find the surroundings incongruous? Wait, wait; many a rough shell holds a goodly pearl! But I had better say no more, lest, expecting overmuch, you may be disappointed; though"—and turning on the landing he looked me keenly in the face as if to measure my scepticism, "I do not think so—I do not think so."

With a frank friendliness of welcome that charmed me at the moment, though later it struck me as odd between such casual acquaintances, he took my hand for the second time, pressing it warmly, and at the same instant threw open the door at the opposite side of the cramped landing.

"You would scarcely have looked for a room like this in such a place, would you?" he went on, drawing me forward. "'Tis more like a *salon* in the Louvre than an apartment in Martelli Street. Confess that my collection and I are passably housed."

To be candid, I was startled, fairly startled, at the revelation, and from the smile in Professor Ahlborne's keen eyes as they searched my face it was plain that he saw and enjoyed my surprise. No wonder! In place of the mean and dingy two-pair-back, with its frowsy curtains, threadbare carpet, and grimy windows, there stretched before us a room of truly noble proportions, moulded, gilded, niched, pillared, and draped as could have become a palace. Severe in style, lofty, and of ample length and width, it compelled an ungrudging appreciation. The light was subdued but sufficient, the appointments admirable and in excellent taste.

"Passably housed!" I cried, with an involuntary gesture of amazement. "You are too modest, Professor. I had not thought there was such a private hall in all London. It must be unique. How did you discover it?"

"Oh! you Londoners, you Londoners! What, after all, do you know of your own city outside of a dozen fashionable streets? You like it, then? What do you think of this cabinet?"

Up to that moment I had only gathered a general conception of the outlines of the room, but now, as he took me by the arm, I was seized with fresh wonder at the exquisite piece of sixteenth century work to which he called my attention, and had I been permitted I would gladly have gone over its marvels of carving and delicate marquetry in detail, but Ahlborne playfully stopped me.

"The mere furnishings you can see another day if they interest you, Mr. Carshall. Have pity on an amateur's impatience, for I am all eagerness to show my little collection to such an expert as you are."

"Oh! yes, yes; that collection. Remember, Professor, you have called it unique. To such a man as I am that is a large word and needs justification."

"Be it so. What shall I show you first? Something small, a *hors-d'œuvre*, as it were, to whet your appetite. This should serve."

Pulling out a drawer of the cabinet, he took from its depths a small object which for a moment he held concealed in the palm of his left hand while he looked from me to it, and back again to me, as if half in doubt.

"An intaglio by Phidias," he said suddenly, slipping it gently into my extended fingers as he spoke; "a Medusa's head, and, I am persuaded, the original of Da Vinci's famous picture."

Mechanically I turned to the light and bent over the agate oval. Unfortunately I had not brought my pocket-glass, but my eyes are good and there was no room for carping. The workmanship was consummately delicate and yet sharply clear. There, curving coil on coil, were the writhing monsters, instinct and hissing with life, and from the centre of the twisting brood, like a bird from the depths of its nest, the divine beauty of the Gorgon looked out, terrible in spite of its minute proportions.

"Phidias? Phidias?" I said stupidly, but with no mind to deny the origin. The charm was too matchless for easy criticism. "Why, how——?"

"Ah! one word at the outset; let 'hows'

and 'whys' be for the present. I have proof for all I say, but it can wait. Such dry-as-dust testimony spoils the poetry of art. Or rather, let what you shall see later vouch for this."

Taking the intaglio, he replaced it carefully in the cabinet, and lifting in its place another small object he turned to me again with the same hesitancy and the same keen watchfulness.

"Are you suspicious?" said I satirically, for his manner nettled me. "I can assure you I am passably honest—for a collector."

"No," replied Ahlborne, speaking slowly, "but this is a thing you will recognise, and—and—bah! you know the Tavernier diamond?"

"The Tavernier diamond!" I cried. "What! The blue diamond that was brought to Europe in 1642, and—impossible; it was lost in the Terror."

"What was lost may be found, Mr. Carshall. Judge for yourself."

"The Tavernier diamond!" I muttered, taking the stone he held out to me on the palm of his hand. "The Tavernier? Of course I know it. Who does not that knows—why—why—it is the jewel itself! Professor Ahlborne, how did you come by this?"

"Ah! we collectors have our own methods. As I said before, we had better leave 'wheres' and 'hows' aside. I am very proud of that stone, Mr. Carshall; is it not beautiful?"

"Beautiful? Beautiful past words. It is a wonder, a dream of beauty, a delight. They were right, truly, when they called it *un beau violet*. What a depth of colour it has! and what fire!—it is a sun-steeped sea. No wonder Louis le Grand was proud of possessing such a treasure. But why have you kept its existence secret?"

"That I might continue to possess it," answered the Professor drily; "or, at least, possess it in peace. Do I want the police of Europe continually at my heels? No, thank you!"

"But where has it lain hidden all these years?"

"All these years! Three generations, perhaps, and what are they in the life of such a stone? If three generations stagger you, what will you say to the jewel which lies bedded in this ivory casket? The carvings are curious and interesting. Oriental, you will notice. They are scenes from the life of Gautama. It—the box, that is—dates from Genghis Khan, but this pearl—observe its lustre, its size, its purity, its absolute

sleek roundness. To me it is perfection—it goes back yet another twelve and a half centuries."

Snapping back the lid of the casket, an oblong box no bigger than my clenched hand, but a marvel of the most delicate carving, the ivory mellowed to that soft richness of colour which is the delight and the despair of the antiquarian, he disclosed the largest and most perfect pearl I have ever handled—a veritable lamp, translucent, lustrous, and of a flawless outline.

"Cleopatra valued it at fifty thousand sesterces."

"Cleopatra?"

"Yes, you remember that famous draught? Well, this is——"

"Oh! but," I cried, "it was lost!"

"Lost!" he echoed scornfully. "To science there is no such word as 'lost.' Besides, the Serpent of old Nile was a minx and had her methods. Now, I will let you into a secret. My collection is small, because it contains nothing but what the world calls lost, and for that very reason it is unique. There you have my hobby, Mr. Carshall."

"But——" I began.

With a gesture he checked me.

"Let me anticipate your objection. You would say I am imposed upon. Neither you nor I have leisure to argue that, only, for my part, I do not believe I am imposed upon. Remember your own words yesterday, 'To the man who knows, this is an exact science.'"

"But," I began again, rolling round in the hollow of my hand the splendid glistening sphere as I spoke, and this time he let me finish, "each of these is a fortune. Is Ahlborne, by chance, another name for Rockefeller?"

"You, too, are a collector," said he, with a whimsical puckering of the mouth, "and so I may be frank. When we buy a thing we do not tell all we know! The old rag-picker, whose forefather looted the Garde Meuble in '92, knew as little of blue diamonds as the Egyptian *fellah* did of pearls. Was it my business to instruct them? Robbery? Bah! you are a collector and so am I. The methods of the fraternity are common to all; let there be no hypocrisy, I beg of you."

Whereat I smiled, as, no doubt, the sooth-sayers of old smiled when in secure seclusion. There's many a truth a man will maintain in the face of the world and yet give the lie to in his private closet.

The next hour was a bewilderment, and as treasure after treasure in too quick succes-



"A dingy, fusty, degraded and degrading lodging-house parlour."

sion passed through my hands, was examined, tested, verified, the Tenth Commandment was shivered to untraceable atoms a score of times. "Thou shalt not covet!"

Pshaw! to the true collector possession is the one essential, and you might as well say "Thou shalt not live!" And what a temptation it was! There were parchments, coins, signets, cameos, drinking-cups, jewels, carvings, and every one with a history, until my brain fairly reeled and, like the Queen of the South, I had no more strength in me!

But at last he paused.

"There is still one thing more. I seldom show it, and never to those who scoff."

"Are there such?" I cried. "Surely not; or if there are, they must be know-nothings, narrow, jealous, unwilling to admit their own poverty. I hope you do not bracket me with these?"

"No, no; but this," and laying his hand in the depth of the open drawer he eyed me wistfully, "this is——"

"Yes, this is——?"

"Do you remember the Coming and the Passing of Arthur?" he asked abruptly. "The 'huge cross-bilted sword . . . rich with jewels, elfin Urim . . . bewildering heart and eye'?"



"What!" I gasped, "Excalibur? Arthur's sword?"

Ahlborne nodded gravely.

"Arthur's sword," he said, "whose

"Haft twinkled with diamond sparks,  
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work  
Of subtlest jewellery.

"Picture it, Mr. Carshall, picture it, and do not stint your imagination, for Sir Bedevere was right, and, like him, you—

"Never saw,  
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till you die,  
Not though you live three lives of mortal men,  
So great a miracle as yonder hilt."

With a reverent gesture he turned anew to the open drawer. "See and judge for yourself."

Ah! but it was wonderful, wonderful! That night I set myself to describe its beauty while the memory was neither dimmed nor exaggerated by time, but the flashing of the million points of light, the rippling play of colour, the elusive interchange of many fires rushed afresh into my brain, dazzling me, and I laid my pen aside—overwhelmed.

In silence I took it, in silence I held it, drinking in the marvel, and noting how sharply the antique lettering still showed on the steel blade, that "oldest tongue of all this world," with its strange and mystical paradox. I think my awed admiration, as, with a sigh, at last I handed it back, must have satisfied even Ahlborne, for there was a patent triumph in his eyes—a triumph worthily earned—as he carefully laid the sword once more in its resting-place. As I am an honest man, I did not grudge him his trophy. Reverence and awe were too strong upon me, and for the time the petty envies of the world were cast out.

"Well?"

"Let me go," I said. "I have seen enough."

I think he understood my feeling, for he nodded slowly twice or thrice, and linking his arm in mine walked with me to the door. On the landing we paused, and as he drew the door behind him he took my hand to say "Good-bye," and while he did so I was suddenly aware how the excitement of the afternoon had wearied me. In an instant I became a sorely tired man; but if the fatigue showed in my face, Ahlborne made no comment.

"You will come again?"

"Not will I, but may I?"

"They pleased you, then?" and his face lit up. "I thought they would. But let me see; for a week I am a busy man, shall

we say eight days hence?" I suppose I showed my chagrin at the delay, for he went on hastily, "It is the first hour of leisure I have; there is my profession——"

"Ah! by the way, what is your speciality?"

"Natural science. Then in eight days?"

"In eight days," I answered, "and—and—to hide these treasures of yours is a crime against light; come, Ahlborne, may I bring a friend?"

"I think not," said he, after a moment's hesitation. "No, not next time; later, perhaps, though I am doubtful whether—you see, I collect to please myself, and these South Kensington people—but we can talk of that next week. Besides, being alone, you may be as leisurely as you choose, and these manuscripts of Tacitus are worth studying. Indeed, now I think of it, oblige me by not speaking of what you have seen until you know the details a little more fully. Misdescriptions and half justice are my abhorrence."

That was the end of it then, and I frankly confess that the eight days which followed were, perhaps, the longest I have ever lived. The only thing that smoothed the passage of time was the sketching out of a little monograph to be called "The Dead Alive," which I flattered myself would raise something of a stir when published. Yet even in the preparation of this—a simple matter for a man who has written on "Neolites and National Education"—I found Ahlborne's wisdom demonstrated. At least another afternoon over these relics of many generations was needed to do them justice, for, curiously enough, my recollection was blurred and indefinite; and, beyond a cloudy remembrance of what they must have been, I was utterly at fault. The form was there, the colour was there, but the outlines lacked sharpness and the colours ran confusedly one into the other. There was the smoky glare of phosphorescence rather than clear light.

The appointed day, therefore, found me all the more eager for Martelli Street, and this time I passed over the solemn melancholy of its precise terraces with an easy optimism. Martelli Street was nothing, its dingy and depressing uniformity of inartistic meanness was nothing, and I declare that my heart was beating as boldly and as gaily as the knocker when I rapped at number eighteen.

Apparently it was the lady *châtelaine* herself who opened the door for me.

"Professor Ahlborne?"



"Oh! he has gone, sir!" Then, with a rising inflection, "He left yesterday."

"Yesterday?" and my face must have looked very blank as I said it. "But I have an appointment!"

"Very sorry, sir, I'm sure, *very* sorry. But such gentlemen as the Professor do wander about, don't they? Not but what he was always the gentleman to me."

"Gone!" I repeated, stupidly, I fear; then a light broke upon me, "Ah! I understand, he was afraid I would tell his secrets; and my monograph, how can I finish it? And who would believe it now?"

"Indeed, sir," answered she politely, "I don't know. The Professor certainly left last night."

"Might I see his room—the one on the landing to the back?"

Fortunately she misunderstood my reason for making the request. From a troublesome casual I suddenly developed into a possible successor to Ahlborne, and I confess I did not undeceive her. Had I done so, it might have put a stay upon more than the outburst of adjectives in the midst of which she led the way upstairs, and I was eager to refresh my memory with a closer examination of the premises where the Professor housed his hoarded wonders. Nor did I pay much attention to my guide. My mind was too full of the sharp disappointment to heed her chatter. One thing, however, went home to me as she paused on the landing with her hand on the door. It was "twenty-two and six a week."

"What!" I cried, remembering the glorious proportions of the noble room

which lay beyond, "twenty-two and sixpence a week?"

"Never less," she replied austerely; nay, if I knew what bridling was, I would say she bridled—"never less."

Then she pushed the door back. The stairs were the same; the landing the same; the door the same. I recognised a particularly large thumb-mark on its edge. But the room! I will swear I never saw the room before. The hangings, pillars, niches had disappeared; the painted ceiling, the antique mouldings, the cool and shadowy depth, the noble breadth and height were wiped from it as completely as a sponge wipes clear a slate. Beauty, proportion, dignity were alike gone, and in their place was a dingy, fusty, degraded and degrading lodging-house parlour, no more like the *salon* of the week before than a slum tenement is like Windsor Castle.

To the left, where the Henri Quatre cabinet had stood, was an unpolished, time-worn chiffonier covered with a stained and raw-edged cloth. To this I turned; but before my bewildered brain could find expression of its wonder, the woman had pounced on a square of white pasteboard lying conspicuously in sight.

"The Professor's card," said she. "Perhaps he has left his address, after all."

But she was wrong. This is what it contained:—

HERR AHLBORNE.

PROFESSOR OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

*Hypnotic Séances a speciality.*

And in the corner, "Terms Moderate."

The monograph still remains unwritten.



# IN A BANK.

BY J. PAUL TAYLOR.

UNTIL quite lately the most preposterous ideas were commonly entertained as to the way in which bank clerks and other officials in semi-public institutions occupied their time when on duty. "Ten to four" was a favourite nickname, and rumour even reported that it was found necessary to wake each clerk as four o'clock struck, and put him on the doorstep to go home.

Nowadays the public is better informed, since even bank clerks have been "inter-

different establishments. In one the hours kept actually approximate to the ideal "ten to four," while in another the average will be nearly twice as long. The experience, therefore, of a clerk in one bank is very different even from that of his neighbour next door, and still more from his brother clerk in a remote country district.

A man who enters a bank usually remains in it for his life, and his personal knowledge of banking will therefore be somewhat



A BUSY TIME IN A CITY BANK.

viewed"; and it is indeed hard to find a man who doesn't know everything about other people's business, even if he is remarkably ignorant on the subject of his own. It is to be hoped that this wise generation is also tolerant, and will not resent being told occasionally some few things it knew before, remembering that, now that nearly everyone is a "grandmother" in knowledge, there is great difficulty in giving useful information on "sucking eggs," or any other subject.

The nature of banking work and the method of managing it vary greatly in

narrow, though just lately many of us have had the opportunity, during amalgamations, of being, as it were, in two banks at once.

It is not intended to attempt here more than a brief survey of the daily work of bankers' clerks, with some account of their social life and amusements.

While admitting the generally monotonous character of his occupation, those who know something of a walk-clerk's duties will be aware that he could often "a tale unfold," if he were inclined to confess his misadventures.

Sometimes these are of a nature not to be

concealed, such as the shipwreck suffered by a walk-clerk some years ago, when it was not unusual to return from one's western walk by river. On this occasion our hero was comfortably seated in the prow of a penny steamer when the boiler burst and scattered the passengers to the four winds!

Luckily this one could swim, and having kept his head cool (by the help of Thames water) in a minute or two he found himself wading through the deep, rich layers of mud and clambering up the steps in the neighbourhood of Essex Street, Strand. This, of course, was before the Embankment was thought of.

Life being safe, his next thought was for his case of banknotes, and with a thrill of pleasure he felt its weight still in his tail pocket; fortunately he had chanced to obey the rule as to keeping it there, and not in his hand.

The problem now before him was to get back to his head office without attracting undue attention; and, needless to say, in this he entirely failed, though he evaded notice for a time by securing a cab in the Strand and being driven promptly to Princes Street. The effect of the entrance of that dripping and mud-coated apparition into the solemnly respectable bank can be imagined; and also the reception accorded to him when, after due ablutions, he was called into the manager's room! He was reprimanded, of course, with some severity, for the rule as to not travelling by boat is clear, but afterwards his promotion was not long delayed, for he had shown valuable qualities under trying circumstances, though he had twice broken the rules which forbid travelling by a "hired conveyance."

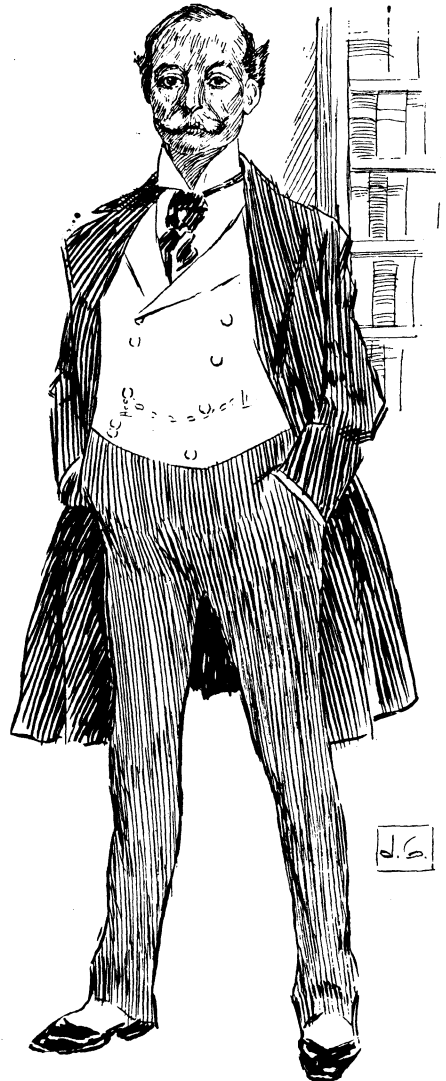
This tale, which is literally true, is not intended to encourage breaking rules, for which, indeed, its hero suffered severely; but there are cases in which it is much better to disobey cut and dried instructions, if by doing so the interests of the bank are best served; and in his amusing book on "Country Banking," Rae gives a case in which this is forcibly illustrated.

The squire of the neighbourhood suddenly enters the local bank and presents a cheque, without notice, for a much larger sum than is standing to his credit. The manager, to whom it is of course referred, pays it promptly and without cavil; thus, while he risks his own post, saving the bank the loss, not of one account only, but of many, for the squire is short-tempered, and would, if offended, have immediately closed all the

accounts (and there were many) over which he had control.

Such decided and independent action is seldom called for, but even an ordinary cashier may sometimes be suddenly called upon to decide promptly on strong measures.

For instance, if a forged cheque is pre-



A LONDON BANK MANAGER.

sented to him by a doubtful-looking character, he has two courses of action open; either to stretch across the counter and seize his man (supposing that to be physically possible, which it is not always) or to send a messenger or a junior to keep the door while he delays the cheque-holder by questions. The

former course has been taken with temporary success, but sometimes with disastrous after-effects, in the shape of damages for detaining an innocent holder; while the latter plan is not always effective, as the forger, if his suspicions are awakened, will sometimes escape before he can be stopped by these precautions. It is evident, therefore, that there is room for the exercise of rapid judgment by bank clerks in such cases as these, which, though certainly rare, may occur to any man in the course of his daily duties.

Perhaps the difficulties and worries of walk-clerks are now diminished by the great decrease in the number of bills payable at private houses. Nearly everyone now has a banking account; but in the good old times, not so many years ago, it was sometimes necessary to count out hundreds of half-sovereigns by the light of a candle, in some dingy room, on a cane-bottomed chair.

To tell how an ordinary day of a bank clerk's life is spent is easy enough. In order to be at his post by five minutes past nine (the usual limit in City banks) he will have to be an early riser, especially if he follows the sensible custom, now prevalent, of living out of smell of London town, for his journey by rail will occupy from half an hour to an hour, and allowance must be made for the usual railway unpunctuality.

He probably arrives, breathless, at about 9.4, and crowds in with the rest to take his turn in signing "the book." At some banks a line is ruled across this at 9.5, and men arriving later have to sign "below the line," and in others the book is removed at that minute, and laggards have to sign a "late book" in the manager's room.

There is much grumbling at all this, and to men who always do their best to arrive in time, and are only prevented by the vagaries of our railways, it seems unduly hard; but it is probably necessary in order to prevent unpunctuality from becoming chronic, a state of things which would interfere very much with bank work.

Besides the book there are other reasons for keeping time, for at some banks the stools are not all that they should be, and the first comers are apt to secure the least rickety ones, while sometimes the last man has to stand all the morning. Some will even take the trouble to chain their stools to the desk, but this is an exceptional precaution.

Of course, the cashiers and other senior clerks have their set places and seats. This is not always the case with the juniors, and



A PROVINCIAL BANK MANAGER.

*Old style. The new style approximates more to the Metropolitan fashion.*

these, instead of being "chained to their desks," are often very glad to find a desk at which to sit, room being sometimes as scarce as stools.

The main morning work for the younger clerks consists generally in writing up those pass-books which many of our readers who keep banking accounts find a very absorbing kind of literature.

In most banks a number of the juniors are sent out every morning as walk-clerks, though in some, such as Coutts's and the Bank of England, this important work is entrusted by preference to more experienced men. The duty of these walk-clerks is to collect the cash for such of the cheques (paid in on the previous day) as have to be so dealt with—that is to say, nearly all cheques and bills that are payable at places within a mile or two of the City, with the notable exception of "clearing" cheques, which will be alluded to later.

The walk-clerk receives the cheques and bills belonging to his "walk," and enters them on a sheet which he carries, and then

spends the morning in collecting, with more or less difficulty, the cash for the same. The total of this (less "returns") must agree with the amount charged to him. If not, he will usually have to pay the difference.

On returning, about midday, he will be allowed three-quarters of an hour for lunch, and work is often slack till about three o'clock, after which he will be employed either in entering in detail the cheques, etc., received by the cashiers, or on work connected with the "clearing."

As this word may sound mysterious to the uninitiated, it will be well to explain that all the large City banks have for many years combined together to settle their accounts against one another by paying or receiving "differences" at the Bank of England, at which institution each "clearing" bank keeps an account. The principle is simplicity itself, being merely an extension of the self-evident truism that if I owe you a shilling, and you owe me sixpence, the simplest method of settling is for me to pay you sixpence. In dealing on this principle with many millions of money daily changing owners there is need for clear heads and

quick eyes and hands in order to get through the work, in the limited time available, with a fair degree of accuracy, and much care is necessary in dealing with the errors which must occasionally be made. The plan adopted is to assume that one set of books is always correct, and to act on that assumption, making alterations next day at leisure, as required.

The Clearing House itself is a shabby old room (though lately improved) situated up a court next door to the Lombard Street Post-office; and the scene here between 3.30 and 4.5 (when the door is closed) is lively in the extreme. "Runners" rush in, laden with big bundles of cheques, which they deposit in order, lot by lot, on the desk apportioned to each clearing bank, to be entered against the bank on which they are drawn. As these are received by all banks from their clients till four o'clock, and the House closes five minutes later, it is not always possible to get everything through, and the struggle is only to minimise the risks.

On Stock Exchange pay-days the mass of work and its amount is even more gigantic; but on these fortnightly occasions the House is kept open a few minutes later.

Strangers are not admitted within these doors, any more than to the Stock Exchange; but the public bears its exclusion with perfect fortitude, and well it may.

By the time the clearing clerks have agreed as to their respective columns of figures, and have taken each one his debit or credit slip from the Bank of England and returned to their respective banks, work will be generally over for the day, as in most well conducted banks the clerks are able to leave at about five o'clock, excepting in the case of a few juniors who have special "evening work" allotted to them. There are, however, many exceptions to this rule, as banks which have a large country connection must necessarily keep many men late, and sundry other causes may lead unavoidably to the same result.

There are various special offices into which an expert clerk has a chance of entering. These are the Bill Office, the Security Office, the Country Office, the Secretary's Office, the Deposit Office, etc. In these the work is more evenly distributed throughout the day, though in most offices there is a rush of work at certain times of the year.

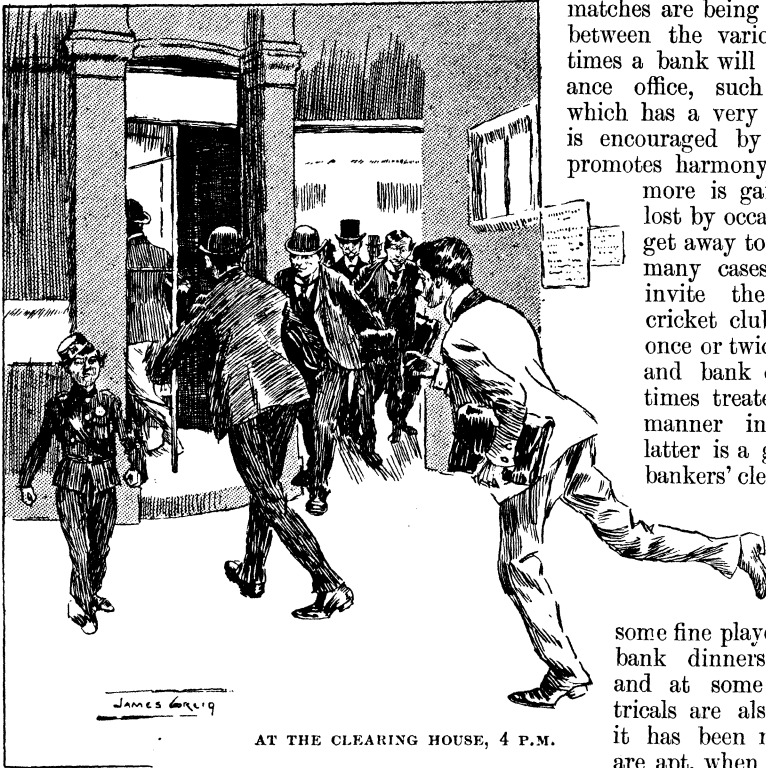
The duties of ledger-keepers



"A CROSSED CHEQUE."

and of cashiers are of a fairly simple character, but require great care and some quickness, and involve, in the case of cashiers especially, considerable risk of losing money to the bank, either by overpaying cheques or by passing forgeries, etc.

In branches of our large banks a man can often learn a much greater variety of work than at the head office, for several of the various duties, being light, must in many cases be given into one man's charge, and he will thus gain much experience; and, in fact, some branches are so small that only one clerk and a lad are required, and therefore



AT THE CLEARING HOUSE, 4 P.M.

the same man may have to interview the clients, open accounts, and count the cash, and perhaps keep the ledger.

Enough has now been said about work at a bank, and the lighter part of the subject can be taken up, and an attempt made to describe the amusements to which bank clerks are most inclined, and the sort of social life they usually lead.

Cycling is, of course, much practised by bank clerks, but football, though so popular, is played by them under great disadvantages; for even on a Saturday, when banks close at

two o'clock, it is seldom that the younger men, for whom alone football is suited, get away much before four, and this, in the football season, leaves little daylight. The summer games, cricket and lawn tennis, find many votaries in our large banks, and there are few cricket clubs more flourishing than those connected with the London and Westminster, the National Provincial, the London City and Midland, and the London and County. There are also many good clubs among the private banks, and every season a match is played between the elevens representing the joint stock and the private banks

respectively. All through the summer matches are being played in the evenings between the various banks, and sometimes a bank will play against an insurance office, such as the Prudential, which has a very strong club. All this is encouraged by the directors, for it promotes harmony among the staff, and more is gained by this than is lost by occasional undue haste to get away to the cricket-field. In many cases the heads of banks invite the members of their cricket clubs to social gatherings once or twice during the summer, and bank chess clubs are sometimes treated in the same genial manner in winter time. This latter is a game much played by bankers' clerks, and chess matches

are sometimes arranged between leading banks, and among their representatives are found

some fine players. Bank dances and bank dinners are often arranged, and at some banks private theatricals are also encouraged, though it has been noticed that rehearsals are apt, when held in the luncheon hour, to interfere with work, or, as one enthusiast put it, bank work interferes with rehearsals. Concerts are also sometimes organised for charitable purposes. Many a bank clerk is a good musician, and some excel not only in singing and playing, but in the composition of both words and music.

In some banks—the London Joint Stock, for instance—MS. books are kept containing humorous sketches with pen and pencil, chiefly on subjects connected with banking life; and a pamphlet appeared some years ago, called, "The Life of a Bank Clerk.

*Buy One of Them."* These books are, of course, chiefly of interest to those who know something of the circumstances and persons alluded to, as there is naturally a good deal of "local colour."

The incomes to be earned "in a bank" depend largely on the sort of bank and on the size of its branches. In few occupations are the differences so great between the highest and the lowest rates of payment. In some remote country branches, for instance, a junior clerk will only receive £30 or £40 a year (not to mention apprentices at even less), while at some of the large London banks the manager obtains more than a hundred times as much, and in the case of several of our great cities the discrepancy is perhaps as great. The average is, however, much nearer the bottom than the top, and perhaps £250 will fairly represent the probable income of the average middle-aged banker's clerk, and it must be added that the tendency seems distinctly downward.

Nevertheless, the young bank clerk is, as a rule, merry and high-spirited enough, and one of the forms his fancy takes is that of playing off practical jokes. When he only puts wax matches under the legs of our stools, no harm is done by the consequent explosions; but he has been known to keep a cartridge in his desk for experimental purposes (in testing the amount of force required to explode it by tapping with a ruler), and the clerks at the adjoining desks have rather an anxious time of it, and blood is spilt and risk run to eyesight when the thing does go off. Verses have been entered in the "book" on this subject, and a memorial "silver cartridge" was presented on one occasion to the hero "from some of the survivors."

The Clearing House used to be a favourite scene of these jokes, especially on the arrival of a fresh victim; but it is now much more strictly kept.

The risks of a walk-clerk's life have already been alluded to, though not exhaustively, for he runs the chance every morning, and all the morning, of being robbed by gangs of skilled thieves, who make a study of him, and watch their opportunities, and sometimes succeed, though not often, for he studies them also.

Clerks engaged in foreign and Colonial banks have, of course, their own special class of risks, from the climate and otherwise. Those in the Australian bush, for instance, are exposed sometimes to visits from bush-rangers, as the cash which must be kept is a great temptation to these scamps. In one case a small bank was "held up" while the

manager was in his bath, and some money was taken; but in others the clerks have successfully defended the bank property at the risk of their lives.

Most banks give pensions to such of their clerks as, from age or ill health, are unfit for work, and in many the scale adopted is similar to that in the Civil Service, one sixtieth of salary for every year of service up



ONE OF THE AMUSEMENTS OF A BANK CLERK.

to forty years. At many banks there is a fixed scheme, but in some it is left to the directors' discretion. Schemes for providing for widows and orphans are also in existence, and fairly flourishing. It should be mentioned that most banks now require any applicant for a post to pass a moderately stiff examination and to insure his life for a small amount.



# LION, THE MATCHMAKER:

A STORY FOR NEPHEWS AND MAIDEN AUNTS.

By EMILY M. BRYANT.



E was a slip of a boy, in age somewhere about twelve; he had a round, brown, freckled face, and little bits of blue eyes which almost disappeared when he laughed. Just now he was not laughing, however; indeed, he was feeling anything but merry; his eyes were wide open, and his whole face was drawn out into a mournful oval.

He was all by himself in a big school-room, and he was busy reading for the second time a letter which had come for him that morning.

"DEAR LION," it ran—"You can't possibly come home this Christmas, as Ethel has scarlet fever, so we have arranged for you to go to your Aunt Esther at Bletchcomb. It is very good of her to take you in at such short notice, as she is not married and has had no boys about for a long time. Also she has recently lost the relative with whom she has been living, so she will not feel very lively, I am afraid. I suppose you will be disappointed, but you must make the best of it.

"Your affectionate UNCLE.

"P.S.—Here is something towards your expenses. Ethel is not seriously ill, so you need not be anxious."

"What jolly hard lines!" said Lion to himself—and even the crisp banknote did not cheer him; "and Christmas time, too, just when a fellow likes to be at home. Oh! I do call it rotten!"

He took out a sheet of paper and began to pour out his complaints to his mother. It certainly did seem hard, for only that morning his box had stood in the hall with the other boys' boxes, all ready to go, and now he must wait till to-morrow and then set off on a long journey to visit an unknown aunt.

"A jolly old maid always fidgeting over her antimacassars and things. I know the sort. I shall have to wipe my boots all day and wash my hands every five minutes—bother it all!" he muttered.

Then he wrote another page of grumbling and fastened up the letter. He was just searching for a stamp when a servant came in with an envelope in her hand.

"From the Mater, by Jove! Now we shall have some sense," and he tore it open with a faint hope that it might contradict the bad news of the morning.

"DEAR OLD BOY," he read—"I know you will be fearfully disappointed by your uncle's letter, but I don't think you are more so than I am. I am quite ashamed to confess what I did when the doctor said Ethel had fever and you must not come home; but, you see, I am not a brave fellow like someone else I know.

"I don't know much about Aunt Esther, for she was abroad at the time of our marriage, and since then she has been taking care of an old cousin; but I know that she was your father's favourite sister, and she is not very old, so perhaps she has not forgotten all about boys and their ways. Anyway, dear, you and I must put our shoulders to the wheel and bear up.

"Ethel is a very patient little invalid, and very, very sorry to cause so much trouble. You had better burn this letter, though I have taken every precaution in writing.

"Good-bye, my brave Lion,

"From MOTHER."

Was Lion so very brave? His eyes were curiously bright when he put the letter in the fire, and after it was all burnt, he took out the grumbling epistle and tore it up.

"What a muff I was to write like this!" he said half aloud.

Then he set to work and wrote another note, the ink of which by some means got blurred and watery; but his mother managed to make out that "most likely Aunt Esther was no end jolly, and he should have a good

time," and if she read bitter disappointment between the lines, she also read that her boy had a brave, loving heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a very pretty cottage, even in winter time, and the light streamed out cheerfully on to the path up which a somewhat shy and weary boy was walking.

"Here you are at last! Nearly starved, I should think," said a pleasant voice, and someone came out to meet him, a very wise someone, who seemed to know by instinct that he was too old to be kissed.

"Come in," she said; "never mind your boots, come and get warmed."

Lion had not a word to say as he stumbled into the cosy little room and stretched his blue hands to the fire. One thing he was sure of, and that was that the owner of the bright face and sunny hair could not be his maiden aunt—why, she hadn't even let him wipe his boots, though he had felt so virtuous in remembering to do so; and as for antimacassars, there were hardly any to be seen. Then there was such a tea as would have warmed the heart of any weary wanderer—eggs and hot toast, and tea-cakes, and such thick cream! All the time Lion was expecting the door to open and admit the real Aunt Esther, who must, he felt sure, have grey hair and wear a cap, and glower at him through spectacles. Meanwhile this other bewildering person was heaping his plate with good things and chatting all the time in the pleasantest style about cycling and skating and other delights.

Lion's shyness melted like snow in sunshine.

"I say," he said, when he had nearly filled up the aching void within, "where's the other one?"

"What other one?" was the surprised inquiry. "There is no one lives here but me, except old Martin and his wife, who take care of me and look after the garden."

"Well, but where's Aunt Esther?" Lion blurted out.

"Why, I am Aunt Esther?"

"You—by Jove! Why, you are not a bit old; they needn't have called you an old maid," he said with boyish frankness. "I don't mind telling you that I thought it would be awfully slow staying here, but I shall like it awfully now. Of course, it's a nuisance not to be going home; a fellow likes to see his—mother now and again——" There was a little pause while Lion swallowed what seemed to be an unusually big mouth-

ful. Aunt Esther went and put some coal on, though the grate was full already; then she took a little brush and swept the shining tiles, though only one little cinder was to be seen. She quite seemed to know that Lion's tea tasted salt just then, for she pushed the sugar-basin across to him, remarking as she did so—

"I like so much sugar myself that I always expect other people to like a lot, too."

The boy helped himself to a big lump, but perhaps his hand shook a little; at any rate, the sugar slipped out of the tongs and fell with a great splash into his cup.

"Oh! I say, what a spill I've made!" he cried penitently. "And it was a clean cloth, wasn't it?"

"The beauty of my tablecloths is that they wash," said Aunt Esther, so seriously that Lion laughed.

"You are not a bit like what I thought you would be," he said, and then he drew a picture in his most expressive language of the kind of relative he had expected to meet.

Aunt Esther laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Poor boy! what a disappointment for you!" she said. "Never mind, I've got some caps upstairs which belonged to my cousin; perhaps I shall appear in one to-morrow."

"Ah! that was another thing," said Lion. "Uncle said you had just lost somebody, and would feel awfully dull."

"It is some months since she died," said Aunt Esther gently. "I was very fond of her, and I miss her, but she was such a great sufferer that it would be cruel to be sorry that she is at rest."

They were standing on the hearthrug now, and Aunt Esther, glancing at the reflection of their two faces in the mirror, was struck by the likeness between them.

"You are like your father, Lion," she said, "and I was always considered like him, too."

"I can only remember him such a little bit," said Lion regretfully, "and mother can hardly bear to talk about him; but you can tell me what he was like when he was a boy."

"Ah! yes," she said, "I can tell. He was the best and kindest of brothers, always good to us little ones, and especially to me, and yet I was away both at his marriage and his funeral. But we shall have lots of time to talk about him while you are here. And now we must go and unpack that box."

## II.

"A SWEETHEART, Lion?" said Aunt Esther merrily, as she saw the boy hiding away a photograph.

"No; I don't believe in such rot," said Lion stoutly; then he coloured up as he added, "it's just a photo of our form-master; he's a jolly good sort, I can tell you. He's not been there long, and at first he was awfully down on me—I couldn't do a thing that he didn't spot; and my! didn't he row me just about Beal's black eye? He's awfully strict in school, but I like that sort. The one we had before was an awful muff—he never saw anything, or, if he did, he pretended not to; it makes it so jolly easy to do things—that one shouldn't, you know—and I know I was a bad lot that term. But old Grange is another sort of bird altogether, and a jolly good thing for me, too, because I'd promised the Mater to work better, and one just has to with Grange. I did get into a big row, though, at the end of the term. If the Head had been at home, I'd have had a swishing; but he wasn't, so Grange told me to come to his room after school. I made sure I'd get the swishing, after all, and I didn't half like it, because—well, there would be telling the Mater—and besides, I liked old Grange even then, and I'd hate to be licked by him. He'd got a cane on the table, and when I saw it I felt jolly queer, I can tell you; but, do you know, he didn't do it."

Aunt Esther was sitting on the floor by the half unpacked box, hugging her knees and listening with much interest to the boy's recital.

"What did he do?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh! he looked a bit queer, too, and said I deserved a flogging, and should have had it if the Head had been there. Then he rowed me awfully and made me look him in the face and promise not to do anything like it again. He said he knew I'd keep my word," the boy added proudly. "Well, I promised, and then he talked again in a different sort of way. It was horrid! I wished he would row or even swish; I felt so jolly bad that at last—but you won't tell any of the fellows, will you?"

"No," said Aunt Esther solemnly.

"Well, I made a regular fool of myself—howled, you know, like a kid; and then he was awfully good, and it made me think of—of father."

The last word was a whisper, and silence followed. Aunt Esther took some more

things out of the box and arranged them in a drawer.

"I wonder what made me tell you all that rot?" said Lion at last, in a gruff voice; then he went on more brightly: "but it was when my leg got hurt that I found out what a brick he was."

"How did your leg get hurt?"

"Oh! it was nothing—just a tumble, you know. One of the kids got stuck up a tree, and I went to help him down."

"Did the kid get hurt?"

"No."

Aunt Esther's eyes rested on her nephew's rosy face in a satisfied sort of way.

"I almost think that was the kind of thing your father used to do," she said quietly.

"Well," said Lion, after a moment's silence, "old Grange used to come and sit by me in the sick-room every evening nearly. Sometimes he'd read jolly tales, and sometimes he'd talk, and he often brought queer things to show me.

"One day I asked him what made him so good to me, when I'd been such a plague to him, and he said I reminded him of someone he used to like years ago, and that made him begin to like me."

Aunt Esther gave a little start.

"Grange!" she said reflectively. "Grange!"

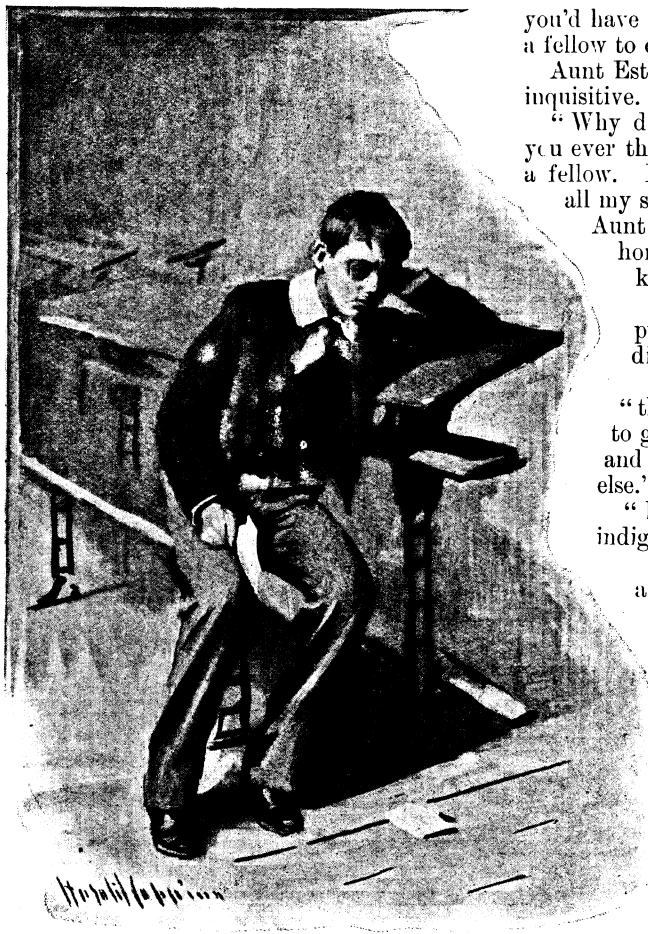
But Lion was busy examining a bookshelf and gloating over a new "Henty," so he did not notice her just then.

The days passed very pleasantly at the cottage. It was astonishing what a large circle of boy acquaintances Aunt Esther had, and it was also astonishing what a large share she took in their amusements.

One day, when Lion had been out with some friends, he returned in a somewhat disordered condition. His nose was bleeding and he had sundry other disfigurements. In spite of all, however, he bore himself proudly as a veteran who comes out of the battle covered with honourable wounds.

Aunt Esther said very little as she conducted him to the bathroom, to remove traces of the conflict; but when the hero was once more presentable, she begged for information.

"Oh! it was nothing," said Lion, "it was just that cad of a Lawson. You said he wasn't a very decent fellow, and he isn't. I bunged up his eye for him, anyway; I guess he won't see clearly for a day or two"—and Lion grinned. "Perhaps his taste will have improved when his sight comes back."



“What jolly hard lines!” said Lion to himself.”

“What’s wrong with his taste?”

“He hasn’t got any, that’s all,” was the lofty reply; “he’s only got cheek.”

“How did he show his want of taste?”

Lion hesitated, then decided.

“Well, you don’t like him, so it can’t make any difference. He said you were an old maid, and not at all pretty. You may guess I wasn’t going to stand that from *him*. I fancy even his mother won’t think *him* pretty for a day or two,” and Lion grinned again.

Aunt Esther tried to look shocked, but she was rather pleased notwithstanding.

“At any rate, I’ve someone to fight my battles for me,” she said; “but you know, Lion, I really am an old maid.”

“Stuff!” said Lion; “nobody is an old maid till he’s—I mean till she’s—over fifty, and you are not that by a long chalk. But I can’t think why you never did get married;

you’d have been an awfully jolly mother for a fellow to come home to.”

Aunt Esther turned pink, and Lion looked inquisitive.

“Why didn’t you?” he said. “Didn’t you ever think you would? You might tell a fellow. I won’t blab, and I’ve told you all my secrets.”

Aunt Esther looked at his earnest, honest little face, then she suddenly kissed him.

“Oh! get out!” said the boy, pretending to rub it off; but he didn’t really mind.

“Well,” said Aunt Esther softly, “there was a time when I expected to get married; but it fell through, and I think he married someone else.”

“How jolly mean!” said Lion indignantly.

“No, it was all right; there was a mistake; it was no one’s fault really.”

“Well, I hope he’s jolly miserable,” said Lion relentlessly.

“No, don’t wish that,” said his aunt softly; “remember, I loved him once. Besides, I’ve had a very happy life; and what do I want with sons, when I’ve a brave nephew to break his nose in my defence?”

“But if somebody awfully nice turned up, you’d have him, wouldn’t you, and forget the other?” Lion said coaxingly.

“Can’t say, I’m sure,” was the doubtful reply. “He’d have to be very nice to lure me from my dear little home; but perhaps he would come and live here, too.”

“No, he wouldn’t,” said Lion; “at least, I mean——” He got very red and stammered.

“Well, he isn’t here yet,” said Aunt Esther, laughing, “so we will have one more meal in peace; and you must be hungry after that fight.”

“Oh! by Jingo! by Jingo!” cried Lion to himself, when he went to bed that night, “what a jolly idea! They’d just suit splendidly; but how can they get to know each other? If I could only get old Grange round here somehow! Wonder where he is? Why, he gave me his address—I must rout it out.”

Accordingly he searched in all his pockets, and at last, in a remote corner, among pieces of string, knives, and other delights, he



"Aunt Esther was sitting on the floor, listening with much interest to the boy's recital."

discovered a dirty piece of paper. The address was still legible, thanks to the clear penmanship of the writer.

"Hurrah!" he said, and scrambled into bed with a very complacent smile on his face.

### III.

LION'S thoughts were somewhat distracted from his match-making schemes by the

traces of hard frost on his window-pane the next morning. He reflected that it would be easier to arrange things when he was back at school again. "I can show him a photograph and crack her up like old Billy, next term," he said to himself. "But perhaps I'd better let her see his photo while I'm here—she could be getting fond of him, and then it can all be settled directly; they could

be married in the Easter holidays, and I should be best man—by Jove, what a lark! and Aunt Esther will be sure to have a jolly big wedding-cake.”

During the day, while he was engaged in making slides and testing the thin coats of ice on the shallower ponds, he forgot these matrimonial projects, but when he went home in the evening they returned with full force. He mentally skipped all the intermediate stages of introductions and love-making, and began to regard the marriage as a settled thing.

“You’ll not have a beastly reception, will you?” he remarked at tea, to the supreme surprise of his aunt. “You’ll have a good old-fashioned breakfast. I know the kind, because I went to one in the summer, and I can put you up to a wrinkle or two. And you’ll have a whopper of a cake, won’t you, with heaps of almond-icing? The sugar is beastly stuff. Ethel made herself sick with it; but the almond’s lovely.”

Aunt Esther laid down her egg-spoon and gazed at her nephew in breathless astonishment.

“What are you talking about, Lion?” she said, when she recovered her power of speech.

“Oh! I forgot! Of course, you don’t know; but I was just arranging about your wedding.”

“And when is it to take place?”

“At Easter, I think.”

“Oh! and have you fixed on the bridegroom?”

“Why, yes, of course—that is, I mean, he’ll be easily found.”

Lion choked and blushed scarlet, because he had so nearly let the cat out of the bag.

Aunt Esther regarded him with very merry eyes and tried a few more questions, but Lion was not to be drawn out any further.

“It’s awfully tickle work arranging these things,” he confided to his pillow; “but Aunt Esther’s such a jolly good sort, she’s worth all the bother. Besides, how spiff it would be to have her living with old Grange close to the school! Why, I could run in when I liked, and he would be my uncle—hurrah!”

“I’m going to write to Mr. Grange to-day,” said Lion the next morning. It struck him as cheeky to speak of Aunt Esther’s future husband as “old Grange,” and it was rather too soon to say “Uncle.”

“Indeed!” said his aunt, trying to look grim. “Then you can tell him from me that,

if all his pupils are such mischievous monkeys as the one I know, he has my sincerest pity.”

Lion didn’t happen to remember it at the moment, but afterwards he wished he had quoted “Pity is akin to love”; it would have been so appropriate.

“I’ll give your message, auntie, dear; no doubt he’ll be very pleased. I’m awfully sorry, though, that I left the tap running in the bath; you see, I was thinking so much about your——”

“Future happiness,” finished Aunt Esther, “that you forgot my present comfort. Please remember that if I am drowned in bath-water, I can’t possibly be married. And also remember that if *you* are drowned in the mill-pond, or anywhere else, you can’t be present at the great occasion; at any rate, you wouldn’t be in a position to appreciate the wedding-cake. But seriously, Lion, though I’m glad you are not a muff, I don’t want you to be foolhardy. It sometimes takes more courage to keep out of danger than it does to rush into it.”

“All right, auntie, I’ll be careful, I give you my word of honour,” said the boy, and then he dashed off to join his comrades.

“The mill-pond bears,” were the words that greeted him; “but old Stoke says it would be wiser to wait till to-morrow.”

“Ah! why should we wait till to-morrow, when the ice bears quite well to-day?” chanted somebody. It was Lawson, and his eye still bore the mark of Lion’s fist.

“I’m not going,” said the latter shortly.

“Why not?”

“What’s that to you?”

“Darling auntie told him not to, little pet!” sneered Lawson. “Oh! you needn’t look so furious. Stay on the bank, little muff, and watch your elders and betters enjoy themselves.”

Lawson was very anxious to improve *his* somewhat besmirched honour by displaying superior prowess on the ice.

Lion meanwhile ached to punch his enemy’s head, and yearned to display his courage. He was almost vexed with Aunt Esther for making him promise not to be foolhardy, though through all his vexation he faintly realised the truth of her last words to him that morning. So he turned his back on the fascinating mill-pond and lured away a good many boys to a shallower sheet of water near at hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

“He wouldn’t go on the mill-pond, Miss Carew, though Lawson ragged him awfully;

and we were some of us skating on the smaller pond, when we heard a yell, and Lion was off like a shot. We all thought it was Lawson, but Lion never stopped a second, although Lawson had been so beastly to him. It was little Benson, and Lawson—like the big coward that he was—never offered to help him, though he'd made the little chap go on; and Lawson just cut off home and pretended he knew nothing about it. You should have seen Lion; he held the little chap up till we got men from the mill, and then the ice gave way and they went under." The boy's voice broke, and he saw Aunt Esther's anxious face through a mist of tears.

"Thank you for telling me," she said, with a sad little smile. "I am glad my Lion was a brave one; but do you know, I am prouder of him for keeping off at first than for going on at the end. Now, good-night, dear; the doctor says Lion must be kept very quiet, but he hopes he will soon be better."

She went back to the bedroom and looked down on a very pale Lion with a white bandage across his head, where the cruel ice had cut him.

On a small table near his bed stood a photograph, and by its side a letter addressed and stamped. Aunt Esther looked from one to the other and then gave a little start. The envelope was directed in round school-boy hand to "H. GRANGE SCOTT, M.A." Lionel afterwards explained to her that Scott was also the name of the Head, so that the second master was generally called Grange.

"I might have remembered that his second name was Grange," she said to herself, "but he hardly ever used it in those days."

Then she looked very lovingly at the sleeping boy.

"So our heroes are one and the same, little Lion," she thought.

Her patient stirred slightly and opened his eyes.

"I wonder," he said, "whether old Grange would come and see me? He was awfully good the other time! Do you think he would?"

"I don't know, dear," said Aunt Esther, with a little gasp.

"Perhaps it would be cheeky to ask him, but I'd like to see him awfully—and it's not so very far."

"We'll see, dear," said his aunt gently; "but you must not look such a ghost, or you'll frighten him."

Lion never knew what a hard task he had set his aunt. He did not see her fingers tremble as she opened the envelope and added a postscript to his boyish epistle.

"He must be married, though Lion has never mentioned his wife. Anyway, ten years is a long time, and he will have quite forgotten me," she said; then she glanced at herself in the glass and startled a look of gladness in her eyes which ran away and hid itself like a shy little maiden.

The next two days were hard to bear. Lion was feverish and rather fractious, and every ring at the bell made Aunt Esther tremble lest it should herald the arrival of "old Grange."

"He won't come to-night," she said to herself on the evening of the second day; "and perhaps there will be a letter in the morning. Martin," she called to her old retainer, "I will go for the medicine myself, as it's so cold, and Janet can keep an eye on Master Lion."

It was a wonderful night; the frosty nip of the air sent the blood galloping through her veins. Something seemed to dance inside her as she hurried on. Along this very road she had gone on just such another night ten years ago; but then she had been battling with a fierce disappointment. She remembered the very spot on which she had stood when she had looked at the brave, bright stars above her and had vowed that this trouble should not spoil her life.

"I have my life to live just the same; there is a place for me in this world, even if it is not the cosy corner I had fancied. I will find my work and do it," she had said firmly, in spite of quivering lips, and the vow had been kept.

"Why, Miss Carew, this frosty night has made you blooming!" said the old doctor, smiling. "You were so pale yesterday that I was going to recommend a tonic; but a run in this glorious air is better than pails of medicine for you young folk."

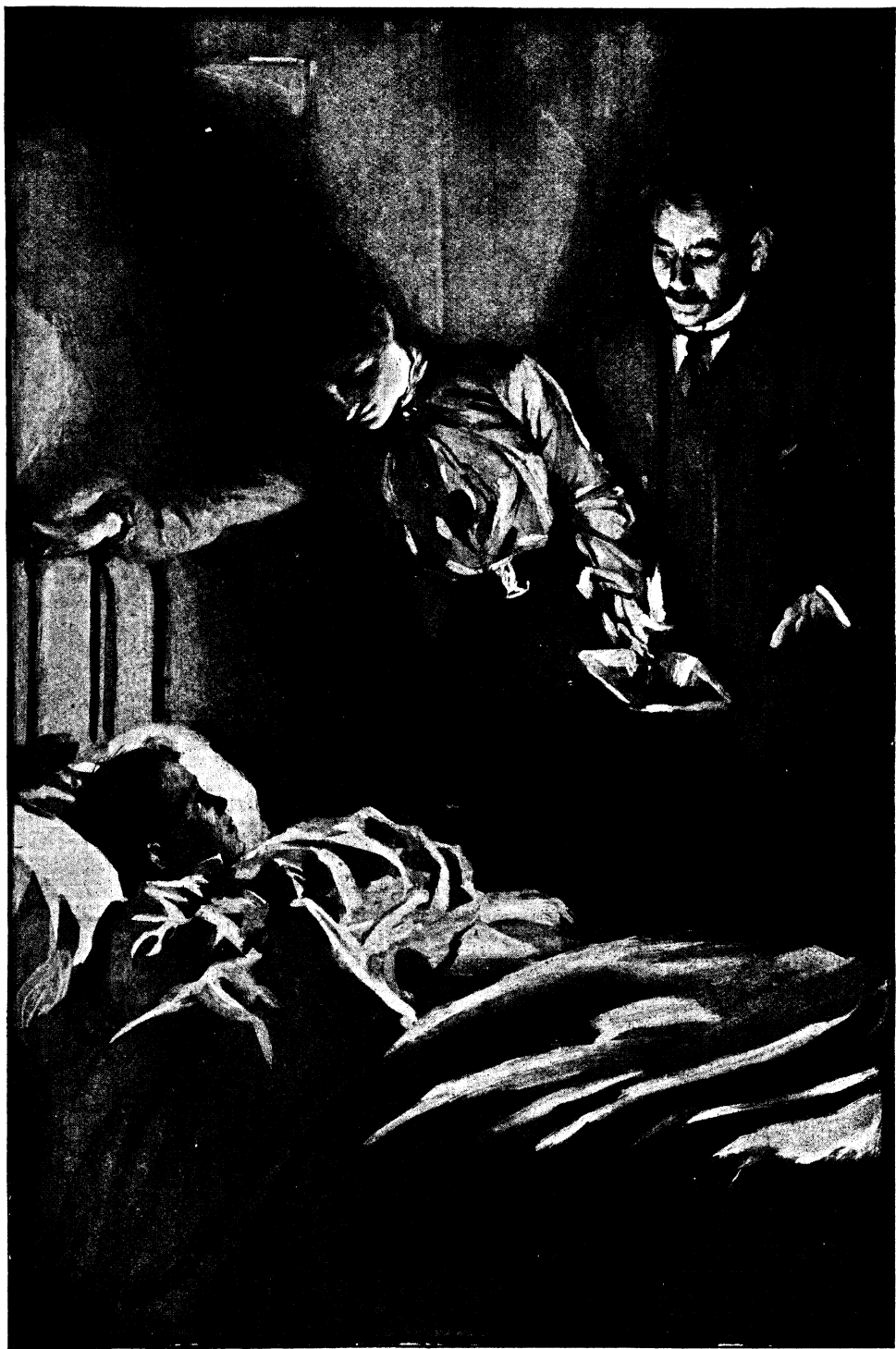
"Young!" said Aunt Esther, smiling. "Think of that great strapping nephew of mine!"

"You'll never be old, my dear, while you keep a young heart," was the cheerful reply.

Aunt Esther went straight up to Lion's room when she reached home. She heard the boy talking excitedly as she neared his door, and she planned a scolding for old Janet; but the words died on her lips as she went in, for a stranger was sitting by the bed. And yet was he a stranger?

"Aunt Esther, he's come—isn't it awfully





“Go to sleep and dream of wedding-cake!”

jolly? Why, how prime you look! What's up?"

"Esther," said a deep, familiar voice.

"Why!" gasped Lion, "do you know each other? Why didn't you say so? Oh! what a shame! I wanted to introduce you!"

"Lion," said Aunt Esther very firmly—she had hardly trusted herself to look at the new-comer—"you must lie down now and not talk any more! Mr.—Scott will want some supper. He shall come up again and say 'Good-night' to you, if you will be very quiet."

"I'm afraid we've both been bad boys," said the master, smiling; "but we'll behave better in the future—won't we?—especially as we have someone to keep us in order. Good-bye for the present, old fellow!"

They went out together, and they were so long away that Lion fancied they had forgotten him, and began to feel injured. But they did come eventually, both of them, with such a wonderful new light on their faces that even the boy noticed it.

Perhaps if he had not been so full of his own grievances he might have guessed its meaning. As it was he growled out—

"Well, you look as if you'd had a jolly time downstairs, but I can tell you it's been awfully slow up here."

"Never mind, dear old boy," said Aunt Esther; then she laughed, and whispered to him, "Go to sleep and dream of wedding-cake!"

\* \* \* \* \*

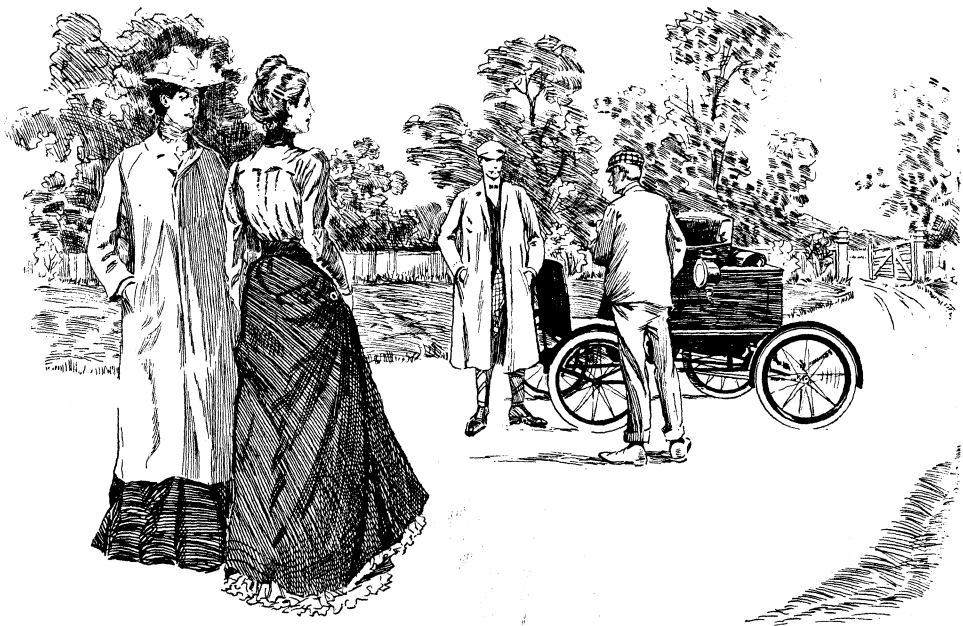
May sunshine was streaming into the big schoolroom in which we first saw Lion, but he was no longer lonely and forlorn; on the contrary, he was the centre of an admiring group, to whom he was discoursing in very important style.

"I can tell you it was no end jolly, and old Grange—he's my uncle now, you know—has given me a stunning bat and a racket, because he said it was all through me that they met again. And the wedding-cake was just scrumptious—heaps of almond icing! You are all to have some when they get settled down the street there. I arranged it all, you know, and regularly bossed the show! You've no idea what a funk old Grange was in before the bride came. He told me afterwards that he should always sympathise with boys when they were sent up for a swishing. But he was as proud as Punch afterwards, and bragged so about his wife that I got a bit sick, and just reminded him that she had been my aunt a good bit longer than she'd been his wife."



"BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION." FROM THE PICTURE BY J. JILLOL.

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—Eug. J. L. 1894—

#### ONE ADVANTAGE.

LADY MOTORIST: You see, it is so light that when it breaks down we can always push it home.

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

### THE AUTHORS' MODEL.

*By Charles Force.*

ONE hears and sees much of the "photographic fiend," but the literary one is a more dangerous and insidious foe. The photographer is betrayed by his camera, but the literary demon goes about in the disguise of an ordinary mortal, and it is surely he of whom, in our comings and goings, we should most studiously beware.

Be polite, then, to everybody. Anyone may be an author, and if you offend an author, he will probably put you in his gallery of people he has met, with a red cross against your name, and one day, when looking over his stock of criminals and bad characters, he will take you out, rub you up, and you will awake one morning to find yourself the villain of a modern one-volumed novel. And with all your virtues cut off, and your few and insignificant shortcomings overgrown and grossly exaggerated, you will be surprised and grieved to find how readily all your friends will recognise you!

There seems something wrong about the present system of novel-writing. It ignores, altogether, the rights of man and the liberty of the subject. Any one of us is liable to be seized by the press-gang of authors and made what use of they may think fit.

This state of things would not be tolerated on the stage. When an actor appears before the

public, it is of his own free will, and he is paid a stipulated salary. Why should it be otherwise in fiction? Why should a man, or part of him, appear in a novel without receiving a farthing's-worth of recompense, and actually without his own consent?

A novelist is exempt from the laws of ordinary honesty. A painter pays his models, but a novelist steals them. The thing is obviously unjust.

It should be noticed, moreover, that the outrages spoken of are not physical, but moral. In these days a man may consider his body fairly safe, but he cannot call his soul his own.

Of course, an author should be able to do as he likes with his personal goods and chattels—his wife and children, for instance—but at present he does not confine himself to his own property. Stranger and acquaintance, friend and foe, are all alike to him; he seizes and turns them to his own use, makes money out of them, and does not even trouble to give them his best thanks. Never has a book appeared "dedicated with the profound gratitude of the author to the original characters of this work." Never even has a novelist been known to send round complimentary copies of his work to his unconscious models. Possibly this is due to shame; probably to ingratitude. An author seems an animal without the instinct of gratitude; or, if he has it, it is, as we see, a gratitude without form, and void.



ALEXANDER  
FINBERG

WOMAN THE COMFORTER.

HE: Do you think my sermons too long?

SHE: Oh, no! They're not really long, because I've timed them—they only *seem* long.

Not one of us is safe. You who read this are possibly undergoing, at the present time, all unknown to yourself, a literary incarnation in some penny dreadful or shilling shocker. With your superior personality and high ambitions you are treading the boards of fiction as a common mountebank for the benefit of servant girls or the diversion of schoolboys.

It is, of course, possible that you have not received this honour of complete literary incarnation; but in these days, when every other person scribbles, you may be pretty sure that parts of you are knocking about the world in some literary form or another. But it is not easy to recognise or identify bits of oneself found wandering about in print, and as one's literary ego has at present no commercial value, it is hardly worth while to try. But, to those whose delight it is to collect things, here is a new and most entertaining hobby, for they can set to work in modern fiction and make a collection of themselves.

However, should this unrighteous system come to an end, and the payment of authors' models be made obligatory, a serious difficulty would present

itself in the practice of composite character-drawing, for unscrupulous writers would make such mosaics of their characters that it would require a chemical operation to resolve them into their component parts. Still, no novelist would risk his reputation by declaring that his characters were not drawn from life, so for those characters, or parts of them, of whom he could not give the names and addresses, he would have to pay a fine or tax.

#### THE CASE OF RADDLES.

Raddles was a quiet young barrister, who got mixed up with a literary set. He won their confidence by his inattention to business and his extreme desultoriness. So sometimes they used to let him behind the scenes of fiction. Here they introduced him to himself, and he enjoyed the new experience like a child who sees himself, for the first time, in the looking-glass. They had taken him, body and soul, and made a hero of him. Then they had turned him loose into a six-shilling novel to see what he would do under new and original circumstances. There, on the whole, he behaved himself extremely well throughout, and very properly carried off the heroine in the last chapter.

Raddles had some imagination, and for him, at least, this story was of thrilling interest. Had he been ordered what the doctors call a complete change, he could not have found it in any barbarous or civilised part of the world as completely as

in this volume. Here he found himself in circumstances and situations which no mere tourist agent could provide, and with the added social advantage of making the intimate acquaintance of himself.

Here, by the way, lies a suggestion for the *blasé* rich. Let them commission novelists to write novels about them, just as they now do artists to paint their portraits. In this way they may find themselves enjoying entirely new and original experiences such as only a writer of fiction could provide; they will, moreover, be encouraging a new branch of literature which should eventually prove as lucrative as portrait painting.

But to return to Raddles. This first discovery was by no means the last. On taking a good look round, he found portions of himself served up in all sorts of ways, for the mutual benefit of the public and his friends the authors.

He soon became quite expert in detecting parts of himself in the writings of his friends, and was amazed to find to what many and varied uses they had put him. He found many of his minor vices



A FAMILIAR  
NURSERY RHYME.

RE-PICTURED BY  
HILDA COWHAM.



in use as a sort of amalgam to solidify the etherealism of a too ethereal hero, and once he discovered a big bit of himself doing duty as a counter-jumper.

He was much gratified. He saw himself at last a useful member of society. If he could not earn his own living, at any rate he was earning other people's. But, in spite of all his desultoriness, his hobbies had never included philanthropy, and there was nothing of the philanthropist in him, as his literary friends soon discovered. *Why, he actually talked of their paying a royalty for the use of him!* This was in fun at first, but they snubbed him, so he became serious, and then they cut him, and that literary set knew him no more.

But he had become ambitious. He saw that in fiction he was a person of some importance, which in real life was not the case. So he determined to go in for fiction, and, inventing a new profession, boldly advertised himself as "An Authors' Model."

Sanguine as he always was, he remained in his chambers at Lincoln's Inn and awaited the coming crowds of clients and letters. For the first week there was no rush; everything was calm except Raddles; he was bubbling over with expectation. The following week was like the first, but towards the close of it Raddles had become calm, too. However, an emotion awaited him. A well-dressed person called and interviewed him. The well-dressed person made two guineas out of that interview, but Raddles got nothing.

All this was discouraging. Finally, the first professional "Authors' Model" the world has ever seen retired from the business through lack of State protection.

Who will pay for what he can get for nothing? Not even an author, it seems! For although, as everyone knows, an author is usually very much wanting in business instinct, he has, apparently, just enough of it to enable him to keep the Eighth Commandment a good deal in abeyance in his own mind. The fact is, the Eighth Commandment requires a little legal support in this direction, and we commend the matter to the attention of legislators and all those who have the public good at heart. For here are the materials for a new profession and remunerative occupation for thousands. And at a time when all the other professions are so crowded that there is hardly even "plenty of room at the top," so promising and hopeful a profession as this should receive a very hearty welcome, with every support and encouragement.



#### AN OUTGROWN PLAYMATE.

There's a cave in the haystack where sometimes I sit

And play that I'm Robinson Crusoe.

My calf was man Friday; but now she won't fit:

There's no room—she's a cow, 'cause she grew so.

Alberta Bancroft in "Everybody's Magazine."



THE ABDUCTION OF MR. POTTER.

MISS DIANA's horse swerved across Mr. Potter's, with the above extraordinary result. It was most uncomfortable for them both, in more senses than one, since they were not even on speaking terms.







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